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D. L. Moody

"THE GOSPEL TIDINGS."

COMPRISING THE

SERMONS AND ADDRESSES,

Prayer Meeting Talks and Bible Readings,

OF THE

GREAT REVIVAL MEETINGS,

CONDUCTED BY

MOODY AND SANKEY,

IN THE CITIES OF

Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, Boston and Great Britain,

WITH THE PROCEEDINGS OF

CHRISTIAN CONVENTIONS OF MINISTERS AND LAYMEN.

From Verbatim Reports by our own Phonographer, and those of the New York Tribune, Chicago Inter-Ocean, Boston Journal and Boston Globe.

ALSO THE LIVES OF

D. L. MOODY, I. D. SANKEY, P. P. BLISS, REV. JOSEPH COOK, D. W. WHITTLE, REV. G. F. PENTECOST AND FRANCES E. WILLARD.

SERMONS AND ADDRESSES BY

REV. JOS. COOK, REV. G. F. PENTECOST, D. W. WHITTLE, AND FRANCES E. WILLARD.

ILLUSTRATED.

BOSTON, MASS.:
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PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

SECOND——o——EDITION.

THE GOSPEL AWAKENING of the present time is the great religious vent of the Nineteenth century, in our own land and Great Britain; nd it has had no parallel since the mighty revival labors put forth by Vesley and Whitefield, a hundred years since. At the appearance f two plain and zealous Evangelists, town after town, and city upon ity have awakened out of religious lethargy and sectarian rivalry. ne foremost ministers and laymen have been glad to co-operate ith and learn from these consecrated lay preachers; night organi-ations for reaching the great masses have been extemporized, as if by magic; and better still, the quickening impulse of a Christlike life has been imparted unto myriads, so that countless multitudes of sinners have been converted within the space of a few years, and cold congregations have been fired with a burning desire to work for the Master.

It is the object of this volume to give an adequate record of this wonderful revival movement, by tracing it from its conception as a germ in the heart of a single man to its full and glorious fruition, as it now challenges the admiration of believers and the silent respect of the skeptical. We have sought to embrace within the compass of a single book, a compact and cheap edition of Mr. Moody's sermons, that his awakening and intensely interesting discourses may be put within the reach of the great American public. So the present volume presents above a hundred and twenty of his best sermons, as delivered in Philadelphia, New York, Chicago and Boston, besides full reports of the notable Christian Conventions in those cities, with other addresses, Prayer Meeting Talks, Bible Readings and Prayers,

as well as occasional services by Mr. Sankey. As comparatively few have heard more than a small portion of these discourses, while va numbers have as yet been unable to attend a single meeting held under their auspices, we have the confident assurance that this e to present a complete people's edition of these words spoken . deeds done will be appreciated.

The accompanying biographies of Messrs. Moody, Sankey, Bliss, and several of their fellow laborers, have been prepared by an author who reverences them because of the Christlike spirit and blessed results he has witnessed in their self-denying labors. A peculiarly vivid light is thrown upon their public career by a narration of their early life and Christian experiences. Indeed, the story of their personal training, by a series of providential events, is intensely fascinating. It thus becomes apparent to every reader that these men were Divinely fitted and called to the work of being Missionaries of the Cross, throughout the English-speaking world.

We have been urged by friends and readers of Mr. Moody's sermons, to add to our second edition, one or more Sermons, Addresses and Bible Readings of his able co-adjutors, whose biographies were given in the first edition. Acting upon this suggestion, we have had special reports made of their sermons and addresses, and present in an APPENDIX (page 809) Biographical sketch of Rev. George F. Pentecost, with Sermons and Addresses by Rev. Joseph Cook, Rev. Geo. F. Pentecost, Maj. D. W. Whittle and Frances E. Willard.

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DWIGHT LYMAN MOODY.

The United States is now in the midst of the throes of the third of the great Religious Awakenings that have become so memorable in its historic development. It is of the deepest importance for Christians, and for all thinking men as well, to pause and study the origin, development and results of these successive broodings of the Spirit of God upon the face of the becalmed waters of the church. Were these singular events only isolated and hap-hazard phenomena, which achieved nothing beyond a temporary inrushing of souls into the fold of Christ; or were they inspired by the deep councils of the Almighty Ruler of Nations and the head of the church, for the upbuilding of his kingdom, and the putting forth of mighty efforts for bringing the entire world under his own control? The scanty limits of our space allow us only to suggest this line of thought, and to make a very hasty generalization of the facts.

"The Great *Awakening*" of 1740–42 was not confined to New England, though that section was peculiarly blessed. The soul-stirring sermons of George Whitefield, the grandest preacher in modern times of salvation by Christ Jesus and him crucified, were preceded by the faithful pastorate of Jonathan Edwards, and supplemented by the loving zeal of Gilbert Tennant. Fifty thousand souls were converted at that time. That same ratio of one in forty of the entire population should result at present in the conversion of fully a million. But that revival is specially deserving to be termed one "of doctrinal instruction, of spiritual quickening." It checked the practice, then so common among the Presbyterian and Congregational churches, of admitting to the communion all persons of orthodox belief and moral life, without requiring any evidence of conversion, and merely on the basis of a subscription to the half-way covenant. This wonderful season of refreshing grace did not really end until Whitefield and Tennant were called away from their toils, in 1770. And thus, when the American Colonies were overshadowed by the black pall of the Revolutionary war, and they were called on to pass through the baptism of fire that they might be welded into a nation, they were sustained by the spiritual strength which an entire generation had been imbibing.

After the return of peace, the season of awakening was succeeded by a prolonged term of organization for evangelistic labor. The tide of living humanity was now sweeping majestically across the continent, reclaiming miles of farm lands from the wilderness every

year. Yet the restless pioneers ever found the fervid circuit riders close upon their heels. To the tireless, consecrated disciples of the Wesleyan name belongs much of the praise of having saved this nation born in a day from a condition of semi-barbarism and semi-heathenism. In the central districts, the West and the Southwest, seasons of local refreshing were enjoyed repeatedly. And when such godly ministers as Samuel Finley, a zealous Presbyterian, John Summerfield, "the young Wesley," Ashahel Nettleton, a calm and cautious Calvinist, Charles G. Finney, "the Pauline evangelist," E. N. Kirk, "the Chrysostom of evangelists," Daniel Baker, "the Whitefield of the South," and William Taylor, the Pacific apostle, journeyed about, abundant in labors for the glory of God, the times of rejoicings for many souls were interspersed throughout an entire half century. Christians of diverse denominations were drawn together as never before, to unite in such evangelical enterprises as the Bible and Tract societies, the Sunday-school union and Missionary associations, for the extension of gospel truth in the home and foreign fields. And as the flood-tide of this period, occurred the revival of 1857–8, wherein the whole land was again awakened to a newness of religious feeling. From this epoch dates the organization of the Young Men's Christian Associations, whose home-like halls now dot the country. Again a season of trial and tribulation succeeded to the season of grace. A second baptism of blood came upon the nation, which burned away the fetters of the enslaved and set the bond people free.

And now again, a greater throng of devout and self-sacrificing evangelists have gone abroad in the strength of the Lord, and with their hearts hungering for the saving of imperiled souls. Many of our readers bear in kind remembrance E. P. Hammond, "the children's evangelist," A. B. Earle, "the Union evangelist," J. W. Bonham, the Episcopal evangelist, and Mrs. Maggie Van Cott, the first woman preacher in the M. E. church; Henry Varley, Henry Morehouse, "the boy preacher," and George C. Needham, all powerful in Bible readings; Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Boardman, R. Pearsall Smith, and W. C. Palmer, and Rev. J. S. Inskip, disciples of the "higher Christian life," and "Christian holiness."

More prominent workers yet, owing to the wonderful hold which God has given them on the hearts of the American and English peoples, were the trio of fellow laborers who were divinely chosen to stand in the fore-front of the present Gospel Awakening—D. L. Moody, the gospel preacher, I. D. Sankey, the gospel singer, and P. P. Bliss, the gospel poet. Indeed, these revival times are peculiarly notable for the opening of the eyes of the Christian world to a new and profounder study of the truths and mysteries of God's Word. Never before has the Holy Bible been more honored, and the men who have glorified it have been glorified before nations in return.

The doctrine of the Second Coming of Christ to receive his saints unto himself has also been brought out of the limbo of forgetfulness into prominence, as one of the sweetest and most vital truths of the Christian's hope. It is the duty of the following pages to narrate briefly how these plain men were shaped and inspired to be the messengers of the Lord of Hosts. In their experience, as in the lives of all the evangelists of mark, the secret of success will be found to be a reverential study of the Holy Scriptures, an habitual delight in secret prayer, and an entire consecration of all the faculties, so as to live in actual communion with Christ Jesus. As for the unveiled providences which are to follow this season of grace, Mr. Moody frankly avows his concern touching some grand revelation of the Divine will. Dr. Spear has well shown that the result of this Awakening must be "one of dissemination." The magnificent organization and all the resources of the church must now be employed in conveying the knowledge of the gospel to every creature. When this consummation of the preaching of the everlasting gospel is to be attained we know not; but this we do know from prophecy, that it is to foreshadow the hour of judgment.

Dwight Lyman Moody, the lay Evangelist, was born in the town of Northfield, Mass., on the 5th of February, 1837. He came of the old Puritan stock, his father's and mother's families being numbered among the earliest settlers of that state. His father, Edwin, owned a comfortable farm-house just without the town, and a few acres of stony land, the whole encumbered by a mortgage. When the building trade was brisk, he worked as a stone mason, and his leisure hours he spent in cultivating his little farm. But his spirit was crushed by reverses in business, and he died suddenly after an illness of a few hours. Dwight was then only four year old, but the shock of that death made an impression on him which he declares he has never forgotton. This blow was followed by the birth of a twin boy and girl a few weeks later. Thus Mrs. Moody was burdened with the care of seven sons, and two daughters, of whom the eldest boy was only aged fifteen. Yet this widowed mother refused to part with any of her little brood. She bravely set about caring for them all, and contrived to have the little hands earn something for their support, by tilling the garden and doing odd jobs for the neighbors. She taught them every day a little Bible lesson, and always accompanied them to the Unitarian church and Sunday-school.

Another sorrow came on the bereaved family, through the oldest boy becoming a runaway. We give Moody's description of this incident, as he told it in England, and because of the insight it gives into his home life.

"I can give you a little experience of my own family. Before I was four years old the first thing I remember was the death of my father. He had been unfortunate in business, and failed. Soon

after his death the creditors came in and took everything. My mother was left with a large family of children. One calamity after another swept over the entire household. Twins were added to the family, and my mother was taken sick. The eldest boy was fifteen years of age, and to him my mother looked as a stay in her calamity, but all at once that boy became a wanderer. He had been reading some of the trashy novels, and the belief had seized him that he had only to go away to make a fortune. Away he went. I can remember how eagerly she used to look for tidings of that boy; how she used to send us to the postoffice to see if there was a letter from him, and recollect how we used to come back with the sad news, "No letter." I remember how in the evenings we used to sit beside her in that New England home, and we would talk about our father; but the moment the name of that boy was mentioned she would hush us into silence. Some nights when the wind was very high, and the house, which was upon a hill, would tremble at every gust, the voice of my mother was raised in prayer for that wanderer who had treated her so unkindly. I used to think she loved him more than all of us put together, and I believe she did. On a Thanksgiving day—you know that is a family day in New England—she used to set a chair for him, thinking he would return home. Her family grew up and her boys left home. When I got so that I could write, I sent letters all over the country, but could find no trace of him. One day while in Boston, the news reached me that he had returned. While in that city, I remember how I used to look for him in every store—he had a mark on his face—but I never got any trace. One day while my mother was sitting at the door, a stranger was seen coming toward the house, and when he came to the door he stopped. My mother didn't know her boy. He stood there with folded arms and great beard flowing down his breast, his tears trickling down his face. When my mother saw those tears she cried, "Oh, it's my lost son," and entreated him to come in. But he stood still. "No, mother," he said, "I will not come in until I hear first that you have forgiven me." Do you believe she was not willing to forgive him? Do you think she was likely to keep him long standing there. She rushed to the threshold, threw her arms around him, and breathed forgiveness."

In his boyhood, Dwight was healthy, boisterous, self-willed, and a born leader among his playmates. His mother has said that he used to think himself a man when he was only a boy. He was by no means a promising scholar, for his head was more filled with thoughts of play and mischief than of study. He has related that his first master was quick-tempered and used to bring down his rattan often on his back. But the next teacher was a gentle lady, who was eager to rule the school with love. He chanced to be the first one who violated her discipline. The sturdy boy thought himself able to resist any further rattanning, and doubtless he was.

When she told him privately, however, how she loved him and her school, and said, "I want to ask you one favor—that is, if you love me, try and be a good boy."

This spirited, untamed lad possessed a very receptive nature, and it was silently alive to the incidents of every-day life. His sermons abound with instances of how his early character was moulded by casual occurrences that would have been unfelt by most folks. He always remembered the efficacy of a prayer that dated back to his sixth year. An old fence up on a hillside had fallen upon him, and his efforts to get from under the heavy rails all failed. Then, as he said, "I happened to think that maybe God would help me, and so I asked him; and after that I could lift the rails." The tolling of the church bell at each death in the village came to his mind very solemnly. The gift of a penny by an old man in a neighboring town was always fragrant in his memory. But a singular incident which occurred in his youth, some little while before he left his home, seems to have had so profound an influence in preparing his heart for acknowledging the Savior as its rightful ruler that it cannot well be passed over unnoticed. He has told it in these words:

"When I was a young boy—before I was a Christian—I was in a field one day with a man who was hoeing. He was weeping, and he told me a strange story, which I have never forgotten. When he left home his mother gave him this text: 'Seek first the kingdom of God.' But he paid no heed to it. He said when he got settled in life, and his ambition to get money was gratified, it would be time enough then to seek the kingdom of God. He went from one village to another and got nothing to do. When Sunday came he went into a village church, and what was his great surprise to hear the minister give out the text, 'Seek first the kingdom of God.' He said the text went down to the bottom of his heart. He thought it was but his mother's prayer following him, and that some one must have written to that minister about him. He felt very uncomfortable, and when the meeting was over he could not get that sermon out of his mind. He went away from that town, and at the end of a week went into another church and he heard the minister give out the same text, 'Seek first the kingdom of God.' He felt sure this time that it was the prayers of his mother, but he said calmly and deliberately, 'No, I will first get wealthy.' He said he went on and did not go into a church for a few months, but the first place of worship he went into he heard a third minister preaching a sermon from the same text. He tried to drown—to stifle his feelings; tried to get the sermon out of his mind, and resolved that he would keep away from church altogether, and for a few years he did keep out of God's house. 'My mother died,' he said, 'and the text kept coming up in my mind, and I said I will try and become a Christian.' The tears rolled down his cheeks, as he said, 'I could not; no sermon

ever touched me; my heart is as hard as that stone,' pointing to one in the field. I couldn't understand what it was all about—it was fresh to me then. I went to Boston and got converted, and the first thought that came to me was about this man. When I got back I asked my mother, 'Is Mr. L—— living in such a place?' 'Didn't I write to you about him?' she asked. 'They have taken him to an insane asylum, and to every one who goes there he points with his finger up there and tells him to seek first the kingdom of God.' There was that man with his eyes dull with the loss of reason, but the text had sunk into his soul—it had burned down deep. Oh, may the Spirit of God burn the text into your hearts to-night. When I got home again my mother told me he was in his house, and I went to see him. I found him in a rocking chair, with that vacant, idiotic look upon him. As soon as he saw me, he pointed at me and said: 'Young man, seek first the kingdom of God.' Reason was gone, but the text was there. Last month, when I was laying my brother down in his grave, I could not help thinking of that poor man who was lying so near him, and wishing that the prayer of his mother had been heard, and that he had found the kingdom of God."

Young Moody, at the age of seventeen, left Northfield, with his mother's permission, to seek employment in Boston, where his uncle was in business as a shoe merchant. Mr. Holton engaged his country nephew with some reluctance, and on two conditions. The lad agreed to be governed by his advice, and to attend regularly the Sunday school and services of the Mount Vernon Congregational church. Its pastor was the eloquent and learned Dr. E. N. Kirk, who, in earlier years, had accomplished much good as an evangelist. The lad was not much impressed by the preaching, which he was not qualified to comprehend; but the personal efforts of his teacher, Mr. Edward Kimball, were blessed to his conversion. Many years after, he told the story of how he was saved. "When I was in Boston, I used to attend a Sunday-school class, and one day I recollect a Sabbath-school teacher came round behind the counter of the shop I was to work in, and put his hand on my shoulder, and talked to me about Christ and my soul. I had not felt that I had a soul till then. I said: 'This is a very strange thing. Here is a man who never saw me until within a few days, and he is weeping over my sins, and I never shed a tear about them.' But I understand it now, and know what it is to have a passion for men's souls and weep over their sins. I don't remember what he said, but I can feel the power of that young man's hand on my shoulder to-night. Young Christian men, go and lay your hand on your comrade's shoulder, and point him to Jesus to-night. Well, he got me up to the school, and it was not long before I was brought into the kingdom of God." Years afterward, when Mr. Moody was preaching in Boston, he was

permitted to lead to the Savior a son of that teacher, who found peace in believing just at his own age of seventeen. Thus the seed sown on the waters bore in due time the sweetest fruitage for the sower.

The young convert was unpromising enough at first, in outward appearance. He knew very little of the Scriptures, and he was not grounded in evangelical truth. Besides, his bashful shyness in the presence of cultured, refined Christians, his poor command of words to express his thoughts, and his broken, awkward sentences, made him, in the language of his teacher, very "unlikely ever to become a Christian of clear and decided views of gospel truth, still less to fill any extended sphere of public usefulness." Therefore it was that he was not accepted into membership until May, 1856, a year after his first application. He remained but a few months longer in Boston. He longed for a wider field of usefulness, where his energy in business and religious work would be less trammeled. So, in September, 1856, he betook himself to Chicago with testimonials which secured him a business engagement as salesman in the shoe trade. He also entered the Plymouth Congregational Church, and showed his earnest spirit by renting four pews, which he kept filled with young men and boys. He desired to work in the service of prayer; but the brethren were not patient enough to suffer his crude experience, and suggestions were not infrequent that he could best serve the Lord by silence.

Mr. Moody's first start in the work of reaching souls was obtained through a little mission school. He offered himself as teacher, and was told he might attend if he would bring his own scholars. So that week he collected together some eighteen ragged boys, and marched in at their head on the next Sunday. He liked such work so well that he set about further visitations in the by-streets, and soon had the school filled. He also busied himself in distributing tracts, and in looking after the good of the seamen at the wharves. His ardent spirit soon impelled him to set up a mission for himself, in a neglected and degraded section of North Chicago. He paid for the hire of an empty tavern, and gathered together the unclean and rude children of the neighborhood for Sunday-school services while the intemperate and ignorant adults were reached in the evening meetings. The poor little ones were won over to attention by gifts of maple sugar, and a liberal lot of hymns and stories. Just at this time, Mr. Reynolds, of Peoria, visited this humble mission. His description of the service is invaluable, as illustrating the progressive growth of the lay evangelist in strength and usefulness. "The first meeting I ever saw him at," he said several years since, "was in a little old shanty that had been abandoned by a saloon keeper. Mr. Moody had got the place to hold the meetings in at night. I went there a little late, and the first thing I saw was a man standing

up, with a few tallow candles around him, holding a negro boy, and trying to read to him the story of the Prodigal Son; and a great many of the words he could not make out, and had to skip. I thought, if the Lord can ever use such an instrument as that for his honor and glory, it will astonish me. After that meeting was over, Mr. Moody said to me: 'Reynolds, I have got only one talent. I have no education, but I love the Lord Jesus Christ, and I want to do something for him. I want you to pray for me.' I have never ceased from that day to this, morning and night, to pray for that devoted Christian soldier. I have watched him since then, have had counsel with him, and know him thoroughly; and, for consistent walk and conversation, I have never met a man to equal him. It astounds me when I look back and see what Mr. Moody was thirteen years ago, and then what he is under God to-day—shaking Scotland to its very centre, and reaching now over to Ireland. The last time I heard from him, his injunction was, 'Pray for me every day; pray now that the Lord will keep me humble.'"

Henceforth, missionary efforts were the uppermost concern in his daily life. The growth of his school led to the occupation of the North Market Hall, and John V. Farwell, a liberal merchant who supplied benches for the scholars, had the grace to become its superintendent. Under Moody's vigorous canvassing, the average attendance was kept up to 650, and sixty teachers were obtained. His engagements as a traveling salesman were not suffered to interfere with these Sunday duties, and he was rarely compelled to be absent. As the hall was used till a late hour on Saturday night for dancing, it was his custom for six years to clean out the dirt and put the room in decent condition for the services. And he took care to let his light shine wherever he went. He feared neither drunkards nor rumsellers, deists nor infidels, for he felt himself a match for any adversary when armed with the sword of the Spirit and strengthened by prayer. When the children of Roman Catholic parents stoned his windows he at once sought redress of their bishop, and so won his confidence by a devout simplicity of spirit that immunity was secured for the future. His courageous avowal of his faith was startling to timid believers. When he was solicitous about the salvation of an acquaintance or a stranger, he hesitated not to kneel and offer prayer for his conversion then and there, no matter whether they were out in the streets or traveling in a railroad car. His faith and spirit of consecration waxed stronger by the study of God's Word and the constant fruitage of his life in good works. In 1860, after a time of soul-searching in prayer, he determined to give all his time to God as an Evangelist. When his employer inquired how he expected to support himself, he replied: "God will provide for me if wishes me to keep on, and I shall keep on till I am obliged to st His impulse in this personal work for souls was derived from the

of one of his teachers, who was dying of consumption, and who was permitted, before his death, to lead every one of his large class to the Savior. He reduced his expenses to a minimum by doing without a home, so that he slept on a bench in the room of the Young Men's Christian Association, and spent but little for food. After a time, contributions came to him from friends, and he was appointed a city missionary, so that his means for assisting the destitute were much enlarged. He commenced then to fulfill a vow by speaking to one unconverted man every day. Sometimes his tender approaches were rejected with scorn and cursing, but again and again persons who had vilified him were drawn by the power of a conscience under conviction to seek the intercession of his prayers, that they might be led to the Savior.

In the spirit of reliance on the leading of the Lord, the evangelist was married on the 28th of August, 1862, to Miss Emma C. Revell. This Christian lady was an helpful assistant in his meetings, and her sympathy made their little fireside a refuge of rest to him amid his toils. For years their home was a small and plain cottage. But its hospitality became proverbial, for gospel workers and reclaimed prodigals were entertained without stint. The gift of a daughter and a son made the father more susceptible to the thoughts and impulses of child-life. He took care always to remain in close communion with their budding minds, and his sermons often have graphic illustrations of the methods he took to make them familiar with the fundamental truths of the faith. Meanwhile his daily living was wholly committed to the providence of God. His mind was absorbed in watching over the souls of the throngs about him, and he obeyed the scriptural injunction to take no anxious thought for the morrow. He lived the placid life befitting a child of God, having the trustful faith that his father would supply his needs while he was busy as a worker in his vineyard. One morning he said to his wife: "I have no money, and the house is without supplies. It looks as if the Lord had had enough of me in this mission work, and is going to send me back again to sell boots and shoes." But a day or two later brought to him two checks, one of fifty dollars for himself and the other for his school. He accepted this gift as a token from the Lord that he was held in favor. This instance was but one of many of a similar character. His unselfish labors raised up for him many friends, and these gave him, on New Year's day, 1868, the lease of a pleasant and furnished house.

This whole season was one abounding in labors. Besides his army services, Mr. Moody was keenly alive to the needs of his mission at the North Market Hall. His school numbered a thousand scholars. The congregation he had gathered together now contained three hundred adults converted under his preaching. Thus had grown up, wholly without human design, a staunch and inseparable

congregation under a lay pastor. This was organized as an independent fold, on the basis of the evangelical faith. In 1863 a church building was erected on Illinois street at a cost of $20,000. Never had a people a more faithful and energetic pastor to watch over their welfare. Nor was he in the least forgetful of the Young Men's Christian Association, of Chicago. By his efforts its noon services for prayer were attended steadily by a thousand people. When its members were intent on obtaining a permanent hall, they elected him president in 1865. Their expectations were fulfilled by the speedy erection of "Farwell Hall," and its dedication on the 29th of September, 1867. That building was destroyed by fire within a few months, but his exhaustless energy soon reared a second edifice on the same site. On Sunday evenings he used to preach in its hall after spending the morning in his own pulpit, and the afternoon in superintending ten hundred school children.

When Farwell Hall was dedicated, as "the first hall ever erected for Christian young men," Mr. Moody confessed his faith that, by the Lord's blessing, a religious influence was to go out from them that "should extend through every county in the State, through every State in the Union, and finally, crossing the waters, should help to bring the whole world to God." And this blessing did speedily begin. Through the earnest efforts of Mr. Moody, the Christians of Springfield were awakened to the need of prayer for the approaching meeting of the State Convention of Sunday-school teachers. As the results, all its sessions exhibited a hallowed influence. Many conversions occurred, and the delegates bore through the length and breadth of the State tokens of the fervid baptism of the Spirit.

Mr. Moody has been for years peculiarly a Bible Christian. Again and again friends have suggested to him certain courses of study, or the reading of particular books. But the pressure of his active duties as an evangelist has always intervened and prevented him from making any effort for the attainment of a theological education. Hence, he has been providentially driven to depend upon his personal study of the Bible itself, as its own best interpreter. The solemn injunction of Holy Writ to "Preach the Word," and the Word only, was impressed upon his mind by Harry Morehouse, "the boy preacher" of Manchester, who told him: "You need only one book for the study of the Bible. Since I have been an evangelist I have been the man of one book. If a text of scripture troubles me, I ask another text to explain it; and if this will not answer I carry it straight to the Lord." He met this lad, then aged seventeen, in his first visit to England and Ireland in 1867. A few months later, Morehouse visited Chicago, and delighted Mr. Moody by delivering seven Bible readings upon the love of God. He brought a multitude of passages to illustrate the depth of spiritual meaning in the text of John 3: 16, which Luther has well termed "the little Gospel."

This intercourse came to him as a new revelation of the wonders of God's Word and love. From that time his two accepted guide books were Cruden's Concordance and the little Bible Text Books. These aids enabled him to trace any word or doctrine through the Holy Scriptures. In Mr. Moody's second visit to England, in the spring of 1872, he learned from the devout Plymouth Brethren to appreciate and appropriate the promises which abound in the Bible of the second coming of Christ. "I have felt like working three times as hard," he has stated, "since I came to understand that my Lord was coming back again. I look on this world as a wrecked vessel. God has given me a life-boat, and said to me, 'Moody, save all you can.'" He was also impressed by the prediction of Henry Varley, the Bible reader: "It remains for the world to see what the Lord can do with a man wholly consecrated to Christ." Again, at another time, he heard one Christian ask another of himself: "Is this young man all O. O.?" meaning, "is he *out and out* for Christ?" He has confessed that this question burned down into his soul, and taught him that it meant a good deal to be O. O. for Christ.

The terrible fire of October, 1871, which swept Chicago into a whirlwind of flame, laid in ruins all the buildings that were associated with his labors. It also separated from him his yoke-fellow, Mr. Ira D. Sankey, who had joined him as a gospel singer only four months before. But the evangelist was not cast down. Contributions came to his aid from his friends at the East, in answer to his appeals. Within three months he had a large frame Tabernacle erected, measuring seventy-five by one hundred and nine feet. All his services were resumed, and the building also served as a storehouse of supplies for the impoverished district. His plans were laid out for the completion of a permanent church edifice, and an appeal for aid was made to the Sunday-school children of the land. While this was in progress, the two yoke-fellows, after a patient waiting on the Lord for guidance, accepted an invitation to visit the British Isles as evangelists. Mr. Moody, after four months of self-searching inquiry, had made an entire consecration of his life to the Lord, and was fired with a baptism of the Spirit which, as he avowed later, made him eager "To go round the world and tell the perishing millions of a Savior's love."

IRA DAVID SANKEY.

In the good providence of God, the Gospel Preacher was given the Gospel Singer, that they might go forth together, like the first disciples sent out by the Lord—double for fellowship, single in heart—to labor as yoke-fellows in the harvest-field of the world. The first, as we have seen, had been trained in the rugged school of adversity and self-denial, that he might be bold, self-reliant, patient, fearless, venturesome in deeds of faith, and tireless in labors of love. His companion, on the contrary, was reared under the hallowing influences of a happy, Christian homestead, so that his whole character was mellowed by the sweetening experiences of a childhood and manhood developed harmoniously and joyously. So strangely diverse was their training as individuals. Yet so wisely ordered were all the events of these isolated lives by the Master's hand, these two Christian workers when joined together and tested, were found to be admirably fitted to supplement each other's deficiencies, and thus to constitute a human instrumentality which the Lord could use for glorifying himself and extending his kingdom upon earth.

Ira David Sankey was born on the 28th of August, 1840. His birthplace was the village of Edinburgh, Lawrence county, in western Pennsylvania. On the paternal side he came of English stock, and on the maternal, of Scotch-Irish. His parents were natives of Mercer county, and were members of the Methodist Episcopal church. Out of their family of nine children, only three sons and one daughter grew up to maturity. David, the father, was well off in worldly circumstances, and in such good repute among his neighbors that they repeatedly elected him a member of the state legislature. He was also a licensed exhorter in his own church. Thus the means and the character of this household were such as to insure ample advantages for culture in general knowledge and spiritual truth.

Ira, from his childhood, was noted for his joyous spirit and trustful disposition. The sunshiny face that is so attractive in his public ministry, has been a distinguishing feature from early boyhood, and very early won him the praise of being "the finest little fellow in the neighborhood." His father states: "There was nothing very remarkable in his early or boyhood history. The gift of singing developed in him at a very early age. I say gift, because it was God-given; he never took lessons from any one, but his taste for music was such that when a small boy he could make passible music on almost any kind of instrument." An old Scotch farmer, named Fra-

Ira D. Sankey.

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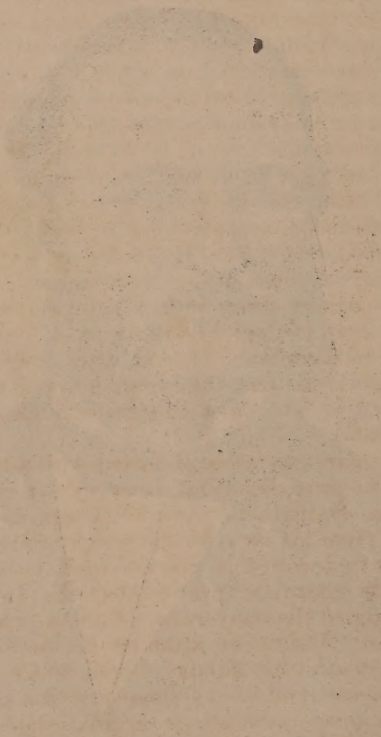


zer, early interested himself in the little lad; and of his good influence Mr. Sankey thus spoke, at a children's meeting held in the town of Dundee, Scotland: "The very first recollection I have of anything pertaining to religious life was in connection with him. I remember he took me by the hand, along with his own boys, to the Sabbath-school,—that old place which I shall remember to my dying day. He was a plain man, and I can see him standing up and praying for the children. He had a great, warm heart, and the children all loved him. It was years after that when I was converted, but my impressions were received when I was very young, from that man."

Thus reared in a genial, religious atmosphere, liked and respected by all who knew him and accepted as a leader by his boyish comrades, Ira lived on till past his fifteenth year before his soul was converted to Christ. His conviction as a sinner occurred while he attended a series of special services held in a little church three miles from his home, and of which Rev. H. H. Moore was then pastor. At first, he was as gay as his curious companions. But an earnest Christian met him each evening with a few soul-searching words; and after a week's hard struggle, he came as a sinner to the Savior and found peace in acceptance. Soon after, when his father removed to Newcastle to assume the presidency of the bank, Ira became a member of the Methodist church, and also a pupil at the academy in Newcastle.

This young Christian was richly endowed with a talent for singing spiritual songs. His pure, beautiful voice gave a clear utterance to the emotions of his sympathetic, joyous nature, and was potent in carrying messages from his heart to the hearts of his hearers. It now became his delight to devote this precious gift to the service of his Lord, and it was his continual prayer that the Holy Spirit would bless the words sung to the conversion of those who flocked to the services to hear him. Before he attained his majority he was appointed superintendent of the Sunday-school, which contained above three hundred scholars; and it was blessed with a continual revival. His singing of the gospel invitations in solos dates from this time. These sweet hymns were sung in the very spirit of prayer, and the faith of the singer was rewarded with repeated blessings. A class of seventy Christians was committed to his charge, and this weighty responsibility made him a more earnest student of the Holy Bible. He encouraged his class to tell him of their condition in Bible language, as texts abounded for every state of grace, and every description of religious feeling. The choir of the congregation also came under his leadership. Young as he was, he insisted on conduct befitting praise-singers in the house of God, and on a clear enunciation of each word sung.

These congenial religious duties were suspended for a time by the call of the nation to arms upon the fall of Fort Sumter. Mr. San-

key was among the first to volunteer for three months, and he served out his term of enlistment. Even in camp he gathered about him a band of singers, and was an earnest worker in the prayer-meetings of soldiers. Upon his return home, he became an assistant to his father as collector of internal revenue. He held that position with credit till his voluntary resignation, nearly ten years later. On the 9th of September, 1863, he was married to Miss Edwards, a helpful member of his choir and teacher in his school. Their happy family now contains three sons, of whom the youngest was born in Scotland, while the eldest, Henry, is already a boy evangelist.

Mr. Sankey is an artless, and not an artistic singer. It has chanced that he has never studied music under a cultured teacher, and hence he has always relied upon his intuitive genius for song. He sings just like a nightingale, and pours forth his whole heart in a flood of melody. And he does this not for the sake of winning praise for the skill of his execution, or for the beauty of his rich baritone voice. Such a use would be a profanation of the talent which he has dedicated to the service of his Savior. His sole aspiration is that his song may be blessed to the bearing of gospel truth into the hearts of his audience. Hence he makes each articulation distinct and audible, sings with the whole wealth of his heart, and hallows the hymn for good unto souls by secret prayer.

As he sought only to honor his Lord, the latter has honored him before men. Conventions and other religious gatherings became eager to have him lead their services of praise, and he kept all such engagements without making any charge. He assisted in organizing a Young Men's Christian Association at Newcastle, and was elected president. In June, 1871, he was appointed its delegate to the International Convention, which met at Indianapolis. It was there that he first met Mr. Moody, and heard a call from him to give his whole time henceforth to working for the Master. At the early prayer-meeting, the singing was dull and doleful until Mr. Sankey was called forward to act as leader. His sweet voice and fervid spirit at once brought the bold evangelist to his side. "Where do you live?" asked Mr. Moody, bluntly. "In Newcastle, Pennsylvania." "Are you married?" "Yes." "How many children have you?" "One." "I want you." "What for?" "To help me in my work at Chicago." "I cannot leave my business." "You must: I have been looking for you for the last eight years. You must give up your business, and come to Chicago with me." "I will think of it; I will pray over it; I will talk it over with my wife."

Prayer and reflection deepened the conviction which this call made on Mr. Moody's heart. With painful reluctance, he severed the associations so dear to him at his home, and in the spirit of faith joined Mr. Moody in his vast labors as an evangelist in Chicago. His tender sympathy and loving manner qualified him to give just the sweet

melody needed to modulate the fiery boldness of the lay preacher Here they worked together in harmony, and were blessed with many souls as their hire, until the city of Chicago was swept by a storm of fire in the following October. These companions then lost all their possessions and had to separate. Mr. Sankey now rejoined his family in Pennsylvania, and set about singing for conventions again, until a telegram from Mr. Moody, three months late, to "Come at once," recalled him to the work of the new Tabernacle in Chicago. This disaster strengthened instead of shattering the trustful faith of these evangelists, for it opened the hearts of the people more readily to receive their message of the Savior's love, and made the frame building a sanctuary for relieving the bodily and spiritual wants of multitudes of the homeless.

Just in the midst of this season of trial Mr. Sankey was very much encouraged by the testimony of a little dying girl. This incident, which was destined to have an effect upon his whole after life, was thus narrated by him at Dundee, Scotland: "I want to speak a word about singing, not only to the little folks, but to grown people. During the winter after the great Chicago fire, when the place was built up with little frame houses for the people to stay in, a mother sent for me one day to come and see her little child, who was one of our Sabbath-school scholars. I remembered her very well, having seen her in the meetings very frequently, and was glad to go. She was lying in one of those poor little huts, everything having been burned in the fire. I ascertained that she was past all hope of recovery, and that they were waiting for the little one to pass away. 'How is it with you to-day?' I asked. With a beautiful smile on her face, she said, 'It is all well with me to-day. I wish you would speak to my father and mother.' 'But,' said I, 'are you a Christian?' 'Yes,' 'When did you become one?' 'Do you remember, last Thursday, in the Tabernacle, when we had that little singing meeting, and you sang 'Jesus Loves Even Me?' 'Yes.' 'It was last Thursday. I believed on the Lord Jesus, and now I am going to be with him to-day.' That testimony from that little child in that neglected quarter of Chicago, has done more to stimulate me and bring me to this country, than all that the papers or any persons might say. I remember the joy I had in looking upon that beautiful face. She went up to heaven, and no doubt said she learned upon the earth that Jesus loved her from that little hymn. If you want to enjoy a blessing, go to the bedsides of these bedridden and dying ones, and sing to them of Jesus, for they cannot enjoy these meetings as you do. You will get a great blessing to your own souls."

The joy of having this first convert through his own ministry of song led the gospel singer to a more thorough reliance on the leading of his Master and a still deeper study of God's Word. When Mr. Moody paid a visit to England in the spring of 1872, his yoke-

fellow was naturally left to act as leader in the services at the Tabernacle. His leisure hours at this time were spent in gathering a number of spirited hymns that appeared to be adapted for evangelistic services, and in fitting a few of them with appropriate music. These were arranged into a "Musical Scrap Book," and that was the only book, besides his Bible, that he took with him on the voyage of faith across the Atlantic. Among these sacred songs were P. P. Bliss' "Hold the Fort," "Jesus Loves Even Me," and "Free from the Law;" Mrs. Dr. Griswold's "We're Going Home To-morrow;" Mrs. E. Codner's "Lord, I hear of Showers of Blessing;" Mrs. W. S. Ackerman's "Nothing but Leaves;" Rev. S. Loury's "Shall we Gather at the river;" Miss Anna Warner's "One More Day's Work for Jesus;" Kate Harlsey's "I Love to Tell the Story;" Mrs. A. S. Hawks' "I Need Thee Every Hour;" Mrs. Lydia Baxter's "Take the Name of Jesus With you;" Mrs. Emily S. Oakey's "Sowing the Seed by the Daylight Fair;" Fanny J. Crosby's "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," and "Pass Me Not, O Gentle Savior;" Rev. Joseph H. Gilmore's "He Leadeth Me;" and Rev. W. W. Walford's "Sweet Hour of prayer."

Two other chief favorites of his selection were "Ninety and Nine" and "Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By." The first of these was written by Miss Eliza C. Clephane, of Melrose, Scotland, in 1868, and was printed a little while before her death, in the *Daily Treasury*, edited by Dr. Arnott. Six years elapsed before it came, providentially, to Mr. Sankey's notice, while he was in Scotland. It chanced that he bought, among other religious weeklies, a copy of *The Christian Age*, of London, of the date of May 13, 1874, and found the "Ninety and Nine" reprinted as a poetical waif. He was at once so impressed with its value for his mission of gospel song that he composed an air for it, and sang it three days later in the Free Assembly Hall, Edinburgh. A letter of thanks from the sister of the poet gave him the facts of its authorship, and led to the receipt of one other precious hymn, "Beneath the Cross of Jesus," which now appears as the forty-ninth in "Gospel Hymns." Miss Campbell was the author of "Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By." Her heart was deeply moved by a revival at Newark, N. J., in 1864, and her imagination was fired by an address by R. G. Pardee, on the reply to blind Bartimeus: "They told him that Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." The second stanza is given herewith, as it is omitted in the common version:

E'en children feel the potent spell,
And haste their new-found joy to tell;
In crowds they to the place repair
Where Christians daily bow in prayer.
Hozannah's mingle with the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

In the spring of 1873, two paths of usefulness were opened to the choice of Mr. Sankey. His brother evangelist desired his aid for a gospel visitation to Great Britain, while Philip Phillips offered him brilliant prospects for a singing term of six months on the Pacific coast. His decision was destined to be of great moment to the welfare of his generation. He looked to prayer for guidance, and then was led to adopt this advice of a friend: "Two workers in the same line, especially two singers, are sure not to agree. Go with Moody; then you can do your work, and he can do his, and there will be no occasion of conflict between you." So, attended by his little family, he trustfully set forth on a journey of four thousand miles, on a mission of gospel evangelization which was to attain far grander results for good than one could dare to hope.

The joyous, prayerful singing of the gospel in hymns by Mr. Sankey, came like a revelation of unexpected truth and grace to the Scottish and English peoples. In Scotland especially, to the surprise of all who are acquainted with the cautious, distrustful and clannish character of the followers of John Knox, the masses were moved with an indescribable impulse. The unimpassioned worshipers, who had been accustomed for generations to reject as uninspired all other services of praise than their own rude, unpoetic version of the psalms, now listened with a hungry delight to the testimonies of spiritual song, as it fell like a blessing from the lips of the most gifted Christian singer of the age. His intense earnestness made the old, old story enter as a divine message into the consciences and hearts of those who came to hear him out of curiosity, or as doubters. Thus the singing of hymns and the use of a melodeon as an accompaniment were welcomed at sight with a heartiness that dissipated the prejudices of centuries.

One of his hearers, Mrs. Barbour, thus described the abiding impressions made on his audiences at Edinburgh: "Mr. Sankey sings with the conviction that souls are receiving Jesus between one note and the next. The stillness is overawing; some of the lines are more spoken than sung. The hymns are equally used for awakening, none more than 'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.' When you hear the 'Ninety and Nine' sung, you know of a truth that down in this corner, up in that gallery, behind that pillar which hides the singer's face from the listener, the hand of Jesus has been finding this and that and yonder lost one, to place them in his fold. A certain class of hearers come to the services solely to hear Mr. Sankey, and the song throws the Lord's net around them. We asked Mr. Sankey one day what he was to sing. He said, 'I'll not know till I hear how Mr. Moody is closing.' Again, we were driving to the Canongate Parish Church one winter night, and Mr. Sankey said to the young minister who had come for him, 'I'm thinking of singing

"I am so glad" to-night. 'Oh!' said the young man, 'please do rather sing "Jesus of Nazareth." An old man told me to-day that he had been awakened by it the last night you were down. He said, "It just went through me like an electric shock." A gentleman in Edinburgh was in distress of soul, and happened to linger in a pew after the noon-meeting. The choir had remained to practice, and began 'Free from the Law, Oh happy condition.' Quickly the Spirit of God carried that truth home to the awakened conscience, and he was at rest in the finished work of Jesus."

"The wave of sacred song," she added, "has spread over Ireland, and is now sweeping through England. But, indeed, it is not being confined to the United Kingdom alone. Far away off on the shores of India, and in many other lands, these sweet songs of a Savior's love are being sung. Mr. Sankey's collection of sacred songs has been translated into five or six languages, and are winging their way into tens of thousands of hearts and homes, and the blessing of the Lord seems to accompany them wherever sung."

At a noon-day prayer-meeting, when the hymn

"Sowing the seed by the daylight fair,"

was announced for singing, Mr. Sankey spoke as follows: "Before we sing this hymn, I will tell you one reason why we should sing these hymns. It is because God is blessing them to many a poor wanderer who comes to this building night after night. Last week a man who had once occupied a high position in life came into this hall, and sat down. While I was singing this hymn he took out his pass-book and wrote out these words—

"'Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
Sowing the seed of eternal shame;
Oh! what shall the harvest be?'

"Last night that man in the inquiry-room went on his knees, and asked God to break the chain that had dragged him down from such a high position to the lowest of the low. He said he had resolved when he went out of that praise-meeting that he would cease to indulge in the intoxicating cup; but before he reached home he went into a saloon, and broke his resolution. We prayed for him last night. He is now praying that God may break his chain. I want you to pray that this brand may be plucked from the burning, and that God may use these gospel hymns to turn the hearts of sinful men."

A touching account has been given in an English journal of the last hours of a young girl only ten years old, who had listened in delight to Mr. Sankey's singing. "Oh, how I love those dear hymns,"

said she. "When I am gone, mother, will you ask the girls of the school to sing the hymn:

"Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day,
For a soul returning from the wild;
See! the Father meets him out upon the way,
Welcoming his weary, wandering child."

The night before her death she said: "Dear father and mother, I hope I shall meet you in heaven! I am so happy, mother! You cannot think how bright and happy I feel." Again: "Perhaps Jesus may send me to fetch some of my brothers and sisters. I hope he will send me to fetch you, mother."

Half an hour before her departure, she exclaimed, "Oh, mother, hark at the bells of heaven! they are ringing so beautifully."

Then, closing her eyes a while, presently she cried again, "Hearken to the harps! they are most splendid. Oh, I wish you could hear them!"

Then, shortly after, she spoke again: "O mother! I see the Lord Jesus and the angels! Oh, if you could see them too! He is sending one to fetch me!"

She had been counting the hours and minutes since she had heard the mill-bell at half-past one, P. M., longing so earnestly to depart, yet expressed a hope she might see her dear father (then absent at work) before she went. At last, just five minutes or so before her expiring breath, she said: "O mother! lift me up from the pillow, —*high*, high up! Oh, I wish you could lift me *right up* into heaven!" Then, almost immediately after—as doubtless conscious that the parting moment was at hand—"Put me down again—down quick!" Then calmly, brightly, joyously, gazing upward, as at some vision of surprising beauty, she peacefully, sweetly, triumphantly, breathed forth her precious spirit into the arms of the ministering angels whom Jesus had sent to fetch her; and so was forever with the Lord she loved.

MOODY AND SANKEY IN GREAT BRITAIN.

The mission of the gospel preacher and the gospel singer to the British Isles was one of implicit faith, and of unselfish zeal for the saving of sinners. The secret motive of Mr. Moody was "to win ten thousand souls to Christ." As far as worldly inducements were concerned, the circumstances were such as to forbid, rather than to favor, the venture across three thousand miles of sea. No influential association had extended an invitation to them; not a single individual had offered to help meet their personal expenses. Nor did these two companions, thongh they were about to take their families with them, expect or desire such a guarantee. They were united in the purpose to commit their ways entirely unto the Lord. To that end, they agreed beforehand to accept no payment for their services from any person or committee, and as well to refrain from any collections or enterprise for money-making. In such a spirit they set forth, and on the 17th of June, 1873, they landed at Liverpool. There news met them that two of the three gentlemen who had invited them to England had died. The third, who lived at York, advised them to delay a month; but instead they hastened to that town the same night. All things human combined to discourage them. But their utter weakness was the promise of success, for it gave the Lord the opportunity to glorify himself by the mouth of his chosen messengers.

Mr. Moody stood forth a plain man of the people. He was in thorough sympathy with the concerns of the great mass of humanity, and able to express religious truth in homely, vivid speech. He possessed a stalwart body and a grand vitality, which qualified him to undertake tremendous toils without danger to his health. A man of excellent executive capacity, and trained in the details of secular and religious business, he was able to organize enterprises on a vast scale and to direct a multitude of assistants, so that congregations of many thousands could be handled as quietly as an ordinary assembly. A natural, self-reliant man, warped by neither pride nor vanity, he was wont as a speaker to forget his own individuality in the hunger of his heart for the salvation of his hearers. A student of the Bible alone, and an unquestioning believer of its every statement as coming from the Lord; an evangelist bravely equipped for his responsible calling by years of personal experience with inquirers and doubters; a man of prayer, who was often in secret communion with the Lord of Hosts, refreshing his strength for the perpetual conflict of life, he was also, as the full fruition of these characteris-

tics, a Christian closely conformed to the image of his Master by the indwelling Spirit of God, and because he had withholden no part of his nature from an unreserved consecration to his will.

This ministry for preaching and singing the gospel began in the cathedral town of York. At the first prayer-meeting, held on Sunday morning in a small room of the Association building, only four persons were present; and Mr. Moody has characterized that as the best service he ever attended. The clergy looked coldly on the evangelists as intruders, and most of the churches were closed to them. They labored on bravely against these discouragements for a month, and were comforted by seeing above two hundred converts to Christ. Their work at Sunderland began on Sunday, July 27, at the invitation of a Baptist pastor. The ministers still held aloof, and even the Young Men's Christian Association eyed them suspiciously for a week before offering the hand of fellowship. But the meetings steadily waxed larger.

The evangelists were invited to Newcastle-on-the-Tyne by the chief ministers of that town, and were heartily sustained by the leaders of the congregations. And now Mr. Moody confessed his hope. "We are on the eve of a great revival which may cover Great Britain, and perhaps make itself felt in America. And why may not the fire burn as long as I live? When this revival spirit dies, may I die with it." His prophetic words met an immediate fulfillment. All the meetings were thronged with attentive listeners, and as many as thirty-four services were held in a single week. A noon-day prayer-meeting was organized, while special efforts were made to reach the factory hands and business men. An all-day meeting was held on September 10, wherein seventeen hundred participated. One hour was spent in Bible reading, another on the promises, and the last in an examination of what the Scriptures teach concerning Heaven. The town was wonderfully awakened, and every night sinners were drawn to the uplifted Savior.

Edinburgh was prepared for the manifestation of a signal blessing by a series of union prayer-meetings held in October and November, which softened and unified the hearts of Christians of various names. Hence it was that the evangelists were welcomed in such a spirit of sympathy that captious criticism was unthought of. The ministry of song was an unheard-of innovation. Yet the rooted aversion of the Scottish people to the singing of aught but psalms gave way quickly to the evident testimony of the Spirit to the spirituality of his messages and the tenderness of his voice. On the first day, Sunday, November 23, the Music Hall was thronged with two thousand auditors, and many more were excluded. Five hundred met at noon on Monday for prayer, and that attendance was soon doubled. Meetings for inquirers were held after each service. Three hundred in the first week confessed their sins had been for-

given. Their ages ranged from seventy-five to eleven. Students and soldiers, poor and rich, the backsliding, intemperate, and skeptical, were all represented. The largest halls were found to be too small to accommodate the eager audiences. A striking case of conversion was that of a notorious infidel, the chairman of a club of free-thinkers. He declared his utter disbelief in the value of prayer, and defied Mr Moody to test its power on him. The evangelist accepted the challenge in faith, and remembered him continually in his petitions till he heard of his finding Christ, months afterwards. An impressive watch-meeting was held on the last night of the year 1873, and a special blessing was besought for the British people. The week of prayer, from the 4th to the 11th of January, 1874, was observed throughout all Scotland, as a season of united prayer for invoking the Lord to visit the nation, and the entire world in mercy. The most remarkable feature of this revival has been described as "the presence and the power of the Holy Ghost, the solemn awe, the prayerful, believing, expectant spirit, the anxious inquiry of unsaved souls, and the longing of believers to grow more like Christ—their hungering and thirsting after holiness." Similar characteristics have marked the advent of these yoke-fellows in every community. This mission in Edinburgh, which lasted till the 21st of January, 1874, resulted in adding three thousand to the city churches.

At Dundee, meetings were held in the open air, at which from ten to sixteen thousand were present. Four hundred converts attended the meeting for praise and instruction. The city of Glasgow was reached on Sunday, February 8. The first audience consisted of three thousand Sunday-school teachers; the prayer-meeting opened with half that number. The Crystal Palace, which held above five thousand, was always crowded, though admission could only be had by ticket. To meet the emergency, special meetings were organized for young men and young women, inquirers, workingmen, and the intemperate. Seventeen thousand signatures to the pledge were secured here. So the work of awakening went on for three months, steadily increasing in power. On the last Sunday afternoon, a great audience of some twenty or thirty thousand gathered in the Palace garden, and hung on the words of Mr. Moody, as he spoke from the seat of a carriage. More than three thousand united to the city congregations, the large proportion of whom were under twenty-five. Short visits were then made to Paisley, Greenock and Gourock. In the summer, a tour was taken through the Highlands, for the sowing of the seed of the word. Meetings were held in the open air at Perth, Aberdeen, Inverness, and elsewhere; and many souls were won. In Ireland, the common people heard the preacher gladly. The good work began at Belfast, on Sunday, September 6, 1874. To reach as many as possible, separate sessions were had for women and for men, for professing Christians, for the

unconverted, and for inquirers, for young men and for boys. Huge gatherings were also addressed in the Botanic Gardens, a space of six acres being filled with attentive hearers. On Monday, September 27, a remarkable meeting of eight hours for inquirers was held, wherein above two hundred young men came unto Jesus and took his yoke upon them. And when the young converts were collected into a farewell meeting, tickets for 2150 were granted to such applicants.

Dublin, five-sixths of whose inhabitants were not Protestant, awoke into a newness of religious life on the advent of the evangelists. From the 25th of October to the 29th of November, the whole city was stirred in a wonderful way. The great Exhibition Palace contained audiences in the evenings and on Sundays of from twelve to fifteen thousand. At the prayer-meetings and Bible readings, the number often exceeded two thousand. Many Roman Catholics were attentive listeners, and parish priests as well. The stillness of these vast assemblies was very marked. Truly the Lord was faithful in answering the prayer Mr. Moody continually offers in private: "O God, keep the people still, hold the meeting in thy hand." These labors ended with a three-days convention, at which eight hundred ministers attended, from all parts of Ireland. Above two thousand young converts confessed their new-born faith.

Manchester for eight months had besought a blessing on its people; and these preparatory services were closed with a Communion in which two thousand Christians united. The month of December was devoted here to evangelistic work. In spite of the wintry weather, the halls were crowded, and overflow meetings had to be organized. Here, as elsewhere, the large proportion of men in attendance was noticeable. The city was mapped out into districts, and the duty of distributing cards at every dwelling was assigned to a large corps of volunteers. On one side of these was printed the hymn "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by;" and on the other, a short address by Mr. Moody, his text being Revelations 3: 20. The efforts of the Young Men's Christian Association to purchase a suitable building met with a cordial endorsement, and a fourth of the entire amount needed was obtained at the first public meeting.

In Sheffield, the scheme of house-to-house visitation had to be abandoned, in order to secure the co-operation of the clergy of the Church of England. The opening meeting was held on New Year's eve, and the address in that watch-night service was upon *Work*. The great congregation, in response to Mr. Moody's request, finished the old year and began the new on their knees. For a fortnight, the dwellers in this industrial town collected in such numbers as to pack the halls and the sidewalks about them, so that the evangelist had frequently to speak in the open air. The work at Birmingham, "the toy-shop of the world," was also limited for lack of time. The

spacious Town Hall was crowded on January 17, 1875; and for the other gatherings, even Bingley Hall, which held twelve thousand, proved too small. Another Christian convention was held, at which above a thousand ministers attended. Sixteen hundred converts received tickets to the special meeting for counsel. After pausing a week for a vacation, these lay apostles began their ministry of a month at Liverpool on February 7. Victoria Hall, a wooden structure able to shelter eleven thousand, was expressly erected for their reception. It was crowded at all the night services, while an average of six thousand attended the Bible lectures and noon meetings for prayer. These three services were held every day except Saturday, when these devoted laborers took the rest which their overtaxed energies so imperatively demanded. The house-to-house visitation was resumed here, and efforts were made to have a personal talk with the non-church goers. The corner-stone for the new hall of the Y. M. C. A. was laid, and a convention held for two days, which was largely attended by ministers and laymen.

Four months were devoted to evangelizing the gigantic metropolis of London. Four centers were selected for preaching. Agricultural Hall, at Islington in north London, could seat 14,000, and give standing room for 6,000 more; Bow Road Hall, in the extreme east, had 10,000 sittings; the Royal Opera House, in the west end, was in the aristocratic quarter of Westminster; and Victoria Theatre, in the south, was used until Camberwell Hall was completed in June. This gospel campaign—the mightiest ever undertaken by any evangelist—was preceded by a course of union prayer-meetings for five months, that the Lord might prepare the way for a glorious manifestation of his power by purging the hearts of his own followers. A private conference was also held in advance with fifteen hundred of the city clergy, in order to explain the usual plan of procedure, and remove any misapprehensions that might exist. The whole city was parceled out for canvassing, and countless bands of yoke-fellows were sent out to leave at every dwelling the tract drawn up by Mr. Moody, and to tender an invitation to the services. Among these laborers was an old woman aged eighty-five years, who fulfilled her duties faithfully, and met everywhere words of kindness. This wonderful mission was opened on Tuesday evening, the 9th of March, at Islington. For a time, the services were met with mockery and ribald speeches without, by disorderly men and women. But these demonstrations soon subsided, as the real piety of the speakers became evident. Fully 80,000 attended the services of the first three days, and 45,000 heard the three addresses on the Sunday following. At the Royal Opera House, the nobility and gentry of England were directly reached by Bible readings, and members of the royal family were frequently present. The last gospel meeting was greater than any preceding, and a great number arose to receive the Lord

Jesus Christ. The final meeting of thanksgiving was held at Mildmay Park Conference Hall, on July 12. Seven hundred ministers were present to say farewell to the evangelist, whom they were so loath to see depart. Dr. A. Bonar tesified that the work of increase was still going on in Glasgow, with at least 7,000 members already added to its churches. Other ministers bore witness to the abundant fruit of the revival. Then, after silent prayer, the two evangelists hastily withdrew, not daring to expose themselves to the ordeal of parting with so many dear associates. They had held 285 meetings in London; these were attended by fully 2,500,000 people; the expenses were $140,000. These companions came together at the final meetings in Liverpool. They sailed homeward on the 6th of August, attended by many loving prayers, and arrived in New York on the 14th.

The gospel campaign in the Union began at Brooklyn, on Sunday, October 24, 1875, and continued there until November 19. The Rink, on Clermont Avenue, which had sittings for five thousand, was selected for the preaching services, while Mr. Talmage's tabernacle was devoted to prayer meetings. A choir of 250 Christian singers was led by Mr. Sankey.

In Philadelphia a spacious freight depot, at Thirteenth and Market streets, was improvised to serve as a hall. Chairs were provided for about 10,000 listeners, besides a chorus of six hundred singers seated on the platform. The expenses were met by voluntary contributions outside, which amounted to $30,000. A corps of three hundred Christians acted as ushers, and a like number of selected workers served in the three inquiry rooms. At the opening service, early on Sunday morning, November 21, nine thousand were present, in spite of a drenching storm. In the afternoon, almost twice as many were turned away as found entrance. Henceforth, until the close on January 16, the attendance and popular interest never slackened. A special service was held on Thanksgiving Day, and a watch-meeting on New Year's eve, from 9 to 12. Efforts were made to reach all classes of the community, and the meetings for young men were specially blessed. A careful computation puts the total attendance at 900,000, and the converts at 4,000. Before leaving the city, a collection was made on behalf of the new hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, and about $100,000 were obtained. A Christian convention was held on the 19th and 20th of January, and pertinent suggestions about the methods of evangelistic work were given for the benefit of the two thousand ministers and laymen in attendance from outlaying towns.

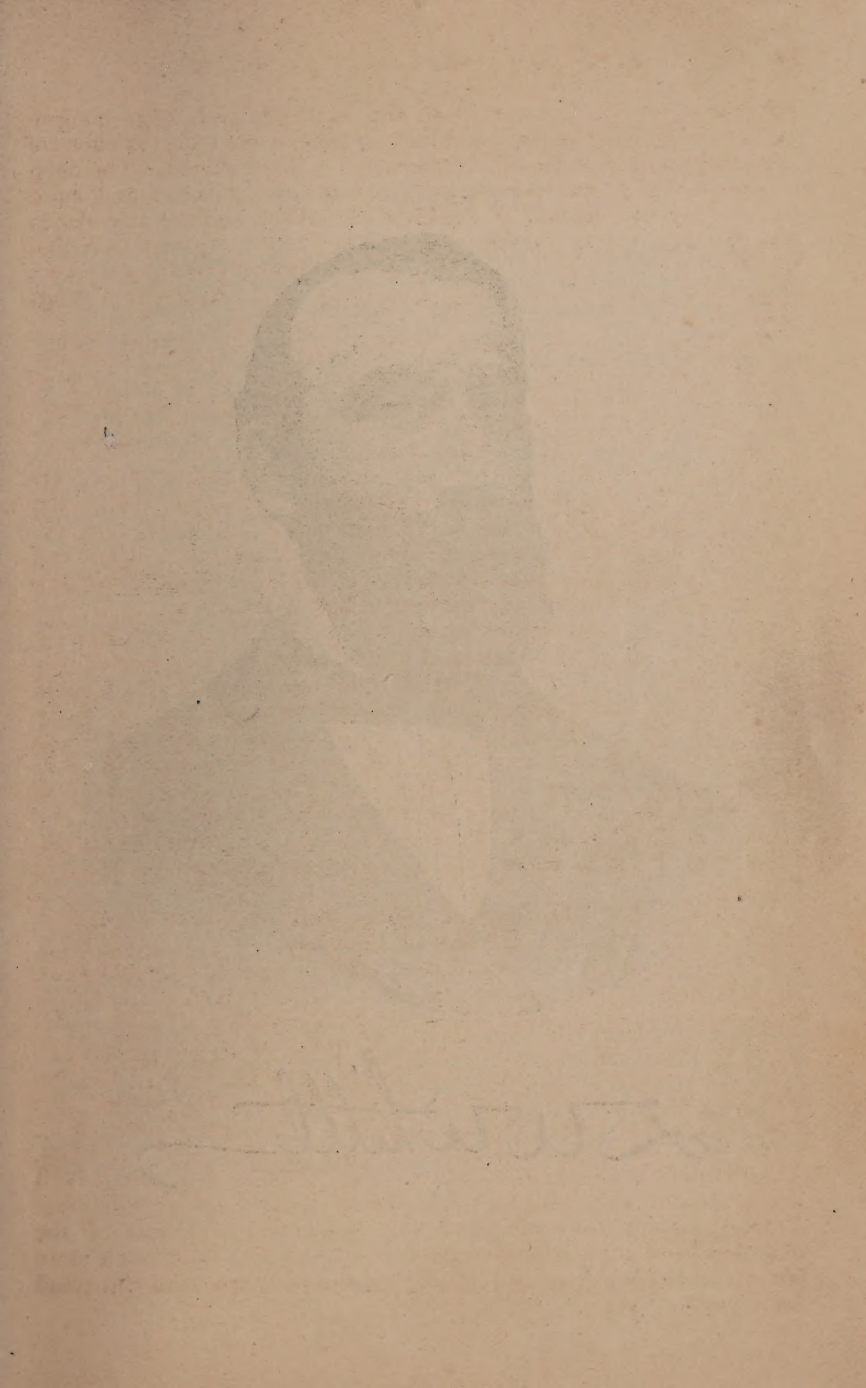
For the mission in New York City, the Hippodrome at Madison and Fourth Avenues was leased, at a rental of $1,500 weekly, and $10,000 were expended in its preparation. It was partitioned into two halls, one seating 6,500, the other 4,000, the intent being to use

the second for overflow meetings, and so bring such large congregations more completely under the speaker's control. A choir of 800 singers and corps of lay workers were organized. The deep concern of the people to hear the plain gospel preached and sung was as deep here among all classes as elsewhere, and the attendance was unflagging from February 7th to April 19th. Again a Christian conference was convened for two days, at which Christian workers from the North and East took counsel together. At the final meeting for young converts, 3,500 were present by ticket.

Mr. Moody spent two weeks in May with his friend Major Whittle, at Augusta, Georgia, while Mr. Sankey took a rest at Newcastle. He preached with his usual fervor to large congregations. He traveled northward to Chicago by way of Nashville, Louisville, St. Louis and Kansas City, holding meetings on the way. His new church edifice on Chicago Avenue, was opened on his arrival. It was a large brick building with stone facings, measuring 120 by 100 feet, and having a bell-tower 120 feet high. Its entire cost was $100,000, all of which was paid before its dedication. August and September were spent in a visit to the old Northfield homestead, and in little tours to Greenfield, Springfield and Brattleboro.

Chicago gave the heartiest welcome to its own Moody and Sankey in October, where they resumed the mission work suspended by them three years before. A tabernacle was erected which could shelter 10,000, and a choir of 300 singers was organized. The city pastors gave a most cordial support, and its populace, many of whom had seen their homes twice burnt to the ground, were eager to listen to the earnest messages of free salvation. The great Northwest was now moved, as never before, especially when tidings came of the sudden death of Philip P. Bliss and his wife at Ashtabula on December 29. Within three months 4,800 converts were recorded in Chicago.

The evangelical Christians of Boston had long been waiting on the Lord for a special blessing on their city. A permanent brick edifice was built on Tremont Street, able to seat a congregation of six thousand. Dr. Tourjee gathered a body of two thousand Christian singers, and organized it into five distinct choirs. The thoughtful addresses of Rev. Joseph Cook were of use in preparing that cultured and critical city for the advent of the evangelists. And the result of the religious services was almost beyond expectation. Instead of a single noon meeting for prayer, seven or eight sprang up throughout the city, with numbers varying from 200 to 1,500. Ninety churches co-operated in a house-to-house visitation, and 2,000 visitors were enrolled into these bands of yoke-fellows. Throughout all New England, the quickened activities of the churches were unmistakable. And the evangelical faith met a more respectful hearing from its thinking classes than had been witnessed for a hundred years.



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D. W. Whittle

D. W. WHITTLE.

"Maj. Whittle," as his old army friends love to call him, has for many years been a well-known business man of Chicago, where his integrity, activity, and efficiency, earned for him a high regard in the consideration of his business associates. This place, with large business prospects, he resigned at what he believed to be the call of God, to enter upon the evangelistic work. His career during the past few years is well before the public. He is, perhaps, better known throughout the country as the companion of the "*sweet singer*" and author—Philip Paul Bliss. His first effort in connection with Mr. Bliss was made five years ago, in a small town near Chicago. It was on this occasion that he told the story, "Hold the Fort," which Mr. Bliss has rendered immortal. Maj. Whittle began modestly in small meetings and has pressed his way on to a place close beside the prince of evangelists, D. L. Moody. These two brothers are not without points of similarity as well as of contrast. There is in each a singleness of purpose by which their work is carried out and away from everything else, and stands above all human interests in its soul-absorbing grandeur as the chiseled Sphinx stands above the desert's sands. That work is winning souls. Everything that would obscure it is held severely aside. They are not unlike in certain mental traits. In each there is marked intellectual vigor, a certain natural logic which holds the subject well in hand. In the latter quality, Mr. Whittle is undoubtedly Mr. Moody's superior. Mr. Moody's may be described as the logic of a present purpose. Mr. Whittle's as the logic of his subject. Mr. Moody has a more vivid imagination. Mr. Whittle a subtler analytical power. Mr. Moody has more power over a great audience. Mr. Whittle is more irresistible in a debate. Mr. Moody preaches more like the Apostle John. Mr. Whittle more like the Apostle Paul.

In the inquiry room Maj. Whittle is especially successful and happy. Eminently wise and judicious in the management of it, his personal instruction is clear as sunlight, and his manner overflows with sympathy and love. He is but at the beginning of his career, and, in the providence of God, there is doubtless opening before him a path of distinguished success.

PHILIP PAUL BLISS.

Philip Paul Bliss was the author, under God, of a large part of the most popular hymns and music that were used by the two American evangelists in their mighty labors for awakening and evangelizing the English world. By general acceptation, he has been hailed as the Charles Wesley of the Nineteenth century. Mr. Moody, in a loving tribute to the beauty of his life and character, testifies: "I believe he was raised up of God to write hymns for the Church of Christ in this age, as Charles Wesley was for the church in his day. His songs have gone around the world, and have lead and will continue to lead hundreds of souls to Christ. In my estimation, he was the most highly honored of God, of any man of his time, as a writer and singer of gospel songs; and with all his gifts he was the most humble man I ever knew. I loved him as a brother, and shall cherish his memory, giving praise to God for the grace manifested in him, while life lasts.

The ancestors of P. P. Bliss were emigrants from Wales, and were numbered among the early settlers of Connecticut, where their first marriage record dated back to 1670. His grandfather settled in the wilderness of Saratoga county, New York, in 1788. His father, Isaac, whom his son calls "the best man I ever knew," was a poor man, but a devout, simple-hearted Puritan; a trustful, joyful, singing saint. Philip was born in the log homestead, in Clearfield county, Pennsylvania, on the 9th of July, 1838. When he was six years old, his father removed to Trumbull county, Ohio, and returned into Pennsylvania three years later, settling finally in Tioga county. Thus the boy passed his earlier years in frontier clearings, where the opportunities for schooling were very scanty. He lived much under the open sky, amid the inspiring scenes of a mountainous district, and as a rambler through the forest and by the torrents. As a child, it delighted him to take part with his father in singing some of the grand old revival hymns, such as "Come ye sinners poor and needy," and "Come, ye that love the Lord." He could easily master a new tune, and whistle it, or thrum it out on some hand-made instrument. At the age of eleven, he set out from home to work on a farm, carrying his spare clothing tied up in a handkerchief. Four years later he was in a lumber-camp cutting logs, and soon after, he was engaged in a saw-mill. Meanwhile, the spare time in every season found him a diligent scholar in the district school, for he was eagerly desirous of acquiring an education. At the age of eighteen, his studious habits and manliness of character led to his appointment

as teacher at Hartsville, Alleghany county, New York. Two years later, he taught in the academy at Rome, Pennsylvania.

At Rome, he became acquainted with Miss Lucy J. Young, then aged eighteen, and they were married on the 1st of June, 1859. Major Whittle in his appreciative *Memoir*, to which we are much indebted in this sketch, thus outlines the personality of this young and happy pair: "Mrs. Bliss was in many things the opposite and the complement of her husband. He was by nature poetical, impulsive, demonstrative, easily moved; she was strongly practical, reticent, and with great adherence of purpose. She was both wife and mother to him from the first of their union. She was of a deep nature, loving, tender in her affection, beyond what most who knew her gave her credit for. His buoyant, joyful, affectionate, warm-hearted demonstrativeness naturally made her more reserved manner seem constrained; but all who learned to know her loved and admired her, and thanked God that Philip Bliss had such a wife.

Mrs. Bliss was already a member of the Presbyterian church, and her husband united himself to the same congregation, while also serving as superintendent of a union Sunday-school in Rome. His actual conversion however, must be antedated many years. Indeed, he appears to have been a child of God when very young, as his personal experience was that he could never remember the time when he did not love the Savior. At the age of twelve, he had openly confessed Christ, and had been baptized in the creek at Ells Run by a Baptist minister.

Mr. Bliss' wealth at the time of his marriage consisted almost wholly of a sound mind in a sound body. His active life had secured him a stalwart and fine physique, while his handsome features, spirited eyes, and emotional nature gave promise of powers of mentality as yet undeveloped. For a year, he worked on the farm of his father-in-law, for the ordinary wages of thirteen dollars a month. His passion for music had been intensified by an attendance at a musical convention held in Rome, by W. B. Bradbury, in 1857, and he was now earnestly desirous of qualifying himself to become a teacher of music. The opportunity of attending a summer session of six weeks at the "Normal Academy of Music," held at Geneseo, N. Y., in 1860, was afforded him through the sympathy of his wife's grandmother, who emptied out for him the silver savings of a good many years. He profited so well by this start that he was able in the following winter to become a professional music teacher, while his summers were still spent in working on the farm. So passed tranquilly and happily, some years of unconscious training for the Lord's service. Mr. Bliss was diligent in continuing his studies, and prospered so that he was able to save a few hundred dollars. With this money he bought a little cottage, and removed his aged parents from the backwoods to his own home. Here his humble-minded

father spent the last years of his life, thanking God for giving him a better home on earth than he had ever expected to have.

Mr. Bliss wrote his first musical composition in the summer of 1864. It was a song of tender sentiment, entitled "Lora Vale," and was published in sheet form by Root & Cady, of Chicago. Its popularity led to his venture before the public in a series of concerts, in which he achieved a fair success. In December, 1865, being then aged twenty-seven, he was permanently engaged by the firm of Root & Cady, and removed his family to Chicago. "He went to work," records Mr. Geo. F. Root, "first about the State, holding musical conventions and giving concerts, and attending to the interests of certain parts of our business; sending to us occasional communications for our musical paper, and occasional compositions. I do not recall particulars about these compositions. I only know that it was my pleasure to look them over and suggest, if I could, improvements, or hint at faults now and then, especially in the earlier ones. I say my pleasure, for never had teacher so teachable and docile a subject for criticism (I can hardly say pupil, for I never taught him regularly), nor one who repaid with such generous affection the small services that were in this way rendered to him. I do not know of his modes or habits of composition, but do know of his wonderful fertility and facility. His responses to the calls for the many kinds of literary and musical work that we soon found he could do always surprised us as much by their promptness as by their uniform excellence. It was lovely to see how near to all he did was his religion. There was for him no line on one side of which was a bright face and on the other a solemn one. His smile went into his religion and his religion into his smile." And Mr. F. W. Root, another associate, describes his personal and mental gifts as wonderful. "His faculty for seizing upon the salient features of whatever came under his notice amounted to an unerring instinct. The one kernel of wheat in a bushel of chaff was the first thing he saw. Examine the work which really enlisted his whole soul, and you will see nothing but keen discernment, rare taste, and great verbal facility. His gospel hymns contain no pointless verses, awkward rhythms, or forced rhymes, but, on the contrary, they glow with all that gives life to such composition. . . . . Mr. Bliss' voice was always a marvel to me. He used occasionally to come to my room, requesting that I would look into his vocalization with a view to suggestions. At first a few suggestions were made, but latterly I could do nothing but admire. Beginning with E flat, or even D flat below, he would, without apparent effort, produce a series of clarion tones, in an ascending series, until having reached the D (fourth line tenor clef) I would look to see him weaken and give up, as would most bass singers; but no, on he would go, taking D sharp, E, F, *F sharp and G*, without weakness, without throatyness, with-

out a sound of straining, and without the usual apopleptic look of effort. I feel quite safe in saying that his chest range was from D flat below to A flat above, the quality being strong and agreeable throughout and one vowel as good as another. He would have made name and fortune on the dramatic stage, had he chosen that profession and studied a more scientific class of music than that in which he chose to work."

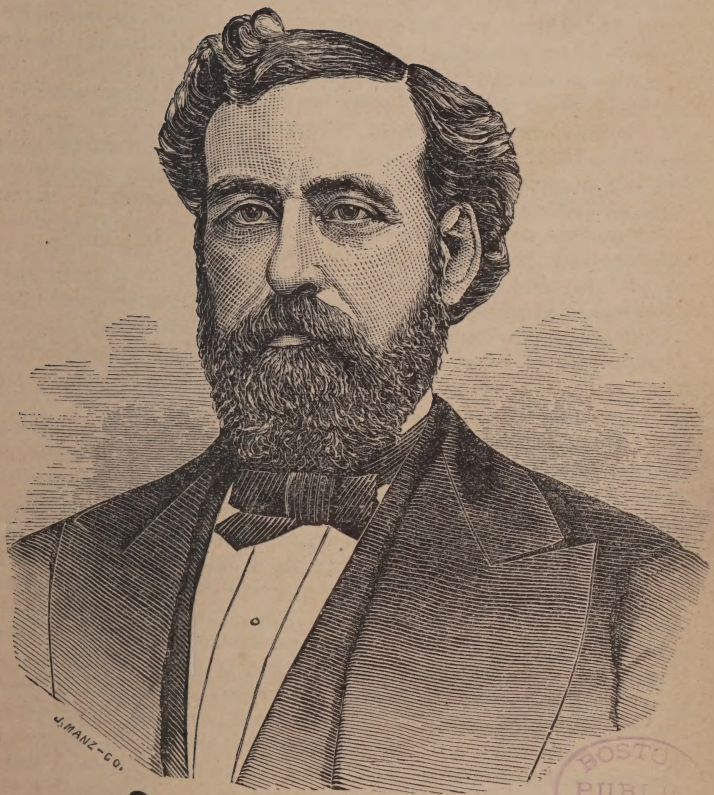
Several years elapsed after his removal to the West before Mr. Bliss became directly connected with Christian efforts. He first met Mr. Moody in the summer of 1869, and henceforth gave what musical aid he could find time for in his various meetings. A year later he became leader of the choir of the First Congregational Church of Chicago, of which Rev. Dr. Goodwin was pastor. His principle of action in that position has been thus stated by that minister: "He believed that all who led in the service of song should sing with grace in their hearts; that the music should be strictly spiritual music—not selections made on grounds of taste, high musical character, but selections aimed at honoring God, exalting Jesus Christ, magnifying his gospel; music, in a word, that God's Spirit could wholly own and use to comfort, strengthen, and inspire God's people, and lead unsaved souls to Christ. Accordingly the highest devotional character marked all his selections, all his rehearsals, all his leadership in the Lord's house." As superintendent of its Sunday-school, he exercised an astonishing influence over children, winning their sympathy and hearts by the power of genial love, and leading very many to accept Jesus as their Savior. His addresses were terse, pointed, and illustrated with vivid anecdotes, so that young and old could not fail to be impressed by the spiritual truths sought to be conveyed. At this period he prepared his books of song. "The Charm, a Collection of Sunday-school Music," was published in 1871. "The Song Tree," a collection of parlor and concert music, appeared in 1872; "Sunshine for Sunday Schools," in 1873; and "The Joy," for conventions and church choirs, in 1873.

In the winter of 1873–4, repeated solicitations from Mr. Moody, who was then busied in Scotland, induced Major D. W. Whittle and P. P. Bliss to prayerfully consider the duty and privilege of surrendering all their business prospects and consecrating themselves unreservedly as evangelists to the service of the Master. After waiting on the Lord for guidance, they set forth in faith to test the reality of their call by a series of three evening meetings at Waukegan, Illinois. The first was but poorly attended; the second, though the night was stormy, had twice as many listeners, and a number began to inquire the way to be saved. The next afternoon these yoke-fellows spent some hours in prayer, and made a complete surrender of themselves to the Lord. Bliss gave up all his professional engagements, the certain prospect of attaining a high reputa-

tion, an easy competence, and a settled home. Whittle resigned a salary of five thousand dollars in the Chicago office of the Elgin Watch Company. Together they committed their ways unto God, that he might use them for the good of their countrymen. During that year they visited towns in Illinois and Wisconsin, as well as Detroit and Pittsburgh. In 1875, they labored in Chicago, Louisville, and Lexington, Nashville, and Memphis, St. Paul and Minneapolis, and Milwaukee. In 1876 they were called to Racine and Madison, in Wisconsin; St. Louis, Mobile, Montgomery, and Selma, in Alabama; Augusta, Georgia; Kalamazoo and Jackson, Michigan; and Peoria, Illinois.

For this life mission of evangelization, Mr. Bliss prepared "Gospel Songs, a Choice Collection of Hymns and Tunes, New and Old." These were selected in the spirit of prayer, and include only those which revival experiences had proven to be blessed. Most of them were naturally from his own inspired pen. It appears undeniable that he was the Christian Psalmist of this century, the one providentially raised up "to lengthen the cords and strengthen the stakes" of Zion in this gospel awakening. In the preparation of "Gospel Hymns and Sacred Songs," in 1875, he was a co-editor with Mr. Sankey; and the like fraternal co-operation was exhibited in "Gospel Hymns No. 2," issued in time for the services at Boston. Of these little books millions of copies were sold. Yet, in order to remove every ground for a popular misapprehension that the evangelists were intent on money-making, he waived his share in the copyrights. Thus fully sixty thousand dollars of royalty, which belonged of right to Sankey and Bliss, were bestowed on deserving charities. Even the little proportion of five thousand dollars, which Mr. Moody sought later to urge upon him for the purchase of a home for his family, was steadfastly declined.

This joyous and versatile singer, musician and speaker peculiarly excelled as the poet of Gospel song. His genius, as clarified by the indwelling spirit, possessed the rare faculty of embodying the deepest and most solemn truths or God's Word, and the spiritual experiences of the Christian's heart, in hymns of such crystal transparency that the sinner and the child of God alike could receive into their souls a profound realization of the sacredness and the lovableness of the messages of the gospel. "After his consecration to Christ for his service in saving souls," relates Major Whipple, "Mr. Bliss' experience crystalized more and more into an apprehension of a personal Savior. Christ risen—Christ ever present with us; Jesus, the real, living, personal Jesus of the gospels, came closer and closer to him. His communion with Christ was uninterrupted. And his songs in these days abounded with Christ. The last year of his life, nearly all the songs he wrote contain the three themes of gospel testimony: Christ died for our sins; he lives for our justification;



P. P. Bliss.

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he is coming again in a glory which we are to share. He did not *plan* these hymns with any purpose to teach these truths, and was surprised himself when his attention was called to the fact of the uniformity of their testimony in these directions. He simply wrote of what filled his own heart and had come to his own soul." Mr. Sankey, whose opportunities for passing a judgment are unrivaled, writes: "The first of Mr. Bliss' hymns that became popular in Great Britain was, 'Jesus Loves Even Me,' and more than any other hymn, it became the key-note of our meetings there. The next song which became immensely popular was, 'Hold the Fort,' and it is to-day, perhaps, the most popular sacred song in England or America. I should think Mr. Bliss' 'Almost Persuaded' has won more souls to the Savior than any other hymn written by him."

"Hold the Fort" was founded on an incident of the late war, which has been thus graphically described by Mr. Moody: "I am told that when General Sherman went through Atlanta towards the sea—through the Southern States—he left in the fort on the Kenesaw Mountain a little handful of men to guard some rations that he brought there. And General Hood got into the outer rear and attacked the fort, drove the men in from the outer works into the inner works, and for a long time the battle raged fearfully. Half of the men were either killed or wounded; the general who was in command was wounded seven different times; and when they were about ready to run up the white flag and surrender the fort, Sherman got within fifteen miles, and through the signal corps on the mountain he sent the message: 'Hold the fort; I am coming. W. T. Sherman.' That message fired up their hearts, and they held the fort till reinforcements came, and the fort did not go into the hands of their enemies." It was first narrated in public by Major Whittle in 1870, and was at once popularized by his companion. Six years later these yoke-fellows visited Kenesaw Mountain, where they read the promises of the Lord's second coming, knelt in prayer, and then united in singing this battle-hymn of the Christian.

"Let the Lower Lights be Burning" had its origin in this sad accident: "A few years ago at the mouth of Cleveland harbor there were two lights, one at each side of the bay, called the upper and lower lights; and to enter the harbor safely by night, vessels must sight both of the lights. These western lakes are more dangerous sometimes than the great ocean. One wild, stormy night, a steamer was trying to make her way into the harbor. The captain and pilot were anxiously watching for the lights. By and by the pilot was heard to say, 'Do you see the lower lights?' 'No,' was the reply; 'I fear we have passed them.' 'Ah, there are the lights,' said the pilot; 'and they must be, from the bluff on which they stand, the upper lights. We have passed the lower lights, and have lost our chance of getting into the harbor.' What was to be done?

They looked back, and saw the dim outline of the lower lighthouse against the sky. The lights had gone out. 'Can't you turn your head around?' 'No; the night is too wild for that. She won't answer to her helm.' The storm was so fearful that they could do nothing. They tried again to make for the harbor, but they went crash against the rocks, and sank to the bottom. Very few escaped; the great majority found a watery grave. Why? Simply because the lower lights had gone out. Now with us the upper lights are all right. Christ himself is the upper light, and we are the lower lights, and the cry to us is, *Keep the lower lights burning;* that is what we have to do. He will lead us safe to the sunlit shore of Canaan, where there is no more night."

"More to Follow" was derived from another story told by Mr. Moody. A rich man in Rowland Hill's congregation wanted to help a poor member, and so he sent some money to a friend to be used wisely for his benefit. "The friend just sent him five pounds, and said in the note: 'This is thine; use it wisely; there is more to follow.' After a while he sent another five pounds and said, 'More to follow.' Again and again he sent the money to the poor man, always with the cheering words, 'More to follow.' So it is with the wonderful grace of God. There is always 'more to follow.'"

"Whosoever Will May Come," which was written in the winter of 1869–70, sprang from the memorable sermons of Henry Morehouse upon that inexhaustible text: "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that *whosoever* believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John 3: 16. "Jesus Loves Even Me" was composed in June, 1870. Mr. Bliss at the time said that he was tired of singing of his poor love to God, and he now wished to sing of God's wonderful love for him. He further remarked to Major Whittle "that the peace and comfort of a Christian were not founded upon his loving Christ, but upon Christ's love for him, and that to occupy the mind with Christ's love would produce love and consecration in keeping with Romans 5: 5: 'The love of God (*to us*) is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, which is given to us." "Almost Persuaded" was suggested by the closing words of a sermon by Rev. Mr. Brundage: "He who is almost persuaded is almost saved; but to be almost saved is to be entirely lost." "Pull for the Shore, Sailor" sprang from the tale of a wreck, which went down just after the captain and sixeeen sailors were taken off by a life-boat. "When the life-boat came to you," asked a friend, "did you expect it had brought some tools to repair your old ship?" "Oh, no," was the reply, "she was a total wreck; two of her masts were gone, and if we had stayed mending her only a few minutes, we must have gone down." "When once off the old wreck and safe in the life-boat, what remained for you to do?" "Nothing, but just to pull for the shore."

The death of P. P. Bliss and his wife was almost like a translation to heaven by a chariot of fire. That Christian poet was permitted to spend several weeks with Moody and Sankey in Chicago, and to edit "Gospel Hymns No. 2" with the latter. At that time he agreed with Major Whittle to resume their places on their departure, and also to visit England later. He passed Christmas with his mother and sister at Towanda, Pa., and then hastened toward Chicago with Mrs. Bliss, leaving their two little sons at Rome. But that railroad train of eleven cars crashed through the bridge over Ashtabula river on the night of December 29, and fell down seventy feet, a shapeless mass. They were in the first parlor car, and were either crushed at once or else consumed by the conflagration that arose from the stoves. The most diligent search failed to recover their remains. Our whole nation sympathized with the evangelists at Chicago in their great sorrow. The Sunday schools joined in a spontaneous collection for the benefit of the orphaned children, and $10,000 were collected in a few weeks.

REV. JOSEPH COOK.

It happened, through the overruling providence of God, that an admirable coadjutor to prepare the way for Mr. Moody's advent in Boston, by awakening the minds of its thoughtful and skeptical citizens to give a respectful hearing to the claims of the gospel, as well as to co-operate with that evangelist, and continue the good work after his departure, was raised up in the person of Rev. Joseph Cook. That gentleman was born at Ticonderoga, in the northeastern section of New York, in 1838. He was prepared for college at Phillips' Academy, and then entered Yale College. The attraction of Harvard was more powerful, however, and he graduated from the latter institution in 1865. He next passed to Andover Theological Seminary, and completed its course of study for the ministry three years later. For two years he filled vacancies in the pulpits of Congregational churches at East Abingdon, Mass., Middlebury, Vt., and Malden, Mass. Then his passion for a profound study of the deep problems of religious life and thought, led him abroad as a student to profit by the curriculum of the German universities, and by a personal association with their foremost evangelical divines. After his return, he became for a short time associate minister of the First Church, Lynn. When that edifice was burned, he turned to a music hall, and there lectured impressively on the evils of the factory system and of intemperance.

Thus were spent the formative years of his manhood, in severe and conscientious study, that he might be fitted to grapple understandingly with the mightiest questions that divided the minds of his generation, and upon whose correct decision hung the welfare of untold numbers. A fellow minister, Rev. William. M. Baker, says of him as a student: "It might be said that amid the harvests of books he wields the flail with an arm as muscular as that which holds the sickle, that he has a singularly quick perception as to what is ripe and wholesome wheat for food among the chaff, but this would be only a part of the truth. The fact is, the energy and the discrimination of the man are owing to the instinct, so to speak, in him of one supreme purpose, which is to find for himself and others, among the very latest results of all thought, scientific and philosophic, those ultimate facts which are also, as he thinks, the highest food—food for the intellect and the heart, because for the undying soul."

Early in 1876, Mr. Cook found his congenial and fitting field of labor. Under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Associa

REV. JOSEPH COOK.

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tion of Boston, he began a course of Monday lectures, at the Meionaon, in the basement of Tremont Temple. As the hour was from noon till one P. M., the general subject "Modern Skepticism," and the speaker, by his intellectual calibre and thorough scholarship, was admirably fitted to confront and deny the fundamental principles of error involved in the destructive teachings of the school of Theodore Parker, it soon chanced that the unknown lecturer came to hold entranced a large and highly cultured audience, many of whom were city clergymen. In an easy, conversational style, and in clear, terse language, he gave utterance to the weightiest thoughts and most substantial arguments. A hearer describes him as quoting freely from his extensive reading; his memory seeming to retain in wonderful variety, like a magnet drawn through it all, that which is of the nature of his own thought, and that from authors wholly opposed in general to orthodoxy, some of the most genuine sensations of the hour being the unexpected testimony of Goethe, Carlyle, Emerson, as well as the German rationalists, to the truth he is advocating, the effort of the speaker being to get at the undermost and innermost soul of his hearer by repeating the deepest and most intuitive soul of the profoundest thinkers of every land and age." In the fall, the lectures were resumed, and the great theological problems were considered. But the throng of auditors soon drove the lecturer from the Meionaon to Park Street church, and from thence to Tremont Temple itself, where week after week accommodations for three thousand people failed to satisfy.

Mr. Cook has been pictured as possessing a massive and athletic frame, whose strong vitality is wrought upon by a highly nervous-sanguine temperament, as evidenced by his sandy hair, ruddy cheeks, blue eyes, and intense earnestness. A sympathetic friend, Rev. Edward Abbott, thus sketches him as a lecturer: "He handles brief notes, wherein his important propositions are accurately written, but he is essentially an extemporaneous speaker, an orator of the fervid and impassioned order, not without peculiarities which some critics of the schools would call faults; but eloquent, grandly eloquent, in the sense that he makes men hear his message, and often persuades them of its truth. In theology, a moderate Calvinist; in philosophy, an eclectic; in learning, affluent; full of sympathies for all who are in any sense oppressed; a hater of cant in all its forms; familiar with the best thoughts of the best minds of all times; a brilliant rhetorician, and yet never allowing the clearness and percision of his logical processes to be obscured by the play of his marvelous fancy; with all these, and many more qualities which might be mentioned, it may readily be imagined that he is a speaker to whom men love to listen. This description will sound extravagant to those who have never heard him; but it is wholly within the limits of sober truth."

The pulpit at the Boston Tabernacle was repeatedly filled by Mr.

Cook, at Mr. Moody's invitation. To its vast audiences he delivered impressive sermons on such topics as "Certainties in Religion;" "The Atonement a Motive to Conversion;" and "Faith the Source of Faithfulness." From the first of these, we take the following extract:

"When Ulysses sailed past the isle of the Sirens, who had the power of charming by their songs all who listened to them, he heard the sorcerous music on the shore, and to prevent himself and his crew from landing, he filled their ears with wax, and bound himself to the mast with knotted thongs. Thus, according to the subtle Grecian story, he passed safely the fatal strand. But when Orpheus, in search of the Golden Fleece, went by this island, he—being, as you remember, a great musician—set up better music than that of the Sirens, enchanted his crew with a melody superior to the alluring song of the sea-nymphs, and so, without needing to fill the Argonauts' ears with wax, or to bind himself to the mast with knotted thongs, he passed the sorcerous shore not only safely, but with disdain.

"The ancients, it is clear from this legend, understood the distinction between morality and religion. He who, sailing past the island of temptation, has enlightened selfishness enough not to land, although he rather wants to [sensation]; he who, therefore, binds himself to the mast with knotted thongs, and fills the ears of his crew with wax; he who does this without hearing a better music, is the man of mere morality. Heaven forbid that I should underrate the value of this form of cold prudence, for wax is not useless in giddy ears, and Aristotle says youth is a perpetual intoxication. Face to face with Sirens, thongs are good, though songs are better.

Sin hath long ears. Good is wax;
  Wise at times the knotted thongs;
But the shrewd no watch relax,
  Yet they use like Orpheus, songs,
They no more the Sirens fear;
  They a better music hear.

"When a man of tempestuous, untrained spirit must swirl over amber and azure and purple seas, past the isle of the Sirens, and knots himself to the mast of outwardly right conduct by the thongs of safe resolutions, although as yet duty is not his delight, he is near to virtue. He who spake as never mortal spake saw such a young man once, and, looking on him, loved him, and yet said, as the nature of things says also, 'One thing thou lackest.' Evidently he to whom duty is not a delight does not possess the supreme pre-requisite of peace. In the presence of the Siren shore we can never be at rest while we rather wish to land, although we resolve not to do so. Only he who has heard a better music than that of the Sirens, and who is affectionately glad to prefer the higher to the lower good, is,

or in the nature of things *can* be, at peace. Morality is Ulysses bound to the mast. Religion is Orpheus listening to a better melody, and passing with disdain the sorcerous shore. [Applause.]

"Aristotle was asked once what the decisive proof is that a man has acquired a good habit. His answer was, 'The fact that the practice of the habit involves no self-denial of predominant force among the faculties.' Assuredly that is keen, but Aristotle is rightly called the surgeon. Until we do love virtue so that the practice of it involves no self-denial of that sort, it is scientifically incontrovertable that we can not be at peace. In the very nature of things, while Ulysses wants to land, wax and thongs can not give him rest. In the very nature of things, only a better music, only a more ravishing melody, can preserve Orpheus in peace. This truth may be stern and unwelcome, but the Greek mythology and the Greek philosophy which thus unite to affirm it are as luminous as the noon."

The value of the historic Awakenings in America has been graphically shown by his illustration of the rightful part played by enthusiasm in religion:

"It would be a sad whim in the art of metallurgy if men should take up the notion that a white heat is not useful in annealing metals; and so it is a sad whim in social science when men think that the white heat we call a religious awakening is not useful in annealing society. Twice this nation has been annealed in the religious furnace just previously to being called on to perform majestic civil duties. You remember that the thirsty, seething, tumultuous, incalculably generative years from 1753 to 1783, or from the opening of the French war to the close of the Revolution, were preceded by what is known to history as the Great Awakening in New England in 1740 under Whitefield and Edwards. So, too, in 1857, when we were on the edge of our civil war, the whole land was moved religiously, and thus prepared to perform for itself and for mankind the sternest of all the political tasks that have been imposed in this century upon any civilized people. But our short American story is no exception to the universal experiences of social annealing."

"Discussing the subtler meaning of the Reformation, Carlyle says: 'Once risen into this divine white heat of temper, were it only for a season and not again, a nation is thenceforth considerable through all its remaining history. What immensities of *dross* and crypto-poisonous matter will it not burn out of itself in that high temperature in the course of a few years! Witness Cromwell and his Puritans, making England habitable even under the Charles Second terms for a couple of centuries more. Nations are benefited, I believe, for ages by being thrown once into divine white heat in this manner.'"

"That is the historical law for nations, for cities, for individuals. Do not be afraid of a white heat; it is God's method of burning out dross. [Applause.]

"Standing where Whitefield stood on the banks of the Charles, a somewhat unlettered but celebrated evangelist years ago, face to face with the culture of Harvard, was accused of leading audiences into excitement. 'I have heard,' said he, in reply, 'of a traveler who saw at the side of the way a woman weeping and beating her breast. He ran to her and asked, "What can I do for you? What is the cause of your anguish?" "My child is in the well! My child is in the well!" With swiftest despatch assistance was given and the child rescued. Further on this same traveler met another woman, wailing also and beating her breast. He came swiftly to her, and with great earnestness asked, "What is your trouble?" "My pitcher is in the well! My pitcher is in the well!" Our great social and political excitements are all about pitchers in wells, and our religious excitements are about children in wells.' [Laughter and applause.] A rude metaphor, you say, to be used face to face with Harvard; but a distinguished American professor, repeating that anecdote in Halle, on the Saale, in Germany yonder, Julius Muller heard it and repeated it in his university, and it has been used among devout scholars all over Germany. Starting here on the banks of the Charles, and listened to, I presume, very haughtily by Cambridge and Boston, it has taken root in a deep portion of German literature as one of the classical illustrations of the value of a white heat. [Applause.]"

And as one more illustration of the fervid intensity of his oratory we append his lines summing up the argument of

A PERSONAL GOD.

Bounds of sun-groups none can see;
Worlds God droppeth on His knee;
Galaxies that loftiest swarm
Float before a loftier Form.

Mighty the speed of suns and worlds,
Mighty Who these onward hurls;
Pure the conscience' fiery bath,
Purer fire God's lightning hath.

Brighter He who maketh bright
Jasper, beryl, chrysolite;
Lucent more than they, Whose hands
Girded up Orion's bands.

Sweet the spring, but sweeter still
He who doth its censers fill;
Good is love, but better Who
Giveth love its power to woo.

Lo! the Maker, greater He,
Better than His works, must be;
Of the works the lowest stair
Thought can scale, but fainteth there.

Thee, with all our strength and heart,
God, we love for what Thou art;
Ravished we, obedient now,
Only, only Perfect Thou.

Frances E. Willard.

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MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD,

of Chicago, is a devoted and eloquent speaker and worker in the gospel harvest-field. Her transparent spirituality of mind and life, untiring zeal, and continual study of God's Word are combined with all the modest graces and tender sympathies of Christian ladyhood. One of her associates writes: "Her temperate, simple manner, clear, melodious voice, and rare command of language, her deep Christian experience, wide culture, vigor of thought and versatile genius, make her a most attractive speaker for the thoughtful. Though still young, Miss Willard has been for years a close student of literature and art, has occupied prominent positions East and West as an educator, has seen much of what is worth seeing in her own and other lands, and has now devoted all her time for some years to the work of Christian beneficence. She belongs to a family of New England origin, who number among their ancestors many eminent names, some of whom have been well known in Boston." In the "Garden City," where she lives in a little cottage home with her aged mother, who is now past threescore and ten, her name is honored of the brethren, for her consistent and persistent toils in behalf of all Christian efforts.

For several years, Miss Willard has given her energies, voice and pen to the organization of Woman's Temperance Unions throughout the nation. These associations are a logical outgrowth of the Woman's Temperance Crusade, "which began in 1873, continued about six months, extended over a half-dozen of our most populous States, and enlisted hundreds of thousands of Christian women." In an essay read by appointment before the International Temperance Conference, which met in Philadelphia in June, 1876, Miss Willard read an outline "History of the Woman's National Christian Temperance Union." From that we make the following quotation:

"The women who went forth by an impulse, sudden, irresistible, divine, to pray in the saloons, became convinced, as weeks and months passed by, that there was to be no easily won victory. The enemy was rich beyond their power to comprehend. He had upon his side the majesty of law, the trickery of politics, and the leagued strength of that almost invincible pair—appetite, avarice. He was persistent too, as fate; determined to fight it out on that line, to the last dollar of his enormous treasury-house, and the last ounce of his power. But these women of the crusade believed in God, and in themselves as among his appointed instruments to destroy the rum

power in America. They loved Christ's cause; they loved their native land that had been so mindful of them; they loved their sweet and sacred homes; and so it came about that, though they had gone forth only as skirmishers, they soon fell into line of battle; though they had ignorantly hoped to take the enemy by sudden assault, they buckled on the armor for a long campaign. The Woman's Praying Bands, earnest, impetuous, inspired, became the Woman's Temperance Unions, firm, patient, persevering. The Praying Bands were without leadership, save that which inevitably results from the survival of the fittest; the Woman's Unions are regularly officered, in the usual way. Enthusiasm—'a God in us'—enabled the Praying Bands to accomplish prodigies; the steady purpose, and the same faith which inspired the crusade, is conducting the Unions to victory, distant but sure."

When the national organization was effected in August, 1874, at Chautauqua Lake, N. Y., Mrs. Annie Wittenmeyer, of Philadelphia, was elected President, and Miss Willard Corresponding Secretary. The latter office was no sinecure, for five thousand written communications were sent out from the Western office alone within a twelvemonth, to women in every State in the Union. Its faithful Secretary, who was also at the head of the Chicago Union, was engaged besides for four months in traveling in behalf of the National Union.

When Mr. Moody, while at Boston, bethought himself, as he said, of gaining "the great magazine power there is in the hearts and consciences of the New England women," he called Miss Willard to his aid; and she at once complied, delaying merely to receive the permission of her aged mother. She labored assiduously as a leader in the spiritual meetings for women in that city. Her thorough, practical expositions of Scriptural truth were heard with wrapt attention by many crowded audiences, and were fruitful of much good.

GOD IS LOVE.

"God is love." 1 JOHN 4: 16.

My text is taken from the 1st epistle of John, and it is one of those texts the world does not believe. If I could make every one in this building believe this text, I would not preach a sermon. If we all believed it, we would not need a sermon. "God is love." That is one of the texts the devil would like to blot out of the Bible. For six thousand years he has been going up and down the world trying to make men believe that God is not love. Love begets love, and hate begets hate. Let me tell any one of you that I heard a man say this week that you were one of the meanest men in town, and you will soon come to the conclusion that the man who said that was the meanest man you ever heard of. Let me tell you that I heard a man say he thought more of you than of any other man in the city, and though you may not have thought about him before, your love will spring up and you will say, "I think a great deal of that man."

Now, men are believing the devil's lies when they don't believe God is love. A few years ago, when we built a church in Chicago, a friend put up over the pulpit in gas-jets the words, "God is love." We thought, if we couldn't preach it into the hearts of the people we would burn it in. A man happened to see that text up there, and he said to himself: "God is not love; God does not love me;" and he came around into the church, not to hear the sermon, but to see the text as it was burning there upon the wall. The arrow reached its mark. He went into the inquiry meeting. I inquired what it was impressed him. He said it was not the sermon; it was those words that had burned into his soul. He was weeping, and he wanted to know what he should do to be saved.

"God is love." I hope this text will find its way into every heart here. I want to prove it from Scripture. The great trouble with men is, they are all the time trying to measure God by their own rule, and from their own standpoint. A man is apt to judge others from his own standard. If a man is covetous, he thinks every one else is covetous. If he is a selfish man, he thinks every one else is selfish. If a man is guilty of adultery, he thinks every other man is. If a man is dishonest, he thinks every other man is. Many are trying to bring God down to their own level. They don't know that between human love and divine love there is as much difference as there is between darkness and light. God's love is deep and high; Paul says it passeth knowledge. We love a man as long as he is

worthy of our love, and when he is not we cast him off; but we don't find in the Word of God that God casts off those who are not worthy of his love. If he did, there would be no one in the kingdom of God except Jesus himself. He was obedient unto death. He was worthy of love. If you have your Bibles, turn to the 13th chapter of John, at the first verse: "Now before the feast of the passover, when Jesus knew that his hour was come that he should depart out of this world unto the Father, having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end." Now we find his love is unchangeable. He knew his disciples were to forsake him and leave him. Peter was to deny him with a curse. Judas was that night to betray him with a kiss, and sell him for thirty pieces of silver. He knew that that night, when the shepherd was smitten, the whole flock was to be scattered. Yet, it is said, he loved them right through it all. His love is unchangeable; his disciples were never dearer to him than that hour when he was betrayed. Some people think that, because they are not worthy of his love, he is going to cast them off. It is said in the 15th verse of the 49th chapter of Isaiah: "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee. Behold I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands; thy walls are continually before me." There is no woman that loves on this earth like a mother. There is no love on earth so strong as a mother's love. A great many things will separate a man from his wife, or a father from a son; but nothing will separate a true mother from her child. She will love him through all his sin and iniquity. He may sink so low that a hiss will go up against him from every human being, but the mother loves him through it all. God takes that for an illustration. He says: Can a mother forget her child? "Yea, they may forget, but I will not forget thee. Behold I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands," and thy name is ever before me. His love is unchangeable. He loved Judas, when Judas betrayed him with a kiss. I should have thought that love would have broken the heart of Judas. If there is a soul goes down to hell, it must go over God's love. You have to trample that love under your feet.

It is said in Jeremiah, 31st chapter and 3d verse, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." He loves us with an everlasting love; that means, love without end. The only way you can get into the pit of hell, is to go right over the love of God; you cannot get there in any other way. God so loved the world that he gave his Son to die for you. That is what will make hell so terrible. It is because you have to go over the love of God. Some people say: "I like some proof of love." If a man told me he loved me, and never gave me any token, and never showed his love by any act, it would not be long before I would doubt his love. There is love

by the tongue, that does not strike down into the heart. That is not worth much. God does not say he loves us without giving us some proof of his love. Isaiah says, in the 63d chapter and 9th verse: "In all their affliction he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them: in his love and in his pity he redeemed them; and he bare them, and carried them all the days of old." Now see how beautiful it is: "In all their afflictions he was afflicted." You cannot afflict one of God's own without afflicting him. No man could strike that little child, but he would feel the blow more than the child. He takes the place of a loving father, and now he says: "In all their afflictions he was afflicted, and in his love and pity he cared for them." That is what he wants you to believe, that he loves you, and is in sympathy with you.

Not only that, but in the 38th chapter and 17th verse of the same prophecies, it is said: "Behold, for peace I had great bitterness; but thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption: for thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back." "Now, out of love to my soul," says the prophet, "He has taken all my sins," not a part of them, "and cast them behind his back." Now tell me, how is Satan going to get at our sins, if God has put them behind his back? If God has washed us, how is Satan going to find anything against us? Who shall say anything against God's elect? The prophet says: "Out of love to my soul he has taken all my sins, and cast them behind his back." Satan could get behind my back, but he cannot pass the Lord God Almighty. He has taken not *part* of them. I like that little word "all"—"all my sins." Suppose my little boy had committed ten sins, and he came to me and confessed, and wanted me to forgive him, and I would say: "I will forgive you nine of them, but one is such a big one I will not forgive that." That would not do him any good. A lady came into the inquiry-room, and she thought the Lord had forgiven all her sins but one, and that was too great. The Lord does not do that; he forgives all. The prophet says: "Out of love to my soul he has taken *all* my sins, and cast them behind his back." Is not that a proof of his love, that he forgives us freely? If I attempt to cover my sins they will find me out; if I dig a grave, I cannot bury them so deep but they will have a resurrection. But the Lord takes them away; not one of them shall ever be mentioned: they are gone for time and eternity. Is not that a proof of God's love, that he has taken all our sins out of the way, and put them behind his back forever?

Then Paul says, "He loved me, and he gave himself for me;" as if there was not another man in the wide, wide world that the Lord Jesus Christ loved but Paul. He took the benefit of what Christ had done; and in order to get the benefit from Christ we must appropriate him to ourselves. "He loved me, and he gave himself for

me." Is not that a proof of his love? To think he loved us so that he gave himself for us, should make us love him.

Turn to I. Corinthians. Here is one verse in the 8th chapter to which I want to call your attention. It is the 3d verse. Some people say, "Oh, yes, I love God," and never do it. You never see it in their lives, and in their actions; you never see it in anything they do. Now let me tell you, you may deceive your neighbors or yourself; you may join some church, and profess to love God—I wish that man would wake up yonder, for I want to tell him. You may make a great profession of religion; you may be a teacher in some Sabbath-school: but the Lord God looks into the heart to see if there is some love. Many a man is resting his hope upon having joined some church. What God wants is Love. If love does not prompt us to work for God, it is all abomination to him. He cannot want sacrifice; it is love in the heart he wants. This verse says, "If any man"—I like those words—"If any man"—I don't care who it is—"If any man love God, the same is known of him." God knows all about him. God measures his love, and he knows how deep it is, how broad it is. "If any man love God, the same is known of him." God knows the street you live on and the number of your house. He knows all about you. He said there was not a sparrow that fell to the ground without his notice. He knows all about the sparrows; he hears the young ravens when they cry. He says the very hairs of our head are numbered. Is not that love? If I pull out a hair, I throw it down and don't think much of it; but God knows all about it. That is love. The very hairs of our head are numbered. I see mothers think a great deal of their babes; but I never heard of a mother that loved a babe so much that she numbered the hairs of its head.

God is looking down to see how many are loving him to-night. He knows your heart; you cannot conceal it. If you love him, he will make his abode with you; but if your heart is full of malice and bitterness, the Lord cannot dwell with you. If you only love him, then he comes and makes his abode with you.

Then there is another verse I want to call your attention to. There are some people who love God, and yet get into darkness because things go against them. They get almost to doubting God's love. If there is such a one here to-night, I want to call his attention to Romans, chapter 8th, verse 28th. "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God." Put in that little word "all." A great many drop that "all." They say some things work together for good to them that love the Lord. If you do a good stroke in business, you say that is one of the things that work for good; but if you lose a great deal, you do not think it is. Now it may be that the losses will work more for your good than your successes. Let a man have prosperity, and how he turns away from

God. If was when Jerusalem got fat that it kicked against God. See how this nation has been sinking into iniquity since the war. Men turn their influence against God and his cause. You need not go out of Philadelphia to see that; you need not go out of your own acquaintance. People want prosperity, and that often turns them against God. Paul says, "All things work together for good to them that love God." Do you love him? Put that down, then.

I had a little girl taken down a few years ago with scarlet fever. I was very anxious about her, and I went to a physician with whom I was well acquainted. He wrote a prescription, and I took it to one of the leading druggists, and said, "I want you to fill this with care." I watched him as he went to a shelf and took down a great many different kinds of bottles, and he poured some out of each of them, and put it all in one and mixed it up. Then he put it in another bottle and stamped it, and gave to me. Perhaps the medicine from any one of those bottles would have been rank poison, and would have killed the child; but they, being all mixed together, were just the medicine the child needed, and it worked for good and saved the child. So it is that all things work together for good to them that love God. It is a little affliction here, a little trouble, and a little persecution—all working together for good. Some of you may have lost a little child a little while ago; but perhaps you had no thoughts of heaven until God took that child. A lady came into the inquiry-room this afternoon, and she had had no thought of heaven for a long time; but death came and took two of her lambs, and now she wants to follow them.

I was told a story of a man in Palestine. He saw a shepherd coming down to a stream with his flock. The shepherd tried to get them into the water, but they would not follow him. They came to the bank of the river, but they would not follow him in. He took a little lamb and put it in his bosom, and plunged into the river and took it to the other side. The old sheep then, instead of trembling, began to look up at him and bleat. In a few minutes the whole flock went over, and he then put the lamb down, and led the sheep away into the green pasture. The Great Shepherd takes the little lambs to the hill-tops of glory, and then the father begins to love and serve God. Out of love to you he has brought you into affliction. "All things work together for good to them that love God." If any of you are under the afflicting rod, don't complain. You will find, when you get yonder, that it was pure love that prompted him to afflict you.

The apostle Paul, when he was here, said, beginning at the fourteenth verse of the third chapter of Ephesians: "For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, that he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with

might by his Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge." That is the love of God—that we might be able to comprehend the breadth, length, depth and height of God's love. That is what the apostle prayed for. If we only knew that love, how much more we would be with him and love him. The only way for us to comprehend the love of God is to survey the wondrous cross at Calvary, on which the Prince of Life died. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Christ laid down his life for his enemies. It is the cross that speaks of his love. Do you think God would have given up his Son if he had not loved you? Was it not pure love in him?

There is a story told of the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Paris, who, when France was at war with Prussia in 1871, was thrown into prison by the Commune. It seemed he had been to Calvary, and knew something about this wondrous love of God. Before he was executed, he wrote on the top of a little window in his prison, which was in the shape of a cross, "height," at the bottom, "depth," at the end of each arm of the cross, "length," and "breadth." Ah, that man had been to Calvary and tried to measure the length, and breadth, and depth, and height of God's love. He had surveyed the cross; he had drank in its truth; he had laid hold of its power. He saw its height reached to the throne of God, its depth to the borders of hell, and its length and breadth to the corners of the earth. Oh, that this love may sink down deep into every heart. Some may say: "I have no doubt but God loves Christians; but I am a sinner, and I have rebelled against him all my life." If anyone has that thought, he is wrong. God loves sinners. The Bible says God loves sinners. It teaches another thing: that God loves you in your sin. Some of you may shake your heads and say that is false. God loves you in your sin; because, if you could get rid of your sin, you would not need a Savior. If he does not love us until we are free from sin, there is no hope for any of us. To be sure, he saves us from sin; but while we were yet in sin, Christ loved us, and died for us.

A poor woman came into the inquiry-room, and said she had no strength. I said: "Thank God for that, Christ died for us when we were without strength." Christ died for the ungodly. There was a time when I preached that God hated the sinner, and that God was after every poor sinner with a double-edged sword. Many a time have I represented that God was after every poor sinner, ready to hew him down. But I have changed my ideas upon this point. I will tell you how.

In 1867, when I was preaching in Dublin, in a large hall, at the close of the service, a young man, who did not look over seventeen,

though he was older, came up to me and said he would like to go back to America with me and preach the gospel. I thought he could not preach it, and I said I was undecided when I could go back. He asked me if I would write to him when I went, and he would come with me. When I went I thought I would not write to him, as I did not know whether I wanted him or not. After I arrived at Chicago I got a letter saying he had just arrived at New York, and he would come and preach. I wrote him a cold letter, asking him to call on me if he came West. A few days after, I got a letter stating he would be in Chicago next Thursday. I didn't know what to do with him. I said to the officers of the church: "There is a man coming from England, and he wants to preach. I am going to be absent on Thursday and Friday. If you will let him preach on those days, I will be back on Saturday, and take him off your hands.' They did not care about him preaching, being a stranger; but at my request they let him preach. On my return on Saturday I was anxious to hear how the people liked him, and I asked my wife how that young Englishman got along. "How did they like him?" She said, "They liked him very much. He preaches a little different from what you do. He tells people God loves them. I think you will like him." I said he was wrong. I thought I could not like a man who preached contrary to what I was preaching. I went down Saturday night to hear him, but I had made up my mind not to like him because he preached different from me. He took his text,—and I saw everybody had brought their Bibles with them. "Now," he says, "if you will turn to the third chapter of John and the sixteenth verse, you will find my text." He preached a wonderful sermon from that text. "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." My wife had told me he had preached the two previous sermons from that text, and I noticed there was a smile over the house when he took the same text. Instead of preaching that God was behind them with a double-edged sword to hew them down, he told them God wanted every sinner to be saved, and he loved them. I could not keep back the tears. I didn't know God thought so much of me. It was wonderful to hear the way he brought out Scripture. He went from Genesis to Revelation, and preached that in all ages God loved the sinner. On Sunday night there was a great crowd came to hear him. He took for his text the third chapter of John and sixteenth verse, and he preached his fourth sermon from that wonderful text, "For God so loved the world," &c., and he went from Genesis to Revelation to show that it was love, love, love, that brought Christ from Heaven, that made him step from the throne to lift up this poor, fallen world. He struck a higher chord that night, and it was glorious. The next night there was an immense crowd, and he said: "Turn to the 3d chapter and 16th verse

of John," and he preached his fifth sermon from that wonderful text. He did not divide the text up into firstly, secondly, and thirdly, but he took the whole text and threw it at them. I thought that sermon was better than ever. I got so full of love that I got up and told my friends how much God loved them. The whole church was on fire before the week was over. Tuesday night came, and there was a greater crowd than ever. The preacher said: "Turn to the 3d chapter of John and the 16th verse and you will find my text," and he preached his sixth sermon from that wonderful text, "God so loved the world," &c. They thought that sermon was better than any of the rest. It seemed as if every heart was on fire, and sinners came pressing into the kingdom of God. On Wednesday night people thought that probably he would change his text now, as he could not talk any longer on love. There was great excitement to see what he was going to say. He stood before us again and he said: "My friends, I have been trying to get a new text, but I cannot find any as good as the old one, so we will again turn to the 3d chapter of John and the 16th verse." He preached his seventh sermon from that wonderful text. I have never forgotten those nights. I have preached a different gospel since, and I have had more power with God and man since then. In closing up that seventh sermon he said: "For seven nights I have been trying to tell you how much God loved you, but this poor stammering tongue of mine will not let me. If I could ascend Jacob's ladder and ask Gabriel, who stands in the presence of the Almighty, to tell me how much love God the father has for this poor lost world, all that Gabriel could say would be 'That God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life.'" When he got through preaching in Chicago, we had to get the largest building there, and then thousands went away because they could not get in. He went to Europe, and returned again. In the meantime our church had been burned, and you people of Philadelphia had put us up a temporary building. When he came there he preached in this temporary building, and he said: Although the old building is burnt up, the old text is not burnt up, and we will preach from that. So he preached from where he had left off preaching about the love of God.

Do not believe that God does not love you. He loves you with an everlasting love. "God is love." He wants to save you. Here is a verse in the Song of Solomon: "He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love." "His left hand is under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me." Think of his left hand under our head, and his right hand around us.

There is a story told of a young man who came to this country from England, became naturalized and went to Cuba, and was there

some time. When the civil war came on in 1867, he was arrested as a spy, and taken before the military court and ordered to be shot. Then he sent for the two consuls of this country and England, and told them his case, that he was not a spy or a politician. They found he was perfectly innocent, and had nothing to do with the war. They went to the Spanish officers and said: "This man is an innocent man; he is not guilty of what he is accused." The officer said: "He was found guilty by the Spanish government, and he must die." The consuls had not time to refer to the Spanish government. They brought this man to the grave, and the black cap was drawn over him, and the Spanish soldiers were all ready to fire. But just before they received the command to fire, who should rush up but the American and English consuls. Our American representative took the stars and stripes and wrapped them around the man, and the English consul wrapped the English flag around him, and they said: "Fire on these flags if you dare." They did not dare to fire, because behind these flags were two powerful nations. Think of the flag of Heaven! God says, "My banner over you shall be love." Come under the banner of Heaven to-night. Do not go out of this building until you are sheltered under this precious banner. If you are under his blood, you are saved for time and eternity. Escape for your life; come under the banner of love, and he will keep you until you stand before him, pure and washed in the blood of the Lamb.

Is there any other verse I need quote to you? "Herein," says John, "is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins." I can imagine some of you say, "God is angry with the sinner every day." That is one of the strongest passages in the Word of God, that God loves the sinner. Suppose these two boys down here (in the audience) are mine. Suppose one of them is kind and affectionate, and the other swears, lies, steals, gets drunk, and behaves as badly as any being can. If I didn't love the boy who behaved badly, I would let him go; but just because I do love him, it makes me angry to have him take a downward course. "God is angry with the sinner every day." He is angry when the sinner takes a downward course, and it is the strongest proof of his love. If a boy is never corrected, it is a proof of his father's want of love. If you spare the rod, you spoil the child. It is out of pure love that God corrects us. It may be that I am talking to some one here that reasons in this way: "If God loves us, why are we punished?" It is because he does love us. It says here in Hebrews, at the 12th chapter and 6th verse: "For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not?" God dealeth with us as with sons. Father, how do you deal with your boy? Don't you punish him when he goes astray? It is a true sign of love when you punish

your boy. If I am disobedient and go astray, God has to punish me. That is the reason there are so many suffering. Now it is not easy to go against God's law and disobey God. When you were a little boy and went contrary to the wishes of your father and mother, were you not unhappy? Is there a man here to-night who will not say he was unhappy? If he goes against God's law and disobeys God, we make ourselves unhappy. The most disobedient man is the most unhappy man, though he have all the wealth of Philadelphia, and the most obedient man is the happiest. That law holds good everywhere. God says: "If you walk contrary to me, I will walk contrary to you." There is no peace for the wicked. It is because God loves us he wants to bring us to himself. If he did not afflict us when we were disobedient to him, we never would come to him and be saved. If you are under the chastening rod, it is because God loves you; and he asks you to love him. Is it not the most reasonable thing you can do to love God and turn unto him? Oh, may God bring you under that banner which is love. May his banner float over you, and may that banner be love. Let us sing.

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly."

DEATH OF CHRIST.

"But he was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed." Isaiah 53: 5.

Last night I was speaking about the birth of Christ, and there was no room for him. I might have added to that sermon that the world did make room for him at one time, and that was upon the cross. That was the only place they could make room for him—between two thieves. I want to speak about the death of Christ to-night, because it concerns every one of us. He was wounded for *our* transgressions, not for his own. He did not transgress; if he had, he would have to have died for himself. He was lamb without spot, and thus he became the sinner's substitute. "He was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed."

A few years ago I was going to lecture in Dublin, and I got out a few placards, and on them was printed, "Christ died for our sins." I said that should be my text. If I could only picture that scene, and make that scene of Calvary real, I would not preach but that

one sermon. If that would not break men's hearts, I do not know what would. We cannot draw that picture as we would like; the world does not know what it means. The suffering of the Son of God we do not know. There is not a man living can tell what the Son of God suffered mentally. I want to take up what he suffered physically; and, oh, that God may help me to-night to make it real!

I remember when our war was going on, if I took up a morning paper and read of a terrible battle—ten thousand men killed—I would lay it down and forget about it. At last I went on to the battle-field, and I helped to bear away the sick and wounded. After I had been over one or two battle-fields, I began to realize what it meant. I could hear the dying groans of the men, and their cry for water. Then when I heard of a battle, the whole thing was stamped upon my mind. So when men take up their Bible, because they have read it from their youth up, they will read this chapter of Isaiah from which my text is taken, foretelling the sufferings of Christ, and lay it down and forget about it. If I tell you how a little child suffered, it will bring tears to your eyes; but if I tell you how the Son of God suffered it does not have the same effect upon you, and you will sometimes go away laughing.

Let us imagine we are living in the days when the Son of God was upon earth—that we are citizens of Jerusalem—that we are there at that memorable feast, and that late one Thursday afternoon, as we are walking down the street, we see thirteen men coming down the same street. We notice every one stops and looks at them. We make inquiries who they are, and we are told, "It is Jesus and his Apostles." Away they go to the guest chamber, and soon they are seated around his table. He begins to be exceedingly sorrowful. That night he knew one of them was to swear he never knew him; that the Shepherd was to be smitten, and the sheep were to leave him. He was sorrowful unto death. John was wondering what was making him so sad. At last he told them that one of them that night should betray him. The whole crowd looked startled, and one said, "Lord, is it I?" and another said, "Lord, is it I?" Every one of them began to distrust himself; and at last Judas, that awful traitor, who was already plotting with the chief priest to deliver him up, said, "Lord, is it I?" Jesus gave him to understand that it was. And presently he turned and said, "What thou doest do quickly;" and he got up and left. I do not believe you could find a sadder party than that little party. Judas had seen him perform his mighty miracles. He had been with him when he had fed the multitude in the wilderness. He had been with him when he had wept over Jerusalem. He had been associated with him for three long years. And now Judas gets up and goes out. It was night. I can imagine I hear him as he goes down those stairs. Hark! hear him; step after step, out into the blackness of the darkness of night. He goes off to

the Sanhedrim, to the rulers of the Jews. He says to them, "What will you give me?" He sells his Master for thirty pieces of silver. How cheap he sold his birthright. You condemn him; but how many of you are selling him for less? A lady last night wanted to become a Christian, but she would not give up a ball that was to come off on Wednesday night. She would sell her soul for a night in the ball-room. How many would sell him for a night in some drinking saloon? Judas made a bargain. He sold his Master for thirty pieces of silver. I hear the chink of the silver as it is thrown down upon the table. Judas says, "Now give me a band of men, and I will take you to him."

After Judas went out, the sweetest words that ever fell from the lips of any person in this world were spoken by Jesus. It was on that occasion he said: "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself: that where I am, there ye may be also." And all those sweet words in the fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth chapters of John were uttered on that occasion, after Judas had left. How Judas lost those heavenly words! While he was away, Christ was engaged in trying to comfort his disciples, instead of them trying to comfort him.

At last he said: "Come, for the time of my departure is at hand." Perhaps it is midnight as they walk down the streets of Jerusalem. He is with them for the last time. He is soon to be taken from them, and be delivered into the hands of sinful men. I see that little band, as they walk along through the streets of Jerusalem. Away they go over the brook Cedron. And he takes Peter and the two sons of Zebedee, as on the Mount of Transfiguration, and withdraws from them. He throws himself upon his knees. I can hear him pray: "Oh, my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." And as he prayed, he sweat, as it were, great drops of blood falling down to the ground. No one knows the agony he suffered at Gethsemane. He sweat, as it it were, great drops of blood. Being in agony, he prayed more earnestly; but Peter and John and James fell asleep. After he had prayed some time, an angel was sent from heaven to strengthen him. Then he wakes up his little band of disciples; he looks over across the garden, and he sees a band of men with lanterns, and torches, and weapons, hunting around among the olive trees. He knew whom they were hunting for. He went to this band and said, "Whom seek ye?" There is something mysterious about his voice, and they tremble, and fall flat to the ground as if struck by death. And Jesus asked them again, "Whom seek ye?" They said, "We seek Jesus of Nazareth." But they had not the power to lay a hand

upon him. Judas stepped up and kissed him. Judas stepped up to him and kissed him, and then went to damnation. You may be a Sabbath-school teacher, or you may be a deacon in the church, and go to damnation. Judas went right down to death in twenty-four hours. He was lost for time and eternity. Jesus said, "Betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss?" I should have thought that when Jesus said that, he would have cried out, "Jesus, forgive me!" He betrayed him with a kiss. Judas had said to the soldiers, "Whomsoever I shall kiss, that same is he: seize him." Those who had fallen on the ground now got up and seized him, and they bound those hands that had so often blessed the people. That is what the prophet tries to bring out: "He was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities." He was now put under arrest, as if he was the worst man living. Peter draws his sword and cuts off the ear of one of the servants of the high priest. The Lord rebuked him, and told him to put up his sword; and he restored the man's ear. No one ever lost anything for Christ. He rebuked his disciples when they wanted to bring fire down upon a town. He came to save men, and not to destroy them. While the soldiers were binding him, he was healing that poor man.

They led him, that night, back to Jerusalem. They led him to Annas, the high priest, and Annas sent him to Caiaphas, who was then the high priest. They brought him into the presence of Caiaphas, and they were so thirsty for his blood that they could not wait until next morning. That night the Sanhedrim summoned seventy of the rulers of the Jews. I imagine I can see them coming from their homes that night. They assemble, and they seek for false witnesses to come and speak against Christ. They cannot find any two witnesses that would agree. Oh, how hellish that those men should seek false witnesses against Christ! At last they found two men that would agree, and Caiaphas said, "You have heard these witnesses. Art thou the Son of God? art thou the true Messiah?" Jesus saith unto him: "Thou hast said. Nevertheless, I say unto you, hereafter shall ye see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power and coming in the clouds of heaven." Caiaphas says: "That is enough: he hath spoken blasphemy. What further need have we of witnesses?" And he said to the seventy rulers, "What think ye?" and they said, "He is guilty of death." I hear that sentence ringing out through that council chamber. Then one goes up and strikes him. Then another spits in his face. Another says, "Prophesy unto us, thou Christ, who is he that smote thee?" Now out in the crowd there is Peter, the man who said, "If all the world forsake thee I will not." There was Peter swearing he never knew him. Judas, when he hears that Christ is in the hands of sinful men, he says to the chief priest: "Here is the money; I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood." They say: "What is that to us? see

thou to that." He threw it down upon the counter and went out, and put an end to his miserable existence. Peter denied him. There was no one to stand by him that terrible night. And now they keep him until early next morning.

We are told that very early on Friday morning—perhaps at sunrise—the news had been spreading all through Jerusalem that that night the Galilean prophet had been put under arrest; that he had been brought before the Sanhedrim; that he had been found guilty of blasphemy; that he had been found guilty of death; and that they had condemned him to die the death of the cross. But the Romans held the government, and the Jews could not put any one to death without the consent of the Roman government. So he was led to Pilate's court. The news soon spread over the city. The people hear the tidings that the Galilean prophet has been condemned to death, and he was to be taken outside the city and put to death. There is a crowd gathered, and the officers go before to beat back the people. As he goes along the streets, there is a hiss goes up from earth. They bring him before Pilate. The governor looks at him. He has had a great many prisoners before that, but none like this one. Pilate talks with him, and then he goes out and says: "I find no fault with him; I will chastise him and let him go." The Jews say: "If you let him go, you are not Cæsar's friend. If you let him go, you will stir up the people and we will have a war here." When Pilate heard he was from Galilee, he said: "Is he a Galilean?" They say: "He is a Nazarene, and he has been living at Capernaum." Pilate did not want to take the responsibility of putting him to death, and he sent him to Herod. And they led him to Herod, who was at Jerusalem at that time. I see the crowd as they go along through the streets hooting: "Away with him! away with him!" They want to get him out of the way. There is no one to stand up for him. A short time before the crowd cried "Hosanna! Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord! Hosanna to the son of David!" Now there is not one to speak for him. They led him to Herod,—that man who took the life of his forerunner. They blindfold him, and strike him in the face, and say: "Prophesy who it was that struck thee." "But as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so opened he not his mouth." Then they put a mock robe upon him, and platted a crown of thorns, and put it about his head, and they cried: "Hail King of the Jews." After they had mocked him, they sent him back to Pilate. Then there is a crowd around him,—a great multitude is pressing through the streets. They would have hanged him there, if there had not been a great many soldiers to guard him. Pilate has to settle the question at last. Pilate talks with him again. Pilate is thoroughly convinced that he is an innocent man. All at once I see a man elbowing himself through the crowd; he brings a note from Pilate's

wife. The wife of Pilate says: "Have thou nothing to do with that just person, for I have suffered much in a dream concerning him." And then Pilate tried all the more to release him. Pilate had a thought strike him, and he says: "I will take the most notable prisoner and put him to death; they will rather have this man who takes life put to death than the man who gives life." Perhaps Pilate brought out the two. There is a vast crowd, and Pilate says: "Which shall I release to you? Here is Barabbas a murderer, and here is this Galilean prophet—this Jesus of Nazareth." But the Jews had gone among the crowd and said to them: "The moment Pilate puts the question to you say, Barabbas." So the shout went up, "Barabbas! Barabbas!" And poor governor Pilate was disappointed and he said: "What shall I do with Jesus, that is called Christ?" And they lifted up their voice with one shout of, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" That is the cry. And the poor governor turned and washed his hands, and said, "I am innocent of this just man's blood." And all the people answered and said: "His blood be on us and on our children!" Do you know that only a few years ago a thousand learned Jews met in Paris, and the chairman got up and said the Jews had the honor of killing the Christians' God; and the multitude clapped their hands and endorsed the act of Calvary. Oh, how hellish that a thousand men could boast of this, in the nineteenth century!

Poor Pilate, he washed his hands and said, "I am innocent of this just man's blood," and the people said, "Let his blood be upon us and upon our children." His blood has followed them. They are without a nation; they are without a home; they are without a kingdom. Poor Jews! Oh, what blindness! Oh, what madness! They would not let him be their King. Oh, sinner, ruin will come upon you if you will not own him as your King. They scourged him. I do not see how a man's heart can be so hard as to hear how Christ was wounded for our transgressions, and not love him. The Roman scourging was to bind a man's wrists together, strip his back bare, and then lash him with a scourge made by taking sharp pieces of steel and braiding them into a lash. This was the scourge used upon the Son of God, blow after blow, cutting through the flesh clear to the bone. Sometimes the scourging lasted fifteen minutes, and the man died. How sad the thought that those stripes were laid upon the back of the Son of God. Isaiah saw the Son of God in that judgment hall, and he said, "With his stripes we are healed." After he had been scourged, instead of pouring oil into those wounds, they put a mock robe upon him, and a crown of thorns. When the Queen of England sits upon her throne, she has a crown upon her head worth millions. Christ had a crown of thorns put on his head, and a reed was put in his hand, and they put some cast-off robe upon him; and they pointed the finger of scorn at him and said, "Hail King of

the Jews!" At last some of them take that reed and bring it down over the crown of thorns. Behold him wounded for our transgressions. He was bruised for our iniquities, and the chastisement of our peace was laid upon him. All this was early in the morning. Now you can see him: he is coming out of the judgment hall. They have taken two other prisoners, and they have made a cross for each one. Now they place the cross upon his shoulders. You ladies wear light crosses of jewelry, but they took a heavy cross, made out of a tree and now you see the Son of God struggling under that cross, He has been scourged, and has lost much of his blood. I can imagine, as he passes along, there is none to deliver him. He gave himself for us all. I can imagine the cross is too heavy for him. We are not told why it was taken from his shoulders, but we must believe it was because he was not able to carry it. They took it from his shoulders, and put it upon the shoulders of a stronger.

Sinner, look at him being led up that hill, his back all bleeding and bare! His disciples have left him. He is forsaken. Now he threads that path alone. The soldiers guard him. They take up that bleeding body of Jesus, and lay him out upon the cross. They fasten each hand to the arms of the cross. A Roman soldier comes up, and he puts a spike into the hand of the innocent Jesus; that hand that had ever blessed the people; that hand that had ever been ready to touch the sick and make them whole. The soldier took nails and drove them into the palms of his hands; and then he put nails in his feet. See him, as with blow after blow he drives them into his feet, and then they take the cross and put it up, with the Son of God hanging between heaven and earth.

Oh, gaze upon that scene! Look into that lovely face; look at that blood trickling down from his side. And will you turn away and say: "I do not care for him; I see no beauty in him; he is a root out of dry ground?" Is your heart so hard that you see no beauty in him? I beg you to-night to gaze upon him, and look into his face. Hark! He speaks. While the crowd are mocking, he speaks. What does he say? Like the prophets of the old days, he could have called down fire from Heaven and consumed them. Does he call down legions of angels to beat back that crowd? No. He says, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" Hear his piercing cry of love: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" Then he said, "I thirst." And they refused him a draught of water; but they gave him gall, mixed with vinegar. When he found men athirst down here, he gave them living water. At last he cries again, "It is finished!" I do not know as there were many on earth that heard it; and they that heard it did not understand it. But in the world of life they knew what that meant. It was the shout of the conqueror; it was the shout of victory. Every one in Heaven heard the cry. The angels around the throne heard

it. The bells of Heaven rang, and it went pealing through Heaven, "It is finished!" The God-man has died, and all sinners have to do is to look and live. It is eternal life for a look. Undoubtedly, the dark fiends of hell had been gathered there while that was going on. They thought they were going to triumph then. And those dark waves of death and hell came dashing against him. He beat them back. See the tide and wind in the great ocean; when the wind is mad and angry, how the great waves come dashing up against the rock; but it stands firm. They go back and come stealing up against the rock again. So the dark waves of hell seemed to dash up against the Rock of our salvation; but he has beaten them back. He was able to take the billows and let them go rolling over him. At last he shouted, "It is finished!" He triumphed over the powers of darkness. A glorious triumph it was.

But, thanks be to God, we do not worship a dead Savior. I am not going to leave him there to-night. Joseph of Arimathea—where he was when Christ was on trial I do not know, but he is no longer a secret disciple. The death of Christ has brought him out. If Christ has tasted death for us, let us not be ashamed of him. Joseph goes to Pilate, and he went in boldly and begged the body of Jesus. Pilate says, "Is he dead?" "Yes, he is dead." Pilate marveled; he could not believe it. He gave orders to make sure the body was dead, and then he handed it over to Joseph. There is Nicodemus; he had not forgotten that first night when he was with Jesus. There is Joseph of Arimathea; there are the Roman soldiers, and the few women that had gathered around him. I see them there. I see one of the Roman soldiers take his spear, and drive it into the side of the Son of God. He opened the fountain for uncleanness when they drove the spear into his side. They pronounced him dead, and he gave his body to Joseph. It was a cruel hand that drove those nails into his hands and feet, but it was a tender hand that took them out. As they took those nails out, Nicodemus turns to Joseph and says: "That reminds me of the first night when I met him, when he said, 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up.'" They drew those nails out of his hands and feet; they took down that bruised body and washed it; and wrapped it in fine linen. And if we had been there we would have seen a little funeral procession. He did not have many people to follow him; but no doubt he had legions of angels following him.

They laid him away in Joseph's sepulchre. The governor had given orders that a great stone should be rolled there and sealed, and soldiers were sent there to guard the sepulchre. The enemies of Christ had the sepulchre guarded, and there were sentinals walking around it day and night. Says death, "I hold him in my cold embrace." He held him Friday night; he held him Saturday, and all that night. The next morning, as the sun was coming up behind those

Palestine hills, before its rays strike the sepulchre, Gabriel came down from Heaven and rolled away the stone. The moment the angel came, the soldiers fell to the ground as dead men. Then he rolled away that stone. Yes, and those hands that had grown cold in death, began to grow warm, and the Son of God burst asunder the bars of the tomb. And when the disciples got there, they found the angel there; and they found that Jesus had bound death hand and foot, He conquered death, and bound him hand and foot, and ascended into Heaven; and he calls us from there, that where he is we may be also. He was seen by over five hundred at one time.

Thomas alone did not believe. He was like a good many of our doubting Christians. He said, "Unless I thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe it." I imagine John says to Thomas: "I have got good news for you, Thomas; the Lord has risen." "I don't believe it," says Thomas. He goes along and he meets Peter. Peter says: "Thomas, have you heard that Jesus has risen, and sent a message to me?" "I don't believe it," says Thomas. "But," says Peter, "they tell me it is a fact." "Well, I will not believe it until I thrust my hand into that wound in his side, and into that wound in the palm of his hand." Then after this they were assembled in a large room in Jerusalem, and Thomas was there; and all at once Christ revealed himself, and he said to Thomas: "Reach forth thy hand, and put it into my side." Thomas didn't want any more proof, and he cries out, "My Lord and my God!" His doubts and unbelief were forever swept away.

Thanks be to God, we do not worship a dead Savior. He takes the eleven out of Jerusalem through the valley of Jehosaphat, and comes out to Bethany under a cluster of olive trees. He takes his farewell of them. He gives them his parting message, and says: "Go to all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." He raised his hand over them and began to bless them. He commenced his teaching with blessing. He had nine blessings in his sermon on the Mount. And now he is going away, and he begins to bless them. While he blesses them, he begins to ascend; and his voice grows fainter and fainter, and at last it dies away in the clouds. At last the clouds receive him out of their sight. The eleven men are gazing. They long for a break in the clouds; they want to see him once more; they look and look, but it is all in vain. I can imagine that up above those clouds, there was a chariot for him from his Father's mansion. I can see him as he steps into that chariot; I can see him as he sweeps on his way where all Heaven is waiting to give him a welcome. "Lift up your heads O ye gates; and be ye lifted up ye everlasting doors: and the King of Glory shall come in." He looks back and sees those eleven men. He sees their tears, and he says to two angels: "Go down there and comfort

those men, and tell them that I will be back again." The two angels come down and say: "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into Heaven. This same Jesus which is taken up from you into Heaven shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into Heaven."

He is coming back again. Oh, lift up your hearts, for the time of your redemption draweth near! He is coming back again. We do not know the day nor the hour. "Then the dead in Christ shall rise first, and we who are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we be ever with the Lord. Wherefore, comfort ye one another with these words." Thank God, that day may come at any moment. Let us be ready. Let us see that we have a glorious hope in Christ, and then let him come; and we shall be forever with the Lord. I beg you do not make light of the Lord Jesus Christ; but just tonight take him into your heart, and he will be your resurrection and your life. And when your hour shall come to be translated to another world, it will be well with you. If we are in Christ, there will be no darkness or sorrow for us.

COME INTO THE ARK.

"And the Lord said unto Noah, Come thou and all thy house into the Ark." Genesis, 7:1.

This word "come" you will find in all parts of the Bible; but this is the first time if occurs. One hundred and twenty years before this invitation was given, Noah had received the most awful tidings that ever came from Heaven to earth. No tidings like that had ever come to this earth. God told Noah he was going to destroy man on account of his wickedness. Some skeptics will say: "I wonder if that man believes there ever was a flood. I thought we in this age of the world had got beyond that." A great many people say: "I don't believe there ever was a flood upon the earth. There are some things in the Bible I believe, and some things I do not believe." Some people say: "I believe the New Testament, but not the Old Testament. There are a great many things in the Old Testament which I can not believe." Well, if you throw out some things you must throw out the whole. Take the narrative of the flood out of the Old Testament, and you must cut the New Testament to pieces; be-

cause the Son of God said: "As it was in the days of Noe, so shall it be at the coming of the Son of Man." He put his divine seal upon it. If you can make it appear that God did tell a lie and misrepresent one thing, then all his teaching goes for naught. I believe there was a flood, just as much as I believe I exist. I do not see how any man can read the Bible and doubt it. Some of the scientific men try to get over it; but they have to believe it. Heathen nations tell us they found the skeleton of a whale in Asia; and there are other indications of a flood having at one time covered the earth. Skeptics try to make out these things were not caused by the flood recorded in Scripture. They do it because they know if the Bible is true it condemns them. Now, good men could not have written the Bible unless it is true; and what would be the object of bad men writing such a book, condemning themselves?

I will now call your attention to the message: "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." Noah was one hundred and twenty years building that ark; and in all those years it was a warning to the people. It was Noah's testimony. Every time he drove a nail, it was a warning to them. Every sound of the hammer said. "I believe God." Noah said, "I believe God." All the rest of the world did not believe. There was not another family in the world that believed God. Men turned away, and reasoned in this way: "Why, if it was true, others would know it besides Noah." In our day people say: "Because a great many people don't believe God, God cannot be true." They think in consequence of sin, God is a failure. Are the decrees of heaven changed because men do not believe them?

God told Noah to build the ark. It was to be five hundred feet long; it was to be eighty feet wide and fifty feet high; it was to have three stories. If the floors were put on one level, it would be fifteen hundred feet long, two hundred and forty feet wide, and sixteen or seventeen feet high. This building we are in would be nothing to it. You could put five or six such buildings as this into it. That was no small undertaking in those days. I can imagine the people said: "How are you going to get the animals into the ark?" A great many men are ready to ridicule. No man stands up for God but he has to suffer ridicule, scorn, and contempt. I have no doubt that when Noah walked down to his home the people called him, "the lunatic;" they called him, "the old dreamer." They said he was a fanatic, and was spending all his means in that ark; that he was wasting his time, energies, and strength in a foolish undertaking. Men caviled and laughed at him. If there had been any preachers in those days, they would have preached about him and warned the people against him. If there had been any theatres, they would have had him represented on the floors of those theatres building the ark; and if there had been asylums for the insane, no doubt they would have put him in one, if God had not protected him. If we are true

to God, we must be true in heart. All classes of the people were opposed to Noah. The great men of that time, the scientific men, the statesmen, the princes, kings, and rulers,—the whole world were all against him. But thanks be to God, Noah lived and walked close to God, and his children had confidence in him. And when the word came from God for them to move into the ark, they all went in with him.

Now, let us imagine we are looking at that scene. There is Noah building that ark, and as he went on building and it increased in size, and drew nearer and nearer completion, undoubtedly the number of visitors to that ark kept increasing. As they saw the old man, they would punch one another and say, "That is Noah; don't you see he looks a little out of his mind?" A mad man thinks every one else mad but himself. A drunkard does not call himself mad when he is drinking up all his means. Those men who stand and deal out death and damnation to men are not called mad; but a man is called mad when he gets into the ark, and is saved for time and eternity. I can imagine one hundred years have rolled away, and the work on the ark ceases. Men say, "What has he stopped work for?" He has gone on a preaching tour, to tell the people of the coming storm—that God is going to sweep every man from the face of the earth, unless he is in that ark. But he cannot get a man to come into that ark except his own family. Now, his contracts are drawing to a close. He believes the word of God, that in one hundred and twenty years the world would be destroyed; and everything must be done at a certain day. The work must be finished. I imagine it is the spring of the year. Noah didn't plant anything, and the people say: "Noah believes this year that the world is going to be destroyed. See, now, if he will not come to want." There is a rumor that he is going to live in the ark. He is going to leave his house that he has lived in for four hundred years. The ark is finished, and he leaves his home. Some of his relatives might have said, "What are you going to do with the old homestead?" Noah says, "I don't want it, the storm is coming." He tells them the day of grace is closing, that worldly wealth is of no value, and that the ark is the only place of safety. We must bear in mind that these railroads that we think so much of, will soon go down; they only run for time, not for eternity. The heavens will be on fire, and then what will your property, honor, and position in society be worth?

The word comes to Noah, "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." Now you see all Noah's neighbors and friends ridiculing him as he moves in. They say, he certainly is mad. After he has moved in, the first thing that alarms them is, they rise one morning. and lo and behold! the heavens are filled with the fowls of the air. They are flying into the ark, two by two. They come from the desert; they come from the mountain; they come from all parts of the world.

They are going into the ark. It must have been a curious sight. I can hear the people cry, "Great God! what is the meaning of this?" And they look down on the earth; and, with great alarm and surprise, they see little insects creeping up two by two, coming from all parts of the world. Then behold! there come the tiger and the elephant, two by two. The neighbors cry out, "What does this mean?" They run to their statesmen and wise men, who have told them there was no sign of a coming storm, and ask them why it is that those birds, animals, and creeping things go toward the ark, as if guided by some unseen hand. "Well," the statesmen and wise men say, "we cannot explain it; but give yourselves no trouble; God is not going to destroy the world. Business was never better than it is now. Do you think if God was going to destroy the world, he would let us go on so prosperous as he has? There is no sign of a coming storm. What has made these creeping insects and these wild beasts of the forest go into the ark, we do not know. We cannot understand it; it is very strange. But there is no sign of anything going to happen. The stars are bright, and the sun shines as bright as ever it did. The lambs are skipping upon the hillside, and everything moves on as it has been moving for all time past. You can hear the children playing in the street. You can hear the voice of the bride and bridegroom in the land, and all is merry as ever." I imagine the alarm passed away, and they fell into their regular courses. Noah comes out and says: "The door is going to be shut. Come in. God is going to destroy the world. See the animals, how they have come up; the communication has come to them direct from Heaven." But the people only mocked on.

One morning they are startled. They see that the great door of the ark is shut. The door of that ark must have been a large one. We are told God shut it. Perhaps it was so large no one could shut it. The same God that shut Noah in, shut the world out. It was a door of mercy and grace to those inside, but a warning to those outside. God shut that door, and shut them in. Matthew tells us that when the master of the house has risen up and shut the door, there will be no hope. Thank God the door of grace and mercy is open to-night. When that door is shut, there will be no hope for those outside of the ark of safety. "In a day that ye think not, the Son of Man shall come." That door of mercy and grace may be shut at any moment. While that door is open, and God calls you, oh, be wise, and step into the ark!

The door of the ark was shut, and none could enter then; but yet the people worked on, and the world went on scoffing. They said: "We see no sign of a coming storm. The lambs are skipping upon the hillsides." God gave them seven days' grace. If those antediluvians had cried for mercy in those seven days, they might have been saved. You cannot find a passage in the Bible where men have

cried for mercy but they have always got it. The seven days have passed, and the last day has come. It is a very solemn period, these last days of the old year; and especially of the year 1875. For the last few days I have been praying to God that these last days of this year might be the best of all the days that have gone before them. I have been praying that this last Sabbath night may be the best Sabbath night we have ever spent. The last day came; those seven days of grace had expired, and the sun had gone down. Little did the people think as it went down that night, that it was the last time they should ever see it; and that the next morning when they arose, the heavens should be black with clouds. Did you ever stop and think that the last week is coming to you, that the last day is coming, and the last hour? It was coming to them. That night I can see the mothers putting their children to bed as usual. Perhaps some of them were mocking and laughing at the thought that Noah was shut up in that old ark.

But at midnight, as we read in the New Testament, the cry was heard, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh." That night the children were playing in the streets; there was marrying and giving in marriage that night. Perhaps at midnight, when they were all asleep, it began to thunder; and by and by it thundered so none of them could sleep. And the earth was rolling like a drunken man. The windows of heaven were open, and the fountains of the deep were broken up. The water came bubbling up, and the great sea burst its bounds and leaps over its walls. The rivers begin to swell. The people living in the lowlands begin to flee to the mountains and highlands. They flee up the hillsides. And there is a wail going up: "Noah! Noah! Noah! Let us in." They leave their homes and come to the ark now. They pound on the ark. Hear them cry: "Noah! Let us in. Noah! Have mercy on me." "I am your nephew," "I am your niece," "I am your uncle." Ah, there is a voice inside, saying: "I would like to let you in; but God has shut the door, and I cannot open it!" Ah, God shut that door! When the door is shut, there is no hope. Their cry was too late; their cry for mercy was too late; their day of grace was closed. Their last hour had come. God had plead with them; God had invited them to come in; but they had mocked at the invitation. They scoffed and ridiculed the idea of a deluge. Now it is too late. Now they would enter, but they cannot. Dear sinner, did you ever stop and think that the last year is coming? This year may be the last year for some in this assembly. The last month is coming—the last week is coming—the last day is coming—Yes, the last hour is coming, as it came to those antediluvians! Their day of grace was over; their day of mercy was ended, and now there was a wail going up from them. God did not permit any one to tell us how they perished. When Job lost his family, there was a messenger came to him; but

there was no messenger came from the antediluvians; not even Noah could see the world perish. If he could, he would have seen men and women and children dashing against that ark; the waves rising higher and higher, while those outside were perishing, dying in unbelief. Some think to escape by climbing the trees, and think the storm will soon go down; but it rains on, day and night, for forty days and forty nights, and they are swept away as the waves dash against them. The statesmen, and astronomers and great men call for mercy; but it is too late. They had disobeyed the God of mercy. He had called, and they refused. He had plead with them, but they had laughed and mocked. But now the time is come for judgment instead of mercy.

The time is coming again when God is going to deal in judgment with the world. It is but a little while; we know not when, but it is sure to come. God's word has gone forth that this world shall be rolled together like a scroll, and shall be on fire. What then will become of your soul? It is a loving call, "Now come, thou and all thy house, into the ark." Twenty-four hours before that rain began to fall, Noah's ark, if it had been sold at auction, would not have brought as much as it would be worth for kindling wood. But twenty-four hours after the rain began to fall, Noah's ark was worth more than all the world. There was not then a man living but would have given all his living for a seat in Noah's ark. You may turn away from this hall to-night, and laugh. "I believe in Christ!" you say. "I would rather be without him than to have him." But bear in mind the time is coming that Christ will be worth more to you than ten thousand worlds like this. Bear in mind that he is offered to you to-night. It is a day of grace; it is a day of mercy. Do you know if you read your Bible carefully, that God always precedes judgment with grace? Grace is a forerunner of judgment. Now he called these men in the days of Noah in love. They would have been saved in those one hundred and twenty years. We find that when Christ came to plead with the people, and came to Jerusalem, it was their day of grace; but they mocked and laughed at him. He said: "Oh, how I would have gathered them up, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, but ye would not." They laughed and mocked. Forty years afterward, thousands of the people begged that their lives might be spared; and eleven hundred million of persons perished in that city.

In 1857 there was a revival that swept over this country—some people took up the pen and tried to write it down; it swept over the east and on to the western cities, clear over to the Pacific coast. This was God calling the nation to himself. There were half a million people united with the church at that time. Then the war broke out. We were baptized with the Holy Ghost in 1857, and in 1861 we were baptized in blood. It was a call of mercy, preceding judg-

ment. I have a strange kind of feeling that we are living on the eve of some great crisis. You had better be wise and come into the ark. You had better be saved while God is calling you. I know how men were saved by that revival. I was with the army and I heard a shout in that army of "Glory to God in the highest!" You need not tell me that was not God breathing upon the nation, when dead souls were brought to life. We are now on the eve of a mighty revival. Make haste and make up your mind while it is a day of grace and mercy. A young lady tried this afternoon. She came in unconcerned; but she made up her mind not to go out until she got into the ark, and she soon got in.

God seeks to be merciful, and he wants to have you and your children saved. God said to Noah, "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." Father, are you in? Then you should not rest until your children are in. The burden of my prayer is that God may save my children. What would have been Noah's feelings if he had left one son out of the ark, when those judgment waves came against it? He would have said: "There is my poor boy on some mountain. Poor boy. Would to God I had died in his place. I would rather have perished on the mountain than had him perish." David cried over his son: "Oh, my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom, would to God I had died for thee!" Noah loved his children, and they had confidence in him. A week ago there was a mother came here with her daughter. During the meeting the Spirit of God touched that daughter's heart. The daughter turned to the mother and said she wanted to go into the inquiry-room, and asked her mother to go in with her. The mother was not a Christian and she would not go with her daughter. She said, "Go in alone." The daughter said, "I will not go in without you go with me." The mother thought she would like to have her daughter go in, and she consented to go in with her, for she did not wish to stand in the way of her child. The next day she came to me. I was talking with her and she told me how she was brought under conviction. She said the sermon made no impression; she had no feeling about the matter until her daughter asked her to go into the inquiry-room with her. She was now very anxious about her salvation. I explained to her the way to become a Christian, and I have every reason to believe that she found Christ then and there. It is a glorious sight to see a whole family going into the ark. God said to Noah: "Come thou and all thy family into the ark." Hear the voice of God calling you into the ark, and set your face like a flint and say, "I will press into the kingdom of God."

When I was in Edinburgh on the last night of 1873, I was pleading with the people to come to Christ. A young lady made up her mind she would press into the ark of God. The Spirit of God had touched her heart, and she entered the kingdom of God. The next

day she went to one of the ministers and said, "Cannot you give me something to do?" She had finished her education and was going home. He gave her some tracts to distribute. She went to work and distributed the tracts, and the next day she came to the meeting for the last time. She got all her things packed the next morning, and she took the train from Edinburgh to Aberdeen, to go home to her widowed mother. She took her hymn-book with her, and as she was on her way home she was singing from this book. There was another lady in the carriage that had come to the meeting the night before, and had heard about Christ, and was convicted and converted. There was a collision, and the young convert that was converted the night before was killed instantly, and this girl was mortally wounded. She had her hymn-book open and it was stained with blood. As she was dying she was heard to sing: "The gate's ajar for me." The message came to that widowed mother that her daughter had gone to her long home. I would to God I could say something that would induce you to come into the ark. The gate's ajar for you and you can enter if you will. You can all enter if you will. I do not know when these gates will be closed; I do not know when the day of grace will end, but I know you can be saved to-night if you will. Come into the ark now. Accept salvation as a gift. My prayer is that God may bring many souls into the ark to-night.

TRUST.

"It is better to trust in the Lord." PSALM 118: 8.

I have a short text to-night, but there is a great deal in it. Let every one who has been led by the Spirit to put his trust in God, pray that every soul here that is out of Christ may put his trust in him to-night. This day is one of the most solemn days of my life. The thought comes stealing over me that I am standing before people whom I shall never meet again. I have not come here to-night so much to preach a sermon as to tell you how you may be saved. If I should go to yonder prison, and find any one of you there condemned and sentenced to be hanged for the murder of some man, and I should begin to talk about the Governor, and tell you all about his mansion, his home, and what a kind heart he had, it would not be what you wanted to hear. You would rather have me tell you what

you might do to save your life, and how you could get out of prison. That is what I came to tell you to-night—to tell you how you can be saved. The text is this little word "*Trust.*" I want you to remember the text, if you don't get the sermon. This text will be worth a hundred sermons. I have been preaching to you about believing and receiving Christ, and now I want to talk to you about trusting Christ. The word "Believe" in the New Testament is the same as "Trust" in the Old Testament. Where it is "Repent and turn to God" in the New Testament it is "Turn ye, turn ye" in the Old. Where it is "Believe, believe" in the New, it is "Trust, trust, trust," in the Old. Some people get hold of that word "Trust," when they don't understand what is meant by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ. It is a simple word. You would not have come here to-night if you had not trusted there was going to be a meeting. Trust is the foundation of all society. The moment men lose confidence in each other, how their peace is disturbed. When our confidence is disturbed in our homes what darkness and wretchedness follow. If a father loses confidence in his son, how dark that home becomes.

Now, you know the 118th Psalm and 8th verse is just the middle verse in the whole Bible. A convict in one of our prisons counted the verses in the Bible, and he found that was the middle verse. I thought that was a good place to begin, and run both ways, and we will then have the whole Bible. At least we will take up such passages as will help us to get hold of this truth, beginning with that one: "It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man." You will say Amen to that. You that have put confidence in man and been disappointed, can say that is true. There is not an infidel here but will admit that. It is better to trust God than yourself. I would rather trust God than my own deceitful heart. It is better to make yourself a liar and make God true. It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence even in princes. That is what the Lord said.

There is a passage which I like very much in the twenty-sixth chapter of Isaiah, at the third verse: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee. Trust ye in the Lord forever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." The trouble with inquirers is, they have their minds stayed on themselves. "The way of the wicked he turneth upside down." "There is no peace for the wicked." "Trust ye in the Lord, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." Our strength will fail us. The strength of our friends will fail us. If we trust in our money it will take wings and fly away. If we trust in the love of our friends, they will leave us. A boy is used to trust his father and mother, but they are covered in their graves, and if he had not God to trust, what would he have done? A mother may forget her child, but God will never forget us. "In

Jehovah is everlasting strength." Turn to that passage in your Bible, and you will find in the margin, "Trust in the Rock of Ages." The Lord wants us to trust in the Rock of Ages. A man shall never fall if he puts his trust in the Lord Jehovah; but if he puts his trust in anything else, he will be disappointed.

When shall we trust? A great many say: "I would like to become a Christian; but you don't pretend to say I can trust to-night, and be saved?" There is not anything to hinder every man here to-night from trusting, if he will. You say: "Have I not to feel a little, and repent more, and weep more, and have a deeper conviction of sin?" A deep conviction of sin is all you want. I don't object to seeing men weep over their sins. Some people think it is not manly. I don't know why it is not manly for a man to weep over his sins. It is more manly than to trifle with salvation, and make light of serious things. A great many men seem to be ashamed to shed tears over their sins.

God commands all men to repent, and to put their trust in him. If you go out of this hall to-night without trusting God for salvation, you are doing what God tells you not to do. In the eighth verse of the sixty-second Psalm, it is said, "Trust him at all times." That means to-night. "Ye people, pour out your heart before him: God is a refuge for us." Now if we make him a refuge, and put our trust in him, we will not be disappointed. Trust in him at all times, in the dark as well as in the light. We very often hear men say, "I would not trust that man farther than I could see him." They treat God in the same way. If they see how a thing is coming out, they will trust God. That is walking by sight and not by faith. Let us trust him when we cannot see him. Let us put our confidence in him, and he will surely not fail us. There is a verse in Proverbs teaching us how to trust him: "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." I never knew a man that was willing to trust the Lord with all his heart, but the Lord saved him, and delivered him from all his doubts. The great trouble is, we do not trust him with all our heart. God says, "Ye shall find me when you search for me with all your heart." God says, "Trust me with all your heart." Is there anything to hinder you from putting your trust in him?

There is a story told that Alexander the Great received a letter telling him his physician was going to put poison in a certain glass for him to drink. The Emperor held up the letter for the doctor to read, and drank the mixture without examination. He trusted his doctor. God says, "Trust in me, and you shall be saved." The devil will insinuate that God is not true. Don't let the devil bring up any insinuations about God not being true. He is true; he has

always kept his promises. We find witnesses in all ages bear testimony to this.

There is a story told that Dr. Chalmers was going to see a woman who was troubled about faith. A great many think this faith is some miraculous gift from Heaven. Of course it comes from God; but it is the same kind of faith you have in one another. The old Doctor was going to see this woman, and he had to cross a brook, over which there was a plank. He looked at it, and thought it might be rotten and would break, and so let him down. He put his foot on it and did not dare to venture. He was afraid. The old Scotch woman saw him and said, "Lip ontilt it;" that was, "Trust it, and it will hold you." The doctor believed her, and crossed the stream. My friends, just "Lip ontilt it." Trust him; his promise will hold every one. It is sure footing for eternity. The dark hours of death, persecution and slander have come dashing against it; but thanks be to God, I have stood on the rock for twenty years. I tremble sometimes, but the rock never. It is sure footing. Here it is: "Verily, verily I say unto you"—put your name in there—"He that heareth my word"—have you not heard it? have you not read it? have you not handled it?—"He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but *hath* passed from death unto life." That is a plank that can carry you over the stream. Walk out on it.

I was talking with a man in the inquiry-room last week about taking God at his word. I asked him if he believed the Bible. He said he believed every word of it. I read this 24th verse of the 5th chapter of John to him. When I got to "*hath* everlasting life," I asked him: "Have you got it?" "No sir," he said, "I have not got it." "Then," I said, "you don't believe it, you come to the point where there is life, and you halt. There is life there, in the middle of that verse. There are two lines below it and two lines above it. Take it and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and you have it." I told him about a man in Dr. Hatfield's church. There were a few inquirers there, and I was talking about that verse, taking it by sentences, "Verily, verily," truly, truly, "I say unto you, he that heareth my word and believeth on him that sent me." I brought the inquirers so far, and when I said, "hath everlasting life," the man leaped to his feet, and said: "I have it now." He had got it. You must believe on the Lord Jesus Christ if you ever would win the kingdom of Heaven. You must have a poor opinion of God if you don't believe his word. Many a man has been knocked down for saying another man is a liar. This is calling God a liar.

Don't go out of this building with the delusion that you cannot trust God. When a man tells me he cannot trust me, I ask him to give a reason. Suppose a man comes to me and says: "Moody, I do not believe what you are preaching. You are a liar." I ask him

the reason. I ask, where has God ever broken his promise to man. I would like to have any skeptical man put his hand upon any promise that God has not kept. "God is not a man, that he should lie, nor the son of man, that he should repent." Has he not said it, and will he repent? It is unreasonable for a man to say he cannot believe God. Why cannot you? Has he ever disappointed you? You will find him true when everyone else is untrue. You will find him a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

Let us look at the ninth Psalm and tenth verse: "And hey that know thy name will put their trust in thee: for thou, Lord, has not forsaken them that seek thee." A man that knows God cannot help but trust him. That is a good proof we have that these things are true. Men that know most about God, trust him the most. It is these men who don't know God, that don't trust him. Did you ever see a man that was well acquainted with the Bible, and well acquainted with the teachings of the Spirit, that didn't have full confidence in God? I never did.

Suppose a man made me a hundred promises, and he had ten years to fulfill them, and the next month the ten years will expire. He has fulfilled ninety-nine of the promises, and is able to fulfill the other. Would not I have good reason to trust him that he would fulfill it? Has not God fulfilled all his promises, and shall we doubt him, and say we cannot trust him? They that know him, trust him.

I can imagine some one saying: "How am I going to know him or get acquainted with him?" I will read from the thirteenth verse of the tenth chapter of Romans: "For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved; how then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed." A man will not call upon a man in whom he has no confidence. If you believe Jesus Christ is an impostor, you will not call upon him. "And how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach, except they be sent? As it is written: How beautiful are the feet of them which bring the Gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things. But they have not all obeyed the Gospel. For Esaias saith, Lord, who hath believed our report? So then, faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God."

Now, if men will not read the Bible or hear it proclaimed, how can it be expected they are going to believe? If a man will only acquaint himself with God, he will be at peace. Job says, "Acquaint thyself with him, and be at peace, thereby good shall come unto thee." If a man knows God, he will trust him.

A party of gentlemen in Scotland wanted to get some eggs from a nest on the side of a precipice, and they tried to persuade a poor boy that lived near to go over and get them, saying they would hold him by a rope. They offered him a good deal of money to go; but

they were strangers to him, and he would not go. They told him they would see there was no accident happened to him;—they would fasten him securely. At last he said, "I will go if my father will hold the rope." He trusted his father. A man will not trust strangers. I want to get acquainted with a man before I put my confidence in him. I have known God for twenty years, and I have more confidence in God than I ever had before; it increases every year. In this Bible, some things that were dark ten years ago are plain to-night; and some things that are dark now will be plain ten years hence. We must take things by faith. You take the existence of cities on the testimony of men that have been in those cities; and we ask you to take our testimony, who have found joy in believing. We ask you to trust in God.

I will call your attention to the fruits of those who trust in God. The world is in pursuit of peace. If it could be sold at auction how many would bid very high for perfect peace. Many a man would go around the world and spend thousands of dollars if he could only get peace. That rich man spoken of in Scripture says: "I will tear down my barns and build larger, and then I will say to my soul, 'Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years, take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry.'" That man was after peace. People think if they get money they will get peace. That is not my experience. If I want to get the testimony of those who know most about the peace of God, I would not go to the rich men of Philadelphia; I would rather be in the poor-house trusting in my God, than in the grandest palace in Philadelphia, if I did not know him.

Turn to the 16th chapter of Proverbs at the 20th verse: "He that handleth a matter wisely shall find good; and whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he." Now you know men are after happiness. Some men, seeking an hour of happiness, try to find it at the theatre, circus, or some vile place. Here it is said the man who puts his trust in God is happy. Cannot you who are the children of God, from the depth of your heart say, "It is true; I am a thousand times happier than I was before I put my trust in God." Put your trust in God; that is the true source of happiness. Come up to the tree and pluck this fruit of happiness. "Happy is he"—that is what the Word of God says.

Then you get something else. In the 32nd Psalm at the 10th verse, it is said: "He that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about." The Lord deals in mercy with him. Mercy shall compass the man's path who puts his trust in God. I can imagine some people say: "I have tried to trust him over and over again; I do not believe what Mr. Moody says." The very word "try" implies you don't do it. If a man said, "I will try and believe you," it would imply I had deceived him sometime, and he had hard work to be-

lieve what I told him. Drop the word "try," my friends, and put in the word "trust," and then you will have peace and joy. A great many put peace and joy and all those feelings before trust. Suppose I found men on the street laughing at the top of their voices; I come up to them and say: "I find you very happy; why are you so happy?" They say, "We don't know." I say, "What is the reason?" They say, "We are so happy we cannot tell." I would say they had gone clean mad. If you have peace and joy, you need to have some reason for it. It is because you put your trust in God. You must put your trust in God first. You do not have this peace and joy until you do put your trust in God. You are trusting yourself to keep your soul; you have tried and failed; stop trying and begin to trust in him, and say as Job: "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." Let the consequences be what they will, I will trust him. Are you not willing to say that? Are you not willing to come to that decision to-night? Is there anything to hinder you?

About two weeks ago, I used this illustration in the inquiry-room. Suppose this book was one hundred thousand dollars; my soul is worth more than that; no one would sell his soul for one hundred thousand dollars. If the money lay here no man would say: "I will give up all my hope of eternal life for one hundred thousand dollars." He would say: "What, sell my birthright for that; no, ten thousand times no." There might be some reckless man would; but I doubt it. Suppose I have this one hundred thousand dollars; I am afraid some thieves will break through and steel it from me; I am anxious about it. I take it to the best bank in Philadelphia, and I deposit it. I trust the bank to keep that money for me. St. Paul says: "I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." He is able to keep my deposit; that is the true meaning of it. Will you make your deposit to-night? Will you not trust him with all your heart to save you? I tell you he will do it, if you trust him. The Lord does not tell you to do something that is impossible for you to do, and then punish you if you do not do it. With the command comes the power to obey. When Christ said to the man with the withered hand, "Stretch forth thine hand," the man might have said, "I have tried, and I cannot do it." With the command came the power. With the command to trust in the Lord, comes the power to obey. Don't let the devil deceive you by telling you you cannot trust him. Make up your mind that you will trust him, from this hour; and you will do it.

As I was preaching at one of our meetings I noticed a lady looking very steadily at me, and she seemed to fetch home to her heart every word that fell from my lips. After the sermon I went down and asked her if she was a Christian. She said: "No, but I wish I was, I have been seeking Christ for three years, and I cannot find him.

What am I to do?" Says I, "There must be some mistake. Why I know he has been seeking you for twenty years; and if you have been seeking him, you would have met long before now." She said, "What am I to do?" I said: "Do nothing, just believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved." She said: "I have heard that until my head aches. Every body says believe, believe, believe; and I am none the wiser." I said, "I will drop that word." I said: "Trust the Lord Jesus Christ, as you stand here." She said: "If I say I will trust the Lord, will he save me." I said: "No, you might say that a thousand times, and not do it. Will you do it?" She said: "I trust the Lord Jesus Christ with all my soul, and I don't feel any difference." I said: "You have been seeking after feeling, you have been seeking for feeling in your heart. Now, there is no promise in the Word of God where you will get feeling. There is no verse, from Genesis to Revelation, where feeling is attached to salvation." I quoted, "He is able to keep that which I have committed unto him." "Now, I said, "will you not put your trust in him? Trust him, and let your feelings take care of themselves." She looked at me about five minutes it seemed, but I don't suppose it was more than one; and then she reached out her hand, and said: "I trust the Lord Jesus Christ this night to save my soul." There was no tear, no prayer, but there was a decision. "I trust." She turned to the pastor of the church, and calling him by name, said: "I trust the Lord Jesus Christ to save my soul." Turning to one of the elders she said: "I trust the Lord Jesus Christ to save my soul." She started and went down the aisle, and just as she was going out the door she met another officer of the church, and she said: "I am trusting Jesus to save me." The next night she was in front of me. I did not have to go down that night and ask her if she loved Jesus. At the close of the meeting she was the first to go into the inquiry-room, and when I got in there she had her arm around a young lady's neck, and she was saying: "It is only to trust him." She led more souls to Christ in two weeks in that church than any one. If you trust him to-night, it will be the best Sabbath in all your life.

The time has come for us to close these Sunday night meetings. Probably this is the last Sunday night service we will have. Some of you have been here nine Sunday nights; and now on this last night what are you going to do? Are you going on distrusting God; or are you going to put your trust in him? Let this be the golden night—the blessed night of your salvation. Let this be the night of your decision. Now take Job's motto, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." Say: "I will trust him, in spite of my doubts or my feelings; in spite of the devil. In spite of the powers of darkness and the devil combined, I will trust him." Will you not lay

hold on eternal life? As you are sweeping on towards the judgment, lay hold upon it.

There was a man on a broken raft, in the river at Pittsburgh, and the news spread rapidly that the man was in danger. In coming down the stream, he would have to pass three bridges. At the first bridge a rope was let down, but he missed it. The people shouted to him to catch the rope at the second bridge. He missed that; and now his last hope is to catch the rope at the third bridge. He comes near the last bridge, and he seizes the rope, and is drawn up out of the jaws of death. Sinner, it may be that the rope is held here for you to-night for the last time. I beg of you to lay hold of it. Don't go out of this building without laying hold of it. Christ is near, if you will have him. Young man, will you have him? Thank God, *he* says he will. Is it not the most reasonable thing you can do to put your trust in him to-night?

I can imagine some of you saying, "I don't see it yet." Suppose you are in a brick building five stories high, which is on fire; and the flames have got round the stairs, leaving no way for you to save yourself. Up comes a fire-escape, and a man shouts to you, "Leap into the fire-escape!" Wouldn't you do it? If you stay there, you perish. Now, the Lord Jesus Christ is the fire-escape. Will you not leap to-night into his arms. Will you say from this hour, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." Did you ever hear or read of a man regretting in his dying hour that he put his trust in God? Did you ever hear of such a man? Can any infidel say that he has heard of such a man? You have seen and heard of many a man regretting that he had not trusted him more. You have seen men die without God and without hope, that have regretted not putting their trust in him; but never a man regretted trusting him. During the war I saw men die without God and without hope; and I can say there is as much difference between a man dying in a glorious hope of immortality and the man dying without hope, as there is between Heaven and hell, or darkness and light. It is a terrible thing for a man without hope to feel the cold, icy hand of Death upon him. What will you do in the swelling of Jordan without Christ, if you do not put your trust in him?

I remember coming down the Tennessee River after a battle, and we had four hundred and fifty wounded men on board the vessel. A good many of them were mortally wounded. A few of us had gone to look after their temporal and spiritual wants; and we made up our minds we would not let a man die on the boat without telling him of Christ and Heaven—that we would tell them of Christ as we gave them a cup of cold water. We found one young man unconscious. His leg had been amputated, and he was sinking rapidly. I asked the doctor, "Will this man live?" The doctor said: "We have amputated one of his legs, and he has lost so much blood he has

got to die." I said: "Is there anything you can do to restore consciousness?" The doctor said: "Give him a little brandy and water, and it will bring him to for a few minutes." I gave him the brandy and water, and I said to the man next to him, "Do you know this young man?" His eye brightened up and he said: "We came from the same town; we belong to the same company; we enlisted together." I said, "Where does his father and mother live?" The man said: "His father is dead, his mother is a widow." I thought the mother would be anxious to get some message from her boy, and I asked if she was a Christian. He said: "Yes, she is a godly woman."

"Has he any brothers or sisters?"

"He is an only son; but he has two sisters."

Then I was anxious to get some message from the son to the widowed mother. I lingered around some time, and every once in a while I would speak the young man's name. After I had spoken his name a number of times, he opened his eyes—beautiful black eyes. I gave him a little more brandy and water, and said: "William, do you know where you are?" He says, "Oh, yes; I am on my way home to mother." I said: "The doctor told me you can not live. Have you any message to send to your mother?" He said, "Tell my mother that I died trusting in Christ." Oh, how sweet it was. It seemed as if I was at the very gate of Heaven. I said, "Is there anything else?" He was sinking rapidly, but he said: "Yes, tell my mother and sisters to be sure and meet me in Heaven." In a few minutes he was unconscious, and in a few hours he died. What a glorious end. "Tell my mother I died trusting in Christ."

Put your trust in Christ. He sticketh closer than a brother. Now I beg of you, at the close of this meeting, to bow your heads and put your trust in him. Say like Job, "I will trust him from this hour." Lay hold on eternal life. May God bring hundreds and thousands to trust in him to-night.

NEW.

"Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom." JOHN 3: 3.

I suppose there is not a man in Philadelphia but has had a great many persons wish him "A Happy New Year!" I suppose you have had hundreds or thousands wish you that, during the past forty-eight hours. It is one thing to wish a man "A Happy New Year," and another thing to tell him how to make it happy. I want to tell you to-night, if I can, how to make it a happy New Year. I have no doubt there are hundreds, if not thousands, in this audience who are making new plans for the future. Many are making new resolutions, and many have pledged themselves, perhaps to their mothers or wives, that they will not drink any more strong drink. You have entered into new covenants. You know it is a time when we look back over the past, and take a look into the future. A person must be very thoughtless who does not stop at these mile-stones, and consider where he is going, and how things are going on with him. Business men are now taking account of stock, to see what their profits and losses have been. It is well for everyone to stop at the commencement of a new year, and look over his past life; and see where he is, and what he is, and where he is going.

Some men say: "I am going to break off this habit of swearing; I am going to swear no more; I am going to reform." I have heard men talk in that way. I was for a number of years connected with the Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago, and that brought me into contact with a great many young men. I wrote out a great many pledges for them. I wrote out resolutions for men to sign, to bind them by putting their names to a piece of paper. I have known men to open their veins and write out resolutions in their own blood, and break them as quick as they made them. I found I was wasting my time, ink and paper in writing out those resolutions. All the pledges I got men to make away from Christ, did not amount to anything. There are hundreds now making that same mistake. You have tried it before; you have tried it hundreds of times. You have given your word that you would do this and do that, and you have thought that you would reform; but you have failed every time. You are trying to do what God could not do himself; that is, to mend this old erring nature.

Now, to-night I will tell you how to make this year a happy new year. And my text you will find in one word—"NEW."

It is a New Year, and I want to give you seven new things. The

first is *a new birth—a new heart*, and until you get that all your resolutions are good for nothing. We are no match for Satan. Man wants not to be reconstructed, but to be regenerated and born of the Spirit. We must have a new birth. I have no hope of any reformation, or any change, until a man is born again. "Except a man be born again," says Christ, "he cannot see the kingdom of God." That is what we want to preach this first Sunday of the year,—a new birth.

Some people say it is "culture" men want. Well, that does not reform them. Some of the greatest rascals we have in this country are men of culture. Some say it is education, but some of the worst men we have are educated men. That is not regeneration. Education, culture, and science, may be good in their place; but they cannot take the place of a new birth. You cannot make flesh any better; but when the new nature comes, then you can keep the flesh down. Have you been born again? If you have not, let me make this statement again. When the kingdom of God is planted within you, you can serve God and not before. I was told before I was converted, that I was to keep the law, and that law that came from Sinai was a heavenly law. But what man wants is to be born of God. God is a Spirit, and they that worship God must worship him in spirit and in truth. No earthly change can take the place of this new birth. I would a great deal rather preach to thieves and vagabonds than to good moralists, because it is hard to convince them that they need a Savior. But these men that have already learned that lesson see the importance of getting out of themselves, and getting into Christ. Not but it is better to be a moral than an immoral man, and to be a temperate man than to be a drunkard; but if a man makes his morals his God, he has a false hope of heaven. God never mends anything; he creates anew. One of our citizens was telling me of some one in Philadelphia who built a house for himself, and he wanted to make it imitation stone. So he just built of brick and put on a coating of plaster. Every winter the frost scaled the plaster off, and every spring he had to get it replastered. At last he got tired, and he took the front of the house out and put in brown stone, and he has not had to touch it since. It is a new house. He does not need to be patching up the old one. But that is what many men and women do in Philadelphia every year. They say they are going to begin a new life; and they begin to patch up the old nature, and they get worse than they were before. Now, my friends, all these resolutions will not do anything for you. They do not change you. It is a new creation you want. It is a new man. If you are born again, your yoke will be easy and your burden light.

Suppose our legislators should make a law that no one in this country could keep. Suppose they should make a law that every person in this country should speak French within twenty-four

hours; and the penalty for not speaking it was death. I could not speak French to save my life. If you condemned me to death if I did not speak French, I should have to die. It would be an impossibility, just as it is an impossibility for heavenly minded people to live with this earthly nature. There is no one can keep the law of God unless he is born of God. The law was given to show man his lost condition, and to show him the impossibility of keeping it. The law is given that every mouth might be stopped, and every man become guilty before God.

I heard a friend use this illustration, and it is to the point. A man has bought a farm, and he finds on that farm an old pump. He goes to the pump and begins to pump. A person comes to him and says: "Look here, my friend, I want to warn you, you must not drink that water in that well, it is poison. The man who lived here before used that water, and it poisoned him, and his wife, and children." "Is that so," says the man. "Well, I will soon make that right. I will find a remedy." And he goes and gets some paint, and he paints up the pump, putties up all the holes, and fills up the cracks in it, and he has got a fine-looking pump. And he says, "Now I am sure it is all right." You would say: "What a fool; to go and paint the pump when the water is bad." But that is just like what a man is doing who is trying to save himself. It is not a new pump that is wanted; it is new water. Make the fountain good and the stream will be good. It is new hearts that men want. You cannot keep these heavenly gifts with this earthly nature. Oh, that God may give every man a new heart! When we seek for God with all our hearts, we will find him.

"Ye must be born again." Here is a man who is a leper. He says, "I want to cover up my leprosy." And he covers it up with his dress. But he is a leper all the same, as he was before. That is just what sinners are trying to do. They are trying to serve God and to serve the world, too. We are all born lepers, and it is God alone can cleanse us and reclaim us. If you are going to commence the new year right, make your heart right. If you put a uniform on a man it does not make him a soldier. He must enlist first, and then he is a soldier. If you attempt to put on the livery of heaven without being in God's kingdom, you are only a hypocrite. You may join some church and go through all the forms; you may become a member of the Sabbath-school and have charge of a class; but if you are not converted you will be worse and worse, and not better and better. You must have a new birth. We start life at the Cross. When the children of Israel were brought out of Egypt, God said to them: "This month shall be unto you the beginning of months." The four hundred years they had been in Egypt, God rolled away. Those years were not counted. When you are converted, that is the time you are born. There are some people in this assembly

very young. I see some boys fifteen years old, and see men here two or three weeks old. They have started for heaven; but they did not start until they were born of God.

This being born of God is a mystery. Christ said to Nicodemus: "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth. So is every one that is born of the Spirit." I cannot tell you about the wind. It may be blowing due north here, and fifty miles away it may be blowing due south. I do not understand about the currents of this wind. Men that have gone up in balloons tell us they meet different currents of air, and you have sometimes seen the clouds, some sweeping as fast as they can north, and others going in a different direction. We cannot understand about the currents of wind, but we know that there is wind. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou heareth the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth. So is every one that is born of the Spirit." In other words, it is Christ revealing himself to the soul. Christ coming into this heart is a new birth; and if I have Christ's life, I can challenge death. He may take this clay; but we have a building not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

A few years ago, as I was coming out of a prayer-meeting, I met a man who asked me if I would introduce him to the leader of the meeting. I introduced him, and he sat down and talked to the minister. The minister having to leave, he asked me to talk to him. I asked the man what the trouble was. He said, "I was going by a church, yesterday, and I heard music. I went in and heard some singing. After the choir had got through, the minister gave out his text. I belong to the seed of Abraham, but I thought I would stay for a few minutes. The minister took for his text, 'It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment.' I said, 'Perhaps that is true: my father and my grandfather have died. But "after death cometh the judgment." I do not believe that.' I got my hat and started out, but the text kept coming home to me, 'It is appointed unto men once to die.' I tried to forget it. I went to bed in hopes to get asleep and forget about it. I lay upon my bed thinking about it. The thought kept coming to me all night: 'It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment.' In the morning the newspaper was put under the door, and I thought I would read it, and forget the text, but the first thing I noticed in the paper was an account of the meeting." He was very much troubled in his mind, and he said he did not know what the matter was. I said. "You want Christ." He said, "Don't talk to me about Christ, Talk to me about the God of Abraham; I believe in him." I said, "That is the trouble. You would have no trouble or fear of death and judgment if you believed in Christ." I preached Christ to him. He resented it. I turned to Isaiah and read to him: "He was

wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed." I went on reading that chapter to him, but it did not seem to do him any good. Finally, after I had read a good deal, I said, "I will read to you the conversation Christ had when on earth, with a Jewish Rabbi," and I read: "There was a man of the Pharisees named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews." I read on, and when I came to the 14th verse—"And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness even so must the Son of Man be lifted up," the Jew said, "Is that there in the New Testament?" I said, "Yes." "Well," said he, "I don't understand that. My father had a picture of Moses lifting up the serpent. Are you sure that is there?" I showed it to him and he looked over the words. I said, "Let us get down on our knees and pray." After I had prayed, I said to him, "You pray." He put his head on the floor, and cried out to the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob, and he said, "If there is anything true in this, reveal it to me." I asked him if there was any light. He said, "No." I prayed that the clear light of Calvary might break into his soul. He jumped up and said, "I see it! I see it!" I said, "Be calm. What did you see when you were praying?" He said: "I was on the floor and I thought I saw Moses lifting up a serpent on a pole, and all at once the serpent vanished, and in the place of the serpent was the cross, and on it Jesus of Nazareth. He was the Messiah." He had found the Savior. Oh, may God show you Christ to-night—Christ coming in the likeness of sinful flesh, and dying to bring us to himself. Oh, may God help you to see the Son of God as your only hope and Savior.

The next thing is a *new creation.* We read in II. Corinthians, 5: 17: "Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away: behold, all things are become new." Infidels say: "We do not believe in sudden conversions, and in old things passing away, and all things becoming new." If five thousand men should tell me there was no reality in sudden conversions, I would not believe them. Twenty years ago last March, I was born anew—I was in a new world. The next morning I thought the sun shone brighter, and the birds sang sweeter than they ever did before. I thought all nature was praising God. Old things had passed away, and all things had become new. I was in a new world. I once asked a Scotch girl who had been converted if her heart was changed. She said she did not know her heart was changed, but either she was changed or the world was, for things were altogether different from what they once were. That is what we want to know: that old things have passed away, and all things have become new. A drunkard, when he becomes converted, will hate the wine cup; and a man who has been a blasphemer will begin to praise God. We must put off the old man, with his deeds, and put on the new

man. If conversion does not mean that, it does not mean anything. We cannot live as we have been living. We must be different. We want this new creation. Old things have passed away: all things have become new. Can you say that? If you cannot, your resolutions are good for nothing; they are worthless. If you have been born into the heavenly kingdom, all the things you once loved you will now care nothing for; and the things you once hated you will love. If I hated any place before I was converted, it was the church. If there was one sound I hated more than another, it was that of the church bell; but the next day after I was converted, it was the sweetest sound to me I ever heard. It was the new creation—old things had passed away.

The next point I would call your attention to is, we must have a *new nature*. I was a Christian ten years before I understood it. At that time I read a book written by an Englishman, which did me a world of good; and it would have been invaluable to me if I had read it when I was first converted. It taught me that when a man is converted, his conversion does not change his old nature: that which is born of the flesh is flesh, down to the end of time, and instead of God mending that and making it better, he brings in a new creation. He does not put a new piece in an old garment; it is a new coat. It is a new creation. So, when a man is converted, there comes a conflict between the two natures. A judge had a slave who knew the Lord. The judge said to him: "Sambo, how is it you are all the time talking about your conflicts? I never had any to fight." The colored man didn't know how to answer. One day the judge, who was a sportsman, went out upon the lake and fired at a flock of ducks, killing one and wounding another. They made a good deal of effort, and at last succeeded in getting the wounded duck, and then they picked up the dead one. Sambo had now his illustration. He said to the judge, "You are dead, and Satan has got you anyway; but I am trying to get away from him, and he is after me."

I have been fighting against the old nature for twenty years, and I have to watch continually. If I lean upon myself I am lifted up, and then down I go; but as long as I look to Jesus, he gives me the victory. I do not care what a slave you are to some terrible sin, the Son of God will give you the victory, if you will only come to him. You might as well tell a man to leap to the moon, as to tell him to serve God with the old nature. If we are made partakers of the heavenly nature, it will last as long as God lasts, for it comes from God. In other words, it is the love of God planted in us. It is the incorruptible seed that cannot perish. Have you got it? Have you got the new nature? Are you a partaker of God's nature? If you are, then it is not hard to pray. I have heard men say, "It is so hard to pray." They have not the new nature. When they have

the new nature, they cannot help communing with God. This new nature comes down from heaven. It is the life of Christ in the man. Paul says, "I can do all things through Christ." If I have Christ formed in me, then I can overcome the world, the flesh, and the devil. But there is no hope unless I become partaker of that new nature. Suppose you had stood by the side of Paul when he got to Damascus. You might have said, "Why, Paul, what has got over you? You are not the man you were when you left Jerusalem. Why, Paul, what do you mean? Do you now preach Christ? It is only a few days ago you were persecuting the Christians. Paul, what has come over you? You were the man who helped to stone Stephen. What does it mean?" It means that Paul has now that heavenly nature. He has been born again. He lives for Christ now. I hope the Lord will give this new nature to some here to-night, and make them trophies of his grace. Then the things that you now love you will hate. You will be a new man in Christ Jesus. You will be a citizen of another world. Some one asked a Scotchman if he was on his way to heaven. "Why, man," he said, "I live there." He was only a pilgrim here. He had the new life. God is the author of life; and if you have the new life, it must be the work of God in the soul.

The next point I would call your attention to is a *new heart.* Make up your mind not to leave this building until you have it. Some think they have not been converted, because they have the old nature. God will give you grace to crucify the old man.

Then we must have a *new name.* We are no longer the children of earth, but we are children of God. In the 62d chapter of Isaiah, it is said: "Thou shalt be called by a new name, which the mouth of the Lord shall name." We read that they were first called Christians at Antioch. We are now the Sons of God. Think of that. "Beloved, now are we the Sons of God." The world does not know it. We are born of God, and our life is where Satan cannot get at it. By and by Christ shall put us on the throne, and the world shall see it. Then we shall be like him; then shall we see the King in his beauty. As God looks down from his throne into this building, he says, "That little boy is my son."

There was a boy down in Boston a few years ago, who was only four years old, but he was worth millions. He was heir to a great estate; but it did not appear so to him. He did not know what he was worth. So it may not appear that we are heirs to a throne. If we are heirs to a throne, should we not be training for it? You would think it would be a great honor if one of your children should be taken into the castle of Queen Victoria, and trained for the throne of England. That would be a wonderful thing. I bring you wonderful news; God wants to take us into his family, and train us for a kingdom that shall endure forever. When God adopts us into his

family, we will take his name. We are Christians, followers of Christ, sons of a new Father. Do you want a new name to begin the year with? Why not take it to-night? You can be a Christian to-night, and be adopted into God's family if you will.

The next thing is a *new way*. We read in the 10th chapter of Hebrews and 20th verse, that there is "a new and living way." If you have not accepted of that way, if you are not now children of God, you are on the road to death. The Lord Jesus has got to bring us into the new way, where we will find peace and joy—the way that leadeth to the Throne, where he reigns forever. Do you want to be brought into the new way? I never knew a man that regretted having taken the narrow way that leadeth unto life. The new way is better than the old way. Satan is the leader of every man that is in the old way. I was told some time ago of a king who, wanting to have some way of putting criminals to death as fast as possible, had four steps made in a dark passage leading to the edge of a pit. As the criminals stepped from the fourth step, down they went. So it is with those who walk in the broad way; by and by they will take the fourth step, and then they are lost for ever. Oh, may God wake you up to see your danger! I will ask every one here that has been on both ways if he cannot bear testimony that the new way is the best. [Cries of "Yes! Yes!"] No one but the devil will tell you the broad way is the best.

Then a man having got a new way wants a *new tongue*. The Lord says in Mark xvi. 17, "They shall speak with new tongues." When a person is converted he has a new heart, and he must have a new tongue to go with it. Peter was denying his Lord; a few days after he was preaching with the eloquence of heaven. The Lord gave him a new tongue, and three thousand persons were converted under one sermon. Oh, may God give us new tongues, to-night, that we may praise him. I heard a young man cursing his mother because she would not give him money to gamble with, and in twenty-four hours God used that to convict him, and he asked his mother's forgiveness. Within twenty-four hours he got a new tongue. That was sudden conversion. How easy it is for us to praise God when we have new tongues. Then there is no cursing; lying, blaspheming and cursing are gone.

Then God gives us a *new song*. The first song that is recorded in Scripture, and the first time the word is used in Scripture, was after the children of Israel has been redeemed from the king of Egypt. It was the song of redemption. No one can sing the song of Zion from the heart except he is born of God. I have no patience with the opera singers in the churches. I believe such singing is an abomination to God. I believe that God detests it. If we have the heart to sing, we will have no trouble about singing. If you do not praise God from the heart, you may deceive the congregation; but you can-

not deceive God. David says: "He brought me out of the horrible pit, he put a new song into my mouth." When I was converted I could sing in my heart as well as Mr. Sankey; but I couldn't get it out of my lips. He put a new song in my heart. A converted man will never want to sing those low comic songs. You will not want to sing of earth; you will want to sing of heaven. Did you ever hear of a skeptic when dying wanting to have an earthly song sung to him? But Christians when dying have often asked to have friends come in and sing—

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly."

In one of our hospitals, a lady who was dying asked me to sing to her. I quoted the words, and I tried to sing them, but I broke down. At last the dying woman tried to sing the hymn herself, but before she got through the words died away on her lips, and she went up to heaven. God will give you a new song to-night; he will give you a new tongue; he will give you a new name; he will give you a new nature; a new heart, a new creation and a new birth. You can have all these new things, if you will commence the new year by giving your heart to God. I hope there are many here who will be drawn into his kingdom. Will you not have him to-night? I would like to talk about the "new food" Christians are to feed upon, and the "new friends" they are to have, but I have not time to dwell upon the subject to-night.

I see a good many boys here, and I hope I have been plain in speaking, so that I have been understood. I want to say to the boys, You can take this new nature, and God can use you to bring your friends to Christ. A little boy came into the inquiry-room this afternoon, and he came up to me and said: "Cannot you give me something to do; I want to lead some one to Christ." It was grand to see that spirit. The Scripture says: "The calf and the young lion and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them." I remember some time ago of a little boy that became a Christian. His father, like a great many men in this city, was a profane, drinking man, and he would not allow a minister to come into his house. Some one got hold of the little boy and led him around to the Sabbath-school, and he there found the Savior. He had got a new heart. His father found him praying on his knees, and he got very angry. He took him off his knees, and asked him what he was doing. The boy said he was praying that Jesus would make him a good boy. His father said: "You have heard me say I would not have anyone living under my roof that prayed. I do not want you to pray any more, If I catch you praying I will flog you." When Christ gets into the heart, no flogging will keep us from him. The boy prayed in secret. He was obedient, kind and affectionate, and he tried to honor Christ. His father did all he could to keep the boy at home,

and to keep him from praying; but one day he again found him on his knees, praying. His father was very angry. He flogged the boy, and said to him in a great rage and with an oath, that if he caught him praying again he would make him leave the house. The lad kept on praying in secret that God would convert his father; and it was not long before his father again found him praying. He ordered him to leave the house, and take his things with him. He did not have many things to take away. Drunkards' children do not have many things. He took his little bundle and started. He went down to the kitchen where his mother was, and walked up to her and said, "Good-bye, mother." The mother said, "My boy, where are you going?" He said, "I don't know." The mother said, "What do you mean then by bidding me good-bye?" "Father says I cannot stay at home any longer, because I have been praying." His mother knew it would do no good to remonstrate, so she took her boy to her bosom and kissed him. She did not know when she would ever see him again. He went to his little brother and kissed him, and bid him good-bye, and then he went to his little sister and kissed her; and then he left the house. He bid his father good-bye, and told him that as long as he lived he would pray for him, and away he went, not knowing where he was going. The boy had not gone a great way before the father's heart was touched. The Holy Spirit had touched the father's heart. He ran down the street and overtook the boy and said, "If religion will do this for you, I want it." That little boy had the privilege of leading his father to Christ. May you know what it is in the beginning of this new year to have Christ in your heart. Then you will commence the new year singing the new song.

BEHOLD.

"Behold—" PSALM 51: 5.

I want to call your attention to one word in the 51st Psalm, "Behold." That word means, "Look with attention." If I said, "Look and see"—how your eyes would go to the wall to see what I saw. The Lord says that to attract attention. When I am giving out a text, some of you are looking at the people around you, at some hat, or the shape of some bonnet. Look! Behold! God wants your attention: it is something important. Now the Psalmist says: "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me." I have learned this,—that the first thing we want to get a man to do is to learn the lesson that there is nothing good about him, that he was shapen in iniquity, and conceived in sin. The nearer a man gets to God, the more he finds that out. A man does not know himself; he thinks he is a great deal better than he is. But the moment he sees himself in God's looking-glass he says, "I was shapen in iniquity." "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Every one has to learn that lesson. Daniel in the 10th chapter of his prophecies says: "My comeliness was turned in me into corruption, and I retained no strength." God was coming near him. Look at Job. If you had Job here, you would think he was the noblest man in Philadelphia; he would stand very high in the community; yet Job had to learn the lesson. He said: "I fed the hungry and clothed the naked. I did this and that and the other." At last the Lord said: "Now Job, you gird up your loins like a man, and I will put a few questions to you." And the moment the Lord spoke to him, he cried out: "Behold, I am vile; what shall I answer Thee? I will lay mine hand upon my mouth, and I will speak no more." Another word cannot be got out of Job. "I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth Thee. Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." When man comes to see God, he is in the dust, where he belongs. Look at that wonderful man Isaiah, how beautiful he wrote. Turn to the 6th chapter. He saw God high and lifted up on his throne, and he cried out: "Woe is me; for I am undone, because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips, for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts." Then came an angel and took a coal of fire from the altar and put it upon his lips and purged away his iniquity, and he says, "Here am I, send me." He was ready; but he had to learn the lesson that he

was born in sin and shapen in iniquity. Thanks be to God, there is a better way than that. We don't like to hear how vile and sinful we are, but at the same time it is important that we know it; because if we don't we will not believe the good news of the gospel.

The next "behold" is, "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy." What is the good tidings? What is the gospel? Three or four times I have tried to bring out the word "gospel," and tell you what it is. The gospel was proclaimed to Cornelius in the 10th chapter of Acts, when Peter told him how Christ had died and had risen, and ascended to God in Heaven. Paul says: "I declare unto you the gospel, how Christ died for our sins, and how he was buried and rose again." He has died for our sins, and if we believe the gospel we are saved. Away on the northern coast, some time ago, there was a vessel wrecked; and among those on that vessel who lost their lives was a mother, with a little babe in her arms. When they found her body on the shore, that babe was clasped to her bosom. They attempted to separate them, but they found it so difficult that they buried them together. So Christ took the burden of sin, and went down to the grave, and burst asunder the bars of death, and took it up to Heaven. He died, and rose, and ascended: and he is at the right hand of God for me. We have only to appropriate him, and he is ours. It is good tidings.

There is a story an Englishman called my attention to, in reference to Jonathan's son. I can see David and Jonathan in the fields together. It had been revealed to Jonathan that David was to take his father's throne, and Jonathan's place. Jonathan seems to be the most lovely character in the Bible. Instead of being jealous of David, he loved him as he loved his own life. He said to David: "Make me this promise: When you get my father's throne, if there is any left of my father's house, you will show them kindness." "Oh, yes," says David; "I will do that for you." The years rolled on. You know the story of David and Saul: how Saul hunted him as you would a partridge upon the mountains; how he drove him off into the cave of Adullam, an exile in a foreign land; how Israel had been defeated, and Saul had fallen, and Jonathan by his side; how when David heard of it, he came to Hebron, and established his throne and reigned there; how he went to Jerusalem and conquered that city, and established his throne and reigned there, and built a palace. While walking in his palace, that vow which he made to Jonathan came back to him. "Why, I made a promise to Jonathan." He brought his servant into his presence and asked him: "Is there any of the house of Saul left, that I may show him kindness." David's servant looks at him. What! David want to show kindness to the house of Saul, to Saul that tried to kill him,—that tried to slay him! He want to show kindness to the house of Saul! That is grace. And the servant said: "One of the old servants of

Saul is here, and he can tell whether there is any of the house of Saul left." He was called in, and David said: "Is there any of the house of Saul left, that I can show kindness unto them?" "Yes," said Ziba; "yes, there is one. Jonathan has a son." "What!" David says; "that Jonathan, has he got a son? Where is he?" When the news had come that Jonathan had been slain, the servant took up Mephibosheth, and she tripped and fell, and lamed him on both his feet. They were afraid that David would take his life, and they hid him. Where do you suppose he was? He was down to Lodebar. Did you ever hear of that place before? Perhaps some of you work in the Post Office, and have never seen a letter directed to Lodebar. You never heard of Lodebar before. Perhaps some of you have been around the world and never were in Lodebar. If you think you never were there, you are mistaken. There is not a man in Philadelphia but has been there. All of Adam's sons have been there. It is not a great ways from Philadelphia. It is a place of no pasture. That is where every poor sinner is to-night, hiding away from the living God. Poor, lame Mephibosheth was away in a place of no pasture, hiding away from David, the best friend he had. I can see David's heart begin to swell, and he says: "Go fetch him." That is fetching grace. Some people would have said: "Let him stay there; but if he comes here, I will have compassion on him." David says: "Go fetch him." That is the spirit of the Gospel. I can see the servant bringing out David's chariot, and going away to where Mephibosheth is. He sees Mephibosheth, and calls out, "I have glad tidings for you." "What is it?" said Mephibosheth. "David has sent for you; he wants to show you the kindness of God; he wants you to come to Jerusalem." Mephibosheth trembles from head to foot, and says, "I am afraid he is going to take my life." Says the messenger: "It is true; David wants to show you the kindness of God." And they take the poor, lame Mephibosheth up in a chariot. I see the chariot sweeping down the streets of Jerusalem. David is going to show him the kindness of God. The king does not stand upon his dignity, but rushes to the door to meet him. And they bring him to the king. Mephibosheth goes down on his face; he is afraid it is not good news. The first thing David says, is, "Mephibosheth, I restore you all Saul's possession." He got it all in one word. That is the Gospel. We get everything Adam lost, and a great deal more. David said: "I restore the land of Saul, thy father, and thou shalt eat bread at my table continually." Poor, lame Mephibosheth now dwelt at the palace of the king, and sat down at the king's table. David brought him up from Lodebar, introduced him into the royal palace, and made him a member of his family. Christ wants you to come to Jerusalem to-night, and eat at his table. If poor Mephibosheth had been like many Christians, he would have looked at his lameness, and at his

club feet all the time. I can imagine he put his feet under the table, and he looked the king in his face. He was not going to find fault with his lameness. If you look upon your lameness, remember the message, and come to Jerusalem and sit down at the king's table. If you stay at Lodebar, it is not because God wants you there. You have gone to Lodebar, and hid away from a loving king. You can come up and associate with the royalty of Heaven to-night, if you will come. Behold I bring you good tidings; and that good tidings is, the Lord wants you to come to Jerusalem.

Next: "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." Now, my dear friends, instead of your looking at yourself and trying to take away your sin, lift your eye away from yourself, and let it rest upon the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world. That is what Christ was given for: "His name shall be called Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins." You cannot save yourself. Look at Jesus, from the cradle to the cross, as he went through the towns and villages of Palestine, restoring sight to the blind and causing the deaf to hear. People lifted up their voice at one time and said, "He hath done all things well." Behold him at Gethsemane. See him there, solitary and alone; his disciples sleeping around him, for they were weary. There is the Son of God. Draw near and look at him. Gaze upon him, and as you get near him you can see the blood. He sweat, as it were, great drops of blood. The hour was coming when the sin of the world was to be laid upon him. In a few short hours he was to be condemned by his countrymen to die the cruel death of the cross. The cross throws its dark shadow across his path. Oh, sinner, gaze upon him! He is your substitute. He is yours to-night. He became yours, and you are a free man. Look at him before the Sanhedrim. Hear him as those witnesses come in and testify against him. Go to Calvary with me. Look at those three men; Christ in the midst of those thieves. Look into that eye; look into that face. Hear that piercing cry, and then tell me he is not able to save you. Will you say he has no power to save you to-night? Oh, behold him, as he comes up out of the sepulchre! See the mighty power he had as he ascended from the grave. Then look at him as he goes sweeping through space, on his way home. There he is at the right hand of God. I don't ask you to look at him in the tomb; but see him at the right hand of God in heaven. His voice on high comes rolling down from the throne to-night: "All power is given to me in heaven and on earth." And will you say that he cannot save you, that he has no power to save you? Is his arm shortened that he cannot deliver? Is his ear grown heavy that he cannot hear the poor sinner? All power is given to him. Oh, this night he has power to save you! This night, if you gaze upon him as your Savior and Redeemer, you can be saved.

There is a "behold" Paul brought out. "Behold, now is the accepted time." Suppose I should stand here and say, "Every one of you had better put off salvation for a year," how you would go out of this building, shaking your heads and saying: "I will not go to hear that preacher again; what he preaches is right against the word of God." If I should say, "Behold, 1877 is the time to seek the kingdom of God," many of you would be so disgusted you would try to get out before the doors were open. You would say, "What right has the man to preach that doctrine?" And yet when we say, "Now is the accepted time," you say: "He wants to drive us to a decision; there is time enough." The only time I have to preach the gospel is *Now*. I cannot find anywhere in the Bible that I may preach it to-morrow. All through the Scripture it is over and over again impressed upon those that preach the gospel that they are to urge every man to decide the question at once: "Behold now is the accepted time." The little word "now," oh, may it ring down in your soul to-night! May it sink into the heart of every person here. Why, just think of those in yonder world of light. *Now*, they are with the King in his beauty; *now*, they move along to those mansions; *now*, they walk down the crystal pavement of Heaven; *now*, they walk by that crystal river; *now*, they walk by the tree of life and pluck its fruit. They are *now* in Heaven. Think of those who were in this city a year ago. Some of them are now lost. They are lifting up their voices in torment, and are weeping over lost opportunities. Perhaps men who were a year ago as well in health as you are to-night, are now weeping over their lost souls. Now what are you doing here to-night? Are you rejecting the Son of God? rejecting salvation? rejecting eternal life? Oh, may God press it upon you! Will not you take Christ to-night as your Savior? Take him now.

There is another "Behold" in that verse: "Behold now is the day of salvation." Now, this 14th day of January, 1876, is the day of salvation. I cannot tell you the 15th day of January, 1876, will be the day of salvation. I don't know that it will ever come. God shuts us up to that little word "now." "Behold, now is the day of salvation."

There is a story told that a man was seen in the Niagara river. His boat was capsized, and he was sweeping along towards the rapids. A man on the shore saw his danger, and ran to the bridge on the American side. He saw where the man was coming under the bridge, and he let himself down and put his hand out, and cried to the man, "Lay hold on my hand." That was his chance. *Now*, he had to do it. He seized the man's hand, and the man drew him up out of the jaws of death. The Savior puts down his hand to-night. *Now* believe; *now* be saved. If that man had missed the bridge, there was no hope for him. Every man that has gone over that

cataract has lost his life. Every man that dies without hope is lost forever.

My little boy God calls thee to-night. Young man, God calls thee to-night. "Behold, now is the day of salvation." Are you going to let these meetings close, and leave you outside of the ark? Are you going to let these special meetings close, and you be left unsaved? Will there ever be a better opportunity than to-night to seek the kingdon of God? Will Christ ever be more willing than now to save you? "Now, is the day of salvation." Why put it off?

But there is another "behold." I have spoken of it a number of times, but I will bring it up again because it brings Christ so near: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." How near that brings him. Does he stand knocking at the door of this building? He stands nearer than that. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." What door? The door of your heart. Yes, the door of your heart, young man. "I stand at the door and knock." He calls, "Behold!" In another place the Scripture says, "My head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night." He has waited long. He has come hundreds of times; but, like King Agrippa, you have said: "Go thy way this time, and when I have a convenient season I will call for thee." Have you called for him? He has waited for ten, twenty, thirty, forty and fifty years for some of you; and that convenient time has not come. Again he crosses your path. Does your heart throb? That is Christ knocking. As he stands at the door, knocking, what does he say? "If any man"—thank God for those words—"If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." Will you let him in to-night? Sinner, will you open the door and let him in?

I was the guest of a friend in Dublin, and I set out one morning to go to meeting, and I found the door was locked so that I could not get out. I unlocked it, and tried to get out; but I found it chained. I unfastened the chain, and then I found it was bolted. I pulled back the bolt, and found another bolt. I pulled it back and found there was a secret lock. I unlocked that, and so got out. I thought, then, that that was the way with every sinner's heart. It is locked, chained, barred, and bolted to keep out the Son of God. Pull back those bolts, unlock the door, and say: "King of glory, come in;" and he will come. Will you let him in to-night?

Young man, what are you going to do with him to-night? Father, mother, what are you going to do with him to-night? Are you going to say with Felix: "Go thy way, I have no time"? The next call may be death himself. With a cold, icy hand he may lay hold of the door. You may have it bolted and barred; but the moment he puts his hand upon it, he will open it; and he will lay his icy hand upon you and say, "Come with me." You cannot say to him, "I have no time." He will not be turned away. He will say, "I

have no time to linger." I can imagine his coming to a man who says, "Give me twenty-four hours." "No, I cannot give you twenty-four hours." "Give me one hour." "No, I cannot give you a minute." And away he takes him. No chance for Christ now. He rushes into eternity in the twinkling of an eye, without God and without hope.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock." Sinner, if you don't believe me to-night, believe that godly woman at your side. Say to her, What shall I do with Jesus to-night? Shall I turn him away? Ask that godly wife, What shall I do with Jesus? And she will say, "Let him in." Young man, ask that Sabbath-school teacher that has brought you here to-night if the preacher is not right, and if you had not better let Christ in; and see if that Sabbath-school teacher will not join me to-night. Every godly mother and every godly father will say you had better let him in to-night. Every Christian will say you ought to let him in. While he stands knocking, don't turn him away.

The next "behold" is: "Behold he prayeth." There may be some men here greatly opposed to these meetings—men who have come out of curiosity, or men who have come to ridicule and make sport; but I don't think there is any man here so unpromising as Saul of Tarsus was. If any man had said Saul would be converted before he got to Damascus, he would not have been believed. Yet as he draws near, Christ speaks to him. He commences knocking at the door of Saul's heart, and Saul cries, "Who is there?" The answer comes to him, "It is Jesus." The first thing Saul did was to let him in. He cried out: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" And the Lord said: "Enter into Damascus, and I will tell thee." And they led him into a street called Straight. And the word of the Lord came to Ananias from heaven. There was not any one on earth would believe that Saul was converted; but the news went to heaven, and came back to Ananias. The Lord said, "You go and tell Saul what he is to do." Ananias says: "I have heard a good deal about that man. I have heard it from many and many different ones, that Saul is coming from Jerusalem; and he has papers giving him authority to imprison the disciples of the Lord. He will take you, Ananias, and put you into prison, and all that believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." I can imagine Ananias keeping his house bolted; and now, instead of getting bad news, he gets the best of news. "Ananias, Saul is praying. Tell him what he must do to be saved." They heard it in heaven before it was heard on earth. The moment Saul cried out, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do," it was heard in heaven; and the news came from there to Damascus that he prayeth. I hope the news will go on High to-night, "Behold he prayeth." This night ask the Lord to save you. If you seek him with all your heart, you will find him.

Among the inquirers I talked with this afternoon was a young miss about fifteen years of age. She said, "I want to become a Christian." She said: "I lost a valuable diamond the other day, and I asked the Lord to help me find it, and he did so." I said: "Ask him to save your soul, as you sought for the lost diamond, and let that be the uppermost thought in your heart." I never saw a man that sought God with all his heart but found him. Let the news go to heaven, "Behold he prayeth."

INSTANT SALVATION.

"And a man shall be as a hiding-place."—ISAIAH 32: 2.

Instant salvation!—In other words, How can every soul in this building be saved to-night? Now, if there are any that go out of this hall that are not saved, there will be but one reason for it. It will be because they do not want to be saved. There is salvation for every soul that wants it. That is what the Scripture teaches. If the Bible teaches any one thing, it teaches us that a man can be saved if he wants to. I want to ask: Do you want to be saved? have you come to-night for that purpose? Or have you just come here to see the audience? or have you come here to sing? or out of idle curiosity? or because you have not anywhere else to go this evening? Ask yourself what has brought you here to-night: and if you can answer it by saying, "I want to be saved to-night above everything else," then I have a message for you: And, God helping me, I will try to make it so plain that you can all understand it.

The first illustration I want to call your attention to is the ark. Now I have no doubt but you all understand that story as well as I do. Perhaps there is not a child here but understands all about that ark; how Noah built it, and how it was finished. And God invited Noah to come in: "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." There was one moment Noah was outside of that ark, the next moment he was in. *There* is instant salvation. One moment he was exposed to the judgment that was coming upon the earth; the next moment he was *in* the ark. He had only to cross over the threshold and go in. When God called him in, he had not to build the ark; that was already done. And if God calls you, my friends, the ark is already finished. One hundred and twenty years before, God had

told Noah to build the ark; now it was done, and he was called in. God has provided an ark. We read in the 32nd chapter of Isaiah, at the 2nd verse: "And a man shall be as a hiding-place." The Lord Jesus Christ is the refuge for every poor sinner; and the moment the sinner steps out into Christ, that moment he is saved. I remember, when at Manchester, at one of our inquiry-meetings, while I was talking, a man came up. I thought when I first looked at him he was skeptical, and had come to criticise the meeting, and see what was going on. At last I noticed tears trickling down his cheeks. I asked him if he was interested. He said, "Yes; I want to be saved." I said, "Thank God for that." I turned my attention to that man, and I used one illustration. He said, "I want to feel I am saved." I said: "God does not tell you to feel, you do not want to make a god of your feelings. It is not your feeling that is going to save you." "But," said he, "if a man is saved, won't he know it." "Yes, if he comes into the ark." I asked him if it was Noah's feeling that saved him, or the ark. He said: "I understand it now. I have to go on board the train to-night. I see it, I see it." He shook my hand and we parted. Some time after, I was coming out of the Free Trade Hall, and this man touched me on the shoulder and asked me if I remembered the illustration of the ark. He said he had peace ever since. He said, "It was the ark that saved me." He was one of the best workers we had in Manchester. Just trust the ark. Don't trust in anything you can do.

Salvation is outside of yourself: may the Lord open your eyes to see it. Your sins may keep you out of Heaven; but they cannot keep you from Christ, because Christ will take them out of the way. The ark was built for sinners. If you were not a sinner, you would not need to come in. Death is the penalty of sin; and if a man could live in the world without committing sin, without transgressing the law, he would not die. That man never lived, except the Lord Jesus Christ; and he took upon him our sins and died for us. Your sins may keep you out of heaven; but they cannot keep you from Christ, if you want to come. Take the illustration we had this afternoon about Lot. There was one minute Lot was in Sodom; another minute, and he had crossed over the line and went out of Sodom. God said: "Make haste, escape for thy life. Flee to yon mountain." It was Lot's going out of Sodom that saved him: that was instant salvation. One moment he was in Sodom; the next moment he had gone out. He saved his life by obeying God. It was the going out of Sodom that saved him. We want to escape for our lives; we want to escape out of Sodom.

The cry that comes from Jehovah now is: "Escape to Mount Calvary, and get under the shelter of the cross; and you are safe for time and eternity." Read the 13th verse of the 12th chapter of Ex-

odus. "And the blood shall be to you for a token upon the houses where ye are: and when I see the blood, I will pass over you, and the plague shall not be upon you to destroy you, when I smite the land of Egypt." There was one moment when there was no blood on the door-post. It was the blood that sheltered them that memorable night, when death came and smote the first-born in Egypt. "When I see the blood, I will pass over you." It was not anything they could say or do that would save them, except to be sheltered behind the blood. There was a moment when the blood was not on the door; and there was another moment when they took up the hyssop and sprinkled it on the door. One second it was not there; another second, and it was there. That blood is the countersign. Do not go on with the delusion that your prayers and cries for mercy in the dying hour are going to be the key to open heaven.

Some people say: "God is a God of mercy; I know he will be merciful and let me in." He will, if you have washed in the blood of the Lamb; if you have turned to Christ and been born again. Some say, when they leave this world they will knock at the door of mercy, and mercy will let them in. You need not call for mercy then. Mercy has been offered for eighteen hundred years. *Mercy is here.* You must meet mercy here, doing office work. If you find grace and Christ here, you will find an entrance into heaven. I met a man who had a dream. He dreamed he was taken by the angels to the gates of that City which is of pure gold; and they would not let him in. He represented that he had been a Sabbath-school superintendent; but they did not know him. Then he represented how much good he had done in the world; but they did not know him. Another man came and said he had been an elder in the church; they did not know him. Another came and spoke of his good works; they did not know him. At last came one crying, "Blood! blood! blood!" and the gates flew wide open and he entered in. The man awoke, and thought that if he entered that city he must be washed in the blood of the Lamb. The blood must be the token. There is nothing to prevent you from accepting this precious blood this very night and hour.

Some people say, "You must strive to enter in." Yes; but who is the striving with? Is it with the gate-keeper? Is it that God has the gate locked and barred, and says you cannot come in until you have prayed so long and wrestled so long? Does not the Scripture say the gate is open, and God say, "Come in, come in, come in"? Was it not the turning point in the life of the prodigal son when he said, "I will arise and go to my father"? Were not his father's arms open and ready to receive him? Did you ever hear of a poor sinner coming to Christ that he did not receive him with joy and gladness? Do not think the way is hard. God has made it so easy that a wayfaring man, though a fool, cannot err therein.

God told Joshua, in the Promised Land, to make six cities of refuge—three on each side of Jordan—and set them on hills where they could be seen. The gates were to be kept open day and night. The chief men and magistrates were to keep the way clear; every stumbling-block was to be taken up out of the way; the bridges were to be kept in repair. He was to put up sign posts, upon which were to be written in letters of red, "Cities of Refuge;" and a hand was to be painted upon them, which was to point to these cities of refuge, so that any one who could not read could see the hand and escape for his life. The law was that if one man killed another accidentally, the next relative of the man killed should avenge his kinsman; and the only hope for that man was to get into one of these cities of refuge. They were placed on each side of Jordan, so that there should be no obstacle in the way to prevent a fugitive from reaching them. Suppose I am in the woods, and my axe slips out of my hand and kills the man working with me. I know his brother will be on my track, if he finds me out; so I start and run as fast as I can for the city of refuge. I soon hear the footsteps of that brother coming after me. I leap over the bridges. I do not stop to loiter by the way. If any man comes along and asks me a question, I do not stop to talk. There is no time to discuss which is the best denomination. I want to save my life. The avenger is behind me; he has a double-edged sword bearing down upon me. I say, If I can only get through that gate I will save my life. Away I go. A watchman standing on the walls of the city sees me coming. The news spreads through the city, "There is a poor fugitive coming." The inhabitants stand on the walls; they see the avenger; he is bearing down upon me. They cry: "Run, run for your life, run." At last I go leaping through the gates of that city. One moment outside, the next moment in. He may come now with his double-edged sword; but he cannot touch me. One moment he was ready to hew me down; the next I was safe. I am saved. It is not my feelings that save me. I am inside the walls!

Did you ever stop to think that death is on your track? Did you ever stop to think how near he may be to you? Many a man who has been within these walls since we have been here has already gone; and in an audience of ten thousand, it is not out of the way to think that some one of us will be gone a week hence. A young man from one of the hotels here came to hear my lecture on the prophet Daniel. On Wednesday night he was talking about the lecture; on Thursday morning he was found dead in his bed. We shall see him no more. I hope he was in the City of Refuge. If he was, he was safe for time and for eternity. Death is on your track and mine. If we are in the City of Refuge we are safe. God has provided a City of Refuge for every one; that is, Christ himself. You may find shelter in that cleft rock, and be safe for time and eternity. Oh, may

God open your eyes and show you the importance of escaping for your life! You are not to think, because you feel this or feel that you will be saved. You must obey God. You shall not perish if you obey God, and do what he tells you to do.

Here is another illustration. A few years ago we had slavery in this country, and the black men were all the time looking towards the north star. They were trying to get their liberty, especially those in the Border States. If they crossed the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, they were not saved; for we had a fugitive slave law, under which their masters could take them again into slavery. They looked farther on. They knew there was a flag no slave could live under; that when they were under that flag they were free. They kept traveling toward Canada. They knew if they could get under the Union Jack that flag would protect them. No power under Heaven could take them back. As long as we are on the devil's territory he has a claim upon us, and he will take us captive; he will make us do as he wants us to do. Look at this poor slave; he has come up from Missouri. He has crossed the Mississippi river, and he must get through Michigan. He gets into the state, and there is a rumor that his old master is after him; so he goes with all his speed towards Canada. He says, "If I can only get over the line I will be a free man." The man is escaping, running for his freedom. The master and his men are on fleet horses, pursuing after him. Away they go over the hedges and down through the valleys. Away he goes, panting, running as fast as he can go. At last he sees the Union Jack, and he says, "There is my home, if I can only cross the line." See him running. He gets within a rod of the line; but he is a slave yet. His master can take him into bondage again. Now if he can make those fifteen feet he will be a free man. At last he gets over the line; and he is free now, forever. That is instant salvation. What you want is to cross the line to-night. Just come under the flag of heaven, and you are free—no more slavery. You cannot be under the flag of heaven and serve the devil at the same time.

Young man, make up your mind that by the grace of God you will cross that line to-night. Are you not willing to be saved now? The moment you make up your mind you will seek the Kingdom of God with all your heart, you will find it.

I was walking down the streets of York one day when I was preaching in England, and I saw a red-coat; and, wishing to hear from him how the soldiers were enlisted in that country, I said to him: "You see, I am a foreigner, and I want to ask you how it is you enlist." I was after an illustration. "Well," he said, "I will tell you. I went to the recruiting office and said, 'I want to enlist in her Majesty's service; I want to become a soldier.' The officer put a shilling in my hand. The moment I had that I was a soldier." People say, "How is it you are a sinner to-night, and before you go

to sleep you are saved?" It is because you have received the English shilling. That man was his own master, but he said, "I want to enlist in Queen Victoria's service;" and the moment he received that shilling he was no longer his own. By receiving it he became a soldier. I could not have a better illustration than that. Have you got tired of the service of sin and the devil? Do you want to change masters? Do you want to enlist in my Master's cause? If you do, receive him and enlist in his cause, and you are his for time and eternity. Is there any one here now who will receive him? Will you say, in the depth of your heart, "By the grace of God we will receive him." Is there one here who will receive him? Is there one solitary one here in this vast assembly who will take him? [A voice, "Yes, I will."] Is there another? Thank God for that! [Another, "I will."] I remember asking that question in Manchester, and a man burst into tears and said, "I want to." I said, "You must make up your mind you will." In a few minutes he cried out, "I will." I said "Is there another?" A little voice came down from the third gallery. It sounded like the voice of an angel, and in her childish manner she said, "I will." Is there not some little child here to-night who will receive Jesus? He wants you. Don't you want to take him? Will you receive him to-night? Will you be followers of the Lamb to-night? Will you take the gift to-night? If it is a gift, it is instantaneous. [A lady rose and said, "I will."] I do not see why you should not receive him here to-night.

I do not know any better illustration of receiving Christ than matrimony. Jeremiah, in speaking of backsliders, says: "Turn, O backsliding children, saith the Lord, for I am married unto you." Christ represents himself as the bridegroom and the Church as the bride. The apostle Paul writes, "What the husband is to the wife Christ is to the Church." In Revelation we read: "Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb." We cannot have a better illustration. Here is a lady to whom a man has offered himself in marriage; she must receive or reject the offer. I want to get a bride for my Master. I want to see if some one here will be a spouse. "He came unto his own, and his own received him not. But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God." To them that received him. Cannot you receive him to-night? Is there not some one here who wants to become a spouse to Christ to-night? he wants *you*. Is it not a wonderful thing that the Prince of Glory should come from heaven and offer himself to poor sinners like us? Will not you have him in your heart? Young man, will not you have him? Oh, I would to God every soul in this building out of Christ would receive him now! "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." You have not to wait another moment. "Ah," says one, "I imagine I have to work for him." Your works will go for nought. "Jesus

answered and said unto them, This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent." Another verse says: "But to him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness."

When the *Ville de Havre* was sinking they took out all the passengers, and then tried to save the vessel, but it was doomed to go down. At last they gave up the work as hopeless. Another boat came along-side, and the officers and crew were urged to leave the sinking ship, and get into this vessel. They did, and were all brought ashore. This world is a wrecked vessel; every moment it is sinking. Up comes a life-boat. The captain shouts, "Moody, jump into the life-boat." I jump. One moment I am here; the next moment I am in the life-boat. It is the life-boat that saves me.

Christ is the life-boat; he comes to every perishing soul. He says: "Trust me; I will carry you in my arms to the kingdom of God." Cannot you trust him to-night, sinner? That is the question. Pause a moment, and think what you will do. Will you be saved to-night; or will you spurn this offer of mercy? I like to have people stop and think. The question is: What are you going to do? Will you be saved? Young lady, what are you going to do to-night with Christ? Young man, what will you do with him? He is the life-boat for you and me. Shall this blessed Week of Prayer close, and leave you out of the ark? What a week it has been. Perhaps more prayer has been offered in America this week, than in any other week in the history of the country. Many hearts have gone up in prayer for your salvation. Are you going to let this meeting close, and leave you without hope? What are you going to do? I do not know what more I can say; I do not know as I can make it any plainer. Perhaps I had better stop here. Will you not have him to-night? Will you not trust him to-night for salvation? Just think.

While the voice of man is hushed, pause and see if you will not hear the voice of God speaking to you; if you will not hear the still, small voice of Jesus calling you to himself. Hark! What does he say: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your soul." Don't you want rest? you will find it in Christ. "My yoke is easy and my burden is light." Hear the blessed words of Jesus to-night, and may they sink down deep into your soul. May they prevent you going out of this hall to-night unsaved. Do not you realize that God is in this meeting to-night? Do not you feel that you are in the atmosphere of prayer?

Jesus is in our assembly to-night; and now while he is here, while he is calling you to himself, will you not come to the ark? "Behold

I stand at the door and knock." Does a heart throb? That is Christ knocking. "I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." Will you let him in to-night, dear friends? Will you unlock the door of your heart? Pull back those rusty bolts and say, "Welcome, thrice welcome into this heart." May God help you this night to be wise for eternity, and receive Jesus Christ as your Savior. Bow your heads in silent prayer, and ask the Lord what he will have you to do.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

"I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee." LUKE 15: 18.

We have for our subject to-night "The Prodigal Son." Perhaps there is not any portion of Scripture that this audience is so familiar with as this fifteenth chapter of Luke. These boys down here in the audience can tell the story as well as I can. All the Sabbath-school children know this chapter as well as I do. In the second verse we are told why Christ described this beautiful picture. The Pharisees and scribes were murmuring, and they said, "This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them." They told the truth for once. An angel from heaven could not have told the truth plainer than they did when they said, "This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them." That is what he came into the world for. And while they were complaining, he went on and gave us three parables: the parable of the lost sheep; the lost piece of money; and the lost son.

This young man, the prodigal son, started wrong—that was the trouble with him. He was like hundreds and thousands of young men in our cities to-day, who have got a false idea of life: and when a man has a false idea of life, it is very hard for his father or mother or any of his friends to do anything with him. I do not know where his mother was. Perhaps he had sent her to the grave with a broken heart. The Lord did not speak of his mother; if she had been living, he would have referred to her. The father is to be censured; we cannot help but blame the father. When the son said, "Father, divide, and give me my portion," the father should have said: "You show a bad spirit. I will let you go without your portion." A great

many fathers make that mistake now. I do not think the father could have done a greater unkindness to the boy than to give him his goods and money, and let him go. It showed a contemptible spirit in the boy when he came to his father and said, "Divide: give me my portion and let me go." He wanted to go away from his father's prayers and influence, and get into a foreign land, where he could go on as he pleased, where he could run riot and plunge into all kinds of sin, and where there was no restraint. And that indulgent father gratified his wish, and divided his goods with him. And not many days after he went around to his old companions and bade them all good-bye, and went off to a foreign country, perhaps to Egypt. While he was there his family must have heard from him, because the eldest brother said: "This brother hath spent all with harlots, and thou hast killed for him the fatted calf."

Undoubtedly, the first time they heard from him they heard bad news. I can see him going away very proud: you might as well talk to an iron post as to talk to him now. He is full of conceit and false ideas. He is going to get on without his father or any help from his friends; he will have no trouble, in his own mind. But the very first thing we hear of him is, he is in bad company. I never knew a young man who treated his father unkindly but would go right off into bad company. He got into that far country, and now we hear of him going on in all kinds of vice. Undoubtedly, if they had theatres in those days, and I do not doubt but they had, he would be in the theatre every night in the week. We would find him in the billiard hall and the drinking saloon. We do find him in the ways of those whose feet take hold on hell. He was a popular young man; he had plenty of money, and his money was popular. He was a grand companion for the young men in that far country; they liked his society. I do not know how long he had been there; but I do not suppose it was more than five years, and perhaps not more than three years. It does not take long for a young man to go to ruin when he gets in among thieves and harlots: that is about the quickest way down to hell. At last his money is gone, and now his friends begin to drop off, one after another. He is not quite so popular as he was when he had plenty of money. He is getting a little shabby; his clothes are not so good as they were. He had a good wardrobe; but now he goes to the pawn-shop, and he pawns his overcoat. I have seen a good many such young men in Philadelphia. I think his overcoat is gone for strong drink; and one thing after another soon goes. He might have had some gift which his mother gave him when she was dying, and at last that goes; and yet he does not come to himself.

The very first thing he did do that I like to commend was, that he joined himself to a citizen of that country to find some work to do. That is the noblest thing he did. There is some hope for a man when

he is willing to go to work. I have more hope for the gambler, the harlot, the drunkard, and for any class of people, than I have for a lazy man. I never knew a lazy man to be converted yet. The prodigal started to get some work to do, even if it was to feed swine. That is the lowest occupation a Jew could be engaged in. He joined himself to a citizen of that country and fed swine; and he would have eaten the husks if he could have got them. No man gave him even husks. This wealthy man's son, who was brought up amid good influences and surroundings, is now living in that foreign country like a man who had never seen a decent home.

Now, just for a moment think what that man lost in all these years. He lost his *home;* he had no home. His friends, when he had money, might have invited him around to their homes; but it is no home for him. There was no loving home. There is not a prodigal upon the face of the earth but has lost his home. You may live in a gilded palace; but if God is not there, it is no home. If your conscience is lashing you, it is no home. He lost his *food;* his father's table did not go to that country. He would have fed on the husks that the swine did eat; but no one gave unto him. This world cannot satisfy the soul. Then he lost his *testimony.* I can imagine some of the young men of that country saw him among the swine, feeding them and taking the place of a shepherd's dog among them; and they said: "Look at that poor wretched young man, with no shoes on his feet, and with such shabby garments." They looked at him and called him a beggar, and pointed the finger of scorn at him. He said: "You need not call me a beggar; my father is a wealthy man." They said, "Your father a wealthy man?" "Yes." "You look like a wealthy man's son." There was not a man believed him, when he said he was a wealthy man's son. His testimony was gone; no one would believe him. So when a man goes in the service of the devil, he sinks lower and lower; and it is not long before every one loses confidence in him. One sin leads on to another. His testimony is gone. But there is one thing he did not lose, and if there is a poor backslider here to-night, there is one thing you have not lost. That young man never lost his father's love. I can imagine one of his father's neighbors has met him in that place, and says to him: "My boy, I have just come from your home; your father wants you to go home." I can imagine the young man said: "Did my father speak of me? I thought he had forgotten me." "Why," says the man, "he don't think of anything else; he thinks of you day and night. Do you think he has forgotten you? No, never. He cannot forget you; he loves you too well for that." He didn't yet come to himself; there he is.

But one day, I can see him, he gets a-thinking. It is a good thing to stop and think. I wish we could get some of the men in Philadelphia to think where they are, and what is going to be the end of

it. He begins to think that over those blue hills there is a home; and there is a father in that home, who loves him still. As the Scripture puts it, "He came to himself." It is a grand thing to see a man coming to himself. When he began to come to himself, then it was there was hope for him. It teaches us clearly that all these years he had been out of his mind. Very likely he thought Christians were out of their minds. There is not a drunkard, harlot, thief, or gambler, but thinks Christians are mad; and they call us fanatics. But Solomon says: "Madness is in their heart while they live, and after that they go to the dead."

The prodigal, perhaps, sends word: "I have spent all my money. I wish you would send me some money." The father says: "I will not give him any more money; for, if I do, he will go on with his riotous living." Some men think God does not love them, because he does not answer their prayers while they are living in sin. The father loved the boy too well to send him any money. There was a mother came to me, not long ago, with a prodigal boy; and she wanted me to talk and pray with him. I said: "You have come to the wrong person; why don't you take him to Christ?" She said she had. I found this boy was the son of a wealthy father; and he had been brought up to do nothing, and he had had all the money he wanted. I said: "This boy has the false idea that all he has got to do is, to write to his father for money." I said: "You make a great mistake. Do you think the prodigal son would have come home if his father had given him all the money he wanted? He never would have come home if he had not got to the end of his rope."

When he came to himself, he said: "I will perish here. I will arise and go to my father." And that was the turning point in that young man's life. There is always hope for a man when he begins to think. I wish you would bear in mind that, if you are willing to own your sin, and own that you have wandered from God, God is willing to receive you. The very moment you are willing to come, that moment God is willing and ready to receive you. He delights in forgiveness. I do not care how vile you have been, if you are willing to come back, God is willing and ready to receive you. The turning point was when he came to himself, and said: "How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger. I will arise and go to my father, and say unto him, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee.'" I can imagine the angels hovering over him as he said this; and an angel wings his way to heaven and says, "Ring the bells of heaven!" "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." He rises like a man; his mind is made up. He has his heart set upon one thing, "I am going home." It did not take long, after he had made up his mind, to go; he had not many friends to go and bid good-bye. They had got all he had in that country, and now there was no one

there to love and pity him; there was no one there to care for him. But he knew there was one solitary man that would love him, if any one would on earth; and that man was his father. There is a God in heaven who will love you and pity you, and have mercy on you, if you will come to him. There may be a hiss go up. The Pharisees may look down with contempt upon you; they may pass you on the street and not speak to you; but there is a God who takes care of you, and who is willing to blot out your sin, if you are willing to come to him. The blessed Master brought out this parable to teach the lesson of the Father's love.

There was a young man went off to California, and he left a kind, praying father. He went to the Pacific coast; and the first letter to his father brought the tidings that he was in bad company. The next letter told he had gone on from bad to worse; and every time he heard from that dear boy he heard how he was going on in sin. At last one of the neighbors was going out to California, and the father said to him: "When you get there hunt up my boy, and tell him one thing—that his father loves him still. Tell him my love is unchanged. Tell him I never loved him more than I do at the present time; and if he will come home, I will forgive him all." The man, when he got to California, had hard work to find the boy; but one night, past midnight, he found him in one of the lowest dens in California. He got him out, and he said to him: "I have news from home for you. I have come from New England, and just before I left I met your father; and he told me, if I found you, to tell you that he loved you as much as ever, and he wants you to come home." The young prodigal said: "Did my father tell you to tell me he loved me still? I do not understand that." "But," says the man, "it is true." That broke the man's heart, and he started back to his father. I bring the message to you that God loves you still. I say to every sinner in Philadelphia, I do not care how vile you are in the sight of your fellowmen, I want to tell you upon the authority of God's word, that the Lord Jesus loves you, and loves you still.

I see this prodigal son: he starts for home, and he has a hard journey of it; he is almost starved. There has been a famine in that land; perhaps the famine struck that land to bring that man back to his father's house. Many a trouble comes upon us to bring us to God. He is coming along over the highway, and night comes on; he sleeps. Day after day he travels on. He has no fears of thieves troubling him, for he had squandered all in that foreign land. As he crosses the line that brings him into his native country, his heart must have beat quicker and quicker. This thought might have come to him: "Perhaps my father is dead, and then no one will love me. It may be my father will not receive and forgive me." He might have thought that, as his father had refused to give him money,

he would not receive him. Still he comes on. I see him coming in sight of that old homestead. Perhaps some of you understand his feelings. Perhaps some of you have been away for years, and then, when you came back to the old homestead, the tears would come trickling down your cheeks as you remembered the first morning when you left home. When a young man leaves home, the thought will come across him that he may never return. This boy has been away for years. He is coming home; he sees the playground. He is sick of that foreign country; he is sick of that devil's own country; it has not satisfied him. I never saw a man who lived for the world satisfied yet. He has this thought: "I wonder if my father will let me come in. I will ask him to let me get in among the servants."

I can see the old man; he is up there on the flag-roof of the house. It is in the cool of the day; the sun is sinking down behind those Palestine hills. He is looking in the direction his boy went away years ago. How his heart has ached for him; how he has loved him. I can see the old man as he looks, and as he sees that boy coming back. He cannot recognize him by his dress; but love is keen to detect its object, and he can see it is his darling boy. He comes down those stairs, and he sweeps out past the servants, as if the spirit of youth had come back upon him. You can see his gray hairs, as he flies through the air and leaps over the highway. He runs and leaps for joy. The boy begins to speak, but the father will not hear him. He takes the boy's hand and says: "Bring out the best robe and put it on him. Put a ring on his hand. Bring out shoes and put on his feet, and kill the fatted calf; and let us eat and be merry." I see the old man weeping tears of joy. In that home there is gladness. The boy is eating that sumptuous meal; he has not had as good a meal for many a year. It seems almost too good to be true. Picture the scene. While he is there he begins to weep; and the old man, who is weeping for joy, looks over to him and says, "What are you weeping for." The boy says: "Well, father, I was thinking it would be an awful thing if I should leave you again, and go into a foreign country." But if you sit down at God's feast, you will not want to go back into the devil's country again.

Oh, my friends, to-night come home. God wants you; his heart is aching for you. I do not care what your past life has been. This night, upon the authority of God's Word, I proclaim salvation to every sinner. "This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them." Every sinner has a false idea of God; he thinks God is not ready and willing to forgive him. He says it is not justice. But God wants to deal in mercy. If the old man had dealt in justice, he would have barred the door and said to his son, "You cannot come in my my house." That is not what fathers are doing. Their doors are not barred against their own children. Their doors are wide open,

and they bid you come home. There is no father in Philadelphia who has as much love in his heart as God has for you. You may be black as hell; yet God stands ready and willing to receive you to his bosom, and to forgive you freely.

Two weeks ago last Sunday, there was a poor, fallen woman came to this meeting; and I would to God we had more come in. I would like to see every fallen woman come to Jesus. I would like to preach to those twenty thousand fallen women there are in this city; I would like to tell them how Jesus would forgive them. The sermon did not touch this woman until I got to that part where I said, There was no sinner so vile but Jesus would receive that one; and it went like an arrow to her soul. She came to the inquiry-room, and made up her mind never to go back. In the course of forty-eight hours, she found her way to the feet of Jesus, and her heart went out with others. She thought of another; and thanks be to God, she is here to-night. There were two Christian ladies left this city this morning to see the mother; and when they came to her house, she was not going to let them in. She was sick, and did not want to receive any callers; but the thought came to her that perhaps they were bringing good news from her husband. When these two angels of light came in, they said they came to talk about her daughter Mary. The woman said: "My daughter; have you brought news of my child? Where is she? Oh, how my heart has ached for fifteen long years. Why did you not bring her with you?" They said, "We did not know as you would receive her." She said: "Oh, how my heart has been aching. Won't you bring her back to-morrow morning?" If the mother will receive that child, do you tell me God will not receive her? There is not a poor sinner here to-night God will not receive.

William Dawson, the celebrated Yorkshire farmer, once said that there was no man so far gone in London that Christ would not receive him. A young lady called on him and said: "I heard you say, there was no man so far gone in London that Christ would not receive him. Did you mean it?" "Yes," he said. "Well," she says, "I found a man who said he was so bad that the Lord would not have anything to do with him. Will you go and see him?" He said, "I will be glad to go." She took him to a brick building, in a narrow street: and he was in the fifth story. She said, "You had better go in alone." He went in and found a young man lying in the garret, on an old straw bed. He found he was very sick; and he whispered in his ear some kind words, and wanted to call his friends. The dying man said, "You are mistaken in the person." "Why so?" said Mr. Dawson. "I have no friends on earth," said the dying man. It is hard indeed, for a man to serve the devil, and come down to no friends. "Well," said he, "you have a friend in Christ;" and he told him how Jesus loved and pitied him, and would

save him. He read different portions of Scripture, and prayed with the man. After praying with him a long time, the light of the gospel began to break into his dark soul, and his heart went out towards those whom he had injured. He said, "If my father would only forgive me I could die happy." "Who is your father?" He told him, and Mr. Dawson said, "I will go and see him." "No," the sick man said; "he has cast me off." But William Dawson knew he would receive him, so he got his father's address and said, "I will go." He came to the west end of London, and rang the bell of the house where the father lived. A servant in livery came to the door, and Mr. Dawson asked if his master was in. The servant showed him in, and told him to wait a few minutes; presently the merchant came in. Mr. Dawson said to him, "You have a son by the name of Joseph." The merchant said: "No, sir; if you come to talk to me about that worthless vagabond, you shall leave the house; I have disinherited him." Mr. Dawson said: "He will not be your boy by night; but he will be as long as he lives." The man said, "Is my boy sick?" "Yes, he is dying. I do not ask you to help bury him, I will attend to that, but he wants you to forgive him, and then he will die in peace." The tears trickled down the father's cheeks. Said he: "Does Joseph want me to forgive him? I would have forgiven him long ago if I had known that." In a few minutes he was in a carriage, and they went to the house where the boy was; and as they ascended the filthy stairs, he said: "Did you find my boy here? I would have taken him to my heart if I had known this." The boy cried, when his father came in: "Can you forgive me all my past sins?" The father came over to the boy and bent over him, and kissed him, and said: "I would have forgiven you long ago." And he said, "Let my servant put you in my carriage." The dying man said: "I am too sick; I can die happy now. I think God, for Christ's sake, has forgiven me." The prodigal told the father of the Savior's love; and then, his head lying upon his father's bosom, he breathed his last, and rose to heaven.

If thy father or mother forsake you, the Lord Jesus Christ will not. Oh, may you press into the kingdom of heaven to-night, and while Mr. Sankey sings, "Oh, prodigal son, come home," I hope every one will come home. Oh, may hundreds come home while this is sung. Let us bow our heads while he sings it.

CHRIST THE DELIVERER.

"Shall the prey be taken from the mighty, or the lawful captive delivered? But thus saith the Lord: Even the captives of the mighty shall be taken away, and the prey of the terrible shall be delivered: for I will contend with him that contendeth with thee, and I will save thy children."—ISAIAH 49: 24, 25.

You find in these verses what Christ came to do. He did not come to preach elegant sermons: He came to the world to proclaim liberty to the captive. Every soul in this building is either under the power of the prince of this world and doing his bidding, or he is brought out of this old kingdom and is brought into the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ.

There are only two classes in this world. You must be either for the Lord or against him. There may be some persons here who are not Christians, who are saying to themselves, "I am not under the power of Satan. I will do as I please. Satan has no power over me; I do as I please." If there is an unconverted person here who has that idea, I can tell him it is a false one. You cannot hold a more false impression than that. I can prove to you that it is false. Have you not some sins that trouble you? and have you not said, "I will try and break off that sin?" and have you not tried and tried, and failed every time? And could not you, if you were honest to-night, write "failure" over every attempt you have made to reform yourself? Satan binds us—every one of us. If we have not been liberated by Christ, we are still under his power. Every one of us has some besetting sin; and Satan knows our weak point and holds us: and we have not the power to liberate ourselves. We cannot give ourselves liberty. A great many do not want to become Christians, because they do not want to give up their liberty, but the greatest slaves in the world are the slaves of the devil. They are under his power; they cannot do as they please; they have not the power to do as they please. When we had slavery in this country, if a slave had a wife that was a slave, all their children were born into slavery. Every one of us is born into slavery to Satan, by nature. In sin did my mother conceive me. We cannot talk about liberty until we know Christ. We see the old nature in children, even when but one year old. We see the child's will rises against its mother's will; there it is, under the very power of the evil one. How many young men in this assembly have tried to break off some of their habits that are taking them down to ruin, and sinking them lower and lower? They have tried to get the victory over them; but they

have failed. How many have been in the inquiry-room during these past weeks, and told us how they have tried to break off old habits and failed every time? They have said: "It is an awful hard thing to be a Christian. I have tried to serve God and failed." It is utterly impossible for you to serve God until you get liberty in Christ—until you get power over Satan. I do not know what your besetting sin is; but every man and woman in this assembly, out of Christ, has some besetting sin, and Satan holds you with that sin. He holds some by the power of strong drink; others by their tempers; and others by profanity. Satan does not care which way he takes you to hell, if he only gets you there at last. He has all men in his power who have not been liberated by Jesus Christ. Christ says, He came to proclaim liberty. That is his proclamation; and there is not a slave of the devil to-night but what may be set free. No one but Christ has the power to set the sinner free. That is why the Gospel is good news: it is good news because it proclaims liberty to the captive.

In the days of Wilberforce, there was an effort made to get a bill through the British parliament to give liberty to the slaves held by their masters in those West India islands belonging to Great Britain. Those poor fugitives were anxious to hear the decision of parliament upon that question. They could not telegraph over the water, as we can now; but they were watching for a vessel to come in. At last a vessel came in to one of those islands. The captain could not wait until he got on shore to proclaim the news of freedom; but he shouted at the top of his voice, as loud as he could cry: "*Free! free! free!*" The people took up the cry, and it rung all through the island: "*Free! free! free!*" They were no longer slaves—that was the proclamation. Jesus Christ comes from the throne of God, and he proclaims liberty to every slave of the devil. If there is one here in this assembly whom the devil holds in slavery, he can be free if he will only come to Christ.

When I was returning from Europe in 1872, I met Governor Curtin on board the steamer coming back from Russia. I was much interested in the account he gave of the Emperor having liberated forty million serfs. We thought President Lincoln had done a great thing when he liberated our slaves; but it was far surpassed by the action of the Emperor of Russia. He called his imperial council together, to endeavor to devise some way by which liberty could be given to these serfs. They assembled, and consulted together for six long months; and at last, one night, they sent in word to the Emperor that it would not be expedient to liberate them—that it was not best to liberate them. That night the Emperor went to the Greek church and partook of the sacrament. The next morning he ordered his guards up with their guns; they guarded the palace, and planted their cannon for a protection. At midday a ukase was sent

forth by the Emperor, proclaiming liberty to forty million serfs. They were made free. That is the proclamation I bring you to-night, and what you want to-night is just to believe the proclamation. It is not bad news; it is good news.

During our war, a number of our men were taken prisoners by the Southern army. These prisoners were very anxious to be released; they waited anxiously to hear the news that prisoners were to be exchanged. At one prison nine hundred men were confined. Word was brought to them one day that every man with the rank of captain was to be taken to the commanding officer's office. The prisoners thought that these captains were to be sent home. Then every colonel wished he was a captain. He would like to come down in the ranks; and every lieutenant wished he was higher up. They were all congratulating these captains, for they thought they were going back to their wives and mothers, and they had been suffering in that prison for a long time. They were taken to the commanding officer's office; they were all silent; all of them expected to be paroled out. The commanding officer said: "I have painful news to tell. I am ordered to select two of you for immediate execution." The feeling that came over that company was something awful. The officers proceeded to put the names of these captains into a hat; one of them then put his hand into the hat, and brought out the names of two men. He read the names he had drawn—they were Sayer and Flin. The hair of one of these men turned gray during the next night. Our government heard what was going on, and they sent this word to Richmond: "You take the lives of those men, and we will take the life of the nephew of General Lee." All at once news came to these two captains, "You are going to be saved." Do you think that was not good news to them? Now, you know you are under the sentence of death. We are all condemned to die? the sentence is already out against us. And now comes liberty for every poor captive that wants it. If you want liberty, this night you can have it.

I will give you another illustration. We will look into Libby prison and see those one thousand men there, some of them dying for want of care. The news comes to them: "General Lee has been defeated, and has been driven in from his outer works." What news it must have been to those poor men. By and by they receive other news; they hear that Richmond has been taken. How jubilant they are! By and by they can hear our Union soldiers coming down the streets of Richmond; they can hear the band playing the tune of "The Star Spangled Banner." Soon they throw open the prison doors, and the captives are free. I came to-night to proclaim liberty to the captive. If Satan has you bound to-night by some terrible sin, the Son of God will set you free. He has the keys of heaven and hell. He will deliver you this night, if you will let him.

A parable was told by Mr. Spurgeon of a tyrant who ordered one of his subjects, a blacksmith, into his presence, and said to him: "Make a chain of a certain length, and bring it to me on a certain day." The blacksmith returned on a certain day, with the chain of a certain length. The tyrant said: "Make it twice as long and bring it to me." The blacksmith made it, and brought it to him. The tyrant said again: "Make it twice the length, and bring it to me." The third time the man made the chain twice its former length, and brought it back. The tyrant then said to his officers: "Take that chain, and bind that man hand and foot." That is what the devil is going to do with you. He is making you forge your own chain. What you want to-night is to become free. I do not care how dark the sin may be, you can be free.

There is no class of sinners in Philadelphia but is represented in this Bible. One man says: "I am a thief; and if I am converted, I will have to make restitution." It is the best thing you can do. Some may say: "I have not the power to make restitution; I have squandered the money." Then go and confess it, and the man whom you have wronged will have compassion on you. You may say, "I am afraid he will put me in prison." I never knew a man but had mercy on the man that confessed to him that he had wronged him, and asked his forgiveness. A minister told me of a man whose conscience was aroused under the sermon, and he said to the minister: "I am a clerk in such a store, and I have stolen five hundred dollars. I want to become a Christian; but that is standing in my way, and staring me in the face. I have had no peace of mind for a long time. I have not got the money, and I cannot make restitution." Says the minister: "Why don't you go to your employer and tell him?" The young man said, "He will put me in prison." The minister said: "I would make a clean breast of it. Go to him and tell him all about it. It is better for you to do right than to do wrong. You have done wrong; don't conceal it and you will get liberty." The minister could not get the young man to consent to go. At last he said: "I will go and talk with your employer, if you will allow me." The young man gave him permission. He went to the counting-room of the young man's employer, and told him all about it, and said: "I have faith to believe that man is reformed, and if you will forgive him you will find him a good clerk." The merchant said, "I will not speak to him about it." He did not discharge him; he kept him in his old place, and he turned out to be the best man in the place. Many a man thinks he cannot get free because he is bound in that way. The Lord Jesus Christ will give you victory. If you will confess your sin, he will give you victory. That is what he came to do: "to proclaim liberty to the captive." As long as a man is living in sin, there is no liberty; but the moment you come to

Jesus Christ and confess to him, he will sweep your sins out of the way, and the clear light of Calvary will burst across your path.

How many men are so guilty that they cannot look in your eye; and yet these men talk about liberty, and do not want to become Christians because they do not want to give up liberty. You never will know what true liberty is until you come to Christ. If you confess your sins, Christ will give you pure liberty; and peace and joy will flow over your soul like a river. Look over the list of those who have been saved, as recorded in the Bible; and see how many have been saved when they came to the Lord and confessed their sins. When you confess your sins, the Lord is ready to forgive you. If there is a sin-sick soul here to-night, if you will be honest and go and confess your sin, he will take it away, and bring your soul out of that dark prison it is in. I would much rather have my body in prison than my soul. It is better to have the soul safe with God and have the body in prison, than to have the soul in prison and the body under the power of the devil. Look at poor Barabbas in prison in Jerusalem. He is counting the hours when he will be led out to execution. He has had his trial and been found guilty. The laws have condemned him to die the death of the cross; the day is set for his execution; the hour will soon come. I can imagine the night before the day appointed for his execution he did not sleep; I can imagine he did not eat anything; I see him trembling from head to foot, because he is going to meet God. Bear in mind that the time may be very short to some of us. A man who was here last night said to a friend, "I am coming to-morrow into the inquiry-room." He fell dead twenty minutes before three o'clock this afternoon. Christ has proclaimed liberty to every captive. Poor Barabbas; he knows his hour is coming; perhaps he is counting the minutes. He says, "So many minutes, and I will be gone." They had a man executed a few years ago in Chicago, and they put up the scaffold in the jail. It troubled him very much to hear them putting up the scaffold, because it brought the thought to him that he was to be led out and executed. Poor Barabbas might have heard the carpenters working on the cross, and he might have said, "In a few hours I am to be led out." The great iron door of the prison swung back and the executioner says to him, "Barabbas, you are free." Barabbas says, "What! Free!" "Yes, you can go to your wife and children." "What does it mean? I free! My God! What does it mean? I have not to die?" The executioner says, "The people have chosen Jesus of Nazareth to die." That is substitution. Barabbas was the man that ought to die; his hand was trickling with the blood of his fellow men. Jesus came to set the captive free. Every man that has committed sin is a lawful captive. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Here is Christ dying in the place of Barabbas; he has gone up on high; he loves and intercedes for you; he has power to proclaim lib-

erty to every poor bondman upon the earth. He went to the temple, one day, and there was a poor woman there who had been bound by Satan for eighteen years. There she was, doubled up. Satan had bound her physically, as well as binding her soul. Christ spoke a word and proclaimed her free. He has power. If your soul is so dwarfed on account of sin, and so vile and polluted, if you come to Jesus he will make you perfectly whole.

Am I talking to a man here to-night who has some besetting sin and wants to get rid of it? Is there a man here who has a bad temper? Christ came to deliver us from these bad tempers. That is what he will do if you ask him. I once knew a woman who had such a bad temper that she could not keep any servant girl. No servant girl would live in the house with her, and she was disgusted with herself. She tried to get rid of her temper, but she could not do it. She said there was no chance of her being a Christian, as she could not keep her temper. A Christian lady said to her: "Why not let Jesus keep that temper for you?" She said, "I have never thought of that." If you commit your temper to Jesus, he will keep it for you; that is what he came for. The Christian lady asked this lady to trust Christ to keep her temper. God used that as the arrow to her soul, and she went home with her heart leaping for joy. She said, "I will trust him to keep my temper." When she arrived home she found the servant girl doing something she had told her never to do; the servant was surprised to see her, and dropped something and spoiled it. The old temper came up, but she said nothing to the servant. She went into the parlor and said, "Jesus, keep my temper for me." She came out and spoke to the servant kindly, and the servant broke down through her kindness. Christ has kept her temper all through these years.

Another man says: "I am guilty of the terrible sin of blasphemy. I curse my wife and children. Many a time I have said: 'I will not take the name of the Lord in vain; I will stop swearing.'" He has said that a thousand times. Now, have you not learned the lesson that you cannot deliver yourself—that Satan has you bound? If you come to Christ, he will give you power to overcome that, and every other besetting sin.

Here is another man who says: "That is not my trouble. My sin is selfishness; I am so supremely selfish, it is self in all my plans. I will work only for myself; I will talk for myself; I will do everything from the standpoint of self." If you receive Jesus Christ, you will love him more than you will love yourself. He will be dearer to you than yourself. I pity the man who is living only for himself; he is but little higher than the ox. When a man lives for himself, there is nothing heavenly in him. We want to get outside of ourselves, and live for others. Christ will deliver us from that sin—for it is a sin.

Here is another man says: "I am bound by a sin; I wish I could get the victory over it. I am bound hand and foot; Satan has me bound." I need not mention what that sin is. Many of you know the sin you are bound by. If it is not one thing, it is another. Satan holds every man bound in his kingdom with some sin—some besetting sin. But let me tell you, all are the same with the Lord Jesus Christ. He has power to redeem to the uttermost; and there is no one so bound by any sin but Christ will give him the victory. The Lord sent him to proclaim liberty to the captive.

Look at him in the temple. A woman was taken in adultery, and was dragged into his presence. He said he did not come to condemn the world. The Law condemns: Grace does not condemn. The people were going to put a question to him, which they thought he could not answer. They said: "The Law says, stone this woman to death. What do you say, Jesus?" He stooped and wrote on the ground, as though he heard them not. They continued asking him. Then he says: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." Then he wrote again on the ground. Her accusers, being convicted by their own conscience, went out one by one, beginning at the eldest, even unto the last. Jesus then looked up, and he turned to the poor fallen woman that had been bound by Satan many years, and said: "Where are thy accusers? Is there none to condemn thee?" And she said: "No man, Lord." And Jesus said unto her: "Neither do I condemn thee: Go, and sin no more." He sent her out with her heart full of joy; he set that poor captive free. If there be one here to-night that is guilty of adultery, the Lord Jesus Christ will forgive that sin, and will give you power over it, if you come to him. That is what he came to do. All you have to do is to flee right to him; and the moment we come, he gives us victory. As long as you stay away from him, there is no victory for you. If you come to the Lord Jesus Christ, he will give you power over every sin.

While we were in the North of England, a man came to a minister at one of our meetings, and said: "I would like to come to Christ, but it seems as if my heart was chained, and I cannot come." The minister that was talking to him said: "Come to him, chains and all." The man said, "I will do that." Christ snapped the chains, and he got liberty that night. If you are chained, come with chains and all, and he will save you. We will now sing—

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,"

THE THIEF ON THE CROSS.

"And he said unto Jesus, Lord remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom."—LUKE 23: 42.

Every one who is not a Christian ought to be interested in this man, to know how he was converted. Any man who objects to sudden conversions should give attention to how this man was converted. If conversions are gradual, this poor thief could not have been converted. If a man who has lived a good, consistent life cannot be suddenly converted, then this thief didn't have any chance. If it takes six months, six weeks, or six days to convert a man, there was no chance for this thief. Turn to the 23d chapter of Luke, and you will see how the Lord dealt with this man, who was not only a thief, but the worst kind of a thief. It was only the worst classes who were condemned to die the death upon the cross. We find this man was condemned to that most ignominious death.

When a prominent man dies, we are anxious to get his last words and acts. We ask, What did he do? What were his last words and acts? The last act of the Son of God was to save a sinner. He commenced his ministry by saving sinners, and ended it by saving this poor thief. "Shall the prey be taken from the mighty, or the lawful captive delivered? But thus saith the Lord: Even the captives of the mighty shall be taken away, and the prey of the terrible shall be delivered." He took this captive from the jaws of death. He was on the borders of hell, and Christ snatched him from the grasp of Satan. We are told by Matthew and Mark that these thieves came to curse; they both reviled Christ. They were not only thieves but revilers; and they cast it into his teeth that he said, "I am the Son of God." Here, then, our Lord is condemned by them. There were none to pity them. Perhaps they might have had some mother in the crowd, but no one else had any pity for them. Justice cried out: "Let them be put to death; they are not worthy to live."

The question is: What was it converted one of these thieves? I do not know, but I have an idea that it was Christ's prayer. When Christ cried on the cross: "Forgive them, for they know not what they do!" I can imagine that did what the scourge did not do. They had gone through the trial, and their hearts had not been broken; they had been nailed to the cross, but their hearts had not been subdued; they raised no cry to God for mercy, but they reviled

the Son of God. But when they heard the cry: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" one of them says: "That man is not of the same spirit as we are. I would call out the thunderbolts of heaven to consume them." There they are crying, "Save thyself if thou be the Son of God;" yet while they are crying this, the Son of God is crying to his Father to have mercy on them. It flashed into his soul that this was the Son of God, and that moment he confessed his sin. He turned to the other thief and rebuked him, and says, "Dost thou not fear God?" The fear of God fell upon him. There is not much hope of a man's being saved until the fear of God comes upon him. Solomon says, "The fear of God is the beginning of wisdom." We read in Acts that great fear fell upon the people: that was the fear of the Lord. That was the first sign that conviction had entered the soul of the thief. "Dost thou not fear God?" That was the first sign we have of life in that condemned man.

The next thing, he justifies Christ: "He hath done nothing amiss." When men are talking against Christ, they are a great way from becoming Christians. Now he says, "He hath done nothing amiss." There was the world mocking him; but right there, in the midst of thieves, you can hear that thief crying out, "This man hath done nothing amiss." "But," he says, "we are suffering justly." Now he took his place among the sinners, instead of trying to justify himself. He says: "We suffer justly; we have done wrong, and our condemnation is just." There is no hope for a sinner until he admits that his condemnation is just. The great trouble is, people are trying to make out they are not sinners; and therefore there is no chance of reaching them. But this thief said, "Our sentence is just;" and he took his place among sinners. There is no hope for a sinner until he sees the condemnation is a just condemnation; because he has sinned, and come short of the glory of God. This thief confessed his sin, and then justified Christ, saying, "This man hath done nothing amiss."

The next thing is, he had faith. Talk about faith, I think this is the most extraordinary case of faith in the Bible. We talk about Abraham as the father of the faithful; Abraham's faith cannot compare with this man's faith. God had Abraham twenty-five years talking up his faith. Moses say the burning bush, and God talked with him; he had reason to believe. But this man we have no reason to believe ever knew anything about Christ. His disciples had heard his wonderful sermons and parables, and seen him perform his mighty works; and yet they had forsaken him. One of his chief men, Peter, had denied him with a curse; perhaps the thief heard this. Judas had betrayed him. He saw no glittering crown upon his brow; he could see where they had put the crown of thorns, and the scars they made; he could see no sign of his kingdom. If he had a kingdom,

where were his subjects? They were wagging their heads; they were crying: "Save thyself, if thou be King of the Jews." Yet that thief called him Lord. I consider that man had more faith than any other person mentioned in Scripture. When I was a boy I was a poor speller, but one day there came a word to the boy at the head of the class which he couldn't spell, and the word went down to the foot; none of the class could spell it. I spelled it, as we used to say then, by good luck; and I went from the foot of the class to the head. So the thief on the cross passed by Abraham, Moses and Elijah, and went to the head of the class. How refreshing it must have been to Christ to have one more own him as Lord, and believe he had a kingdom, and that he was a King. Oh, thank God for this man's testimony." He said unto Jesus, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." If you are going to get into the kingdom of God, or if you are going to come to Christ, you must have faith in him.

The first thing this thief did, he feared God. Then he did not justify himself but justified Christ. "We, indeed, suffer justly, but this man hath done nothing amiss." Then his faith went out toward him; faith flashed into his soul. The moment he had faith in him he cried out: "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom."

Because I said something here the other night about the Jews, I don't know how many abusive letters I have received. I have a thousand times more respect for the Jew, who will not believe in the Son of God, than I have for those who believe in him and will not trust him. This thief, the moment he did believe Christ was the Son of God, right there he owned him: "Lord, remember me." How many men in Philadelphia know he is the Son of God, but have not the moral courage to come out and call him Lord. This thief—ah, how noble! right there alone, no one standing by him—not even the thief on the other side. There was the chief priest, Caiaphas, and the chief men of his nation against him; and there was no one cared to speak out on that memorable hour, only that poor thief! I can imagine he had a praying mother, and that when he was a little boy his mother taught him the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, and he learned that verse: "Seek ye the Lord while may be found; call ye upon him while he is near." When he found this was the Lord, he called upon him at once. A man said to me once: "I cannot make a prayer; I read prayers." What could this poor thief have done if he could not have made a prayer? He had no book; and if anyone had given him a book, he could not have read it. He prayed out of the heart. His prayer was short, but it brought the blessing; it came to the point: "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." He asked the Lord to give him, right there and then, what he wanted.

You see, in the conversion of this thief, that salvation is distinct and separate from works. Now some people tell us we have to work to be saved. What has the man who believes that to say about the salvation of this thief? How is he going to work, when he has nails through both hands and through both feet? He cannot work with his hands or run with his feet. When he had the use of his hands, they were lifted up to shed blood; and when he had the use of his feet, they were engaged in the service of the devil.

He took the Lord at his word, and believed. It is with the heart men believe, not with their hands or feet. All that is necessary for a man to be saved is, to believe with his heart. This thief made a good confession. If he had been a Christian fifty years, he could not have done Christ more service than he did there. He confessed him before the world; and for eighteen hundred years that confession has been told. Matthew, Mark, Luke and John have all recorded it. They felt it so important that they thought we should have it. Some one has said that Christ did not give the thief arms to fight for God, but he gave him wings that he might fly away to his Creator. He got an answer to his prayer as soon as he asked. He said, "Lord." He put the Lord at the head of the prayer. "Lord, remember me." Three short words—three golden links in that chain that bound him to the throne of God. The Lord could not help answering that prayer. He says he will save all that will call upon him; the man called upon him, and he had to answer the prayer. Did you ever see a man in the wide, wide world that ever called to the Lord out of the depths of his heart, that the Lord did not answer? The answer came.

See how salvation is separate and distinct from all ordinances—not but ordinances are right in their place. Some people say you cannot be saved if you are not baptized. Many people think it is impossible for any one to get into the kingdom of God if he is not baptized into it. I don't want you to think I am talking against ordinances. Baptism is right in its place; but when you put it in the place of salvation, you put a snare in the way. You cannot baptize men into the kingdom of God. The last conversion before Christ perished on the cross ought to forever settle that question. If you tell me a man cannot get into Paradise without being baptized, I answer, This thief was not baptized. If he had wanted to be baptized, I don't believe he could have found a man to baptize him. Some people tell us a man cannot be saved until he has partaken of the sacrament. The thief did not. Who administered the bread and wine to him? Was there a man on that mountain that would have faith to believe he could have been saved? Would the Roman government have allowed them to administer the sacrament, or baptism? The moment he asked for life he got it. Salvation is distinct from ordinances. Baptism is one thing; the Lord's Supper is

another thing; and salvation through Christ is another. The only way for us to be saved is to come straight to Christ for life, and to own, as this man, that we have sinned, and that our condemnation is just.

Bear in mind, God is just; and the condemnation he has pronounced against us is a just condemnation. "The soul that sinneth it shall die." God has a right to put a penalty to his law, and it is just for God to pronounce condemnation. But God is also a God of mercy. God will have mercy upon all them that call upon him. I can imagine, after that thief believed, he commenced right there at once to praise God. I can imagine, as the soldier drove his spear into our Savior's side, there came flashing into his mind the words of the prophet Zechariah: "In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for sin and for uncleanness." He was led out in the morning to the cross; in the evening he was in the Paradise of God, crowned with a crown he should wear through all ages. In the morning led out to suffer punishment; in the evening, going down the streets of Paradise, arm in arm with the Son of God. In the morning, not an eye to pity him; in the evening, up there amid the hallelujahs of heaven. In the morning, in the society of thieves; in the evening, washed and made clean in the blood of the Lamb.

You know Christ died a little while before the thief. I can imagine he wanted to hurry home to get a mansion for him, and to give him a welcome when he got there, that he should not be a stranger. The Lord loved him, because he confessed him in that dark hour. It was a dark hour for many of them who said, He is not the Son of God, the Savior of the world.

Some go so far as to try and make out he was an imposter. In this dark day, should we not come out like the thief and confess him, and take our stand on his side? If we do, he will remember it. The thief wanted to be remembered in Christ's kingdom. When Christ instituted the Lord's Supper, his dying request was we should remember him in this world; and now the thief's request was, that he might be remembered in his new kingdom. Go into some of our churches next Sunday morning, where they are going to administer the Lord's Supper. The bread and wine are there. The minister, who pronounces the benediction, asks the people to stay and partake of the Lord's Supper. Two-thirds of the people will get up and turn their backs upon it. They say: "What do I care for his death? What do I care for what the Son of God has done for me?" But this thief, thanks be to God! did confess him! He asked to be remembered; he believed Christ has a kingdom. Hundreds of thousands of people believe Christ has a kingdom; yet they will not seek him, and they will not cry out, "Lord, remember me." I believe that if every unsaved soul to-night in this hall would cry out, from the depths of his heart, "Lord, remember me," the answer would

come this very night. Before I get through this sermon, the answer would come. He would remember you, and there would be the response, "This very night you shall become an heir of my kingdom." You can become this night a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, if you will. I can imagine how the thief's soul leaped for joy when he heard Christ say, "It is finished." He wanted to follow him. I can imagine, when the men came to break the legs of these thieves, that this one was in a hurry to be gone. The moment his soul left that body, it leaped into a chariot sent down from heaven; and away it went to meet the Savior. He was a condemned man in the morning; in the evening in the Paradise of God. So if you have come in here without God and hope, as black in heart as that poor thief, if you call upon God, he will have mercy upon you and save you to-night. I have no doubt that, until he cried to the Lord, that thief had no thought that he would be saved. I have no doubt thousands come here without any thought of being saved; they come out of curiosity. I wish Christians would pray that the fear of the Lord would come to this audience, and that you may confess him, and take your place as a sinner, and ask God to remember you. He will remember you and make you an heir of his kingdom, if you accept of his salvation as a gift. This night, this hour, will you not call upon him—this hour, at the close of this meeting? Dear friends, what will you do with Jesus—with the Savior? He comes and he offers salvation. You can be saved now if you will. He is just the same Savior the thief had: it is the same cry he made that you want to make. Let that cry go up now. While I am speaking do you whisper, "Lord, Lord, remember me!" and see if he does not answer your prayer. Do you want the Lord to remember you, and have mercy upon you? Call upon him to-night. The thief was the first man to enter Paradise after the veil of the Temple was rent. If we could look up yonder, and see around the Throne; if we could catch a glimpse of the Throne, we should see the Father there and Jesus Christ at his right hand; but hard by the throne you should see that thief. He is there to-night. Eighteen hundred years he has been there, just because he cried: "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." I see Mary Magdalene there, and Zaccheus the chief publican of Jericho; and if I could ask them how they came there, they would shout down, "Saved by grace." There is only one way to heaven. O my friends, do you want to join that throng? Then send up the cry, "Lord, remember me." Oh, I pray to-night that hundreds may send up that cry.

STRENGTH IN WEAKNESS.

"But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty: And base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are: that no flesh should glory in his presence." I. CORINTHIANS 1: 27-29.

I want to call your attention to the 27th verse of that chapter I read to you: "But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are: that no flesh should glory in his presence." There is just one sentence there I would like to call your attention to: "But God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty." Then in the 29th verse he tells us why he has chosen the weak things —"that no flesh may glory in his presence."

Now, if we are to have the Word in this City of New York, we must give God all the glory. I dread coming to a new place; it takes almost a week or fortnight to come down to solid work. The people are thinking of the choir, and saying, "What a large choir!" and "So many ministers! Surely there is going to be great work now; there is such a great choir and congregation, and so many ministers." It is not by might and power, but by God's Spirit; and we have got to get our eyes off of all these things, and there will be no work and no blessing until this is done. Now, we have not come with any new Gospel; it is the old Gospel, the old story, and we want the old power, the power of the Holy Ghost; and, if it is anything less than that, it will all come to naught and be like a morning cloud—soon pass away. Now I can tell you, before the meetings go on any further, who will be disappointed, and who in after years will say the meetings were a failure—every man and every woman that don't get quickened themselves. If there is a minister here in New York that doesn't get quickened himself, he will say the work has failed; but I have never known a man who has got quickened, to say the work has failed. Nowhere that we have been has it been the case. What we want is to get down to ourselves; and if there is to be a true revival, there must be first a casting-down of ourselves before a lifting-up. It was only when Abraham was on his face in the dust before God that he would talk to him. And it is

then that God lifts us up and the blessing comes. There is no true revival until God's own people are lifted, until they are quickened. It will be superficial until then; it will be a counterfeit. If you attempt to begin work among the ungodly and unconverted before you get quickened yourself, God won't bless you. As the Psalmist says: "When the Lord has restored to us the joy of his salvation, then we will be able to teach transgressors the way of the kingdom of God," and not until then. And when we are cold and lukewarm, and are conformed to the world, and have not the Holy Ghost resting upon us, why God is not going to revive his work. Here and there we will hear of one converted, but it won't be deep and thorough unless the Church of God is quickened.

Now, I have just come here, and I confess I have seen nothing in America like what has pleased me in Princeton. I think they have a revival there; and the President of the college told me he had not seen anything like it, and one of the Faculty told me he didn't think there had ever been anything like it in the history of Princeton. Of course I inquired into it, and I found that they had sent for different ministers to come there and had been disappointed; and they got together—the Christians did—and prayed God to bless them, and one of the Faculty asked them to pray for *him*: and right there the work broke out, and there have been about fifty quickened and brought back who had wandered from Christ; and it looks now as if all Princeton was going to be blessed.

Oh that it may commence here to-night in our hearts; that we may be quickened first, and then how quick the Lord will bless us. If you want to introduce two men to each other, you want to be near to them. If you want to introduce sinners to God, you must be near to God and to the sinner, too; and if a man is near God he will have a love for the sinner, and his heart will be near that man. But until we are brought near to God ourselves, we cannot introduce men to God. Somebody has said God uses the vessel that is nearest at hand; and if we are near to God he will use us; and if we are not, of course he cannot. Now, what we want is to be in a position that will give God all the glory. There are some things that make me tremble, at times, as if the work will all come to naught; because there is so much man-worship. Now, we have got to get rid of this man-worship, before it will be a deep work. We have got to sink self. If we can only get "I" down in the dust, and get outside of our dignity, and get self out of the way and say: "Here, Lord, use me if thou canst; and, if not, use somebody else;" or in the spirit of the wilderness preacher who said, "I must decrease, but he must increase," then the Lord will take us up and use us.

And right here, before I forget it, I want to urge the people of New York—the Christian people—not to buy anything of these people on the street. I am told that sixty-five men have come on from

Philadelphia to sell photographs and medals, and I don't know what not; and they are hawking them in the streets. Why, I would almost think nobody would come into the meeting if, when coming along, they hear these men crying the photographs. I believe that Christian people who patronize these men are doing the cause of Christ a great injury. I don't know that anything is hindering the work more than these men, that are making money out of us. If you want hymn-books, go into some bookstore and buy them. Don't buy these photographs. They are no more photographs of us than they are of you: I have not had one taken for eight years. Some men complained that they had got counterfeits, and I was glad they had been cheated, because they ought not to buy them so on the street. People are apt to say of us: "Those fellows are speculating; they are just making money; they don't care anything about saving your souls." And the impression has gone abroad just on account of people patronizing these men. Oh! let me beg of you to do anything you can to keep down this man-worship. Let us look at the cross, with Christ full in view; and then we will have men coming into the kingdom of God.

Now, let us get back to the text. It is the weak things that God wants to use. We want the great, the mighty; but God takes the foolish things, the despised things, the things which are not. What for? That no flesh may glory in his sight. Now, what is that written for unless it is that we shall learn the lesson that God shall have the glory, and that we are not to take any of the glory to ourselves. "That no flesh should glory in his presence." Just the moment we are ready to take our places in the dust and give God his place, and let him have all the glory, then it is that the Spirit of God will be given to us. If we are lifted up and say, We have got such great meetings and such crowds are coming; and get to thinking about crowds and about the people, and get our minds off from God, and are not constantly in communion with him, lifting our hearts in prayer, this work will be a stupendous failure.

You will find, in all ages, God has been trying to teach his children this lesson—that he uses the weak instead of the strong What is highly esteemed of man is an abomination to God. When God was about to deluge the earth, he wanted an ark built. What did he do —did he call an army? No; he just called one man to build the ark. In the sight of the world it was a very little thing; and yet when the deluge came it was worth more than all the world. The weak things of the world that excite our scorn and contempt are the very things that God uses. When God delivered Israel out of Egypt, he didn't send an army. We would have sent an army, or an orator. We would have sent some man who would have gone down before the king, and laid it out before him in grand style; but God didn't do that. He sent this man Moses, who had been back there in the des-

ert forty years, a man with an impediment in his speech; and God said to Moses, "Moses, I want you to go down into Egypt and bring my people out of bondage." That is not our way. When the king looked at him he ordered him out of his presence. "Who is God, that I should obey him?" He found out who he was. God used the little fly and the little frog. The world looks upon the frog with scorn and contempt; but Moses said, "Oh, there are a good many of them." We may be very weak in ourselves, but see what a mighty God we have. God likes to take the weak things to confound the mighty. When God wants to move a mountain, he does not take a bar of iron; but he takes the little worm. The fact is, we have got too much strength. We are not weak enough. It is not our strength that we want. One drop of God's strength is worth more than all the world. There was that giant who, we are told, for forty days came out every morning and every evening. Down into that valley came the giant of Gath every morning, and he terrified all the army of Saul; the whole army were trembling; they were afraid. When Joshua was weak in himself and strong in the Lord, then they did not fear the giants. But you see Saul and his army had got their eyes off from God. When we get our eyes off from God, how mighty that giant looks. There came a young stripling up from the country—a sort of delegate of the Christian Commission. He heard of this giant, and the young boy began to inquire, "What does this mean?" And they told him, and he wanted to go right out at once to meet him. The last man we would have chosen; but God's ways are not our ways. God will have the glory, that is the point. If it had been some great giant, then we would have given the giant all the glory. The young stripling requires no army of Saul; he just takes a few small, smooth, round stones out of the brook and puts them in his sling. He says to the giant: "You have your sword; but I have come in the name of my God." Yes, he leaned on the strength of God. Now just look at that! We are to pass that little stone into that sling; God directs it, and the work is done. The giant of Gath falls. David was the last one we would have chosen, though he is chosen of God. What we want is to learn the lesson that we are weak, and we don't need any strength but God's strength. Look at Jonathan with his small army! "Why," he says, "the Lord can save by few as well as many." It is not these great meetings that are going to do the work. It is not by might and by power, but by the Spirit of God.

Let me just impress this upon you, that it is weakness that God wants. There was weeping once in heaven. John wept when the book of seals was brought out, and there wasn't any one who could open the book. He might have looked upon Abel; but Abel wasn't worthy to open the book. He might have looked upon Enoch; but Enoch wasn't worthy. He might have looked upon Abraham; and

yet the father of the faithful wasn't worthy to open that book. There was Daniel and Elijah, and the holy men of the Old Testament; and not one of them worthy to open the book. Some of the saints of the New Testament had entered upon their reward. There was Stephen who was martyred: Stephen wasn't able to open the book. And John said he began to cry as he looked around, and there wasn't one worthy to open the book. But pretty soon a voice said: "Don't weep; the Lion of the tribe of Judah is able to open the seals;" and John began to look around to see the Lion, and lo, it was a Lamb! Instead of having strength, we want weakness. It is the Lion—the Lamb of Calvary. He sealed the Lion of hell; he overcame the Lion; he conquered him. What we want to-night is to ask God to give us weakness, not strength; then these obstacles, why how small they look! When we are walking with God, all these obstacles, how they flee away. Go up in a balloon and look down upon some giant, and how small he looks. Go up into some mountain and look down upon some giant, and how small he looks! But get on a level, and how large he looks! God takes the weak things to confound the mighty. When he wanted twelve men to introduce his gospel, whom did he take? Did he call the wise and mighty? No; he called a few ignorant Galilean fishermen. It was those men the power of God rushed in upon. They were weak in themselves, but strong in God. So to-night, if there is a band weak in themselves but strong in God, what a work they can do! No other strength is worth having but the strength of God. When God wanted Germany to be blessed, he gave power to one man. The Spirit came upon Martin Luther, and all Germany was blessed. When darkness and superstition was settling over Scotland, the Spirit of God came upon John Knox; and he moved all Scotland. You can go where you will in Scotland to-day, and everywhere you will hear the name and feel the influence of John Knox in that country. You can go into England to-day, and you will feel the influence of Wesley and Whitefield, grand men and mighty. They relied not upon their own strength, for the Spirit of the Living God was upon them. They were mighty in God. Look at that man Gideon. He marshaled his army of 30,000 men to give battle to the Philistines. God said: "Gideon, your army is too great. My people would be lifted up, and they would take the glory upon themselves." God said to Gideon: "You just say to the men who are fearful and afraid, 'Go home.'" And the Lord reduced the army 20,000, leaving only 10,000 men. But God said: "Gideon, you have got too many; if those 10,000 men get victory, they will say, 'Look what we have done.' Just take them down to the water, and we will try them again. Those that drink it up one way and those that lap it up another, they shall be separated." Then God took away all but three hundred. God said that was enough. "If I get a victory

with those three hundred, I will get the glory." I would rather have three hundred men in New York whose hearts are right with God, than a host who take upon themselves the glory which belongs to the Lord.

I have no doubt but that some here will say: "There are so many obstacles in the way, I don't believe we are going to succeed. You won't succeed in New York; it is a very hard place, New York is." If God is with us, we are going to succeed. If we take God out of our plans, we are going to fail; and we ought to fail. Is not the God of our fathers strong enough to take this city and shake it as a little child? There is not a skeptic in the city of New York but what the power of God can reach. When we were in Philadelphia, we almost failed for a few weeks. The crowds were so great, that many of those who attended the meetings spent most of their time in watching the people. We could not get their eyes toward the Cross, for a long time. By-and-by, when the holidays came on, the numbers began to fall off, and it was the best thing for us. It was what we wanted, so that men could think of God.

Now, my friends, do not think that anything is small that God handles. Look at that little cloud up there, not bigger than a man's hand. But that cloud was large enough to water all Palestine; and the land that had thirsted for three years and six months got all the water out of that cloud that it wanted. Plenty large enough if God is in it. Let me say, before we close, that what we want is to get hold of God. Now, there are a great many people that lend their ears to other people. They never hear for themselves; they want you people to use their ears for them. Let us each go up for ourselves, and pray to God that we may get a blessing for ourselves. If the Spirit of the Lord God comes upon us, it will take all eternity to tell the result. If the Spirit of God comes upon us afresh, I have no more doubt about the success of the meetings than I have that we exist. If we are cold and indifferent, then the work will be superficial; it will not be lasting, and will not be such as many of you are praying for. Let us ask God that we may receive the blessing of the Holy Spirit. Let the prayer be: "O God, quicken me! O God, give me a fresh baptism! Instil in me the blessing of Thy salvation." God said to Elijah, just before he went away, "Go call Elisha to take thy place." If God calls us to do a work, he can qualify us to do it. When the time drew near for Elijah to be taken from Elisha, Elijah said to Elisha, "I will go down and see the prophet." It had been revealed to Elisha that Elijah was going to be taken away. Elisha wanted to be anointed near the place he was called to fill. They traveled together until they reached Bethel; and then Elijah said, "You stay here, and I will go down to Jericho and see how the prophets are getting along down there." But Elisha kept close to him, and they walked arm-in-arm to Jericho. When they reached

Jericho, Elijah said, "You just stay here and I will go over to Jordan." They were on a tour of inspection of the theological seminaries. But Elisha still kept close to his companion, and as they were talking together, Elijah asked: "What can I do for you, Elisha? What is your petition?" "Well," says Elisha, "I want a double portion of your spirit." Well, that was a pretty bold petition. He was asking great things. That is what God wants us to do—ask great things. They come to the waters of the Jordan; and Elisha takes off his mantle, the waters spread, and they pass through safely, dry shod. While they were talking, there suddenly comes a chariot from heaven to bear Elijah away to glory. And Elisha takes up the mantle of Elijah, and Elisha goes back to Jordan; and when they saw the mantle of Elijah they cried out, "The spirit of Elijah rests upon Elisha." The mighty spirit of Elijah rests upon us to-night. Let us go to our closets, let us go to our homes, and let us cry to the God of Elijah—"Here I am, God; use me!"—that we may be ready for all his services. Oh, that we may be weak in ourselves, that we may give all the honor and glory to Jesus, and if we do this we will see how quick he will use it.

THEIR FAITH.

"When he saw their faith." LUKE 5: 20.

In beginning his sermon, Mr. Moody called attention to a clause of the 20th verse of the 5th chapter of St. Luke: "When he saw their faith." A little while before this, said he, Christ had been driven out of Nazareth, his native town, and had come down to Capernaum to live; and he had begun his ministry, and some mighty miracles had already been wrought in Capernaum. A little while before this, one of the officers in King Herod's army had a son who had been restored. Peter's wife's mother, that lay sick with the fever, had been healed, and Mark tells us that the whole city was moved; that they had come to the door of the house where he was sitting, the whole city bringing their sick. In fact, there was a great revival in Capernaum. That is what it was, and it is all it was. The news was spreading far and near. Everybody coming out of Capernaum was taking out tidings of what this mighty preacher was doing, and his mighty miracles, and the sayings that were constantly falling from

his lips. And we read in a few verses before this 20th verse that a man full of leprosy had come to him and said: "Lord, if thou canst, make me clean;" and I want to call your attention to the difference between the man that had the palsy and the man that had the leprosy. The man with the palsy had friends who had faith. The man who had the leprosy had no friends who believed he could be cleansed. There had been no leper cleansed for eight hundred years, and we read back in the days of Elisha that there was a leper that was cleansed; but none since that time until now. Here is a leper that has faith, and goes right straight to the Son of God himself. And I want to say, if there is a poor sinner here to-night, that has not got any friends that would pray for him, you can go right straight to Jesus himself. You don't need any bishop or priest or potentate to intercede. Right away to Christ came this poor leper, and he said, "If thou wilt, thou canst make me clean."

There is faith for you. He did not say, like the man in the 9th chapter of Mark, "If thou canst do anything for us, have compassion." He put the "if" in the wrong place; but this leper said, "If thou wilt, thou canst do it." It pleased the Lord, and he said: "I will; be thou clean." And away went the leprosy; he was made well in a minute. And of course this news had gone out of Capernaum, and not only the city was stirred, but the country also; and now we read that they were coming up from all parts of Judea, from Galilee and all the villages, and even from Jerusalem. The news had reached Jerusalem; and the Pharisees and philosophers and wise men were coming up to this northern town, to see what this great revival meant. They didn't come up to get a blessing; like a great many who come to these meetings, they came out of curiosity. They came to see how it was that this man was performing such mighty miracles; and they were told that he was in the house. There they were sitting around the Master, and we are told the power of the Lord was present to heal them. But it don't say that they were healed. They didn't think that they were sick and needed a Savior. Like hundreds now, that are drawing around them their filthy rags of self-righteousness, they think they are good enough without salvation; and they just come here to reason out the philosophy of the meeting, and how it is so many people come together night after night to hear this old Gospel, which has been preached eighteen hundred years. "And the power of the Lord was present to heal them." I have thought, a number of times, what a glorious thing it would have been if they had all been healed. What a glorious thing if those men coming out of Judea had been converted, and gone back to publish the glad tidings in their homes and villages. What a revival it would have been. But they didn't come for that purpose, but only to reason out the thing.

But while these things were being done, suddenly a noise was

heard overhead. The people heard a noise on the roof, and looked up to see what was the matter. Now, there were four men in Capernaum—I have an idea they were young converts—who found a man who had the palsy, and they could not get him to Jesus. Matthew, Mark, and Luke, all three, give an account, but don't one of them say that the man himself had any faith. I can imagine these four men said to the man with the palsy: "If we can get you to Jesus, all he has to do is to speak and the palsy is gone." And I see these four men making arrangements to take this man with the palsy away to Christ. They prepared a couch, something like the stretcher we had in the war; and I see these four men, each one taking his place to carry that couch through the streets of Capernaum. They go with a firm step and steady tread; they are moving toward that house where Christ is. These men have confidence. They know that the Son of God has power to heal this man, and they say, "If we can only get him to Jesus, the work will be done;" and while these philosophers and scribes and wise men were there, trying to reason out the philosophy of the thing, these men arrived at the door, and for the crowd could not get in. They undoubtedly asked some of the men to come out and let this man with the palsy in; but they could not get them out, and there they are. But faith looks over obstacles. Faith is not going to surrender. Now these men felt they must get in in some way, and I can imagine they went to one of the neighbors and asked them: "Just allow us to use your stairway; here is a man that has the leprosy, and we want to get him in." And I see the men taking this man up, and at last they got him upon the roof of the house where Christ is preaching; and now you can hear them ripping up the roof, and everybody looks up to see what the noise is; and at last they see that, while Christ is preaching, these four men are making a hole large enough to let a man down through. He must have been a good man, or he would have complained to see his roof torn up in that way. But these men wanted to get the leper cleansed; that was worth more than the roof. They wanted to get the man blessed. They let the man right down in the presence of these Pharisees and scribes. It would have been like letting him down into an ice-house, if Christ had not been there. Those scribes and Pharisees—they didn't have any compassion; they didn't have any sympathy for the fallen; they didn't have any sympathy for the erring. There was One who had sympathy for the man who was suffering. They laid him right down at the feet of Jesus. My friends, you can't take palsied souls to a better place than to the feet of Jesus. They called upon the crowd to stand aside and make room, and they just placed him at the feet of Jesus. Christ looks up, and when he saw their faith—not the man's faith; it don't say that he had any—he saw their faith—that's the point. I believe that that whole miracle is to teach us—that that whole lesson is to teach us

Christians, that God will honor our faith. I see the Son of God looking up at those four men who laid this leper down. He looked up yonder and saw their faith. There is nothing on this earth that pleases him so much as faith. Wherever he finds faith, it pleases him. Twice Christ marveled. I believe Christ marveled only twice. Once he marveled at the faith of the Centurion, and he marveled at the unbelief of the Jews.

When he saw their faith, he said to the man, looking down at him: "Be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven." Why, he didn't come for that; he only expected to get rid of his palsy; he didn't expect to have his sins forgiven. These men begun to look around with amazement. "That is a very grievous charge; he forgives sins. What right has he to do that? It is God, and God alone, who does that." I tell you, the Jews to a man didn't believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ. They began to reason among themselves; but Christ knew what they were thinking about. He could read their thoughts. Christ said to them: "Is it easier for me to say to the man, 'His sins be forgiven,' or for me to say, 'Rise up and walk'? Now that you may know that the Son of Man hath power to forgive sins, I say, 'Rise up and walk.'" Now the man was palsied. He hadn't the power to rise, but he leaps up in a minute. He packs up that old bed that he had lain on for years, and away he goes. The man walks out with his bed on his back, and away he goes home. The men began to look at one another with amazement; and one and another said, "We have seen strange things to-day." How long did it take the Lord Jesus Christ to heal that man? Some men say, "Oh, we don't believe in instantaneous conversions." How long did it take the Lord to heal the man of the leprosy? One word, and away went the leprosy. One word, and the man stood up, and he rolled his bed up, and away he went on his way home. I should like to have seen his wife. I can imagine she was about as surprised as any woman you ever saw.

But now the word I want to call your attention to is this: "When he saw their faith." Now, there are a great many men in New York that don't have any faith in the Gospel at all. They don't believe in that Bible. There are a great many men in New York who are infidels; there are a great many skeptics. There is one thing that encourages me very much. The Lord can honor our faith, and raise those men. "When he saw their faith." Suppose a man should go to the house of his neighbor, and say: "Come, let us take neighbor Levi to neighbor Peter's house; Christ is there, and we can get him healed;" and the two found they weren't able to carry the man, so they got three, and the three weren't able; so they got the fourth. Now I don't know of anything that would make a man get up quicker than to have four people combining to try to bring him to Christ. Suppose one man calls upon him after breakfast; he doesn't think

much about it; he has had some one invite him to Christ before. Suppose before dinner the second man comes and says: "I want to lead you to Christ; I want to introduce you to the Son of God." The man has got quite aroused now; perhaps he has never had the subject presented to him by two different men in one day. But the third man has come, and the man has got thoroughly aroused by this time and he says to himself, "Why, I never thought so much about my soul as I have to-day." But before the man gets to bed at night, the fourth man has come, and I will guarantee that he won't sleep much that night—four men trying to bring him to Christ. If we can't bring our friends to Christ, let us get others to help us. If four men won't do it, let us add the fifth, and the Lord will see our faith, and the Lord will honor our faith, and we will see them brought to the Son of God.

When I was at Nashville during the late war, I was closing the noon prayer-meeting one day, and a great strong man came up to me, trembling from head to foot. He took a letter out of his pocket and wanted to have me read it. It was a letter from his sister. The sister stated in that letter that every night, as the sun went down, she went down on her knees to pray for him. The sister was 600 miles away, and said the soldier: "I never thought of my soul until last night. I have stood before the cannon's mouth, and it never made me tremble; but, sir, I haven't slept a wink since I got that letter." I think there is many a Christian here who understands what that letter meant. The Lord had seen her faith; it was God honoring faith, and it was God answering prayer. And so, my friends, if God sees our faith, these friends that we are anxious for will be brought to Christ. When we were in Edinburgh, a man came to me and said: "Over yonder is one of our most prominent infidels in Edinburgh. I wish you would go over and see him." I took my seat beside him and asked if he was a Christian. He laughed at me, and said he didn't believe in the Bible. "Well," said I, after talking for some time, "will you let me pray with you? Will you let me pray for you?" "Yes," said he, "just pray, and see if God will answer your prayer. Now let the question be decided." "Will you kneel?" "No, I won't kneel. Who be I going to kneel before?" He said it with considerable sarcasm. I got down and prayed before the infidel. He sat very straight, so that the people should understand that he was not in sympathy at all with my prayer. After I got through I said: "Well, my friend, I believe that God will answer my prayer; and I want you to let me know when you are saved." "Yes, I will let you know when I am saved," all with considerable sarcasm. At last, up at Wick, at a meeting in the open air, one night, on the outskirts of the crowd, I saw the Edinburgh infidel. He said, "Didn't I tell you God wouldn't answer your prayer?" I said, "The Lord will answer my prayer yet." I

had a few minutes' conversation with him and left him; and just a year ago this month, when we were preaching in Liverpool, I got a letter from one of the leading pastors of Edinburgh, stating that the Edinburgh infidel had found his way to Christ, and found the Lord. He wrote an interesting letter, saying how God had saved him. And there may be many in the city of New York who will laugh at this idea, and they will cavil, and perhaps they will say to-night that God don't answer prayer; but he does, if Christians will only have faith; God can save the greatest infidel, the greatest skeptic, the greatest drunkard.

What we want is to have faith. Oh, let that word sink down deep into the heart of every Christian here to-night; and let us show our faith by our works. Let us go out and bring all our friends here; and if there is poor preaching, we can bring down from heaven the necessary blessings without good preaching. In Philadelphia, a skeptic came in just out of curiosity. He wanted to see the crowd, and he hadn't more than crossed the threshold of the door before the Spirit of God met him; and I asked him if there was anything in the sermon that influenced him, in hopes that I was going to get something to encourage me; but he could not tell what the text was. I asked him if it was the singing; but he didn't know what Mr Sankey had sung. It was the power of God alone that converted him; and that is what we want in these meetings. If we have this power, when we invite our friends here, the Lord will meet them, and will answer prayer and save them. Let us go and bring our unconverted friends here. All through the services let us be lifting up our hearts in prayer. God save our friend! O God, convert him! And in answer to our prayer, the Lord will save them.

While in London, there was a man away off in India—a godly father—who had a son in London; and he got a furlough, and came clear from India to London to see after his boy's spiritual welfare. Do you think God let that man come thus far without honoring that faith? No. He converted that son, and that is the kind we want—where faith and works go together; and if we have faith, God will honor it, and answer our prayer. Only a few weeks ago, in the city of Philadelphia, there was a mother that had two sons. They were just going as fast as they could to ruin. They were breaking her heart; and she went into a little prayer-meeting, and got up and presented them for prayer. They had been on a drunken spree, or had just got started in that way, and she knew that their end would be a drunkard's grave; and she went among these Christians and said, "Won't you just cry to God for my two boys?" The next morning those two boys had made an appointment to meet each other on the corner of Market and Thirteenth streets—though not that they knew anything about our meeting; and while one of them was there at the corner, waiting for his brother to come, he followed the people who

were flooding into the depot building; and the Spirit of the Lord met him, and he was wounded and found his way to Christ. After his brother came, he found the place too crowded to enter; so he too went curiously into another meeting and found Christ, and went home happy. And when he got home he told his mother what the Lord had done for him; and the second son came in with the same tidings. I heard one get up afterward to tell his experience in the young convert's meeting, and he had no sooner told the story than the other got up and said: "I am that brother; and there is not a happier home in Philadelphia than we have got." And they went out bringing their friends to Christ.

Let us now show our faith by our works. Let us away to our friends, to our neighbors, and to those we have an influence over, and let us talk about Christ, and let us plead with God that they may be converted; and instead of there being a few thousand converted in New York, tens of thousands can be converted; and let our prayers go up to God in our homes, and around our family altars. Let the prayers go up, "O God, save my unconverted husband." "O God, save my unconverted wife." "O God, save my unconverted children," and God will hear that cry. As I was coming out of a daily prayer-meeting in one of our Western cities, a mother came up to me and said, "I want to have you see my husband, and ask him to come to Christ." I took out my memorandum book, and I put down his name. She says: "I want to have you go and see him." I knew the name, and that it was a learned judge; and so I said to her: "I can't argue with him. He is a good deal older than I am, and it would be out of place. Then I am not much for infidel argument." "Well, Mr. Moody," she says, "that ain't what he wants. He's got enough of that. Just ask him to come to the Savior." She urged me so hard, and so strong, that I consented to go. I went up to the office where the judge was doing business, and told him what I had come for. He laughed at me. "You are very foolish," he said, and began to argue with me. I said: "I don't think it will be profitable for me to hold an argument with you. I have just one favor I want to ask of you; and that is, that when you are converted you will let me know." "Yes," said he, "I will do that. When I am converted I will let you know,"—with a good deal of sarcasm. I thought the prayers of that wife would be answered, if mine were not. A year and a half after, I was in that city; and a servant came to my door and said: "There is a man in the drawing room." I found the judge there. He said, "I promised I would let you know when I was converted." I had heard it from other lips; but I wanted to hear it from his own. He said his wife had gone out to a meeting one night, and he was home alone; and while he was sitting there by the fire, he thought: "Supposing my wife is right, and my children are right; suppose there is a heaven and hell, and I shall be sep-

arated from them." His first thought was, "I don't believe a word of it." The second thought came: "You believe in the God that created you, and that the God that created you is able to teach you. You believe that God can give you life." "Yes, the God that created me can give me life." "I was too proud to get down on my knees by the fire, and I said, 'O God, teach me.' And as I prayed, I don't understand it, but it began to get very dark, and my heart got very heavy. I was afraid to tell my wife, and I pretended to be asleep. She kneeled down beside that bed, and I knew she was praying for me. I kept crying, 'O God, save me; O God, take away this burden.' But it grew darker and darker, and the load grew heavier and heavier. All the way to my office I kept crying, 'O God, take away this load.' I gave my clerks a holiday, and just closed my office and locked the door. I fell down on my face; I cried in agony to my Lord, 'O Lord, for Christ's sake, take away this guilt.' I don't know how it was, but it began to grow very light. I said: 'I wonder if this isn't what they call conversion. I think I will go and ask the minister if I am not converted.'" The old judge said to me: "Mr. Moody, I have enjoyed life in the last three months more than all the others put together." The judge did not believe; the wife did, and God honored her faith and saved that man. And he went up to Springfield, Ill.; and the old judge stood up there and told those politicians what God, for Christ's sake, had done for him. And now let this text sink down deep into your hearts: "When he saw their faith." Let us lift up our hearts to God in prayer, that he may give us faith.

COURAGE AND ENTHUSIASM.

"Be of good courage." JOSHUA 1: 6, 7, 9.

I shall take for my subject to-night only two words, courage and enthusiasm—necessary qualifications for successful work in the Lord's service. In this chapter I read to-night, four different times God tells Joshua to be of good courage; and he says that if he was of good courage no man should be able to stand before him, all the days of his life. And we read that in the evening of his life he was successful; and that no man was able to stand before him all his days. God fulfilled his promise; God kept his word. But see how careful God is to instruct him on this one point. Four times in one chapter he says to him, "Be of good courage; and then you shall prosper; then you shall have good success." And I have yet to find that God ever uses a man that is all the time looking on the dark side, and is all the time talking about the obstacles and looking at them, and is discouraged and cast down. It is not these Christians that go around with their head down like a bul rush, looking at the obstacles and talking about the darkness all the time, that God uses. They kill everything they touch; there is no life in them. Now, if we are going to succeed, we have got to be of good courage; and the moment we get our eyes on God and remember who he is, and that he has all power in heaven and earth, that it is God that commands us to work in his vineyard, then it is that we will have courage given us.

Now if you just take your Bibles and look carefully through them, you will see the men that have left their mark behind them, the men that have been successful in winning souls to Christ, have all been men of that stamp. You will notice that when Moses commenced, after he had been among the Egyptians forty years, he thought the time had come for him to commence his work of delivering the captives, and he went out; and the first thing we hear is that he was looking this way and that way to see if somebody saw him. He was not fit for God's work. God had to take him on the back side of the desert for forty years; and then God was ready to send him, and Moses then looked but one way. And he sent him down into Egypt. He had boldness now, and he goes right before the king of Egypt; and he had courage, and God could use him. But it took him forty years to learn that lesson, that he must have courage and boldness to be a fit vessel for the Master's use.

Again, we find Elijah on Mount Carmel, full of boldness. How the Lord used him! How the Lord stood by him! How the Lord blessed him! But when he got his eyes off the Lord, and Jezebel sent a message to him that she would have his life, he got afraid. He was not afraid of Ahab and the whole royalty, and he was not afraid of the whole nation. He stood on Mount Carmel alone, and see what courage he had! But what came over him I don't know, unless it was that he got his eyes off the Lord, and when one woman gave him that message he got frightened, and God had to go to him and ask him what he was doing; and he was not fit for God's communion.

That, I think, is the trouble with a good many of God's people. We get frightened, and are afraid to speak to men about their souls. We lack moral courage, and if we hear the voice of God speaking to us and saying, "Run and speak to that young man," we will go to him meaning to do it; and will really talk to him about everything else, and dare not about his soul. When we begin to invite men to Christ is when the work begins; and it won't begin until we have the courage given us, and are ready to go and speak with them about their souls. We read that, when the apostles were brought before the council, they perceived their boldness; and it made an impression on the council. The Lord could use them then, because they were fearless and bold. Look at Peter on Pentecost, when he charged the murder of the Son of God upon the Jews. A little while before he had got out of communion, and one little maid had scared him nearly out of his life, so that he swore he didn't know Christ. Ah! he had his eyes off the Master, and the moment we get our eyes off Christ we get disheartened; and then God cannot use us.

I remember a few years ago I got discouraged, and could not see much fruit of my work; and one morning, as I was in my study, cast down, one of my Sabbath-school teachers came in and wanted to know what I was discouraged about; and I told him, because I could see no result from my work. And speaking about Noah, he said: "By the way, did you ever study up the chapter of Noah?" I felt that I knew all about that, and told him that I was familiar with it; and he said: "Now, if you never studied that carefully, you ought to do it; for I cannot tell you what a blessing it has been to me." When he went out, I took down my Bible and commenced to read about Noah; and the thought came stealing over me: "Here is a man that toiled and worked a hundred years and didn't get discouraged, if he did, the Holy Ghost didn't put it on record." And the clouds lifted; and I got up and said, If the Lord wants me to work without any fruit I will work on. I went down to the noon prayer meeting; and when I saw the people coming to pray, I said to myself: "Noah worked a hundred years, and he never saw a prayer-meeting outside of his own family." Pretty soon a man got

up right across the aisle where I was sitting, and said he had come from a little town where there had been a hundred uniting with the church of God the year before. And I thought to myself: "What if Noah had heard that! He preached so many, many years and didn't get a convert; yet he was not discouraged." Then a man got up right behind me, and he trembled as he said: "I am lost; I want you to pray for my soul." And I said: "What if Noah had heard that! He worked a hundred and twenty years, and never had a man come to him and say that; and yet he didn't get discouraged." And I made up my mind then that, God helping me, I would never get discouraged. I would do the best I could, and leave the results with God; and it has been a wonderful help to me. And so let me say to the Christians of New York that we must expect good results; and never get discouraged; but if we don't get good results, let us not look on the dark side, but keep on praying, and in the fullness of time the blessing of God will come. What we want is to have the Christians come out and take their stand. I find a great many professed Christians for a long time ashamed to acknowledge that they have been quickened. Some have said they did not like the idea of asking Christians to rise, as I did last evening; that it was putting them in a false position. Now, if we are going to be successful, we have got to take our stand for God, and let the world and every one know we are on the Lord's side. I have great respect for the woman that started out during the war with a poker. She heard the enemy were coming and went to resist them. When some one asked her what she could do with a poker, she said she would at least let them know what side she was on. And that is what we want, and the time is coming when the line must be drawn in this city, and those on Christ's side must take their stand; and the moment we come out boldly and acknowledge Christ then it is that men will begin to inquire what they must do to be saved.

Then there is a class of people that are not warm enough. I don't think a little enthusiasm would hurt the church, at the present time. I think we need it. I know the world will cry out against it; business men will cry out against religious enthusiasm. But let railroad stocks go up fifteen or twenty per cent., and see what a revival there would be in business. If there should be a sudden advance in stock, see if there wouldn't be enthusiasm on 'Change tomorrow. Let there be a sudden change in business, and see if there isn't a good deal of enthusiasm on the street. We can have enthusiasm in business; we can have enthusiasm in politics, and no one complains of that. A man can have enthusiasm in everything else; but the moment that a little fire gets into the church they raise the cry, "Ah, enthusiasm—false excitement—I am afraid of it." I do not want false excitement; but I do think we want a little fire, a little holy enthusiasm. But these men will raise the cry, "Zeal with-

out knowledge." I had a good deal rather have zeal without knowledge than knowledge without zeal; and it won't hurt us to have a little more of this enthusiasm and zeal in the Lord's work. I saw more zeal when I was in Princeton last Sunday than I have in many a year. I was talking with the students there about their souls, and after I had been talking for some time, quite a group of young men gathered around me; and the moment that one of them made a surrender and said, "Well, I will accept Christ," it seemed as if there were twenty-five hands pressed right down to shake hands with him. That is what we want—men that will rejoice to hear of the conversion of men. Although I don't admire his ideas, I do admire the enthusiasm of that man Garibaldi. It is reported that when he marched toward Rome in 1867, they took him up and threw him into prison; and he sat right down and wrote to his comrades: "If fifty Garibaldis are thrown into prison, let Rome be free!" That is the spirit. Who is Garibaldi? That is nothing. "If fifty Garibaldis are thrown into prison, let Rome be free!" That is what we want in the cause of Christ. We have got to work, and not be loitering at our ease. And then the question of dignity comes up. We have got to lay all that aside, and we have got to be helpers. What difference does it make whether we are hewers of wood or carriers of water, while the temple of God is being erected. Yes, let us have an enthusiasm in the church of God. If we had it in a few of the churches in New York, I believe it would be like a resurrection. The people would say: "What has come over this man? he ain't like the same man he was two months ago." We want to have them say: "The Son of God is dearer to us than our money. The Son of God is dearer to us than our families. The Son of God is dearer to us than our position in society."

Let us do anything that the work of God may go on; and when we get there, God will bless us. Why, it says in the Bible, "One shall chase a thousand." We have not got many of that kind in our churches; I wish we had more of them. It says, "Two shall put ten thousand to flight." Now, if a few should lay hold of God in this way, see what a great army ere long will be saved in this city! But then we have got to be men after God's own heart. They cannot be lukewarm. They have got to be on fire with the cause of Christ. We have got to have more of this enthusiasm that will carry us into the Lord's work. If there is going to be a great revival in New York, it ain't going to be in this hall. It has got to be done by one and by another going around and talking to their neighbors. There isn't a skeptic, there isn't a drunkard, but what can be reclaimed, if we come with desire in our hearts. We mustn't go around professionally, if we want to see any result. There is a story told in history, in the ninth century I believe, of a young man that came up with a little handful of men to attack a king who had a great army

of 3,000 men. The young man had only 500; and the king sent a messenger to the young man saying that he need not fear to surrender, for he would treat him mercifully. The young man called up one of his soldiers and said, "Take this dagger and drive it to your heart;" and the soldier took the dagger and drove it to his heart. And calling up another, he said to him, "Leap into yonder chasm." and the man leaped into the chasm. The young man then said to the messenger: "Go back and tell your king I have got 500 men like these. We will die, but we will never surrender. And tell your king another thing, that I will have him chained with my dog inside of a few hours." And when the king heard that, he did not dare to meet them, and his army fled before them like chaff before the wind; and within twenty-four hours he had that king chained with his dog.

That is the kind of zeal we want. "We will die, but we will never surrender." We will work until Jesus comes; and then we will rise with him. Oh, if men are willing to die for patriotism, why can they not have the same zeal for Christ? All that Abraham Lincoln had to do was to call for men, and how speedily they came. When he called for 600,000 men, how quick they sprung up all over the nation. Isn't souls worth more than this republic? Isn't souls worth more than this government? Don't we want 600,000 men? If 600 men should come forward, whose hearts were right red-hot for the Son of God, we would be able to see what mighty results would follow. "One man shall chase a thousand, and two shall put ten thousand to flight." During our war, the generals that were all the time on the defensive never succeeded. The generals that were successful were the generals that were on the aggressive. Some of our churches think they are doing remarkably well if they hold their membership; and they think, if they have thirty or forty conversions in that church during the year, that that is remarkable work. They think it is enough to supply the places of those who have died, and those who have wandered away during the past. It seems to me we ought to bring thousands and thousands to Christ. I say the time has come for us to have a war on the side of aggression. There may be barriers in our path, but God can remove them. There may be a mountain in our way, but God can take us over the mountain. There may be difficulties in the way, but he can overcome them. Our God is above them all; and if the Church of God is ready to advance, all obstacles will be removed. No man ever sent by God ever failed, but self must be lost sight of. We must be willing to lay down our lives for the cause of Christ.

When I was going to Europe in 1867, my friend Mr. Stuart, of Philadelphia, said: "Be sure to be at the General Assembly in Edinburgh, in June. I was there last year," said he, "and it did me a world of good." He said that a returned missionary from India was invited to speak to the General Assembly on the wants of India.

This old missionary, after a brief address, told the pastors who were present to go home and stir up their churches, and send young men to India to preach the gospel. He spoke with such earnestness that after a while he fainted, and they carried him from the hall. When he recovered he asked where he was, and they told him the circumstances under which he had been brought there. "Yes," he said, "I was making a plea for India, and I didn't quite finish my speech, did I?" After being told that he did not, he said: "Well, take me back and let me finish it." But they said, "No! you will die in the attempt." "Well," said he, "I will die if I don't;" and the old man asked again that they would allow him to finish his plea. When he was taken back, the whole congregation stood as one man; and as they brought him on the platform, with a trembling voice he said: "Fathers and mothers of Scotland, is it true that you will not let your sons go to India? I spent twenty-five years of my life there; I lost my health, and I have come back with sickness and shattered health. If it is true that we have no strong grandsons to go to India, I will pack up what I have and be off to-morrow; and I will let those heathen know that if I cannot live for them, I will die for them."

The world will say that that old man was enthusiastic. Well, that is just what we want. No doubt that is what they said of the Son of God, when he was down here. Oh, that God may baptize us to-night with the spirit of enthusiasm! that he may anoint us to-night with the Holy Ghost! Let me say to some of you men—I see some gray locks here, who, I have no doubt, are saying: "I wish I was young again; I would like to help in this work; I would like to work for the Lord." When we went to London there was an old woman eighty-five years old, who came to the meetings and said she wanted a hand in that work. She was appointed to a district, and called on all classes of people. She went to places where we would probably have been put out, and told the people of Christ. There were none that could resist her. When the old woman of eighty-five years old came to them and offered to pray for them, they all received her kindly—Catholics, Jews, Gentiles, all. That is enthusiasm—that is what we want in New York. If you cannot give a day to this work, give an hour; or if not an hour, five minutes. If you have not strength to do anything personally, you can pray for this work. Now, it is a good deal better to do that than it is to stand off criticising. Some will say: "Oh, I heard my grandfather say how such things should be done. This is not managed right to be successful." And they stand off and criticise and find fault; and we will never succeed as long as they do this. All should work, and ask God's guidance.

Once, when a great fire broke out at midnight, and people thought that all the inmates had been taken out, away up there in the fifth

story was seen a little child crying for help. Up went a ladder, and soon a fireman was seen ascending to the spot. As he neared the second story, the flames burst in fury from the windows; and the multitude almost despaired of the rescue of the child. The brave man faltered, and a comrade at the bottom cried out, "Cheer!" and cheer upon cheer arose from the crowd. Up the ladder he went, and saved the child, because they cheered him. If you cannot go into the heat of the battle yourself, if you cannot go into the harvest field and work day after day, you can cheer those that are working for the Master. I see many old people in their old days get crusty and sour, and they discourage every one they meet by their fault-finding. That is not what we want. If we make a mistake, come and tell us of it; and we will thank you. You don't know how much you may do by just speaking kindly to those that are willing to work.

I remember when I was a boy, I went several miles from home with an older brother. That seemed to me the longest visit of my life. It seemed that I was then further away from home than I had ever been before, or have ever been since. While we were walking down the street, we saw an old man coming toward us, and my brother said: "There is a man that will give you a cent. He gives every new boy that comes into this town a cent." That was my first visit to the town; and when the old man got opposite to us he looked around; and my brother not wishing me to lose the cent, and to remind the old man that I had not received it, told him that I was a new boy in the town. The old man, taking off my hat, placed his trembling hand on my head, and told me I had a Father in heaven. It was a kind, simple act, but I feel the pressure of the old man's hand upon my head to-day.

Now you can all do something in this work of saving souls—that is what we have come to this city for. There is not a mother, father, nor wife, there is not a young man in all the city, but what ought to be in sympathy with this work. We have come here to try to save souls. I never heard of one that was brought to Christ that it injured them. Oh, let us pray for the Spirit of God. Let us pray that this spirit of criticism and fault-finding may be all laid aside, and that we may be of one spirit, as they were on the day of Pentecost.

TO EVERY MAN HIS WORK.

"To every man his work." MARK 13:34.

I want to call your attention to a verse you will find in the 13th chapter of Mark, part of the 34th verse—"To every man his work." "For the Son of Man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his house and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work, and commanded the porter to watch." Now, by reading that verse carefully it don't read, "to every man some work," or "to every man a work;" but, "to every man his work." And I believe, if the truth was known, that every man and woman in this assembly has a work laid out for them to do; that every man's life is a plan of the Almighty, and way back in the councils of eternity God laid out a work for each one of us. There is no man living that can do the work that God has got for me to do. No one can do it but myself. And if the work ain't done, we will have to answer for it when we stand before God's bar. For it says: "Every man shall be brought unto judgment, and every one shall give an account of the deeds done in the body." And it seems to me that every one of us ought to take this question home to-night: "Well, am I doing the work that God has for me to do?" God has got a work for every one of us to do. Now in the parable the man who had two talents had the same reward as the man who had five talents. He heard the same words as the man who had five talents. "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." The men that take good care of the talents that God has loaned them, he always gives them more. But if we take the talent that God has given us, and lay it away carefully in a napkin and bury it away, God will take even that from us. God don't want a man that has got one talent to do the work of a man that has got ten. All a man has got to answer for is the one that God has given him. If we were all of us doing the work that God has got for us to do, don't you see how the work of the Lord would advance? I believe in what John Wesley used to say, "All at it, and always at it;" and that is what the church wants to-day.

But men say: "I don't believe in these revivals; it's only temporary, it only lasts a few minutes." Yes, if I thought it was only to last a few minutes, I would say "Amen" to everything they say. My prayer has been for years that God will let me die when the spirit of revival dies out in my heart; and I don't want to live any longer, if I can't be used to some purpose. What are we all down in this world of sickness and sorrow for, unless it is to work for the Son of

God, and improve the talents he has given us. But some men are not satisfied with the talents they have, but are always wishing for some one else's talent. Now, that is all wrong. It is contrary to the spirit of Christ. Instead of wishing for some one else's talent, let us make the best use of the talents God has given us. Now, there ain't a father or a mother here but would think it a great misfortune if their children shouldn't grow any for the next ten or fifteen years. That little boy there, if he shouldn't grow any for ten or fifteen years, his mother would say, "It is a great calamity." I know some men of my acquaintance who make the same prayers they made fifteen or twenty years ago. They are like a horse in a treadmill—it is always the same old story of their experiences when they were converted, and going round and round. If you had a child that was deaf and dumb, you would think it a great misfortune. Do you ever think how many dumb children God has got? You speak about political matters, and they can talk. You ask them what do they think about General Grant's third term; and hear them talk. You ask them about stocks and bonds; and hear them talk. You talk to them about the hard times in New York; and see if they can't talk. But you ask them to speak about the Son of God, and they say: "O no, I can't speak about that. Please excuse me!" Either they don't believe, or they have gone like the third man and buried their talent; and they say, "The Lord is a hard master." I remember once a party of gentlemen speaking of this parable that I read, and asking a deaf man: "What do you think of this man's hiding his talent, and about the justice of his reward?" The deaf man replied: "I don't know anything about the justice of his reward, but I know he is a liar. The Lord isn't a hard master; he told lies when he said that." And so these men who bury their talents, they think the Lord is a hard master; but the men who are using their talents, they don't think the Lord is a hard master.

Let us do all the business we can. If we can't be a lighthouse, let us be a tallow candle. There used to be a period when the people came up to meeting bringing their candles with them. The first one perhaps wouldn't make a great illumination, but when two or three got there, there would be more light. If the people of this city should do that now, if each one should come here with his candle, don't you think there would be a good deal of light? Let all the gas be put out in this hall, and one solitary candle would give a little light here. If we can't be a lighthouse, let us be a tallow candle. Some one said, "I can't be anything more, than a farthing rushlight." Well, if you can't be more be that, that is well enough. Be all you can. What makes the Dead Sea dead? Because it is all the time receiving, never giving out anything. Why is it that many Christians are cold? Because they are all the time receiving, never giving out anything. You go every Sunday and hear good sermons,

and think that is enough. You are all the time receiving these grand truths, but never give them out. When you hear it, go and scatter the sacred truth abroad. Instead of having one minister to preach to a thousand people, this thousand ought to take a sermon and spread it till it reaches those that never go to church or chapel. Instead of having a few, we ought to have thousands using the precious talents that God has given them.

Now, Andrew got the reputation of bringing people to Christ. He went about it in the right way; he began right. I imagine that when Christ wanted these mighty deeds done, he went out and hunted up Andrew. Andrew inquired of the people, "Have you seen anything of Peter?" And when he found him, he brought him to Christ. Little did Andrew know of the importance of the day when he brought Peter to Christ. Little did he think that on that day he did the greatest act of his life. What joy must have filled his heart when he saw three thousand brought under the influence of the Spirit by that holy man. Oh, you cannot tell what results will follow, if you just improve the talent God has given you by bringing one Simon Peter to Christ. Then we read that when the Greeks came and wanted to see Jesus, Andrew met them and brought them all to Christ. Andrew had a reputation of bringing sinners to God. That is a good reputation. I would rather have that reputation than any other. Oh, the joy there is in bringing people to Christ! This is what we all can do, if we will. If God has not given us but half a talent, let us make good use of that. When God told the people to take their seats by fifties, he told Philip to get food for them. "What," says Philip, "feed them with this little loaf? Why, there is not more than enough for the first man." "Yes, go and feed them with that." Philip thought that was a very small amount for such a multitude of hungry men. He broke off a piece for the first man, and didn't miss it; a piece for the second man, and didn't miss it; a piece for the third man, and didn't miss it. He was making good use of the loaf, and God kept increasing it. That is what the Lord wants to do with us. He will give us just as many talents as we can take care of.

There are many of us that are willing to do great things for the Lord; but few of us willing to do little things. The mighty sermon on regeneration was preached to one man. There are many who are willing to preach to thousands, but are not willing to take their seat beside one soul, and lead that soul to the blessed Jesus. We must get down to personal effort—this bringing one by one to the Son of God. We can find no better example of this than in the life of Christ himself. Look at that wonderful sermon that he preached to that lone woman at the well of Samaria. He was tired and weary, but he had time and the heart to preach to her. This is but one of many instances in the life of the Master from which we may learn a precious

lesson. If the Son of God had time to preach to one soul, cannot every one of us go and do the same? If people, instead of coming to these meetings, folding up their arms and enjoying themselves, without personal effort, would wake up to the fact that they have a work to do, what a wonderful work could be done! It is not enough to come to these meetings; we want ten thousand workers in New York city. We want ten thousand men and women that are willing to say, "Lord, here am I, use me." Ten thousand of such people would revolutionize this city in a little while. Look at the work of the mighty Wesley. The world never saw a hundred such men living at the same time. The trouble is, we are afraid to speak to men about their souls. Let us ask God to give us grace to overcome this man-fearing spirit. There is a wife, but she dare not speak to her husband about his soul. There is a father that dare not speak to a son about his soul. What we want to do is to speak to our neighbors about these things. We call it a little work, but let me say to you it is a great deal. If we would do this, we might turn ten thousand to the Son of God.

I remember hearing of a person that was always trying to do some great thing for the Lord; and because he could not do a great thing, he never did anything. There are a great many who would be willing to do great things, if they could come up and have their names heralded through the press. I remember hearing of a man's dream, in which he imagined that when he died he was taken by the angels to a beautiful temple. After admiring it for a time, he discovered that one stone was missing. All finished but just one little stone; that was left out. He said to the angel, "What is this stone left out for?" The angel replied: "That was left out for you; but you wanted to do great things, and so there was no room left for you." He was startled, and awoke, and resolved that he would become a worker for God; and that man always worked faithfully after that.

Now, my friends, we must not expect to do great things. We must take anything that comes to us; we must let the Lord use us as he sees fit. I remember once, while preaching at a meeting, of noticing in the congregation a lady who had a class in a mission school. I knew that it was the time for them to meet, and I wondered what she was there for. When I got home, I said: "How did you happen to be at the meeting this afternoon? What did you do with all those little lambs? Haven't you a class that meets to-day?" "Yes," she said; "but I only have five little boys, and I didn't think it would matter if I didn't teach them to-day." "Have you five little boys?" "Yes." "How do you know but among those little boys there may be a Knox; there may be a Wesley, or a Whitefield, or a Bunyan? There may be a man there who will go out and revolutionize the world." My friends, in that little boy with his tattered clothes and uncombed hair, there may be a Martin Luther, if you

could but lead him to Christ. If you have five little children come to you, thank God for that, and start with your work. I heard, some time ago, of a young lady that went out to a boarding-school. Her parents were very wealthy, and sent her to the best school they could find. They were very anxious that their daughter should shine in the highest circle of society, that she should become refined and educated. Among her associates at school was a lady who loved and worked for Christ. By constant labor she won this young girl's heart, and pleaded with her to become a Christian. She succeeded, and the young lady became a worker in the vineyard of the Lord. She taught her the luxury of working for Christ. She labored with her schoolmates, and God used her in winning quite a number of young ladies in that school to Christ. I have known a great many ministers who wanted to know how they could keep their congregation out of the world. Give them so much to do that they won't have time to attend to cherish worldly influences. This young lady of whom I was speaking came home, and her father and mother wanted her to shine in the fashionable society. No, she said she had got something better than that. She went to the Sabbath-school superintendent, and said to him, "Can you give me a class in the Sunday-school?" He was surprised that this young lady should want that. He told her that he had no class that he could give her then. She went away with a resolve to do what she could outside of the school. One day, as she was walking up the street, she say a little boy running out of a shoemaker's shop, and behind him was the old shoemaker, chasing him, with a wooden last in his hand. He had not ran far until the last was thrown at him, and he was struck in the back. The boy stopped and began to cry. The Spirit of the Lord touched that young lady's heart, and she went to where he was. She stepped up to him and asked him if he was hurt. He told her it was none of her business. She went to work then to win that boy's confidence. She asked him if he went to school. He said, "No." "Well, why don't you go to school?" "Don't want to." She asked him if he would not like to go to Sunday-school. "If you will come," she said, "I will tell you beautiful stories, and read nice books." She coaxed and pleaded with him, and at last said that if he would consent to go she would meet him on the corner of a street which they should agree upon. He at last consented; and the next Sunday, true to his promise, he waited for her at the place designated. She took him by the hand and led him into the Sabbath-school. "Can you give me a place to teach this little boy?" she asked of the superintendent. He looked at the boy, but they didn't have any such looking little ones in the school. A place was found, however, and she sat down in the corner and tried to win that soul for Christ. Many would look upon that with contempt, but she had got something to do for the Master. The little boy had never heard anybody sing so

sweetly before. When he went home he was asked where he had been. "Been among the angels," he told his mother. He said he had been to the Protestant Sabbath-school; but his father and mother told him he must not go there any more or he would get a flogging. The next Sunday he went, and when he got home he got the promised flogging. He went the second time and got a flogging, and also a third time, with the same result. At last he said to his father: "I wish you would flog me before I go, and then I won't have to think of it when I am there." The father said: "If you go to the Sabbath-school again I will kill you." It was the father's custom to send his son out on the street to sell articles to the passers-by; and he told the boy that he might have the profits of what he sold on Saturday. The little fellow hastened to the young lady's house and said to her: "Father said that he would give me every Saturday to myself; and if you will just teach me then, I will come to your house every Saturday afternoon." I wonder how many young ladies there are that would give up their Saturday afternoons just to teach one boy the way into the kingdom or God. Every Saturday afternoon that little boy was there at her house, and she tried to tell him the way to Christ. She labored with him, and at last the light of God's Spirit broke upon his heart. One day, while he was selling his wares at the railroad station, a train of cars approached unnoticed and passed over both his legs. A physician was summoned, and the first thing after he arrived, the little sufferer looked up into his face, and said, "Doctor, will I live to get home?" "No," said the doctor, "you are dying." "Will you tell my mother and father that I died a Christian?" They bore home the boy's corpse, and with it the last message that he died a Christian. Oh, what a noble work was that young lady's in saving that little wanderer! How precious the remembrance to her! When she goes to heaven, she will not be a stranger there. He will take her by the hand and lead her to the throne of Christ. She did the work cheerfully. Oh, may God teach us what our work is, that we may do it for his glory.

It is the greatest pleasure of living to win souls to Christ, and it is a pleasure that angels can't enjoy. It is sometimes a wonder to me that God doesn't take the work out of the church, and give it to the angels. If the redeemed saints could come by the bar, I sometimes think they would rejoice in coming back here to have the privilege of leading one more soul to Christ. Isn't it high time that the church got awake from its midnight slumber? It is time the work was commenced; and when the Spirit of God revives it, shan't we go and do it? Are there not five thousand Christians in this hall, and ain't there some one among them that can lead a soul to Christ within the next week? If we work, what a great army can be brought in, if we are only faithful! I want to say to the Christians here that there is one rule I have followed that has helped me wonderfully. I made it

a rule that I wouldn't let a day pass without speaking to some one about their soul's salvation; and if they didn't hear the gospel from the lips of others, there will be 365 in a year that shall hear the gospel from my lips. There are five thousand Christians here to-night; can't they say, "We won't let a day pass without speaking a word to some one about the cause of Christ?"

At Philadelphia, when we were holding meetings in the gas-works, there was a man who came to our very first meeting. He was very much interested, and said, "I will try and see if I can't lead some of the men in my shop to Christ." He began to talk with them. There were 175 men on the night-watch, and when I left they said 25 out of the 175 had been converted; and every night, at midnight —that is the hour they have what might be called their midnight dinner—and every night, at midnight, they have a prayer-meeting. When you and I sleep to-night all these young converts speak and pray, and it looks now as if every man in the gas-works was going to be brought to Christ.

When we were in Belfast, there was a man who heard about leading souls to Christ. He began by talking to his wife, and to his servant, and to his children; and just as we were leaving Belfast they were very much interested, but not converted. He came down to Dublin—broke up his home, left his business, and came to Dublin. One night he came to me very joyous, and he says, "My wife has been converted." A little while after, he came and said, "My younger son has been converted." and a little while after, he said, "My oldest son has been converted." And now the whole family is in the ark. And he came over to Manchester, and he came up to London; and now perhaps in all Belfast there is not one that works harder than that whole family. Look at this man's success. He found his work was right there in his own household; and if the fathers, and mothers, and sisters, and wives, and brothers, will try to bring the members of their families to Christ, and cry, "Oh, God, teach me what my work is"—the Spirit of God will surely tell them what their work is; and then if they are ready to go and do it, there will be thousands converted in this city in a few days. Oh, may the Spirit of the Lord come upon us to-night, and may every one of us be taught by the Holy Ghost what our work is, and may we be ready to do it.

LOVE AND SYMPATHY.

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." I. CORINTHIANS 13: 1.

I want to follow up the subject we have had during the past week in the noon prayer-meeting. We have had for our subject "Prayer;" and in these meetings, a good many of you will remember, we have had the subject "Work." Now we want to put the two together, "Pray and work." That is really about all there is to it. It is to pray and to Work. I am in hopes we will be ready next Sabbath to go to work with individuals. I am in hopes there will be thousands of Christians that will just be trying to lead some soul to Christ. Now there are two qualifications which we need in order to be successful fishermen of men, in order to be successful in winning souls to Christ. Some of you will remember I have taken the subjects, "Courage and Enthusiasm." I want to take two others, "Love and Sympathy." I want to call your attention to the 13th chapter of Corinthians, where it says that, "If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal;" and if we even give our bodies to be burned and yet if we haven't real love in our hearts, our work will go for naught. I want to call your attention to a passage in Titus, in the 2d chapter of Titus, two verses: "But speak thou the things which become sound doctrine: that the aged men may be sober, grave, temperate, sound in faith, in charity and in patience."

If love don't prompt all work, all work is for naught. If a man in the church ain't sound in his faith, we draw our ecclesiastical sword and cut his head right off; but he may not be sound in love, yet we do nothing in his case. The great want in our churches is the want of love in them. If we had more love we would do better, for love begets love; and then, too, hate begets hate. You often hear a man say that such and such a man is the meanest man in town. Now the other man may have had no ill-feeling toward the speaker; but if he hears of the remark he begins to think badly of the one who abused him and soon learns to hate him. Now, if a man should hear that another man loves him and has spoken well of him, his love will grow too. Christ tells all men, "By this shall all men know—have love one to another." This love will be the badge of the Christian, the badge by which to tell who they are,—like the badges the ushers wear here. Without love, we are not really converted to the Church

of God. When we are truly converted, we love all things and all men better than ever before. The morning I was converted, I went out doors, and I fell in love with the bright sun shining over the earth; I never loved the sun before. And when I heard the birds singing their sweet songs, I fell in love with the birds, like the Scotch lassie who stood on the hills of her native land, breathing the sweet air, and when asked why she did it, said, "I love the Scotch air." If the church was filled with love, it could do so much more.

I am tired of the word duty; tired of hearing duty, duty, duty. Men go to church because it is their duty. They go to prayer-meeting because it is their duty. You can never reach a man's heart if you talk to him because it is your duty. Suppose I told my wife I loved her because it was my duty—what would she say? Once every year I go up to Connecticut to visit my aged mother. Suppose, when I go next time, I tell her that I knew she was old and that she was living on borrowed time; that I knew she had always done a great deal for me, and that I came to see her every year because it was my duty. Don't you think she would say, "Well, then, my son, you needn't take the trouble to come again?" Let us strike for a higher plane. God loved the world when it was full of sinners and those who broke his law. If he did so, can't we do it, and love our fellow-men? If the Savior could die for the world, can't we work for it? The churches would soon be filled if outsiders could find that people in them loved them when they came; if the elders and deacons were glad to see them, and were ready to take them by the hand and welcome them. Such things would draw sinners. Actions like these speak louder than words. We do not want to talk of love and not show it in our deeds; we want something more than tongue love.

If our heart goes out towards them and we love them, they will be drawn toward us, and we will win them to Christ. We must win them to us first, and then we can win them to Christ. The last time I heard Dr. Arnott speak—he died soon afterward—he used a homely illustration. Said he: "Those of you who were brought up on a farm will understand it. When you have to wean a calf, you have to teach it how to drink. You take a bucket of milk, and then you put your fingers in the calf's mouth; and when he has got a good hold, you pull his nose right down into the milk. Then you slip your fingers out, and then the calf is drinking before he knows anything about it. So," said he, "you must get the people to love you, and then turn them over to Christ." We must be more lovely ourselves, and show the people that we love them. In our city, a few years ago, there was a little boy who went to one of the mission Sunday-schools. His father moved to another part of the city, about five miles away; and every Sunday that boy came past thirty or forty Sunday-schools to the one he attended. And one Sunday a lady, who was out collecting scholars for a Sunday-school, met him and

MOODY AND SANKEY AT THE HIPPODROME, NEW YORK.

(Entrance from Madison Avenue.)

asked him why he went so far, past so many schools. "There are plenty of others," said she, "just as good." He said, "They may be as good, but they are not so good for me." "Why not?" she asked. "Because they love a fellow over there," he answered. Ah! love won him. "Because they love a fellow over there!" How easy it is to reach people through love! Sunday-school teachers should win the affections of their scholars, if they wish to lead them to Christ.

Those who are successful in winning the affections of men are successful in leading them to Christ.

In London, in 1872, one Sunday morning a minister said to me: "I want you to notice that family there in one of the front seats, and when we go home I want to tell you their story." When we got home I asked him for the story, and he said, "All that family were won by a smile." "Why," said I, "how's that?" "Well," said he, "as I was walking down a street one day I saw a child at a window; it smiled, and I smiled, and we bowed. So it was the second time; I bowed, she bowed. It was not long before there was another child, and I had got in a habit of looking and bowing; and pretty soon the group grew, and at last, as I went by, a lady was with them. I didn't know what to do. I didn't want to bow to her, but I knew the children expected it; and so I bowed to them all. And the mother saw I was a minister, because I carried a Bible every Sunday morning. So the children followed me the next Sunday and found I was a minister. And they thought I was the greatest preacher, and their parents must hear me. A minister who is kind to a child and gives him a pat on the head, why the children will think he is the greatest preacher in the world. Kindness goes a great way. And to make a long story short, the father and mother and five children were converted; and they are going to join our church next Sunday." Won to Christ by a smile! We must get the wrinkles out of our brows, and we must have smiling faces. The world is after the best thing; and we must show them that we have got something better than they have got. I thought last night how I wished I knew the young men better. I have got something better than infidelity. We must convince them of this, or those that live out of Christ will stumble over us into the last world. Men are after the best thing everywhere; and we must show the world that we have got the best thing, before we win the world. If a man is after a horse, he wants to get the best horse he can for the money. If a lady goes shopping, she wants to get the best ribbon she can for the money. If a man wants a coat, he wants to get the best coat he can for the money. This is the law t! world around. If we show men that religion is better than anything else, we shall win the world; but we cannot do it if we are cold and lukewarm, and under the lashings of conscience all the time.

We won't win the world to Christ if we are cold and lukewarm; but if the love of God beats in warm pulsations in our hearts, and we show them we are full of love and sympathy for them, how easy it will be to win souls to Christ! I like to see in a Christian's face the light that comes down from the celestial hills of glory. To love those that abuse them—that is what the Master did; and if we have his Spirit, we will certainly love those that don't love us. I don't think there is a man in New York whose heart is so hard but that love will break it. A friend of mine, who had a large Sabbath-school, had a theory never to turn a boy out of Sabbath-school on account of bad conduct. "I considered," said he, that those boys who behave badly in Sunday-school, had not had the advantages of a good bringing up, and for that very reason ought not to be turned out. I found out," said he, "that it was one thing to have a theory and another thing to put it in practice." For he had a boy come into his Sunday-school that nearly upset all his practice. He put him under one teacher; and nothing could be done with him; he put him under another teacher, and nothing could be done with him; he put him under another teacher, and nothing could be done with him. And he made up his mind to expel him from the school, and do it publicly; and let all the school know that the boy was expelled. But there came a lady teacher to him who said, "I wish you would let me have that boy." "But," said he, "he is such a bad boy; he uses such vulgar language. All those men can't do anything with him; and I think, I am sure, you can't." The lady said; "I am not doing much for Christ, and it may be that I can win him." But she was a lady of refined society, and he thought, "Surely, she won't be willing to have patience with that boy." He gave her the boy, and, he said, for a few Sundays he behaved very well; but one Sunday he behaved badly, and she corrected him, and he up and spat in her face. She quietly took her handkerchief and wiped her face. I don't know what his name was, but we will call him Johnny. "Johnny," she says, "I wish you would go home with me. I want to talk with you." "Well, I won't," he said; "I won't be seen on the street with you; and what's more, I ain't never coming to this Sunday-school any more." "Well," she says, "If you won't walk home with me, let me walk home with you." No, he said, he wouldn't be seen on the street with her; and he was not coming to that dirty old Sunday-school any more. She knew if she was going to reach that boy she must do it then; and she thought she would try. She thought she would just bear on that curiosity chord. Sometimes, when you can't reach people in any other way, you can do it by exciting their curiosity. She said to him: "If you will come to my house, next Tuesday morning, I shan't be there, but if you will go there and ring the front door bell, and tell the servant there is a little bundle on the bureau for you, she will give it to you." The little fellow said he wouldn't

come. She thought he might change his mind. He thought it over, and he thought he would just like to know what there was in that bundle. And he went up to the house Tuesday morning, and the bundle was handed to him; and there was a little vest in it, and a little necktie that she had made with her own hands; and a kind note, stating that ever since he had been in her class she had been praying for him every morning and every evening, and she told him how she loved him and cared for him. The next morning he was there, bright and early, before she was up. The servant came up and told her that that boy was in the drawing-room, and wanted to see her. She went down and found the little fellow sitting on the sofa, weeping. She spoke to him kindly, and said, "What is the trouble?" And he says, "Oh, teacher, I have had no peace since I got that note from you." And she got down and prayed with him, "And," said the superintendent, "there is not a better boy in the school. Love conquered him."

The greatest infidel can be reached by love; the greatest drunkard can be reached by love. Infidelity don't know anything about love. The religion of Jesus Christ is a religion of love. If we would be successful workers in his vineyard, it is the love of Christ that must bind us together. A few years ago I was in a town down in our state, the guest of a family that had a little boy about thirteen years old, who did not bear the family name, yet was treated like the rest. Every night when he retired, the lady of the house kissed him, and treated him in every respect like all the other children. I said to the lady of the house, "I don't understand it." I think he was the finest-looking boy I have ever seen. I said to her, "I don't understand it." She says: "I want to tell you about that boy. That boy is the son of a missionary. His father and mother were missionaries in India; but they found they had got to bring their children back to this country to educate them. So they gave up their mission field and came back to educate their children, and to find some missionary work to do in this country. But they were not prospered here as they had been in India, and the father said, "I will go back to India;" and the mother said: "If God has called you to go I am sure it will be my duty to go, and my privilege to go, and I will go with you." The father said: "You have never been separated from the children, and it will be hard for you to be separated from them; perhaps you had better stay and take care of them." But after praying they decided to leave their children to be educated, and they left for India. This lady heard of it and sent a letter to the parents, in which she stated if they left one child at her house she would treat it like one of her own children. She said the mother came and spent a few days at her house, and being satisfied that her boy would receive proper care, consented to leave him. And the night before she was to leave him, the missionary lady said to the Western lady: "I want

to leave my boy to-morrow morning without a tear;" said she, "I may never see him again." But she didn't want him to think she was weeping for anything she was doing for the master. The lady said to herself, "She won't leave that boy without a tear." But the next day, when the carriage drove up to the door, the lady went up stairs and said she heard the mother in prayer, crying: "O God, give me strength for this hour. Help me to go away from my boy without a tear." When she came down there was a smile upon her face. She hugged him and she kissed him, but she smiled as she did it. She gave up all her five or six children without shedding a tear, went back to India, and in about a year there came a voice, "Come up hither." Do you think she would be a stranger in the Lord's world? Don't you think she won't be known there, a mother that loved her God more than her children? When I think of that, it seems as if I didn't know much about making a sacrifice for my Master. Oh, that we might know more about the love of Christ!

The next thing I want to speak of is sympathy. We have got to get into sympathy with people if we are going to do them good. This world wants sympathy about as much as anything. There are so many we could reach if we could sympathize with them. If we stand upon a higher plane, we won't succeed. The Son of God passed by the mansions and went down in a manger that he might sympathize with the lowly. If we want to reach people, we have got to put ourselves in the places of these people, if we are going to succeed. People say, "How are the masses going to be reached?" Why, get into sympathy with them. If a man knows you are in sympathy with him, his heart, however hard it may be, will be broken. A gentleman one day came to my office for the purpose of getting me interested in a young man who had just got out of the penitentiary. "He says," said the gentleman, "he don't want to go to the office; but I want your permission to bring him in and introduce him." I said, "Bring him in." The gentleman brought him in and introduced him; and I took him by the hand, and told him I was glad to see him. I invited him up to my house, and when I took him into my family I introduced him as my friend. When my little daughter came into the room I said, "Emma, this is papa's friend." And she went up and kissed him, and the man sobbed aloud. After the child left the room I said, "What is the matter?" "O sir," he said, "I have not had a kiss for years. The last kiss I had was from my mother, and she was dying. I thought I would never love another one again." His heart was broken. Just that little kindness showed I was in sympathy with him. Another young man, just out of the penitentiary, came to me, and after I had talked with him for some time, he didn't seem to think I was in sympathy with him. I offered him a little money, "No," he said, "I don't want your money." "What do you want?" "I want some one to have confi-

dence in me." I got down and prayed with him; and in my prayer I called him a brother, and he shed tears the moment I called him a brother. So if we are going to reach men we must make them believe we are their brothers. I will tell you how to get there. You must put yourself in their places. I tell you, if we only put ourselves in their places, we can succeed in bringing souls to Christ. Oh, when we see a poor drunkard, let us bear in mind that we might have been in the same place under the same circumstances. Oh, may God give us love and sympathy, so that we can reach the masses, and that many may be reached in this way; and we will see men coming to Christ by thousands. I believe, in my soul, we are going to see the greatest work in New York we have ever seen in this world. Let every one of us that love the Lord Jesus Christ make up our minds that, by the grace of God, we will try to help some soul to Christ; and the Lord will make us wise in leading souls to him, if that is our prayer.

THE GOSPEL.

"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor." LUKE 4: 18.

I want to call your attention to a verse in the 4th chapter of the Gospel of Luke—the 18th verse: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor." I have spoken a great many times in New York city, but I believe I never preached the gospel here but once. That was twelve or fifteen years ago, down in the Tombs. I have spoken a great many times in different parts of the city; but I have never preached the gospel but once. I have tried to arouse Christians up to work. People are in the habit of thinking that anything that is in the way of a religious meeting is the gospel; but they are mistaken. I have had quite a number of letters from Christians, complaining because I don't preach the gospel to the people. I want to tell you, if I can, what the Gospel of the Son of God is. I want to ask all those who are Christians here, to be silently lifting up their hearts in prayer, that God may help me to make the way of life plain; and that every one may know what the Gospel of God is. I believe I was converted years before I knew what the gospel meant. Now the word gospel means "good spell," or in other words, "God's spell."

When Christ commenced his ministry, about his first words were, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor." That don't mean those who are poor in this world's goods, but that means the poor in spirit. Christ says, "the Lord has anointed me" for that purpose. He had been out of Nazareth for a few weeks, and had gone down to Jordan, where he had met the great wilderness preacher. Christ had left Nazareth, and went to meet John, that man from the desert that was more like Elijah than any man since Elijah went up to heaven, in a chariot of fire. There he met a great many people, ten thousands of people probably, and he was crying that the kingdom of God was at hand. Down there into the audience came a man, who passed down into the water, and he requested John to baptize him. John said that he needed to be baptized of him. But after the baptism there came a voice—God confessed his Son: "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." These thousands took the tidings all over the country, and the voice had reached Nazareth, that Christ had been baptized by John, in Jordan, and that there came down a voice from heaven saying, "This is my beloved Son, hear him." When he arrived in Nazareth there was no small assemblage ready to meet him. He went into the synagogue, as was his custom, and he stood up and read the prophecy of the prophet Esaias, and he opened the book to read—they did not have books like what we have, they used to have parchment—he might have turned to the first chapter, "But Israel doth not know me." He might have read not that, but "from the sole of the foot, even unto the head, there is no soundness in it." He passed by the 35th chapter—"then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped." He might have read that, but Calvary had got to have a victory before that could be said. He passed over the 9th chapter, he passed over the 40th chapter. He might have told them—he might have turned to the 55th chapter. He had not been wounded, he had not yet gone through Gethsemane. But we read that he found the place where it is written, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor." And that was the commencement of his ministry, and that was on his going back to Nazareth. And in that 61st chapter of Isaiah he stopped right in the middle of a sentence. There were seven things he had come to do. He read that part which was that he had come to preach the gospel to the poor. The next was, "He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted." Wasn't that good tidings? You would think that was good tidings, wouldn't you? The next was he had come to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the next was the recovery of sight to the blind, and to set at liberty them that are bruised, and to open the doors to the captive, and to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and he closed the book. And the eyes of the whole congrega-

tion were upon him. The next sentence which he omitted was, "The day of vengeance is at hand." I have an idea when the prophet Isaiah wrote those words he did not fully see the first and second coming of Christ, that has already passed, and the day of vengeance has not come. So it seems as if the prophet Isaiah did not see the first and second coming of our Lord.

Christ shut up the book: he will come back by-and-by, and he will open the book, and he will commence to read where he left off. You can cry for mercy then, but the door will be shut. But Christ did not come to condemn sinners. He came to save them. I have not come to New York to preach "The day of vengeance is at hand." I have come to proclaim the gospel of Christ.

I have come to tell you the good tidings. Christ did not come into the world to condemn the world, but that through him the world might be saved. In the 9th chapter of Luke, you will read that he called his twelve disciples together, and gave them power and authority over devils, and to heal the sick; that is what he came for—to preach the Gospel of God, and to heal the sick. Then in the next chapter he calls around him the seventy—he had appointed other seventy, also; and he sent them, two and two, before his face, into every city and place whither he himself would come. Now, we find that he had come into the world just to bring glad tidings. Did you ever see or hear of any one that didn't like to receive glad tidings? Now, one proof that people don't believe the Bible, is, when they wear long faces, as if they had accepted an invitation to an execution. That ain't the gospel. The gospel is good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people, "for unto us is born this day, in the city of David, a Savior." I don't believe that better news ever fell upon the ears of mortal man, than the news of the gospel. I don't believe any man ever heard better tidings, and it is glad tidings of heaven. God never had but one Son, and he called him to send that good news: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor." We find that Moses was anointed. He went down into Egypt, and death followed. When he was opposed, look at the plagues that fell upon the Egyptians. We find that the Spirit of God was upon Elijah. When he wanted to protect himself, men lost their lives. The fifty came to get Elisha, and he called fire down from heaven, and he was taken up to heaven. The spirit came down upon Gideon, and when men came out to meet him he slew them by thousands. The Spirit of God came upon Samson, and he slew men by thousands. The Spirit came upon the holy men of old; but when Christ comes, he says, "the Spirit of the Lord is upon me"—not to take men's lives—the only man that lost anything was the man that lost his ear. Peter's faith got lukewarm, and he cut off a servant's ear, but the Lord gave it back to him. I don't suppose he lost it more than five minutes, and it was just as good as

ever when he got it back. I don't suppose you could find a scar there.

Christ says, "I did not come to destroy men's lives. I came to save them." And it seems to me to be the greatest madness that the world don't receive Christ. That we should have to coax and to entreat men to receive Christ, isn't it a mystery? Suppose, while I am preaching, a messenger should come in and bring a letter that brought good tidings to that mother. Don't you suppose she would be glad to receive it? Suppose it told her that her boy that has been gone for ten years has returned? He ran away ten years ago, and the messenger comes in and states that he that ran away has got home. Don't you think that mother's face would light up, so I could see it in her countenance? And so, when I preach the gospel, I can't help but see those that believe. The joy lights up their faces. Look at our churches, how the people throng to them to hear the gospel. Let a man preach about something else than the gospel, and see if the people would throng to them. There is a void in every one's heart, and that will never be filled until they receive the gospel of Christ.

Now, I want to tell you why I like the gospel; for I don't believe God calls on us to believe the gospel without giving us good reason; and I don't believe he would call it good news unless he gave us a reason. It has taken out of my path four of the most bitter enemies I had. The 15th chapter of Corinthians tells us that the last enemy that shall be destroyed shall be death. I see by the badges of mourning among you that many of you have lost loved ones. Many of you know what it is to have death come to your door, when some loved child has been taken from your bosom. Now, I don't know but some of you will say, "If a person is afraid of death, he is a coward." I don't believe there is a man or woman that ever lived who is not afraid of death, unless they knew that Jesus Christ would overcome death. Before I knew the Son of God as my Savior, death was a terrible enemy to me. Now, up in that little New England village where I came from, in that little village it was the custom to toll out the bell whenever any one died, and to toll one stroke for every year. Sometimes they would toll out seventy strokes for a man of seventy, or forty strokes for a man of forty. I used to think when they died at seventy, and sometimes at eighty, well, that is a good ways off. But sometimes it would be a child at my age; and then it used to be very solemn. Sometimes I could not bear to sleep in a room alone. Death used to trouble me; but thanks to God, it don't trouble me now. If he should send his messenger, and the messenger should come up here on this platform and say to me, "Mr. Moody, your hour is come; I have got to take you away," it would be joyful news for me; for though I should be absent from the body, I should be present with the Lord. Through the world I can shout, "O death, where is thy

sting?" And I hear the voice, I hear the voice—"buried in the bosom of the Son of God." That is what Calvary means. "The wages of sin is death," but he took the wages himself. That is the gospel of the Son of God, and there is no fear for them who believe in Christ Jesus. There was Paul; he had got virtually over death. Let death come—"O death, where is thy sting?" Sometimes I used to go into a grave-yard when some one was about to lie down in that narrow house; and when the sexton would shovel and throw dirt in on the coffin, it would be like a death-knell to my soul. I would hear him say, "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes." Now I can measure its depths. I can shout as Paul did; I can say, "O death, where is thy sting?" But this soul of man shall go into the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Oh, the grave is lost in victory. It is lost in Christ.

Oh, the blessed gospel of the Son of God, what can we do without it? When we lay our little children away in death, they shall rise again. I was going into a cemetery once, and over the entrance I saw these words, "They shall rise again." Infidelity didn't teach that; we got that from this Book. Oh, the blessed gospel of the Son of God! How every one of you ought to believe it! Young lady, if you have been careless up to this afternoon, oh, may you get awake. May you this hour not hesitate to turn from your sins unto God, and believe the gospel of his Son. I used to be a good deal troubled with my sins, and I thought of the Day of Judgment, when all the sins that I had committed in secret should blaze out before the assembled universe. But when a man comes to Christ, the gospel tells him they are all gone, and in Jesus Christ he is a new creature. All I know is, that out of the love which my Lord has for me, he has taken all my sins and cast them behind his back; that is, behind God's back. How is Satan to get at it? If God has forgiven us our sins, they won't be mentioned. In Ezekiel, we are told not one of them shall be mentioned. Isn't it a glorious thing to have all our sins blotted out? And there is another thought, and that is the Judgment. You know if a man has committed some great crime, when he is to be brought into judgment how he dreads it! How he dreads that day when he is to be brought into court, when he is put into a box and witnesses are to come up and testify against him, and he is there to be judged! But, my friends, the gospel tells us that if we come to Christ, we shall never come into judgment. And why? Because Christ was judged for us. "He was wounded for our transgressions." If he has been wounded for us, we haven't got to be wounded. "Verily, verily,"—which means truly, truly—"I say unto you"—now just put your name in there—"He that heareth my words, and believeth on him that sent me, hath"—h-a-t-h, HATH. It don't say you shall have when you die. It says, HATH—"He that heareth my words and believeth on him that sent me, HATH everlasting life,

and shall not come into condemnation." That means into judgment. He shall not come into judgment, but is passed "from death into life." There is judgment out of the way. He shall never come into judgment. Why? Because God has forgiven us, and given us eternal life—that is the gospel of Jesus Christ. Ought people to be gloomy and put on long faces when that is the news?

Away out on the frontier of our country, out on the prairies where men sometimes go to hunt, or for other purposes, the grass in the dry season sometimes catches fire. You will see the flames uprise twenty or thirty feet high; and you will see those flames rolling over the western desert, faster than any fleet horse can run. Now what do the men do? They know it is sure death, unless they can make some escape. They would try to run away, perhaps, if they had fleet horses. But they can't; that fire goes faster than the fleetest horse can run. What do they do? Why, they just take a match and they light the grass from it; and away it burns, and then they get into that burnt district. The fire comes on: and there they stand perfectly secure. There they stand perfectly secure—nothing to fear. Why? Because the fire has burned all there is to burn. Take your stand there on Mount Calvary. The gospel of Jesus Christ is to "Whosoever will come." I thank God that I can come to this city of New York with a gospel that is free to all. It is free to the most abandoned. Still, it may be there are some wives that have got discouraged and disheartened. I can tell you the joyful news that your husband and sons have not gone so far but that the grace of God can save them. The Son of God came to raise up the most abandoned. I noticed, on my way down this morning, not less than four or five tramps. They looked weary and tired; I suppose they had slept on the sidewalk last night. I thought I would like to have time just to stop and tell them about the Son of God, and how Christ loved them. The gospel of the Son of God is to tell us how he loves us. He takes our feet out of the pit, and he puts our feet on to the Rock of Ages. And that, my dear friends, is what Christ wants to do; and don't think that there isn't some one in your homes but that he wants to save. Tell them there is none too abandoned, none so young, none so fallen, but that God can save them. There was William Dawson, and the power of the Lord was upon him, and in closing his meeting one night, he said there wasn't a man in London so far gone but that the Lord could save him. There was Whitefield, and the Spirit of the Lord was upon him, and he said, "God is so anxious to save souls that he will take the devil's castaway." Whitefield said that the Lord would take the devil's castaway. Dawson said there was no man in London so far gone but that the Lord would save him. There was a lady missionary whom I knew, who found a man who said there was no hope for him; he had sent away his day of grace. She went to Mr. Dawson, and said to him,

"Mr. Dawson, will you go down and see him, and tell him what you said?" Mr. Dawson said he would be glad to go and see him. He went up into a five-story house, and away up in the garret he found a young man lying upon some straw. He bent over him, and whispered into his ear, and called him his friend. The young man looked startled. He says, "You are mistaken in the person when you say, 'my friend.' I have got no friends. No one cares for me." Mr. Dawson told him that Christ was as much his friend as of any man in London. Poor prodigal! And after he had talked with him for some time, he prayed with him, and then he read to him out of the Bible, and at last the light of the gospel began to break in upon that darkened heart. This young man said to Mr. Dawson he thought he could die happy if he knew his father was willing to forgive him. Mr. Dawson said to him, "Where does your father live?" The young man said he lived in the West End of London. Mr. Dawson said, "I will go and see him, and see if he won't forgive you." But the young man said, "No, I don't want to have you to do that. My father would abuse you if you should speak to him about me. He don't recognize me as his boy any more." Mr. Dawson said, "I will go and see him."

He went up to the West End of London, where he found a very fine mansion, and a servant dressed in livery came to the door, and he was ushered into the drawing-room, and presently the father, a bright, majestic-looking man, came into the room. Mr. Dawson held out his hand to shake hands with him, and said, "You have a son by the name of Joseph, have you not?" And when the father heard that, he refused to shake hands with him, and was going out of the room. The father said, "If you have come up here to talk about that worthless vagabond, I want you to leave the house. He is no son of mine." Mr. Dawson said, "He is yours now, but he won't be long; but he is yours now." "Is Joseph sick?" said the man. "Yes," said Mr. Dawson, "he is dying. I haven't come for money. I will see that he has a decent burial. I have only come to ask you to forgive him." "Forgive him! forgive him!" said the father, "I would have forgiven him long ago if I thought he wanted me to. Do you know where he is?" "Yes, sir, he is in the East End of London." "Can you take me to him?" "Yes, sir, I will take you to him." And the father ordered out his carriage, and he was on his way. When we got there, he said, "Did you find my boy here? Oh, if I had known he wanted me to, I would have taken him home long ago." When the father went into that room he could hardly recognize his long lost boy. The father went over and kissed the boy, and the father says to him, "I would have forgiven you long, long ago, if I had known you wanted me to. Let my servant order the carriage and take you home." But the boy said, "No, father, I am dying; but I can die happy in this garret, now that I know you are willing to for-

give me." And he told his father how Jesus had received him, and in a little while he breathed his last, and out of that dark garret he rose up into the kingdom of God. Oh, my friends, there may be some one in New York who would rejoice to hear such words. Oh, here is a Christian, shall he not publish it? And you that are not Christians, won't you come into the kingdom? Oh, that to-day you may receive Christ, is the prayer I believe of the hundreds that are gathered here.

THE GOSPEL.

"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor." LUKE 4: 18.

You that were here last night remember I was speaking on the text—the 4th of Luke, 18th verse: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel." I want to continue the subject we had last night. We don't want to get over that word "Gospel," too soon. It is too precious. And I don't know but it would be well to preach the same thing over and over again here, until you believe it. I heard of a minister who preached the same sermon three times, and some of the brethren went to him and told him he had better preach another sermon, and he said when his congregation believed that, he would preach another sermon, but he didn't propose to do so until they did.

"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel." Now, the question is, who shall the gospel be preached to? There is a certain class of people who seem to think the gospel is very good for drunkards, and thieves, and vagabonds; there are so many of these self-righteous Pharisees to-day, who are drawing their filthy rags of self-righteousnes around them, and thinking the Bible is only for a certain class. If I understand the Bible correctly, the gospel is for all. We read in the last chapter of Mark, that almost the last words the Son of God uttered on this earth, were these to his disciples: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." When we come to the gospel, there is no distinction; rich and poor must be served alike; learned and unlearned; all have to come into the kingdom of God one way, and that is by believing the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Now, these words were

uttered after Christ had tasted death for every man. Gethsemane now was behind him; Calvary, with all its horrors, was past; he was just ready to go home to take his seat at the right hand of the Father; he was just giving the disciples his parting message. In other words, he was giving them his commission to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. "And he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; and he that believeth not shall be damned."

I can just imagine all that little band of disciples who stood around him, those unlearned men of Galilee, those fishermen who had been associated with him for three years—I can imagine the tears trickling down their cheeks as he talked of leaving them; and one of them, thinking that the Lord didn't really mean that, that he didn't mean they should preach the gospel to every creature—for he had hard work to make them believe that the gospel should be preached to the Gentiles. It seemed as if the Jews wanted to keep the gospel in Palestine; but, by the grace of God, it would flow out; it would go to the world, because he had given orders that the gospel should be preached to every creature. And now we find the messengers going to the four corners of the earth, to proclaim the glad tidings of the gospel of Christ. But I can imagine that Peter says: "Lord, you don't really mean that we shall preach the gospel to those men that murdered you, to those men that took your life?" "Yes," says the Lord; "go and preach the gospel to those Jerusalem sinners." I can imagine him saying: "Go and hunt up that man that put the cruel crown of thorns upon my brow, and preach the gospel to him. Tell him he shall have a crown in my kingdom, without a thorn in it. He may sit upon my throne, if he will accept of salvation as a gift. Go hunt up that man that spat in my face, and preach the gospel to him, and offer him salvation, and tell him he can be saved, if he is only cleansed by the blood I have shed at Calvary. Go to the man that thrust the spear into my side and tell him there is a way. Tell him there is nothing but love in my heart for him. Go preach the gospel to every creature." And after he had gone upon high, we find the Holy Ghost came down upon the tenth day; and then they began to preach. And now see Peter, standing there upon the day of Pentecost, and preaching the Gospel of God to sinners; and John Bunyan says: "If a Jerusalem sinner can be saved, there is hope for us all." Do you think God is mocking? Do you think God is preaching to you, and then not giving you the power to take it? The gospel is preached to every creature; and do you think he is not willing that every creature should be saved on the face of the earth?

Now, I like to proclaim the gospel, because it is to be proclaimed to all. When I see a poor drunkard, when I see a thief, when I see a prisoner in yonder prison, it is a grand, glorious thing, to go and proclaim to him the glad tidings, because I know he can be saved.

There is not one that has gone so far or fallen so low but that he can be saved; because every one of God's proclamations are headed "whosoever." That takes in all; nobody is left out. Somebody said he had rather have "whosoever," than his own name, because he would be afraid it was some other man who might have had his name. This was well brought out in a prison the other day, when the chaplain said to me, "I want to tell you a scene that occurred here some time ago. Our commissioners went to the Governor of the state and got him to give his consent to pardon out five men for good behavior. The Governor said the record was to be kept in secret; the men were to know nothing about it, and at the end of six months the men were brought out, the roll was called, and the president of the commission came up and spoke to them; then putting his hands in his pocket he drew out the papers, and said to those 1,100 convicts, 'I hold in my hand pardons for five men.' I never witnessed anything like it. Every man held his breath, and it was as silent as death. Then the commissioners went on to tell how they got these pardons; how it was that the Governor had given them," and the chaplain said the suspense was so great that he spoke up to the commissioner and told him to first read the names of those pardoned, before he spoke further, and the first name read out was, "Reuben Johnson will come out and get his pardon." He held out the paper, but no one came. He looked all around, expecting to see a man spring to his feet at once; still no one arose, and he turned to the officer of the prison, and said: "Are all the convicts here?" "Yes," was the reply. "Then, Reuben Johnson will come and get his pardon." The real Beuben Johnson was all this time looking around to see where Reuben was; and the chaplain beckoned to him, and he turned and looked around and behind him, thinking some other man must be meant. A second time he beckoned to Reuben, and called to him, and a second time the man looked around to see where Reuben was, until at last the chaplain said to him, "You are the man, Reuben;" and he got up out of his seat and sank back again, thinking it could not be true. He had been there for nineteen years, having been placed there for life, and when he came up and took his pardon, he could hardly believe his eyes, and he went back to his seat and wept like a child; and then, when the convicts were marched back to their cells, Reuben had been so long in the habit of falling into line, and taking the lock-step with the rest, that he fell into his place, and the chaplain had to say, "Reuben, come out, you are a free man."

That is the way men make out their pardon—for good behavior; but the gospel of Jesus Christ is offered to all that have sinned, and are not worthy. All a man has got to prove now is that he is not worthy, and I will show him that Christ died for him. Christ died for us all while we were yet in sin. While we were in London, Mr. Spurgeon one day took Mr. Sankey and myself to his orphan asylum,

and he was telling about them—that some of them had aunts, and some cousins, and that every boy had some friend that took an interest in him, and came to see him and gave him a little pocket money. And one day, he said, while he stood there, a little boy came up to him and said, "Mr. Spurgeon, let me speak to you," and the boy sat down between Mr. Spurgeon and the elder who was with the clergyman, and said, "Mr. Spurgeon, suppose your father and mother were dead, and you didn't have any cousins, or aunts, or uncles, or friends to come to give you pocket money, and give you presents, don't you think you would feel bad—because that's me!" Said Mr. Spurgeon, "the minute he asked that, I put my hand right down into my pocket and took out the money." "Because that's me!" And so with the gospel; we must say to those who have sinned, the gospel is offered to them.

As I was talking last night in the inquiry-room, a man tried to tell me that he had made many mistakes, but had committed no sins. They were all mistakes, instead of sins. Better call things by their right names. We have all sinned. There is no righteousness; and there is no man that has walked the streets that has not broken the law of God. Therefore, all need a Savior; and there is no chance of our being saved, no hope of man being saved, unless he will admit first that he has sinned and is lost. Of course, if a man has not sinned he won't need a Savior; but it is just because we have sinned that we need the gospel. Now, as I stated last night, the gospel is the very best tidings that could come to us. Christ comes to bless us. In Glasgow, they were telling me of a scene that occurred when Dr. Arnott was preaching there. A woman was in great distress about her rent. She could not pay it, and so he took some money and went around to the house—went to the door and knocked. He listened, and thought he heard the footsteps of some one inside; and so he knocked louder. No one came, and he knocked still louder; but after waiting some time he went away disappointed. A few days afterward he met this lady on the street at Glasgow, and told her that he heard she had been in great distress and he went around to help her; and the woman threw up both hands and said, "Why, doctor, that was not you, was it? I was in the house all the time, and I thought it was the landlord coming around to get the rent; and I kept the door bolted." Now, Christ comes to bless. He don't come to demand; He don't come to ask you to do something that you cannot do. He comes to bless you. When he commenced his Sermon on the Mount, what did he say? "Blessed! blessed! blessed!" When he got ready to go back to heaven, he raised his hands over that little company and breathed upon them blessings. And so, my friends, he comes into this building to-night to bless you; to help you; He offers to be your salvation; He offers to pay all the debt you owe. You owe God a debt you cannot pay. Can you forget

this? You have broken the law of God. What are you going to do with the sins you have committed?

What is your hope? Why there is no hope, unless the Lord Jesus Christ blots out your sins with his own body, unless Christ pays the penalty. If Christ settles the claim, why the claim is settled for all time. And that is the doctrine of the Bible, the glorious doctrine of substitution. Christ paid the penalty; Christ died in our stead. There was a man converted in Europe several years ago, and he liked the gospel so well, he thought he would like to go and publish it. Well, he started out to publish it, and great crowds came to hear him out of curiosity, just as a great many came here out of curiosity, to hear the singing, or something of that kind. Well, they came to hear him. The man wasn't much of a speaker, so the next night there wasn't many there, and the third night the man didn't get a hearer. But he was anxious to publish the gospel, and so he got some great placards and posted them all over the town, that, if there was any man in that town that was in debt, he was to come to his office, between certain hours on a certain day, with the proof of the indebtedness, and he would pay the debt. Well, of course it went all over the town; but the people didn't believe him. One man said to his neighbor, "John, do you believe this man will pay our debts?" "Oh, of course not; that is a great sell; that is a hoax." The day came, and instead of there being a great rush, there didn't anybody come. Now, it is a great wonder that there isn't a great rush of men into the kingdom of God to have their debts paid, when a man can be saved for nothing. About ten o'clock there was a man walking in front of the office; he looked this way and that to see if there was anybody looking; and by and by he was satisfied there wasn't anybody looking, and he slipped in, and he said, "I saw a notice around town if any one would call here at a certain hour you would pay their debt. Is there any truth in it?" "Yes," says the man; "It is quite true. Did you bring around the necessary papers?" "Yes." And after the man had paid the debt he said, "Sit down, I want to talk to you." And he kept him there until twelve o'clock. And before twelve o'clock had passed there were two more came, and had their debts paid. At twelve o'clock he let them all out, when they found some other men standing around the door, and they said: "Well, you found he was willing to pay your debts, didn't you?" Yes, they said, it was quite true that he had paid their debts. "Oh, if this is so, we are going in to get our debts paid." And they went in; but it was too late. The man said if they had called within a certain hour he would have paid their debts.

To every one of you that is a bankrupt sinner—and you never saw a sinner in the world but that he was a bankrupt sinner—Christ comes and he says, "I will pay the debt." And that is just what he wants to do to-night. Bear in mind that the Son of God came into

the world to save sinners, and he has got the power to forgive sin. And he has not only got the power, but he is willing to save, and he is anxious to save; and so, my friends, if you will accept Christ's offer you can get out of this hall to-night cleansed of all sin.

Now the question comes, "Who will accept of him?" But I can imagine there is a man down in the audience who will say, "Well, I don't think a man can be saved so easy. I don't believe in these sudden conversions. I don't believe a man can come in here and be saved at once." What is it God has got? Is it a gift? Now we read in the 6th chapter of Romans, it is a gift: "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Now if a man is saved, there must be one minute when he has not got the gift, and there must be another minute when he has it. And that is what it is represented in the Bible. It is a gift. "Well," some one says, "haven't I got to feel something before I can be saved? How much have I got to give up?" "Give up your sins!" No, you have never to give them up, for if you just take Christ they will go of themselves. They will all flee away in the dim past. But you can't do it of yourself. I tried for a long time to give up my sins of myself, and I couldn't do it. But the moment I took Christ he snapped the cords; and I have been rejoicing these twenty years. And the way to be saved is not to delay, but to come and take—t-a-k-e, TAKE.

When I was in Glasgow, a lady said to me: "You use that word 'take' very frequently. Is there anything of that kind in the Bible? I can't find it. I think you must have manufactured that word." Why, in the Bible it says: "The Spirit and the bride say, come. And let him that heareth say, come. And let him that is a-thirst, come. And whosoever will, let him *take* the water of life freely." And if God says "let him take," he will supply him. If that boy will take Christ, who can stop him? All hell and all earth cannot stop him. If need be, God would send ten thousand legions of angels to help him on his way up. I tell you, if you are not saved it is because you won't. You will not come unto him that you might have life. The door hangs on that hinge. If a man says "I will rise and come to him," 'twont wait. When the prodigal came home, it wasn't when he got home that the change took place. It was away, away off in that foreign conntry when he said, "I will arise and go to my father." I think with men the turning point will be when they say, "I will come, for I want to." If you want to go to heaven, the first thing is to make up your mind to go. If I want to go to Chicago, the first thing I do is to make up my mind to go. And if you are willing to go to Christ, there is no power on earth can keep you away. Now, these men who say they can't come, should just be honest and put in the right word and say they won't come.

At one time my sister had trouble with her little boy, and the

father said, "Why, Sammy, you must go now and ask your mother's forgiveness." The little fellow said he wouldn't. The father says, "You must. If you don't go and ask your mother's forgiveness I shall have to undress you and put you to bed." He was a bright, nervous little fellow, never still a moment; and the father thought, he will have such a dread of being undressed and put to bed. But the little fellow wouldn't; so they undressed him and put him to bed. The father went to his business, and when he came home at noon he said to his wife, "Has Sammy asked your forgiveness?" "No," she said, "he hasn't." So the father went to him and said, "Why, Sammy, why don't you ask your mother's forgiveness?" The little fellow shook his head, "Won't do it." "But, Sammy, you have got to." "Couldn't." The father went down to his office, and stayed all the afternoon; and when he came home he asked his wife, "Has Sammy asked your forgiveness?" "No; I took something up to him and tried to have him eat, but he wouldn't." So the father went up to see him, and said: "Now, Sammy, just ask your mother's forgiveness, and you may be dressed and come down to supper with us." "Couldn't do it." The father coaxed, but the little fellow "couldn't do it." That was all they could get out of him. You know very well he could, but he didn't want to. Now the hardest thing a man has to do is to become a Christian—and it is the easiest. That may seem a contradiction, but it isn't. The hard point is because he don't want to. The hardest thing for a man to do is to give up his will. That night they retired; and they thought, surely early in the morning he will be up ready to ask his mother's forgiveness. The father went to him—that was Friday morning—to see if he was ready to ask his mother's forgiveness; but he "couldn't."

The father and mother felt so bad about it, they couldn't eat; they thought it was to darken their whole life. Perhaps that boy thought that father and mother didn't love him. Just what many sinners think, because God won't let them have their own way. The father went to his business; and when he came home he said to his wife, "Has Sammy asked your forgiveness?" "No." So he went to the little fellow and said, "Now, Sammy, are you not going to ask your mother's forgiveness?" "Can't." And that was all they could get out of him. The father couldn't eat any dinner. It was like death in the house. It seemed as if the boy was going to conquer his father and mother. Instead of his little will being broken, it looked very much as if he was going to break theirs. Late Friday afternoon, "Mother, mother, forgive," says Sammy,—"me." And the little fellow said "me," and he sprang to his feet, and said: "I have said it! Now dress me and take me down to see father. He will be so glad to know I have said it." And she took him down, and when the little fellow came in he said, "I've said it, I've said it!"

Oh, my friends, it is so easy to say, "I will arise and go to my

God." It is the most reasonable thing you can do. Isn't it an unreasonable thing to hold out? Come right to God just this very hour. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." And now this night believe, and thou shalt be saved.

NO DIFFERENCE.

"For there is no difference." ROMANS 3: 22.

I want to call your attention to a clause in that chapter I have just read, a part of the 22d verse: "For there is no difference." Now that is one of the verses, one of the portions of Scripture, that the natural man don't like. I have had many a quarrel with men on this verse; because we are just apt to think we are a little better than our friends and our neighbors, and men don't like to believe there is no difference. It is one of the greatest lessons a man has to learn—that he is a sinner. If you don't believe that you are sick, you won't call in a physician. It is just because the natural man don't like this text, I have taken it to-night. I have found out long ago that the lessons we don't like are the best medicine for us. I can imagine there is some one here who says: "I don't believe that statement that there is no difference." I can imagine there is some one here who says: "Isn't it better for a man to be a sober man than it is to be a drunkard? Isn't it better for a man to be honest than it is for a man to be dishonest?" Yes, we will admit all that; but that don't apply when it comes to the great question of salvation. If a man has not been saved from his sin, he must perish like the rest of the world. Now, if a man wants to find out what he is, let him turn to the 3d chapter of Romans. He can read his life there. If you want to read your own biography, you need not write it yourself. Turn to the 3d chapter of Romans, and it is all there, written by a man who knows a good deal more about us than we do about ourselves. Christ was the only one that ever trod this earth that saw everything in the heart of man. We read that he didn't commit himself because he knew their hearts. The heart is deceitful. Who can know it? It is deceitful above all things and it is desperately wicked. Now, Satan either tries to make men believe that they are good enough without salvation, or if he can't

make them believe that, he tries to tell them that they are so bad God won't have anything to do with them.

The law isn't to save men, but the law is brought in just to show man that he is lost and ruined under the law. These people that are trying to save themselves by the law are making the worst mistake of their lives. Some people say, If they try to do right, they think that is all that is required of them. They say, "I try to keep the law." Well, did you ever know a man keep the law, except the Son of God himself? The law was never given to save men by. "And what was the law then given for?" It was given to show man his lost and ruined condition. It was given to measure men by their fruits. Before God saves a man, he first stops his mouth. I meet some people in the inquiry-room who talk a good deal. When I meet those people, I say to myself, "They are very far from the kingdom of God." A perfect God couldn't give an imperfect standard; a perfect God sees that the law is pure and good; but we are not good if we don't come up to the standard. Now, if a man should come into New York city and advertise that he could take a photograph of people's hearts, and give a perfect likeness, do you think he would get a customer in New York? If we go to have a photograph taken, we brush ourselves up and have it taken sitting, and standing, and sitting in this position, and sitting in that position, and standing in this position, and standing in that position; and if the artist flatters us and makes us look better than we do, we send it around to our friends, and we say, "Yes, that is a good likeness." Suppose the artist could get a photograph of the heart of the true man, do you think he would get many customers? A good many of you would say: "I wouldn't like to have the wife of my bosom see my heart. I wouldn't like to have her read my secret thoughts." The heart of man is a fountain of corruption, vileness and pollution; and there is no hope for a man being saved until he finds out he is bad.

And so the law is a looking-glass, just to show a man how foul he is in the sight of God. A little while before the Chicago fire, I went home one afternoon to my family, and I thought I would take them out riding. My little boy, about two years old, clapped his hands, and wanted to know if I wouldn't take him up to Lincoln Park to see the bears. I said that I would, and I went out. I hadn't been gone a great while, when the little fellow wanted his mother to wash him up; and then he wanted to go out and play. Well, he got playing in the dirt, and he got all covered with dirt; and when I drove up he wanted to get into the carriage. I said: "No, Willie, you are not ready; I must take you in and get you washed." The little fellow said, "Oh, papa, I'se ready." I told him he wasn't ready, he was all over dirt. "But, papa, mamma washed me, I'se clean." I could not make him believe that his face was all dirty. He could not

believe it; his mamma washed him, and he was clean. So I took him up, and let the little fellow see himself in the looking-glass in the carriage. He saw the dirt, and it stopped his mouth. I held him up to the looking-glass, so that he saw the dirt; but I did not take the looking-glass to wash his face with. That is what people do. The law was not given to save man. It was given to show him his lost and ruined condition. It wasn't given to save men—the Son of God came to do that work; but the law is the schoolmaster that came to show us what to do when we are saved. Stop all this idle doing, and just come to the fountain that has just been opened in the house of David for sin and uncleanliness. I can imagine some of you may say: "I am sure I am not as bad as some people. I am not a publican. I never got drunk in my life. I don't like to have Mr. Moody say I am as bad as other people." I don't know but pharisaism is as bad as drunkenness, and I find you can just sum up the whole human race into about two heads—the publican and the pharisee. Yonder is an orchard, and in that orchard there are two apple trees—miserable, sour, bitter. Stop, one of them is bare; they are worthless. Why are they good for nothing? Well, one tree has got five hundred apples, and the other has got five. There is no difference. The fact is, the tree is bad. One man may have more fruit than another, but the fruit is bad—from the old Adam stock. God didn't look for good fruit from Adam's stock. Make the fountain good, and the stream will be good. Make men's hearts good and their lives will be good. You might as well tell a man to jump over the moon as to be moral, if he hasn't got God in his heart. The way to improve the soul of a man is to strike at the root of the tree; and if the heart is right, and in sympathy with God, there will be no trouble about the life. You need not be cultivating a crab-apple tree—that is what some people do.

Now, in the law it is written that a man that breaks the least of the law is guilty of all. Some people say, "I have not broken the ten commandments." They seem to think that the ten commandments are ten different laws. But a man who breaks the least of the commandments has broken all; and if you have broken one of the commandments, you have broken the law of God. Some people think that if they only fail in one commandment, they are not so bad; but if a man is guilty of breaking one, he breaks all. And where can we find one man who does not break more than one commandment? How many people here in New York worship idols? Measure your heart by the law of God, my friends, and you'll find yourself guilty. The reason why people sin so much is because they don't believe they do sin. Unbelief is the root of all evil. Adam sinned through unbelief, and we must get out of the pit at the same place he fell in. He fell by unbelief, and we must believe to be saved. You go to a prison, and you will find there a good many

criminals; one is there for one offense and one for another, but they are all criminals. So here to-night; some of us are guilty of one offense and some of another, but we are all sinners.

A few years ago we had a law in our city requiring all the policemen to be of a certain height, five feet and ten inches, I think it was; and of good moral character, and to be well recommended. One day as I was going down the street with a friend, I saw a crowd of men standing in front of the commissioner's office, waiting to be examined. Now, suppose my friend had gone with me into the commissioner's office, and we had presented certificates of good moral character, coming from persons high in place. When I came to present my recommendations, the commissioner would have said, "Well, Mr. Moody, before we look at your papers, we will proceed to measure you;" and lo, I am found to be but about five feet high! So I am rejected. And my friend might say, "Oh, well, I am taller than you are, so I need have no fear on that score;" but when they come to measure him, he is found to be just one-tenth of an inch too short, and they throw him out too; My father once told me that in England the archers used to shoot at a ring, and if any archer failed to shoot all his arrows through the ring, he was called a sinner. Now, suppose I should take ten arrows and try to send them through a ring at the other side of the building, and should only get one through, I should be called a sinner. And suppose Brother Taylor should take as many arrows and send nine through, one after the other, and just miss the ring with the last one, why he would be a sinner too, just like me.

My friends, have any of you missed the mark? I see a man down there in the audience bow his head. There is hope of your being saved if you feel you have sinned. And who of us have not failed, in many ways? We are all failures, and every man since Adam has been a failure. Many persons wish they could have been created perfect, like Adam, but there is no man who would not have fallen like Adam, if he had been put in Adam's place. Put one thousand children into this building, and give them all sorts of playthings, but tell them that there is one thing in the room that they must not look at; leave them alone for half an hour, and they would all be looking at that one thing.

Man is a stupendous failure. God on Mount Horeb shouted the law to man, and man said; "Oh, yes, Lord, we'll keep the law; we'll not break this thy command." And the very first commandment was, "Thou shalt not have other gods." Then Moses and Joshua go to have an interview with God; and the people whom they had left behind at once began to say, "Make us a god." And the golden calf was made, and they worshiped it. When Moses and Joshua returned from Horeb, they heard a great shout. Ha! do you hear that shout? Is it the shout of victory, of those who are rejoicing in

conquest? No, it is the shout of the idolater. They all worship the golden calf. It was an idolatrous shout that the prophets heard. The worship of the golden calf! You find it in New York. One man says, Give me more money; another, Give me a seat in Congress; another, Give me a bottle of rum. Ah, it's easy to condemn the Israelites; it is easy to smile; but beware that you are not guilty of the same sin. Man was a failure under the judges, failure under the prophets; and now, for two thousand years, under grace, he has been a most stupendous failure. Walk the streets, and see how quickly he goes to ruin. How many are hastening down to the dark caves of sin! Man in his best day, under the most favorable circumstances, is nothing but a failure.

Imagine Noah stopping work on the Ark, and going on a preaching tour. He tells the people of the flood; he warns them of their danger; he exhorts them to repent. All are to perish, the wise, the rich, the great—all, all are to perish when God comes to judge. They mock at him. They tell him: "You'd better go back to your old ark; do you think we will believe that the rich, the priests, the great, the powerful, are going to perish as you say?" They would mock, and would not believe. I can hear over the waves, that proved the warning true, this one text, "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." Take the people of Sodom. Do you believe they would believe the warning voice. "No," they would say; "Sodom to be destroyed? Nonsense; it was never more prosperous." They would not believe; and didn't they all perish alike? I tell you there is no difference when God comes. It was my sad lot to be in Chicago when that great fire swept through the city, and I have often thought it was almost a glimpse of the judgment day. All were on a level then. There was the house of the millionaire, and near it the house of the poor man. The rich man turned his back on his gilded palace, and the poor man went with him. There was no difference. We are all on one platform; let no mocking words escape! Flee for your lives! Flee! Flee! There is a mountain we can all escape to—it's Calvary. You can escape thus, any night. Some may say I paint too dark a picture. For two nights I have tried to tell you of the gospel; perhaps I have made a mistake. Christ kept the law. He was the lamb, pure and spotless. He never broke the law; therefore he can die for the sins of man. The law cuts all down, as a scythe cuts down the grass. All go down before its sweep. Right here comes in the gospel—the Son of God came to seek and to save that which was lost. The grace of God brings grace down to men. Substitution. If you take that out of the Bible, you can take the Bible along with you, if you wish to. The same story runs all through the book. The scarlet thread is unbroken from Genesis to Revelation. Christ died for us, that's the end of the law. I always loved that hymn sometimes sung by brother Sankey:

"Free from the law. O! happy condition." He was bruised for us, and through him are we saved. Napoleon Bonaparte once sent out a draft. A man was drafted who didn't want to go. A friend volunteered to go in his place; he went into the army and was killed. A second draft was made, and by some accident the same man was drafted again; but he said to the officer: "You can't take me, I'm dead. I died on such a battlefield." "Why, man, you are crazy," said the officer. "You are not dead; here you are alive and well before me." "No, sir," said the man; "I am dead. The law has no claim on me; look at the roll." They looked, and found another name written against his. They insisted; he carried his case before the Emperor, who said that he was right; his friend had died for him. Christ died for me. The wages of sin is death—Christ has received this payment. It is the height of folly to bear this burden, when we can so easily step out from under it.

In Brooklyn, I saw a young man go by without any arms. My friend pointed him out, and told me his story. When the war broke out, he felt it to be his duty to go to the front. He was engaged to be married, and while in the army letters passed frequently between him and his intended wife. After the battle of the Wilderness, the young lady looked anxiously for the accustomed letter. At last one came, in a strange hand. She opened it with trembling fingers, and read these words: "We have fought a terrible battle. I have been wounded so awfully that I shall never be able to support you more. A friend writes this for me. I love you more tenderly than ever, but I release you from your promise. I will not ask you to join your life with the maimed life of mine." That letter was never answered: the next train that left, the young lady was on it. She went to the hospital. She found out the number of his cot, and she went down the aisle, between the long rows of wounded men. At last she saw the number; she threw her arms around his neck and said: "I'll not desert you. I'll take care of you." He did not resist her love. They were married; and there is no happier couple than this one. You're dependent on another. Christ says: "I'll take care of you. I'll take you to this bosom of mine." That young man could have spurned her love; he could, but didn't. Surely you can be saved, if you will accept salvation of him. Oh, that the grace of God may reach your heart to-night, by which you may be brought out from under the curse of the law.

THE SECOND BIRTH.

Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."—JOHN 3: 3.

I will direct your attention to the 3d chapter of John and the 3d verse: "Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." You will see by the 3d chapter of Romans that it is absolutely necessary that a man be born again. You see in the 3d chapter of Romans what man is by nature. If you want to find out what God is, turn to the 3d chapter of John: "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him shall have everlasting life." Yes, read the 3d chapter of Romans if you want to find out how man lost life. Then read the 3d chapter of John; and read it prayerfully and with God's Spirit in you, and you will see how man is going to get everlasting life back again. I don't know a chapter that ought to be read more in a Christian spirit, and read more deeply than that chapter. It is so plain and reasonable. If there are a thousand people here to-night who want to know what love God has for them, let them read the 3d chapter of John; and they will find it there, and find eternal life. They need not go out of this hall to-night to find eternal life. They will find it here in this chapter, and find eternal life before these services close. They hear to-night how the way for the salvation of their souls is open to them. Yes, I do not know anything more important than this subject of regeneration. I don't know of anything in the Bible more important and more plain than that; and yet it is a question that neither the churches nor the world is sound upon. There is no question upon which the churches and the world are more confounded than upon this very question of regeneration. If a man is sound on every other subject, you may find that he is unsound on this plain subject of regeneration. It is the very foundation of our hope, and the very foundation of our religion. It is a great deal better, with God's help, to understand this question perfectly first, than to go on further in the Word of God. It is a solemn question—"Am I born of the Spirit? Have I been born again?" For you know that "except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

Now, let me say what regeneration is not. It is not going to church. Very often I see people and ask them if they are Christians.

"Yes, of course I am; at least I think I am; I go to church every Sunday." Why, I could say to them, the very devil goes to church every Sunday; and no one goes more regularly to church than he does. If you go down in the dark alleys and by-ways of the city, and do all the good you can, preach God's word and show God's love to those abandoned beings—I tell you that is not regeneration; No! no! It is a false idea that you get regenerated by scattering the seed of God by the wayside. Why, if going to church was regeneration—being born again—there is hope even for Satan himself. But there never was a church erected but that the devil was the first to enter and the last to leave. There is no one, I tell you, who is a more regular attendant. But still there is another class of Christians, or who think they are Christians. They say: "I am trying to do what is right—am I not a Christian? Is not that a new birth?" No; I tell you, no. What has that to do with being born again? There is yet another class—those who have turned over a new leaf, and think they are regenerated. No; forming a new resolution is not being born again. That will not do you any good.

Nor will being baptized do you any good. Yet you hear people say: "Why, I have been baptized, and I was born again when I was baptized." They believe that because they are baptized into the church, they are baptized into the kingdom of God. I tell you that is utterly impossible. You may be baptized into the visible church, and yet not be baptized into the Son of God. Baptism is all right in its place. God forbid that I should say anything against it. But if you put that in the place of regeneration—in the place of a new birth—it is a terrible mistake. You cannot be baptized into the kingdom of God. If I thought I could baptize men into the kingdom of God, it would be a good deal better for me to do that than to preach. I should get a bucket of water, and go up and down the streets, and save men that way. If they would not let me do it while they were awake, I would do it while they were asleep. I would do it anyhow. For, "except a man be born again, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." If any one here to-night rests his hopes on anything else—any other foundation—I pray to God that he may sweep it away from him. You may be baptized into the church and not be disciples of Jesus Christ. I say to you, do not rest your hopes on that foundation. Another class says: "I go to the Lord's supper; I partake uniformly of the sacrament." Blessed ordinance! Jesus hath said that as often as ye do it ye commemorate his death. Yet, that is not being born again; that is not passing from death into life. It says plainly—and so plainly that there need not be any mistake about it—"Except ye are born of the Spirit, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of God." What has a sacrament to do with that? What has baptism to do with being born again? What has going to church to do with being born again? But another man comes and

says, "I say my prayers regular." Still, I say, that that is not being born again. That is not being born of the Spirit.

It is a very solemn question, then, that comes up before us; and would that every one should ask himself earnestly and faithfully: "Have I been born again? Have I been born of the Spirit? Have I passed from death unto life?" Now there is another class of men who say that these meetings are very good for a certain class of people. That they would be very good if you could get the drunkard here, or get the gambler here, or get other vicious people here; that would do a great deal of good. There are certain men that need to be converted, who say: "Who did Christ say this to? Who was Nicodemus? Was he a drunkard, a gambler, or a thief?" He was one of the very best men of Jerusalem; no doubt about that. He was an honorable councillor; he belonged to the Sanhedrim; he held a very high position; he was one of the best men in the state; he was an orthodox man; he was one of the very soundest men. Why, if he were here to-day, he would be made a president of one of our colleges; he would be put at once into one of our seminaries, and have the "Reverend" put before his name—"Reverend Nicodemus, D.D.," or even "LL.D." And yet, what did Christ say to him? "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." So said he to the woman in the fourth chapter of St. John. In the eighth chapter you see an example of self-righteousness, when the Pharisees were talking to him. Well, there are Pharisees at the present day, who rely upon their own merits and their own greatness. They say to you: "Oh, yes; these meetings are very good for the abandoned and the outcasts, and the unfortunate; they are very good for immoral men; but we are moral. Tell these things to men who are not moral." They seem to think that when Jesus said, "Ye must be born again," he meant some one else that must be born again—didn't mean them at all. You see John the beloved when walking through the streets, and you say to him, "I met your Master last night—I went around to see him." John would say, "How did you like him?" His friend would reply, "I never met such a person in my life; never heard a man talk as he did. What he told me has been ringing in my ears ever since. He told me that God so loved the world that he gave his only begotton Son, that whosoever believed on him should not perish, but have everlasting life. John, does your Master talk that way all the time?" "Yes, he always talks in that way." That man will never forget that interview. He was found in the dark by Christ; he was directed into the right way; in that way he will ever continue, and there is not a thing he would not do for Jesus. See Nicodemus. He, with Joseph of Arimathea, took down the body of Jesus and brought it away, and stayed by Jesus to the last. I never knew a man that had a personal interview with Jesus that did not stay by him. Oh, make up your mind that you

will seek him, and follow him until you have an interview with him; for never man spake as that man spake. He is just the man that every one wants.

But I can imagine some one say: "If that is to have a new birth, what am I to do? I can't create life. I certainly can't save myself." You certainly can't, and we don't preach that you can. We tell you it is utterly impossible to make a man better without Christ, and that is what men are trying to do. They are trying to patch up this old Adam's nature. There must be a new creation. Regeneration is a new creation; and if it is a new creation, it must be the work of God. In the 1st chapter of Genesis man don't appear. There is no one there but God. Man is not there to help or take part. When God created the earth, he was alone. When God redeemed the world, he was alone. "That which was born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." The Ethiopian cannot change his skin, and the leopard cannot change his spots. When I was in England my little girl said, "Papa, why don't those colored people wash themselves white?" You might as well try to make yourself pure and holy without the help of God. It would be just as easy for you to do that as for that black man to wash himself white. The Ethiopian cannot change his skin, neither can the leopard change his spots. A man might just as well try to leap over the moon as to serve God in the flesh. Therefore "that which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." Now God tells us in this chapter how we are to get into his kingdom.

We are not to work our way in,—not but that salvation is worth working for. We admit all that. If there were rivers and mountains in the way, it would be worth swimming those rivers and climbing those mountains. There is no doubt that salvation is worth all that; but we don't get it by our works. It is to him that worketh not, but believeth. We work because we are saved: we don't work to be saved. We work from the cross but not towards it. Now it is written, "Work out your salvation with fear and trembling." Why you must have your salvation before you can work it out. Suppose I say to my little boy, "Go and work out that garden," I must furnish him the garden before he can work it out. Suppose I say to him, "I want you to spend that $100 carefully." "Well," he says, "let me have the $100, and I will be careful how I spend it." I remember when I first left home and went to Boston; I had spent all my money, and I went to the post-office three times a day. I knew there was only one mail a day from home; but I thought, by some possibility, there might be a letter for me. At last I got a letter from my little sister, and I was awful glad to get it. She had heard that there was a great many pickpockets in Boston, and a large part of that letter was to have me be very careful not to let anybody pick my pocket. Now I had got to have something in my

pocket in order to have it picked. So you have got to have salvation before you can work it out.

"It is to him that worketh not but believeth." When Christ shouted on Calvary, "It is finished," he meant what he said. All that men have to do now is, just to accept of the work of Jesus Christ. There is no hope for a man or a woman as long as they are trying to work out their salvation. I can imagine there are some people here who will say, as Nicodemus did, "This is a very mysterious thing." I see the scowl on that Pharisee's brow as he says, "How can these things be?" It sounds very strange to the ear. "Born again; born of the Spirit? How can these things be?" A great many people say: "You must reason it out; but if you don't reason it out, don't ask us to believe it." Now, I can imagine a great many people in this hall saying that. When you ask me to reason it out, I tell you frankly I can't do it. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and you hear the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." I can't understand all about the wind. You ask me to reason it out. I can't. It may blow due north here, and up to Boston it may blow due south. I may go up a few hundred feet and find it blowing in an entirely opposite direction from what it is down here. You ask me to explain it, and because I don't understand it, suppose I stand here and assert, "Oh, humph! there is no such thing as wind." I can imagine that little girl down there saying: "I know more about it than that man does; often have I heard the wind, and felt the wind blowing against my face," and she says, "Didn't the wind blow my umbrella out of my hands the other day; and didn't I see it blow a man's hat off in the street? Haven't I seen it blow the trees in the forests, and the grain in the country?" My friends, you might just as well tell me to-night that there is no wind, as to tell me there is no such thing as a man born of the Spirit. I have felt the Spirit of God working in my heart, just as much as I have felt the wind blowing in my face. I can't reason it out. There are a great many things I can't reason out that I believe. I never could reason out the Creation. I can see the world: but I can't tell how God made it out of nothing. All your Tyndalls and your philosophers of the present day can't create one grain of sand out of nothing. But even these men will admit there is a creating power. There are a great many things that I can't explain and that I can't reason out, that I believe. I heard a commercial traveler say that he had heard that the ministry and religion of Jesus Christ was a matter of revelation, and not of investigation. "When it pleases God to reveal his Son to me," says Paul. There were a party of young men together, and these men went back to the country; and on their journey they made up their mind not to believe anything they could not reason out. An old man heard them, and presently he said: "I heard you say you

would not believe anything you could not reason out." "Yes," they said; "that was so." "Well," he said, "coming down on the train to-day, I noticed some geese, some sheep, some swine, and some cattle, all eating grass. Can you tell me by what process that same grass was turned into hair, feathers, bristles, and wool? Do you believe it is a fact?" "Oh, yes," they said; "we can't help believing that, though we fail to see it." "Well," said the old man, "I can't help believing in the regeneration of man when I see men that have been reclaimed. I see men that have been reformed. Haven't some of the very worst men in the city been regenerated—picked up out of the pit, and their feet put upon the rock, and a new song put in their mouth? It was cursing and blaspheming; now it is praising God. Old things have passed away, and all things have become new; not reformed only, but regenerated—a new man in Christ Jesus.

Look you, down there in the dark alleys of New York is a poor drunkard. I think if you want to get near hell, go to a poor drunkard's home. Go to the house of that poor miserable drunkard. Is there anything nearer like hell on earth? See the want and distress that reigns there. But hark! A footstep is heard at the door, and the children run and hide themselves. The patient wife waits to meet him. The man has been her torment. Many a time she has borne about for weeks the marks of blows; many a time that strong right hand has been brought down on her defenseless head. And now she waits, expecting to hear his oaths and suffer his brutal treatment. He comes in and says to her: "I have been to the meeting, and I heard there that if I will I can be converted. I believe that God is able to save me." Go down to that house again in a few weeks, and what a change! As you approach you hear some one singing. It is not the song of a reveler, but they are singing the "Rock of Ages." The children are no longer afraid of him, but cluster around his knee. His wife is near him, her face lit up with a happy glow. Is not that a picture of regeneration? I can take you to thousands of such homes, made happy by the regenerating power of the religion of Christ. What men want is the power to overcome temptation, the power to lead a right life.

The only way to get into the kingdom of God is to be born into it. If the archangel Gabriel was to wing his way here to-night, and we could have a chance to tell him all our wishes, we couldn't ask him for a better way of getting into the kingdom of God. Christ has made salvation ready for us, and all we must do is just to take it. Oh, may we not hesitate to take it! There is a law in this country requiring that the president must be born in the country. When foreigners come to our shores they have no right to complain against such a law, which forbids them from ever becoming presidents. Now, hasn't God a right to make a law that all those who become heirs of eternal life must be born into his kingdom? An unregen-

erated man would rather be in hell than in heaven. Take a man whose heart is full of corruption and wickedness, and place him in heaven among the pure, the holy, and the redeemed; and he wouldn't want to stay there. My friends, if we are to be happy in heaven, we must begin to make a heaven here on earth. Heaven is a prepared place for prepared people. If a gambler or blasphemer were taken out of the streets of New York and placed on the crystal pavement of heaven, and under the shadow of the tree of life, he would say, "I don't want to stay here." If men were taken to heaven just as they are by nature, without having their hearts regenerated, there would be another rebellion in heaven. Heaven is filled with a company of those that are twice born. When I was born in 1837, I received my old Adam nature; and when I was born again in 1856, I had another nature given to me.

It is impossible to serve God aright unless you first make up your mind to be born again. If a house is built upon the sand, it falls; but if it is founded upon a rock, it stands firm against the wind and wave. Our faith can never endure unless it is founded on Christ. We may travel through the earth and see many countries; but there is one country—the land of Beulah, which John Bunyan saw in vision—that country we shall never see unless we are born again—regenerated by Christ. We look abroad and see many beautiful trees; but the tree of life we shall never see until our eyes are made clear by faith in the Savior. You may see the beautiful rivers of the earth—the Ohio, the Mississippi, the Hudson—you may ride upon their bosoms; but bear in mind that your eye will never rest upon the river which bursts out from the throne of God and flows through the upper kingdom. God has said it, and not man. You will never see the kingdom of God, except you are born again. You may see the kings and lords of the earth; but the King of kings and Lord of lords you will never see, except you are born again. When you are in London, you may go to the tower and see the crown of England, which is worth millions, and is guarded there by soldiers; but bear in mind that your eye will never rest upon the crown of life, except you are born again. You may come to these meetings and hear the songs of Zion which are sung here; but one song—that of Moses and the Lamb—the uncircumcised ear shall never hear that song, unless you are born again. We may see the beautiful mansions of New York and the Hudson; but bear in mind that the mansions which Christ has gone to prepare you shall never see, unless you are born again. It is God who says it. You may see ten thousand beautiful things in this world; but the city that Abraham caught sight of—and from that time he became a pilgrim and a sojourner—you shall never see, unless you are born again. Many of you may be invited to marriage feasts here; but you will never attend the marriage supper of the Lamb, except you are born again.

It is God who says it, dear friend. You may be looking on the face of your sainted mother to-night, and feel that she is praying for you; but the time will come when you shall never see her again, except you are born again. I may be speaking to a young man or a young lady who has recently stood by the bedside of a dying mother, and she said to you, "Be sure and meet me in heaven;" and you made the promise. Ah! you shall never see her again, except you are born again. I believe Jesus of Nazareth sooner than those infidels, who say you do not have to be born again. If you see your children who have gone before, you must be born of the Spirit. I may be speaking to-night to a father and mother who have recently borne a loved one to the grave; and how dark your home seems! You will never see her again, except you are born again. If you wish to meet your loved ones, you must be born again.

I may be speaking to a father and a mother who have a loved one up yonder; and if you could hear her speak, she would say, "Come this way." Haven't you got a sainted friend? Young man or young lady, haven't you got a mother in the world of light; and if you could hear her speak, wouldn't she say, "Come this way, my son"—"Come this way, my daughter"? If ever you see her again, you must be born again. Yes; we all have an elder Brother there. Nearly 1900 years ago he crossed over; and from the heavenly shores he is calling you to heaven. Let us turn our back upon the world. Let us give a deaf ear to the world. Let us get our heart in the kingdom of God, and cry, "Life! Life! Eternal life!" Let us pray that God may keep every soul now here from going out of this building to-night without being born again!

HOW TO BE BORN AGAIN.

"As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life." JOHN 3: 14, 15.

You who were here last night remember that I was speaking upon the text in the 3d chapter of John, "Ye must be born again." Now I want to call your attention to-night to the little word "must" in the same chapter. The Son of Man must be lifted up. I now come to the remedy, for when it was time to close last evening, I had not an opportunity to take up the subject. I want, on the present occasion, to take up the matter where I left off; I don't know but some went away disappointed by hearing the statement that they must be born again. They must have said, "I do wish he had not left off so soon; I wish he had gone on and told me how I must be born again." God helping me, I will try to tell it to you to-night, and I would ask, while I try to do this, that Christians would lift up to God their hearts in prayer, that the way be made so plain that every one may come into the kingdom of God.

Let us see how God is able to save unto the utmost. I want you to read the 14th and 15th verses of that chapter: "And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him shall not perish, but have eternal life." "That whosoever believeth in him shall not perish, but have eternal life." Let me tell those who are unsaved within these walls to-night what God has done for you. He has done everything that he could do towards your salvation. You need not wait for God to do anything more. In one place he asks the question what more could he do. He sent his prophets and they killed them; and then he sent his beloved Son and they murdered him. And at last he has sent the Holy Ghost, to convince us of sin and how we are to be saved. We are all sinners; and every man and woman knows in their hearts that they are sinners. Now we come here to-night to tell you the remedy for sin, and to tell you how you are to be saved from sin. Jesus came into the world to save that which was lost; for thou knowest there is no name given unto men whereby they can be saved but through the name of Jesus Christ our Lord. And again, "He shall be called Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins." No sinner need die if he but put his trust in Christ. There is no salvation in anything else, or any other name. All their word was that Christ died for our sake. Take the 2d chapter of Acts, and you may

read from there on through all the chapters; and there is hardly one but speaks of Christ's death and Christ crucified; of Christ dying for thee, or rising again for thee, of ascending into heaven for thee, and of coming again for thee. That is the gospel of Paul and of Peter; that is the gospel that Stephen preached when they condemned him to death. Paul preached that at Antioch, Corinth and Ephesus. Yes, Christ crucified—that is the remedy for sin. We hear a great many men murmur because God permitted sin to come into the world. They say it is a great mystery. Well, I say, too, it is a great mystery. You may recollect how it also was a mystery to Horatius Bonar. He said that, although it was a great mystery how sin came into the world, it was a greater mystery how God came here to bear the brunt of it himself. We could speak all the time about the origin of sin; how it came into the world, but that is not going to help us. If I see a man tumble into the river and going to drown, it would do no good for me to sit down and bow my head, and indulge in deep thought and reasoning how he came to get in there. The great question would then be, how he was to be got out. Just look over your own life. You can prove that you are a sinner and have need of repentance; or if you cannot do it to your own satifaction, there are some of your neighbors, no doubt, who can do it for you.

And right here comes in the remedy for sin. In the 3d chapter of John, we are told how men are to be saved—namely, by him who was lifted up on the cross. Just as Moses lifted up the brazen serpent in the wilderness, so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever that believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life. And here some men complain, and say that it is very unreasonable that they should be held responsible for the sin of a man six thousand years ago. It was not long ago that a man was talking to me about the injustice of being condemned on account of a man having sinned six thousand years ago. If there is a man here to-night who is going to answer in that way, I tell him it is not going to do him any good. If you are lost, it will not be on account of Adam's sin. "Well," some say, "that is a strange statement for you to make, Mr. Moody." Well, I dare say you do think it strange. I wonder what some of the theologians think of it who are present here to-night. What do some of the ministers on this platform say to it? I would like to know. Yet, let me say it again: It will not be on the account of Adam's sin that you will be lost, if you are lost. "Why, Mr. Moody, that is a paradox; how do you explain that?"

Well, let me illustrate it, then, and perhaps you will be able to understand it. Suppose I am dying with consumption, which I inherited from my father or mother. I did not get it by any fault of my own, by any neglect of my health; I inherited it, let us suppose. Well, I go to my physician, and to the best physicians; and they all give me up. They say I am incurable; I must die; I have not

thirty days to live. Well, a friend happens to come along, and looks at me and says, "Moody, you have got the consumption." "I know it very well; I don't want any one to tell me that." "But," he says, "there is a remedy—a remedy, I tell you. Let me have your attention. I want to call your attention to it. I tell you there is a remedy." "But, sir, I don't believe it; I have tried the leading physicians in this country and in Europe, and they tell me there is no hope." "But you know me, Moody; you have known me for years." "Yes, sir." "Do you think, then, I would tell you a falsehood?" "No." "Well, ten years ago I was as far gone. I was given up by the physicians to die, but I took this medicine and it cured me. I am perfectly well. Look at me." "I say that it is a very strange case." "Yes, it may be strange; but it is a fact. That medicine cured me. Take this medicine, and it will cure you. Although it has cost me a great deal, it shall not cost you anything." Although the salvation of Jesus Christ is as free as the air, it cost God the richest jewel of heaven. He had to give his only Son; give all he had. He had only one Son, and he gave him. Do not make light of it, then, I beg of you." "Well," I say, "I would like to believe you, but this is contrary to my reason." Hearing this, my friend goes away and brings another friend to me; and he testifies to the same thing. He again goes away when I do not yet believe, and brings in another friend, and another, and another, and another; and they all testify to the same thing. They say they were as bad as myself; that they took the same medicine that has been offered to me, and it cured them. He then hands me the medicine. I dash it to the ground; I do not believe in its saving power; I die. The reason is, then, that I spurned the remedy. So it will not be because Adam fell, but that you spurn the remedy offered to you to save you. You will have darkness rather than light. How, then, shall ye escape if ye neglect so great salvation? There is no hope for you if you neglect the remedy. It does no good to look at the wound. If we are in the camp and are bitten by the fiery serpents, it will do no good to look at the wound. Looking at a wound will never save any one. What we must do is to look at the remedy, to look away to him who hath power to save you from your sin.

Behold the camp of the Israelites; look at the scene that is pictured to your eyes. Look at New York city to-day. Both there in that past age, and right here in the present age, all, all are dying, because they neglect the remedy that is offered. Fathers and mothers are bearing away their children. In that arid desert is many a short and little grave; many a child has been bitten by the fiery serpents. Over yonder, they are just burying a mother; a loved mother is about to be laid away. All the family, weeping, gather round the beloved form. You hear the mournful cries, you see the bitter tears. The father is being borne away to his last resting-place. There is

wailing going up, all over the camp. Tears are being shed for thousands who have passed away, and thousands more are dying; and the plague is raging from one end of the camp to the other. I see in one tent an Israelitish mother bending over the form of a beloved boy just coming into the bloom of life, just budding into manhood. She is wiping away the sweat of death, that is gathering upon his brow. Yet a little while, and his eyes are glazed, and life is ebbing fast away. Now a little while, and the boy is going. His eyes are closing in death, and her heart-strings are crushed and bleeding. All at once she hears a shout in the camp. It is a great shout about them. What does it mean? She goes to the door of the tent. "What is the excitement in the camp?" she asks those passing by; and some one says, "Why, my good woman, haven't you heard the good news that has come into the camp?" "No," says the woman. "Good news? what is it?" "Why, haven't you heard about it? God has provided a remedy." "What, for the bitten Israelites? Why, tell me what is the remedy?" "Why, God has instructed Moses to make a brazen serpent and put it on a pole in the middle of the camp, that all who look upon it shall not die; and the shout that you hear is the shout of the people when they see the serpent lifted up." But the mother goes back into the tent, and she says: "My boy, I have got good news to tell you. You have not got to die. My boy, my boy, I have come with good tidings: you can live." He is already getting stupefied; he is so weak he cannot walk to the door of the tent. She puts her strong arms under him and lifts him up. "Look yonder; it is right there under the hill." But the boy don't see it; he says: "I don't see it. Where is it, mother?" And she says: "Keep looking, and you will see it." At last he catches a glimpse of the glistening serpent, and he is well. That is the young convert. Some men say, "Oh, we don't believe in sudden conversions." How long did it take to cure that boy? How long did it take to cure those serpent-bitten Israelites? It was just a look, and they were well. That is a young convert. I see him now calling on all those that were with him to praise God.

He sees another young man bitten as he was, and he runs up to him and tells him, "You have not got to die." Oh, no," the young man says, "that is not possible. There is not a physician in Israel can cure me." He doesn't know that he has not got to die. "Why, haven't you heard the news? God has provided a remedy." "What remedy?" "Why, God has told Moses to lift up a brazen serpent, and all that look to that serpent shall not die." I can just see the young man. He is what you call an intellectual young man. He says to the young convert: "You don't think I am going to believe anything like that? If the physicians in Israel can't cure me, you don't think that an old brass serpent on a pole is going to cure me?" "Why, sir; I was as bad as yourself." "You don't say so?"

"Yes, I do." "That is the most astonishing thing I ever heard," says the young man; "I wish you would explain the philosophy of it." "I can't. I only know that I looked at that serpent, and I was cured; that did it. I just looked; that is all. My mother told me the reports that were being heard through the camp, and I just believed what my mother said, and I am perfectly well." "Well, I don't believe you were bitten as badly as I have been." The young man pulls up his sleeve. "Look there! There is where I was bitten, and I tell you I was worse than you are." "Well, if I understood the philosophy of it I would look and get well." "Let your philosophy go; look and live." "But, sir, you ask me to do an unreasonable thing. If God said just take the brass and rub it in the bite, there might be something in the brass that would cure the bite. Young man, explain the philosophy of it." I see some people just before me that have talked that way since I have been here. But the young man calls in another and takes him into the tent and says: "Just tell him how the Lord saved you;" and he tells the same story, and he calls in others, and they all say just the same thing. And so it is with the religion of Jesus Christ. One and another tells the same story; and by and by all God's people tell in one way how they are saved—by Jesus of Nazareth; no other name; no other way. If all nations could talk one language, they would only tell one story—only name one name, one remedy. The young man says it is a very strange thing. "If the Lord had told Moses to go and get some herbs and some plants and roots and boil them and take the medicine, there is something in that. It is so contrary to my nature to do such a thing as to look at the serpent, that I can't do it." "You can do it." At last, the mother has been off out in the camp, and she says: "My boy, I have got just the best news in the world for you. I went out in the camp, and I saw hundreds very far gone; and they are all perfectly well now." The young man says: "I would like to get well; it is a very painful thought to die. I want to go into the promised land, and it is terrible to die here in this wilderness; but the fact is, I don't understand it. It don't appeal to my reason. I can't believe that I can get well in a moment;" and the young man dies in his own unbelief.

Whose fault? Whose fault is it of the unbelief here? Whose fault is it? God provided a remedy for this bitten Israelite—"Look and live." And there is eternal life for every poor bitten Israelite here. Look, and you can be saved, my friends, this very night. God has provided a remedy, and it is offered to all. The trouble is, a great many people are looking at the pole. Don't look at the pole; that don't do any good; that is the church. You need not look at the church. The church is all right, but the church can't save you. Look beyond the pole. Look at the crucified One; look at Calvary.

Bear in mind, sinner, that he died for all. Look in time, sinner; and be you saved, if there is none else. If Christ opened the way, it is the way. What other name is there given whereby we can be saved? We don't want to look at Moses. Moses is all right in his place; but Moses can't save you. You need not look to these ministers. They are just God's chosen instruments to hold up the serpent, to hold up the remedy, to hold up Christ. And so, my friends, take your eyes off from men. Take your eyes off from the church, but lift them up to Jesus, who took away the sins of the world; and there will be life from this hour. Thank God, we don't need an education to know how to look. That little girl who can't read, that little boy four years old who can't read, can look. That little boy, when the father is coming home, the mother says, "Look! look! look!" and the little child learns to look long before he is a year old; and that is the way to be saved. It is, "Look at the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world;" and there is life to-night, and this moment, for every man that is willing to look. Not look at the church, not look at yourselves, but look at Christ. Some people say: "There is a man; what faith he has got; I wish I had his faith." You might as well say, "I wish I had his eyes." You don't need his faith. What you need is his Christ. You need not be wishing for his eyes; you have got eyes of your own.

Some men say, "I wish I knew just how to be saved." Just take God at his word, and trust his Son this very night, and this very hour, and this very moment. He will save you, if you will trust him. I imagine I hear some one saying: "I don't feel the bite as much as I wish I could. I know I'm a sinner and all that, but I don't feel the bite enough. How much do you want to feel it? How much does God want you to feel it? When I was in Belfast I knew a doctor who had a friend, a leading surgeon there; and he told me that the surgeon's custom was, before performing an operation, to say to the patient, "Take a good look at the wound, and then fix your eyes on me, and don't take them off till I get through." I thought at the time that was a good illustration. Sinner, take a good look at the wound to-night; and then fix your eye on Christ, and don't take it off. It is better to look at the remedy than at the wound. See what a poor wretched sinnner you are; and then look at the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world. He died for the ungodly and the sinner. Say, "I'll take him;" and may God help you to lift your eye to the Man on Calvary; and as the Israelites looked upon the serpent and were healed, so you may look and live to-night.

After the battles of Pittsburgh Landing and Murfreesboro, I was in a hospital at Murfreesboro. And one night, after midnight, I was woke up and told that there was a man in one of the wards who wanted to see me. I went to him and he called me "chaplain"—I

wasn't a chaplain,—and he said he wanted me to help him die. And I said, I'd take you right up in my arms and carry you into the kingdom of God, if I could; but I can't do it; I can't help you to die." And he said, "Who can?" I said, "The Lord Jesus Christ can. He came for that purpose." He shook his head and said: "He can't save me; I have sinned all my life." And I said, "But he came to save sinners." I thought of his mother in the North; and I knew that she was anxious that he should die right, and I thought I'd stay with him. I prayed two or three times, and repeated all the promises I could; and I knew that in a few hours he would be gone. I said I wanted to read him a conversation that Christ had with a man who was anxious about his soul. I turned to the 3d chapter of John. His eyes were riveted on me; and when I came to the 14th and 15th verses, my text to-night; he caught up the words. "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life." He stopped me and said, "Is that there?" I said "Yes," and he asked me to read it again, and I did so. He leaned his elbows on the cot and clasped his hands together and said, "That's good; won't you read it again?" I read it the third time, and then went on with the rest of the chapter. When I finished, his eyes were closed, his hands were folded, and there was a smile on his face. Oh, how it was lit up! What a change had come over it! I saw his lips quivering, and I leaned over him and heard, in a faint whisper, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life." He opened his eyes and said: "That's enough; don't read any more." He lingered a few hours, and then pillowed his head on those two verses, and then went up in one of Christ's chariots and took his seat in the kingdom of God. You may spurn God's remedy and perish; but I tell you God don't want you to perish. He says: "As I live, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked." "Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?" May God help you all to look unto him and be saved!

SEEK THE LORD.

"Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near." ISAIAH 55: 6.

You will find my text this evening in the 55th chapter of Isaiah, in the 6th verse: "Seek ye the Lord while may be found, and call ye upon him while he is near." You that have been here for the last two nights will remember that I have been speaking from the text: "For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." I have been talking about God—as to how God is seeking for the sinner. To-night, I want to turn the question and talk of man's state. Under this text we have got to-night, man is told to seek the Lord. "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, and call ye upon him while he is near." Now, I have learned this during the past few years, in dealing with men; that there isn't much hope of being saved until they seek the Lord with all their heart. One reason that men do not find the Lord is, that they don't seek for him with all their heart. Very often you meet people who say, "Well, I don't know as I have any objections to be saved." Well, I don't know as I ever knew of any one that found Christ that had that spirit. You have got to have something beyond that. I said to a man, some time ago, that I could tell him the day he was going to be converted. I said to him: "I can tell you when you will be converted, although I ain't a prophet, and although I don't pretend to be a prophet." "Well," said he, "I would like to have you tell me that; for I would like to know, myself." "Well," I said, "you shall find him when you seek for him, and search for him with all your heart." In the 29th chapter of Jeremiah, and the 13th verse, it says: "And ye shall seek me and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart." I wish men would seek for Christ as they seek for wealth. I wish men would seek for Christ as they seek for position in this world. Man prepares his feast, and there is a great rush to see who will get there first. God prepares his feast, and the excuses come in: "I pray thee have me excused." Supposing I should state that last night a man came into this place and lost a very valuable present; something he valued a great deal more than the value of the present, because it was the gift of his dying mother. Suppose he should send up a note to me, saying: "Mr. Moody, I lost, last night, a very valuable diamond; and I am willing to give any one that can find that diamond, $20,000." I am sure there would be a great

search. How many do you suppose would be seeking for that diamond? I would not give much for my sermon to-night. A man might say: "I am poor; and if I could find that diamond, wouldn't that take me out of poverty and out of want?" You wouldn't wait until I got through my sermon; but you would be looking down at your feet, and under the benches. My friend, isn't the salvation of your soul worth more than all the diamonds that the world has seen? Isn't it worth more than the whole world itself, and isn't it the best thing you can do to-night to seek the Lord? Not only that, but it is a command to seek the Lord while he may be found, and call upon him while he is near. It is just as much a command for you to seek the Lord as it is that you sha'n't swear. It is just as much a command, as it is that you sha'n't steal. It is a command. There are a great many commandments. Some people have got an idea that there are only ten commandments in the Bible. There are thousands of them, and this is one of them. It is the voice of the Lord himself. Seek him, with all your heart. Now just see how men seek for wealth. When the California fever—the gold fever—broke out, men left their wives, and left their children, and left their parents, and their homes and luxury, and went out to the Pacific coast, and slept out in the open air, and under tents, and endured want. What for? That they might get wealth. They could not make too great a sacrifice to get wealth; and when I was out there in business, I was amazed when news came that gold was found one hundred miles away. They would pack up, men, women and children, and away they would go. A whole town would move, just to seek wealth. Then they went out to Australia, in the time of the gold fever in that country. They were willing to make almost any sacrifice. Look and see these politicians work. Let one of them be nominated alderman, or for some position under the government, and how they will seek your vote. They will come around to your house early in the morning, just to seek your vote. They don't sleep at night; they are willing to do everything they can do to accomplish their purpose.

Let us go and learn a lesson from that. If there is no reality in this gift of God, if it is all a myth, then let us dismiss it. If it is true, and we can find the Lord by seeking him, let us seek him. A man will go around this world for his health; he will cross oceans and climb steep mountains just to get his health. Thanks be to God that you haven't got to go around the world to get salvation; you haven't got to go out of this building to find salvation. "Ye shall find me when ye shall search for me with all your heart." Now there isn't anything a man values as he does his life. You take a man on a wrecked vessel; that vessel is going down, that man may be worth a million, and the only way he can save his life is to give up that million—he would do it as quick as a flash. Now the gift of God is

eternal life; it is life without end. Christ says, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Now is it true that a man can be saved here to-night? I would like to ask this audience a question. Is it true that a man can find the Lord here to-night? Now won't you just stop and think a moment? Dr. Paxton, do you believe the Lord can be found here to-night? Do you believe it, Mr. Jesup? Do you, Mr. Dodge? [Mr. Dodge—I do.] Now, my friend, do you believe it? Young man, do you believe that the Lord can be found here to-night? If he can be found, why not seek for him, and why not look? This cold, bleak night may be the night of your salvation. If it is true that the Lord is worth more than the whole world, and he can be found by seeking, why not seek for him?—not with half a heart, but with all your heart.

I read a number of years ago of a vessel that was wrecked. The life-boats were not enough to take all the passengers. A man, who swimming in the water, swam up to one of the life-boats that were full, and seized it with his hand. They tried to prevent him, but the man was terribly in earnest about saving his life; and one of the men in the boat just drew a sword and cut off his hand. But the man didn't give up; he reached out the other hand. He was terribly in earnest; he wanted to save his life. But the man in the boat took the sword and cut off his other hand. But the man did not give up. He swam up to the boat and seized it with his teeth. Some of them said, "Let us not cut his head off;" and they drew him in. That man was terribly in earnest; and my friends, if you want to get into the kingdom of God, you will seek your soul's salvation to-night. Be in earnest once as for your life, and seek the kingdom of God with all your heart; and you shall find it to-night. It will be the night of your salvation. It is a good time to seek the Lord while the Spirit of God is abroad in the community. I contend that this is a proof that the Lord can be found here to-night, because I don't believe there has been a night but that some have found him. Last night a brother came to my private room, and called me and said, "I want to introduce you to some one;" and there stood a wife, her face lit up with joy. She wanted to tell me that her husband was converted. She said: "I have been praying for him these twenty years, and he has found the Lord to-night." "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near."

How many men were there that were converted in the great revival of '57 and '58: and yet some people cry out against revivals. They had rather be converted at any time than during a revival. It was not long after the revival of '57 and '58 that the nation was deluged with blood, and half a million of men laid down their lives. Wasn't it the best thing they could have done, to seek the Lord then? It was my privilege to be in the army at that time. I was by their cots, and I saw them die. I never saw a man all through

the war that regretted that he became a Christian. The best thing they could do was to call upon the Lord. It was a great calamity, and came right home to the heart of the nation. We are just now, I am afraid, going to have some of this sad work. I believe that we are even now on the eve of just such work. I believe that judgments are going to happen upon this nation again. Grace always precedes judgments. A great revival is in progress all over the country. So there was in Jerusalem a day of grace; but the opportunity was spurned. Jerusalem and the country took no heed to their ways, and soon Titus appeared with a great army and besieged it, and more than 1,100,000 people perished. Those men rejected the gospel and the Word of God. So at the present day men won't call upon Christ when he may be found, or seek him when he is near. All along in the history of the church it is remarked that before some great calamity has fallen upon the earth there has been a great day of grace, offering salvation to those who will accept it. Before God has punished people, he holds out before them a chance to repent and to escape his wrath.

And now we hear Jesus calling to repentance throughout all the land. It is time, my friends, to be up and doing. Save yourselves; and then plead with your friends, and bring them to Jesus. Tell them the glad tidings, and bring them into the fold of the Good Shepherd. If we are faithful now and watch for souls, we shall see in every town and city thousands who will accept Christ. It is time for us to go out and say to our friends and relatives: "Come in; the Lord is coming, the Lord is at work. Jesus of Nazareth is passing through the city. Let us call upon him while he may be found; let us implore him to save us while he is near." The very text implies that the time is come when the world should throw off its sloth and wake to repentance. The text implies that God is near and pleads with his people, that the time and the Son of God are near now. Isn't it true that he is here to-night? Isn't it true that he is seeking for you when you seek for him? Seek, then, the Lord while he may be found; call upon him while he is near. Mr. Sankey sung to-night about those virgins. We read that five sought to gain admission too late. There was a time that they might have called upon the Lord; there was a time when, had they sought, they would have found him. But they slumbered and slept, until it was too late. Then they cried, but the door was shut—the day of grace was over. And so it may be the same to you. The day of grace may be drawing to a close with you, too. It may be that I am speaking to many here for the last time. This may be the last year they may have on earth. The prophecy may be true in regard to you and me, "This year thou shalt die." Is it or isn't it a time to seek the kingdom of God—to seek his face while Christ is calling upon us to repent, while the Spirit of God is moving upon our hearts? Isn't it the very best

time to seek the Lord while he may be found? Those antediluvian people called upon Noah to open the door of the ark and take them; but it was too late. God will shut the door against you, too. You will soon be without hope. Undoubtedly these men, women and children called upon God to save them on that terrible day; but the day of grace was over for them. The day of wrath then had come, and the day of judgment had fallen upon them. Oh, who shall stand on the day of wrath? When the Lord shall shake the earth, what shall then save the souls of men? The day of grace is here. Save yourselves. Wash yourselves in his precious blood and be redeemed. Oh, this very night, this very hour, let there be a cry for salvation. In the 10th chapter of Romans it is written, "For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." I heard of a man away off in the mining district, who had wandered from his house and got lost. In that region the ground is full of holes, and some pretty deep ones too. But it was night, and he could not make his way along. Had he undertaken to move on, there were the holes before him; and every step might precipitate him into a cavern. He did not know what to do, and he could not stir a step. At last he commenced to cry out, "Help! help! help!" and his cry was heard. They came with lanterns, and brought him safely out from his danger. The depths of sin are surrounding you; the next step may land you into darkness and death. Old man, do you hear? Young lady, do not laugh at it. Don't make light of this warning voice. "Seek the Lord while he may be found, call upon him while he is near."

Let me warn you against the next verse. A great many people put the 7th verse ahead of the 6th. "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts." If we would be saved call upon God first, and then God will give you help; and by his power you can then turn away from sin and from your evil thoughts, and will get pardon. But you haven't power to give up your evil courses until you call upon God, and until he gives you strength. After you have called upon the Lord, you must receive him when he comes; you must make room for him. He is gone to make room for you, and you must make room for him. I once found a man in the inquiry room who was puzzled to know how there would be room for the saved in heaven. I tell you, my friends, as I told him, you needn't borrow trouble on that account. If he finds he will not have room for you, or me, or for any of his chosen people in the heaven that he now has, he will make another. Can he not make another heaven by a word? Can he not make another place of happiness as easy as he made the present one? The Lord God of heaven can make plenty of room for you. You must not give that as an excuse. The Lord can make all the room he wants. Now, my friends, let me ask you this question. In all candor, why don't you

settle the question now? Will the Son of God have more power than he has to-night? Will he be more ready to use it for your salvation at any other time than he is to-night? Hasn't he said that all power is given unto him, both in heaven and on earth? Has he not the power to save every one here? Is he not able to save, even unto the uttermost? Hasn't he the power and hasn't he the will? Hasn't he said: "As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked. Oh, turn ye, turn ye, why should ye die, oh, house of Israel?" If you turn now and call upon him, he will forgive you your sins. He will forgive every one all his sins, no matter how many they are. He will save you, if you truly repent, and write your name in the Book of Life. But you must call upon him with the heart.

As Spurgeon remarks, the Bible does not say that you must have new heads, or that you must seek him with your head; but it says you must have new hearts, and must seek him with your heart. If it meant head, it would have said so. Seek ye the Lord, therefore, with your hearts; and Christ will enter into your hearts, and not into your heads. Give Christ your whole heart, and he will enter into it. If your heart is all right, your head will be also; for out of the heart proceeds all evil. Let that reservoir of sin be broken up and emptied, and all the rest of you will come around right. Is there one here to-night who will not cry out, "God be merciful to me, a sinner"? "Lord, have mercy upon me"? Why not call upon him? Why not seek the Lord now? Why not make up your mind that you will not leave the room until the great question of eternity is settled? If it is true what these gentlemen have said here to-night, when I asked them the question, that the Lord could be found, why don't you find him? Why should you let the night pass without seeking him? It is commanded, "Seek the Lord while he may be found." Don't put it off until it is too late. Don't neglect salvation. Some people say, "Why, what have I done?" I tell you, if you have done nothing but neglect salvation, you will go to death and ruin. Look at the man in the river in his boat; he is not rowing; he is making no effort; but he has his hands folded, and is letting his boat drift down the stream toward the rapids. The current is taking him on, without any help from him; he will soon go over the rapids into the jaws of death. All he has to do is to sit still and be lost. Yes, I tell you if you don't actually do any sin, yet if you neglect Christ and neglect salvation as a gift from God, you must perish. I am told that there were two men seen above the falls of Niagara. They were drinking champagne and carousing. They had no thought of danger; they formed no perception of the end that was awaiting them. They sang and they drank. But by and by a warning voice came to their ears. They looked at the friend on shore, but paid no attention. They even mocked him; they lift-

ed up the bottle, drank to him, and shook the bottle at him. Some one further on, seeing their danger, also undertook to warn them; but they treated his voice with laughter and derision. There are some here to-night that act just the same way. You come here and laugh, and make light of the solemn services, and ridicule the Word of God. These men mocked the danger also. They drifted a little further on, when a third voice was lifted up to give them notice of the approaching rapids. But the men still mocked on; and the current still took them on every second nearer to the great and fatal plunge. But they soon saw the water going over the falls, and in wild desperation seized the oars. They battled against the current with all their strength. Too late! too late! They had neglected it too long, and with a wild cry they were forever engulfed. What a picture! And yet hundreds and thousands have died just the same way.

By and by will come the piercing cry, "It's too late!" To-night I plead with you to neglect it no longer. Some of you here may hear the appeal for the last time. Oh, may the Holy Spirit open your eyes to-night! While we were in Europe, a man came into one of the meetings in the coal region; and when the audience was dismissed, he was seen to remain, standing against a post. One of the elders approached him, and asked him why he remained. He said he had made up his mind not to leave that church until he found the kingdom of God. The elder remained with him for a long time, and at last the miner made a surrender. The next day he went into the coal-pit, and before night the mine fell in and buried him. He was taken from the ruins just before life became extinct, and was heard to say: "It is a good thing I settled it last night." Wasn't it a good thing? Young lady, what say you? Young man, what do you think? When Mr. Sankey and I were in the North of England, I was preaching one evening, and before me sat a lady who was a skeptic. When I had finished, I asked all who were anxious to remain. Nearly all remained, herself among the number. I asked her if she was a Christian: and she said she was not, nor did she care to be. I prayed for her there. On inquiry, I learned that she was a lady of good social position, but very worldly. She continued to attend the meetings, and in a week after I saw her in tears. After the sermon I went to her, and asked her if she was of the same mind as before. She replied that Christ had come to her, and she was happy. Last autumn I had a note from her husband, saying she was dead, that her love for her Master had continually increased. When I read that note, I felt paid for crossing the Atlantic. She worked sweetly after her conversion, and was the means of winning many of her fashionable friends to Christ. Oh, may you seek the Lord while he may be found, and may you call upon him while you may.

GRACE.

"For the law is given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ." John 1: 17.

I am going to take, to-night, a subject, rather than a text. I want to talk to you about free Grace. I say *free* grace; perhaps I had better drop the word "free," and say just "Grace." There is a sermon just in the meaning of the word. It is one of these words that are very little understood at the present time, like the word gospel. There are a great many that are partakers of the Spirit of Christ, or of grace, that don't know its meaning. I think it is a good idea to go to Webster's dictionary and look up the meaning of these words that we hear so often, but don't fully understand. You seldom go into a religious assembly but you hear the word "grace;" and yet I was a partaker of the grace of God for years before I knew what it meant. I could not tell the difference between grace and law. Now grace means unlimited mercy, undeserved favor, or unmerited love. I had a man come to me to-day to see me, and his plea was that he was not fit to be saved. He said there was no hope for him, because he had sinned all his life, and there was nothing good in him. I was very much gratified to hear him say that. There is hope for that man—and I suppose he is here to-night; and there is hope for any man who thinks there is nothing good in him. That was the lesson Christ tried to teach the Jews—the lesson of grace. But they were trying to prove themselves to be better than other people. They were of the seed of Abraham, and under the Mosaic law, and better than the people about them.

Now let us get at the source of this stream that has been flowing through the world these hundreds of years. You know that men have been trying to find the source of the Nile. Wouldn't it be as profitable to try to find the source of grace, because this is a stream we are all interested in? I want to call your attention to the 1st chapter of John, the 14th and 17th verses: "And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." Then the 17th verse: "For the law is given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ." Then in the 5th chapter of Romans, the 15th verse: "But not as the offense, so also is the free gift. For if, through the offence of one, many be dead, much more the grace of God, and the gift by grace which is by one man, Jesus Christ, hath abounded unto many." There it is called the free gift—it abounded

unto many. Then in Paul's epistle to the Corinthians, the 1st chapter and the 3d verse: "Grace be unto you and peace from God our Father and from the Lord Jesus Christ. I thank my God always on your behalf for the grace of God which is given you by Jesus Christ." Now bear in mind that he is the God of all grace. We wouldn't know anything about grace, if it wasn't for Jesus Christ. Men talk about grace, but they don't know much about it. These bankers, they talk about grace. If you want to borrow a thousand dollars, if you can give good security, they will let you have it, and take your note, and you give your note, and say: "So many months after date, I promise to pay a thousand dollars." Then they give you what they call three days' grace, but they make you pay interest for those three days. That ain't grace. Then when your note comes due, if you can't pay but $950, they would sell everything you have got and make you pay the fifty dollars. Grace is giving the interest, principal and all. I tell you, if you want to get any grace, you must know God. He is the God of all grace. He wants to deal in grace; he wants to deal with that unmerited mercy, undeserved favor, unmerited love; and if God don't love man until he is worthy of his love, he won't have time for very much love for him. He is the God of all grace.

Unto whom does he offer grace? I would like to have you turn to your Bibles, to two or three texts; to the 21st chapter of Matthew, the 28th verse: "But what think ye? A certain man had two sons, and he came to the first and said, Son, go work to-day in my vineyard. He answered and said, I will not; but afterward, he repented, and went. And he came to the second and said likewise. But he answered and said, I go, sir; and went not. Whether of them twain did the will of his father? They say unto him, The first. Jesus saith unto them, Verily I say unto you, that the publicans and the harlots go into the kingdom of God before you." Why? Because he loved those publicans and harlots more than he did those Pharisees? No; it was because they wouldn't repent, because they wouldn't take grace. They didn't believe they needed the grace of God. A man who believes that he is lost, is near salvation. Why? Because you haven't got to work to convince him that he is lost. Now here is a man that said he wouldn't go, and then he saw he was wrong, and repented, and went; and this man was the man that grace held up. Any man or any woman here to-night who will repent and turn to God, God will save him. It don't make any difference what your life has been in the past. He will turn to any that will turn to him. I was preaching one Sunday in a church where there was a fashionable audience, and after I got through the sermon, I said: "If there are any that would like to tarry a little while, and would like to stay and talk, I would be glad to talk with you." They all got up, turned around, and went out. I felt as though I

was abandoned. When I was going out I saw a man getting behind the furnace. He hadn't any coat on and he was weeping bitterly. I said, "My friend, what is the trouble?" He said: "You told me to-night that I could be saved; that the grace of God would reach me. You told me that there wasn't a man so far gone but the grace of God would reach him." He said: "I am an exile from my family; I have drunk up $20,000 within the last few months; I have drunk up the coat off my back; and if there is hope for a poor sinner like me, I should like to be saved." It was just like a cup of refreshment to talk to that man. I didn't dare give him money, for fear that he would drink it up; but I got him a place to stay that night, took an interest in him, and got him a coat, and six months after that, when I left Chicago for Europe—four months after—that man was one of the most earnest Christian men I knew. The Lord had blessed him wonderfully. He was an active, capable man. The grace of God can save just such, if they will only repent. I don't care how low he has become, the grace of God can purge him of all sin, and place him among the blessed. In proportion as man is a sinner, much more does the grace of God abound. There isn't a man but that the grace of God will give him the victory, if he will only accept it.

I want you to turn a moment to a passage you will find in the 7th chapter of Mark: "And from thence he arose, and went into the borders of Tyre and Sidon, and entered into a house, and would have no man know it; but he could not be hid. For a certain woman whose daughter had an unclean spirit heard him, and came and fell at his feet. The woman was a Greek, a Syro-Phœnician by nation; and she besought him that he would cast forth the devil out of her daughter. But Jesus said unto her, Let the children first be filled, for it is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it unto the dogs. And she answered and said unto him, Yes, Lord; yet the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs. And he said unto her, For this saying go thy way; the devil is gone out of thy daughter." Now, just see how Christ dealt with that woman—a Syro-Phœnician, a Gentile; she didn't belong to the seed of Abraham at all. He came to save his own; but his own received him not. Christ was willing to give to the Jews grace. He dealt in grace with a liberal hand; but those that he was desirous to shower grace upon wouldn't take it. But this woman belonged to a different people—and just hear her story. I wonder what would happen if Christ should come and speak that way now? Suppose he should come into this assembly, and take any woman here and call her a dog. Why, that Syro-Phœnician woman might have said: "Call me a dog! Talk to me like that! Why I know a woman who belongs to the seed of Abraham who lives down near me, and she is the worst and meanest woman in the neighborhood. I am as good as she is any day." She might have gone away without a blessing, if she had not felt her ut-

ter destitution and lost condition. But Jesus only said that to her just to try her; and after calling her a dog, she only broke forth into a despairing cry, "Yes, Lord—yes, Lord." Christ had said it was more blessed to give than to receive. She took his place and received his blessing and his commands. She was satisfied to be given only a crumb, as long as he heard her petition. So, instead of giving her a crumb, she got a whole loaf. And so will you get the fullest beneficence of Christ, if you lift your heart up to him. Oh, that many would but just take her place, understand how low and unworthy they are, and cry unto Jesus. If you do, Christ will lift you up and bless you. But then the great trouble is, that people will not confess that they have need of grace. Such miserable Pharisaism is the worst feature of the present time. They think they can get salvation without the grace of God. The old saying is, that when you come to Jesus as a beggar you go away as a prince. Instead of doing that, they feel so self-confident and proud that they come always as princes and go away beggars. If you want the Son of God to deal with you, come as a beggar, and he will have mercy upon you. Look at the great crowd going up to the Temple; they feel they have strength of themselves, and all pass on, proud and haughty, except one poor man, who smites himself on the breast and says, "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

If you want to see the idea that the Jews had as to who was worthy, and how they thought that that kind of worthiness should be rewarded, just take your Bibles and look at the 7th chapter of Luke. It reads there: "Now when he had ended all his sayings in the audience of the people, he entered into Capernaum. And a certain centurion's servant, who was dear unto him, was sick and ready to die. And when he heard of Jesus he sent unto him the elders of the Jews, beseeching him that he would come and heal his servant. And when they came to Jesus they besought him instantly,"—now, just listen—"saying that he was worthy for whom he should do this." Yes, that was the Jews' idea of the reason he should come, because he was "worthy." What made him worthy? "For he loveth our nation, and he hath built us a synagogue." He was not worthy because he was a sinner; oh, no; not at all. But he was worthy because "he hath built us a synagogue." Ha! that was the same old story—the story of the present day. There is a great deal of that now. Give that man the most prominent place in the church; let him have the best pew, and the one furthest up in church, because he is "worthy." He has built the church, perhaps; or he has endowed a seminary. No matter where his money came from. He may have got it gambling in stocks, or doing something else of a like character; but he has given it to us. Oh, yes, he is worthy. He may have made his enormous gains by distilling whiskey, even. Make room for him, he has got a gold ring on; make room for her, she has

got a good dress on. So said the Jews: Now, Lord, come at once, for he hath built us a synagogue. Oh, he is worthy! You must not refuse or halt; you must come at once. That was the Jews' idea, and it is the idea of the world to-day. But how do you expect to get grace that way? The moment you put it on the ground of being worthy of it, then to receive it would not be grace at all. It would only amount to this: that if the Lord should give a man grace because he owed it to him, he would only be paying a debt. Jesus, however, went with them; in this instance, to teach them a lesson. Luke goes on to say: "Then Jesus went with them. And when he was not far from the house, the centurion sent friends to him, saying unto him, Lord, trouble not thyself, for I am not worthy that thou shouldst enter under my roof." That is the kind of humility that we want; that is the kind of men we are hunting after—a man that is not worthy. See how quick he will be saved, when he is in that frame of mind. I suppose that some one had run in to tell this centurion that Jesus was approaching the house. And the centurion sent to him to say he was not worthy that he should come unto him; "neither thought I myself worthy to come unto thee; but say in a word, and my servant shall be healed." This centurion had faith, at any rate. If he thought himself unworthy to come to Jesus, he sent friends; them that he considered better than himself. How common it is to think yourself good, and all other people bad! It is good to see a man consider himself a poor unworthy man. "God, I didn't think myself worthy to come unto thee; but say the word, and my servant shall be healed." Thank God, he had faith! No matter how many sins we have, if we only have faith. In this case, because he had faith, Jesus healed his servant, without coming to him at all. He hadn't to go to the house to examine his pulse, and see his tongue. Then he didn't have to write out a prescription, and send him to the drug store. No: he said: "All right; your servant shall live." "For I also am a man set under authority, having under me soldiers and I say unto one, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it. When Jesus heard these things, he marveled." It is only twice, I think, that Jesus marveled. He marveled at the unbelief of the Jews, and, again, at the faith of the centurion. "And turned him about, and said unto the people that followed him, 'I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel.'" Here is a Gentile, he said in effect, here is a man not of the seed of Abraham; and yet what faith he shows! Why, here is a centurion; and he has more faith than the chosen people of God. Jesus granted the petition at once. When he saw a genuine check presented for payment, he cashed it at once. He pays instantly in the gold of heaven, without any hesitation or discount. "And they that were sent, returning to the house, found the servant whole that had been sick." Found him perfectly

well, leaping and dancing around the house, praising God. He had been at the point of death one minute; and the next, he had been made perfectly well.

You may be made whole, too, friends. You may even be on the borders of hell; and yet be made an inhabitant of the kingdom of heaven. Think of this, you men that are the slaves of strong drink. You may be mangled and bruised by sin; but the grace of God can save you. He is the God of grace. I hope that grace will flow into your souls to-night. Christ is the sinner's friend. If you have read your Bibles carefully, you will see that Christ always took the side of the sinner. Of course, he came down on the hypocrites, and well he might. Those haughty Pharisees, he took sides against; but where a poor, miserable, humble penitent sinner came to him for grace, he always found it. You always read that he deals in grace; and to-night he will have mercy upon you that confess your sins to him. If you want to be saved, come right straight to him. He comes to deal in grace; he comes to bless, and why don't you let him? Let him bless you now. Let him take your sins away now. A man said to me the other night, "I feel I have got to do something." I said to him: "If this grace is unmerited and free, what are you going to do?" And I warn you to-night, my friends, against trying to work out your own salvation. It really is a question whether it don't keep more people out of the kingdom of God than anything else. When at Newcastle, I was preaching one night, and I said that grace was free; that all were to stop trying to be saved. A woman came down and said to me: "Oh! how wretched I am; I have been trying to be a Christian, and yet you have been telling me to-night not to try." "Has that made you wretched?" I asked. "Yes; if I stop trying what will become of me?" I said: "But if grace is free what are you going to do? You can not get it by working." She said, "I can't understand it." "Well, let me call your attention now to a few passages of Scripture." I turn to the 2d chapter of Ephesians, and the 8th and 9th verses: "For by grace are ye saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God:"—"Not of works, lest any man should boast."

Salvation is a gift from God. If a man worked it out, he would boast of what he had done and say, "Oh, I did it." A Scotchman once said it took two persons to effect his salvation—"God gave me his grace, and I fought against him." It is not then for men to work, or they will boast of it; and when a man boasts, you may be sure there is no conversion. The Ethiopian cannot change his skin, neither can the leopard change his spots. We do not work to get salvation; but we work it out after we get it. If we are ever saved, it must be by grace alone. If you pay anything for salvation, it ceases to be a gift. But God isn't down here selling salvation. And what have you to give him, if he was? What do you suppose you would

give? Ah, we're bankrupt. "The gift of God is eternal life;" that's your hope. "He that climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." Now, who will take salvation to-night? Oh, you may have it, if you will. "To him that worketh, the reward is not reckoned of grace but of death." The difference between Martha and Mary was, that Martha was trying to do something for the Lord; and Mary was just taking something from him, as a gift. He'll smile upon you, if you'll just take grace from him. "It's to him that worketh not but believeth," that blessings come. After you get to the Cross, there you may work all you can. If you are lost, you go to hell in the full blaze of the gospel. That grace is free to all—free to every policeman here, every fireman, every usher, every singer, every man, woman and child, every reporter, all of you. What more do you want God to do than he has done? Oh, I hope the grace of God will reach every heart here. Oh, be wise, and open the door of your hearts, and let in the King of glory. You'll be saved when you believe. It is written: "For the grace of God hath appeared, bringing salvation to all." If you are lost, there is one thing you must do; and that is, trample the grace of God under your feet. It won't be because you can't be saved, but because you won't. Young man, will you be saved to-night? It's a question for you yourself to settle. If we could settle it for you, we would; but you must believe for yourself. Christ said to that poor sinning woman, "Neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more." Oh, sinner, hear those words. Oh, may the grace of God reach your hearts to-night.

WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST.

"What think ye of Christ." MATTHEW, 22: 42.

We have for our text this evening a part of the 42d verse of the 22d chapter of Matthew: "What think ye of Christ?" We find in this chapter that the Pharisees had made two attempts to entangle him in his talk and in his teaching. The Sadducees tried it; but they were silenced by the wisdom of Christ. After they had appealed to Christ, Christ turns and asks them a question. He says: "What think ye of Christ, whose Son is he?" And they said, "He is the son of David." Then says Christ, "How then did David call him his Lord?" And they were silenced forever. The Sadducees did not believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ. They would never have put him to death if they had believed him to be the God-man—what he proclaimed himself to be. Now, before I go on, I want to ask you a question—not what you think of this church or that church; not what you think of this minister or that minister; nor what you think of this creed or that creed; not what you think of this denomination or that denomination. The question is not what do you think of this belief or that belief; but, "What think ye of Christ?" And I think it is a proper question. There isn't a noted public man in this country but that if I ask what you think of him, you would give your opinion, quite freely. I hear some of you going out of the hall giving your opinion about the sermon, and sometimes it isn't very complimentary; but that is nothing. The question is not what you think of the preaching, or what you think of the singing; but, "What think ye of Christ?" It is of very little account what you think of the minister; it is of very little account what you think of this dogma or that dogma; but it is of vast importance what you think of Christ.

I don't think there is any one in this hall, unless it is some little infant, but ought to have an opinion about Christ. I would like to talk about him as a preacher; for there never was a preacher that preached as he did. He preached in words so very plain that little boys like these down here, and little girls could understand them; yet the deepest theologians could not understand their meaning. Coming down to-day I heard the little birds singing, and I could not help but think of his saying: "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the son of man hath not where to lay his

head." He makes even the rocks preach. I am told by travelers in the East, that there isn't a spot that hasn't got some sermon of his. He just touched them, and he made them preach. There isn't a prodigal in New York but that knows the story of the Prodigal Son. He drew a picture of the prodigal so vivid that you can't forget it. Try as much as they will to wipe out the picture, they can't forget it; it is like a nail in a sure place. Oh! he is a wonderful preacher. I have got a boy six years old, and sometimes he comes and tumbles into bed with me—sometimes much earlier than I wish he would—and wants to have me tell him a story; and there is no story interests him so much as the stories that Christ preaches. Yes, I would like to have time to talk to you, and ask you what you think of him as a preacher.

I want you just to ask yourselves this question, Do you believe in Christ? Do you believe that he was the Son of God? Do you believe that he was the God-man? Do you believe that he was with God before the morning stars sang together, and voluntarily left heaven and came down into this world? Whose son was he? Was he the son of man and the Son of God? Who was he, the God-man? That is the question. Now, if I had come into this city to find out about some one, to find out about his character, who he was, what he was, there would be two classes of people I would go to see. I wouldn't go to his friends only; I would go to his enemies; I would go to both classes. I would go to his friends and go to his enemies, and see what his enemies had to say about him, before I gave judgment about the man. I have got a few witnesses I want to examine, and I will just imagine my audience is the jury. My witnesses are the men that talked with Christ—the bitterest enemies that he had. The first I would like to summon into this court would be the Sadducees. What was it they had against the Son of God? Why he proclaimed the resurrection; and they didn't believe in the resurrection. They didn't believe in future punishment. They didn't believe that they were going to rise again. And they put a question to Christ: "Now here is a woman married seven times; whose wife will she be in the resurrection?" and Christ answered that question. And then the Pharisees went about planning how they might destroy him. "This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them"—that was all they could bring against him. That is what we like to glory in. Suppose we could summon the officers that arrested him. The Sanhedrim sent out officers to arrest the Son of God. Where did they find him! Did they find him breaking the law? Well, these officers, they found him in Gethsemane. What was he doing? Praying for a lost world. There he was, the drops of blood trickling down upon his cheeks; for we are told that he sweat great drops of blood. They set false witnesses to testify against him. They couldn't find any for a long time; and at last they found two men that would

come in and swear falsely, and what did they swear to? They heard him say, "Destroy this temple, and I will raise it up again in three days." "Destroy this temple," that is—as explained by John—destroy this body, and he would raise it up. Let us bring in Caiaphas, the highest ecclesiastical potentate of the earth, president of the Sanhedrim, the chief priest; and let Caiaphas open his lips, and let him tell us why he condemned the Son of God to death. They did not go and summon his friends; they did not go and bring up Zaccheus of Jericho; they did not bring the poor man that had those legions of devils cast out of him; they did not bring the blind man of Jericho—they brought his enemies. Let Caiaphas tell his own story—suppose he stood in my place. Caiaphas, just tell us what was the evidence you found against the Son of God. He said to him, "I adjure thee by the living God, Art thou the Son of God?" And he said, "I am." And Caiaphas says: "When I heard it, I tore my mantle and said he was guilty of blasphemy." That is what we glory in, his being the Son of God. Stephen said, when the heavens were opened, he looked in and saw him standing at the right hand of God. That is why they condemned the Son of God, just because he was the God-man. If he wasn't divine, they did right to put him to death; but he was.

Let Pilate come in; now he is an impartial witness. He is no Jew; he has no prejudice against Christ. Pilate, just speak out now and tell us why you condemned him to the scourge, and to be crucified, and why you wrote up there upon the cross: "This is Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews." Tell us, what did you find in him—what fault? And hear what Pilate says, "I find no fault in him." Now men condemn Pilate, and yet there are a great many men worse than Pilate; for they find fault in Jesus Christ. Said he, "I will chastise this man and let him go; for I find no fault in him." But I have got a woman we can bring in as a witness; it was Pilate's wife. Whose messenger is that that comes from the palace? He brings a message from Pilate's wife: "Have nothing to do with that just man; for I have suffered much in a dream through him." She thought he was a just man. Yea, my friends, I will bring in Judas, the very prince of traitors. Suppose I should say: "Judas, you sold the Son of God for thirty pieces of silver; you betrayed him; you knew more about him than Caiaphas; you knew more about him than Pilate. Come, now, Judas, tell us why you betrayed Christ? You were with him; you ate with him, and drank with him, and slept with him; tell us what you think of him?" I can imagine him throw down the thirty pieces of silver, as he cries in agony, "I betrayed innocent blood." Oh, yes, it is easy to condemn Judas nowadays; but how many men are worse than that! And he went out and put an end to his existence. Now bear in mind, I am not calling up his friends; I am calling up his enemies. The testimony is perfect-

ly overwhelming in favor of Jesus Christ, that he was the Son of God, as well as the son of David. But here is another witness, and that is the Roman centurion. He occupied the same position as the sheriff does now. This centurion of the Roman band had to go to Calvary and put the Son of God to death. He is a Gentile, and an impartial judge; let him tell us what he thinks of the Son of God. Come, now, centurion, you had charge of the execution of Jesus of Nazareth; you were there when he died. Here is his testimony: "Truly, this was the Son of God." That is what he thought; and to me it is one of the most striking things in all Scripture that God made every man testify that he was not guilty. I will go further. I will take the very devils in hell, for God made them testify; and what did they testify? They called him, "the Son of the Most High God." They knew him. "We adjure thee by the living God, why hast thou come here to torment us before our time?" And, my friends, what think ye to-day? Was he the Son of God? and did he die for a sinful world? What think ye of Christ to-day? Whose Son is he?

I wish I had time to examine his friends. It would take all day and all night, and I think the whole of the week. Suppose I could examine that mighty preacher, the prince of preachers, a man that with his eloquence—and he had the eloquence of heaven—drew all men to hear him. All Judea and Jerusalem came down from the mountains to hear him. He drew the cities of Judea into the wilderness, to hear him preach. What mighty power he had! Now, let us call in this wilderness preacher, who looks more like Elijah than any other prophet since Elijah. Ask John the Baptist, What think ye, John, of Christ? Hear his testimony: "I bear record, this is the Son of God." That is what he thought; he forever settled that question. Another time he says of Christ: "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world." John didn't have but one text after that: "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world." John said: "He must increase, but I must decrease." O sinner, what do you think of him to-day? Do you think he will save you if you trust him? Let us bring in some more of these witnesses. There is Peter. You know there was a time he swore he never knew him. Do you think he would say now with a curse, "I never knew him?" We are told that he was crucified with his head downward, because he was not worthy to be crucified in the same way that Christ was. Peter thought a good deal of him. I might bring in doubting Thomas; he didn't believe that Christ had risen. But Christ says: "Thomas, did you say that you wouldn't believe unless you saw? Put your fingers in my side and feel the wound there; put your fingers in the palm of my hand and feel the wound there;" and Thomas cried out, "My Lord and my God." Convinced of the divinity of Jesus Christ, his cloud of unbelief was

scattered to the four winds of heaven. If I should call up that beloved disciple who knew him better than any one else upon earth, it would take a great while to find out what John thought of him. I could just summon into this audience another witness, and one that had such a hatred against Christ. The Frenchman said: "It took twelve fishermen to establish the kingdom of Christ; and one Frenchman could tear it down." So Saul of Tarsus thought. The Son of God just spoke to him, "Saul! Saul! why persecutest thou me?" "Who art thou, Lord?" "I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest." "Lord, what wilt thou have me do?" One glance, and he became a new man. He held a high position in Jerusalem. O sinner, may you hear that tender, loving voice of the Savior; and may you this day and this hour think well of the Son of God. If you will pardon me, and I say it with reverence, we might summon the angels of heaven here. Only once they were permitted to burst through the clouds and come down to this world. Yes, they were there, long before the morning stars sang together; there when Christ was in glory. They saw him when he left the throne of God and came down into a manger; they saw him pass by thrones on earth, and come down into a manger. Hear them upon the plains of Bethlehem: "Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy which shall be unto all people, for unto us is born this day, in the city of David, a Savior." The angels of heaven thought that he was a Savior; and so he is, the Savior of the world. If we could ask the angels what they think of God's Son, what a shout would go up from around the throne. John heard the voice of many angels ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands, and they were singing, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain."

I would to God that I had the voice of an angel, that I might win your soul to the Son of God. A man was preaching in Brooklyn today about the white robes; and a friend said the halls of that building never heard such preaching before. And the minister said they might be wearing those robes a good deal sooner that they thought. And just as he got through, he threw up both his hands and said "Jesus" —and fell dead. Would that I could stand aside and let him take my place for five minutes. Oh, won't you think well of Jesus? Won't you think well of Jesus of the New Testament? Won't you think well of God's own Son? I want to bring one more witness. "May my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth and this right hand forget its cunning if I cease" to give praises unto his name. There is one more witness, which is that beloved One. When Jesus of Nazareth was coming up out of the Jordan, lo! a voice from the Throne—a voice from heaven—Hark! sinners, listen! God speaks: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." That is what God thought of him. Once he took Peter, James, and John where Moses and Elias were, and he spoke: "This is my beloved

Son, in whom I am well pleased: hear ye him." Won't you think something of the Son of God? Young lady, what do you think? Mother, what do you think? Do you think enough of him to trust him? If you want to please the father here on earth, you will think well of his son; and if you want to please the Heavenly Father you will think well of his Son.

Now, before I close, let me ask you one question—take it home with you—and that is this: "Why don't you love him?" Just think now, can you give a reason for not loving him? I knew an infidel who was asked by a little child why he didn't love Jesus, and he finally said to himslf, I will just find out why I don't love Jesus. He took the Bible and opened it to the book of John—if you want to find out why you don't love Jesus, don't you look there. He found that God so loved the world that he gave Christ for it, and the poor infidel's heart was broken. And that night he was on his knees crying for mercy. O sinner, do think well of Christ to-day! Love him to-day! Give your souls to him this blessed evening, the last Sabbath of this blessed month! This day and this hour let us press into the kingdom of God.

FAITH.

"Faith is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen." HEBREWS 11: 1.

I want to call your attention to-night to the subject of Faith. I think I hear some of you say: "That is a very dull subject: if I had known that would be the subject, I would not have come." But it is a very important subject. It is faith that brings the blessing after all. Some one has said there are three things to faith—knowledge, assent, laying hold. Knowledge! A man may have a good deal of knowledge about Christ; but that does not save him. I suppose Noah's carpenters knew as much about the ark as Noah did, but they perished miserably nevertheless; because they were not in the ark. A good many men know a good deal about Christ, but they are not saved by it; and our knowledge about Christ does not help us if we do not act upon it. But knowledge is very important. Knowledge, assent, then laying hold; and it is that last clause that saves, that brings the soul and Christ together. The best definition I can find of faith is,

the dependence upon the veracity of another. The Bible definition in the 11th chapter of Hebrews is: "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen." In other words, faith says Amen to everything that God says. Faith takes God without any if's. If God says it, faith says, I believe it; faith says Amen to it.

But now the question is, who shall we have faith in? A man got up in one of our young men's meetings the other night, and wanted to know why it was there were so many that backslid. One reason for backsliding, is because men are not sound in their faith; it is because they have not really been converted to God. A good many men are converted to a church; they say: "I like that church; it is a beautiful church, and there is beautiful singing; I like that quartet choir and the grand organ; and there is a good minister." And so they are converted to the church, and they are converted to the singing, and converted to the organ, and converted to the minister, or they are converted to the people who go there. They get into good society by going there. But that is not being born of God, or being converted to God. Once there was an old chap who sat down among some army soldiers who were telling stories of adventure, and one fellow got up and told all about how he had backslid; but the old soldier said: "I think there is some mistake; and the truth of the matter is, you have never yet slid forward." Now if a man has faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, he has got something he can anchor to, and the anchor will hold; and when the hour of temptation comes to him, and the hour of trial comes to him, the man will stand firm. If we are only converted to man, and our faith is in man, we will certainly be disappointed. How very often we hear a man say: "There is a member of the church who cheated me out of five dollars; and I am not going to have anything more to do with people who call themselves Christians." But if the man had had faith in Jesus Christ you do not suppose he would have had his faith shattered because some one cheated him out of five dollars, do you? What we want is, some one to have faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Turn to the prophecy of Jeremiah, 17th chapter, beginning with the 5th verse: "Thus saith the Lord, Cursed be the man that trusteth in man and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord. Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is." But cursed is the man that puts his trust in man; that is the reason why so many people are all the time being disappointed, and why there are so many that have their faith shaken. It is because they have been trusting in man, and man has failed them; and they have been trusting in themselves, and their hearts are deceitful and desperately wicked, and we cannot have trust in ourselves; and because man hath failed us, or because we have failed ourselves, we

think God will fail us. But if we put our trust in the God of Jacob, he will surely not fail us.

Faith is very important. You talk about financial panic—if business men lost faith among themselves, and in each other, how quickly all business would go to the wall! It is the foundation of society; it is the foundation of everything. Some people think, when we talk about faith in Christ, that it must be some miraculous faith, and that they have got to wait until it comes down out of heaven; that it is some shock which is to come upon them. But this faith in Christ is the same kind of faith that men have in one another. If a man has faith in the God of Jacob, God will never disappoint him. I never yet have seen a man whose faith God has disappointed, in all my life. There are men who say it does not make any difference what a man believes if he is in earnest, if he is sincere in his belief. We often hear people ask: "You do not think it makes any difference what kind of a belief a man has, if he is only sincere in it, do you?" But, oh, my friends, I tell you it makes all the difference in the world whether a man believes a truth or a lie. If the devil can make you believe a lie, and that you are going to be saved because you are sincere in your belief in it, that is all he wants. Do not suppose for a moment that it does not make any difference what you believe in, or what your faith is, so you are only sincere. Do not go over to that terrible illusion, which is one of the devil's lies. Once there were a couple of men arranging a balloon ascension. They thought they had two ropes fastened to the car, but one of them only was fastened; and they unfastened that one rope, and the balloon started to go up. One of the men seized hold of the car, and the other seized hold of the rope. Up went the balloon; and the man who seized hold of the car went up with it and was lost. The man who laid hold of the rope was just as sincere as the man who laid hold of the car. There was just as much reason to say that the man who laid hold of that would be saved, because he was sincere as the man who believed in a lie, because he is sincere in the belief. I like a man to be able to give a reason for the faith that is in him. Once I asked a man what he believed, and he said he believed what his church believed. I asked him what his church believed, and he said he supposed his church believed what he did; and that was all I could get out of him. And so men believe what other people believe, and what their church believes, without really knowing what the church and other people do believe.

Now, we must know distinctly in whom we believe. Jesus Christ tells us to have faith in God; and if we have faith in God, that it will carry us through all darkness, and storm, and affliction, and troubles, and trials. If our faith is in churches, and dogmas, and creeds, and men, and in this thing and that, we will come into trouble and difficulties before we get through our pilgrim's journey.

But for him who has faith in God, the light will shine brighter and brighter, until he comes at last into the glory of the perfect day. Some people put their faith in a man. Some say: "There is such a minister; I have confidence in him, and in his Christianity." They pin their faith to a good man, and sometimes the good man deviates a little; and this friend who imitates him thinks that he need not be as perfect as the elder. He says: "If he can do it, I can do it;" and he deviates a little more, and a little more, until he is, at last, very far away from the moorings. If a teacher teaches a child writing, he teaches him to imitate the copy as closely as he possibly can. Abraham, andIsaac, and Jacob, and those heroic men that lived and moved as the heroes of olden times—there is a long line of them named in the 11th chapter of Hebrews; but in the next chapter the writer takes the eye away from the contemplation of them, and says: "Look at Jesus." You need not look at Abraham, or Isaac, or Jacob, but look unto Jesus, the author and the finisher of our faith. Look to him alone. Let us learn a lesson, that we are not to pin our faith to good men; we are not to have supreme faith in them. They cannot save us. We are to have confidence in them; but when it comes to the great question of salvation, we are to have faith in God, and God alone. You are not even to obey good men. We are to obey God, and him only. If God tells us to do a thing, we are to do it. If he tells us to believe a thing, we are to believe it; we are to have faith in God. Have faith in God; and if God tells you to believe a thing, believe it; and then you will have peace and confidence and joy. Now, we are to have faith. Christ says, "Have faith in God."

But I hear a great many people saying: "How am I going to get this faith? I would come to Christ; but I don't know how to get faith." It would take months and years to get that. Now, I was a long time getting faith. I was anxious to work for the Lord, but I wanted faith. I wanted to get faith; but I went about it the wrong way. I prayed for it, and did nothing else. That ain't the way to get faith; to pray for it, and neglect the Word of God. The way to get faith is to know who God is; and I never knew a man or woman that was well acquainted with God that wanted faith. Some one said to a Scotch woman, "You are a woman of great faith." "No," she says, "I am a woman of little faith; but I have got a great God." Now, would you just turn a moment to the 20th chapter of the Gospel of John, and the 31st verse: "But these are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name." Now the whole gospel of John was written for one purpose. John took up his pen and he wrote that gospel, that we might believe that Jesus Christ was the Son of God, and that by believing we might have eternal life. And so, instead of praying for faith, and mourning because we haven't got faith, let us study the Word of God, and get acquainted with the

God of Israel; and then we will have faith in him. You can't find a man or woman that is acquainted with God, but that has strong faith in God. That is the reason these infidels won't trust him, because they don't know him. Now, would you turn to the 10th chapter of Romans, and the 17th verse: "So then faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God."—"Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God!" Now, sinner, do you want to be saved to-night? Have faith in God! Take him at his word! Believe what he says! Believe the record God has given in his Son? I can imagine some of you saying: "I want to; but I have not got the right kind of faith." What kind of faith do you want? Now, the idea that you want a different kind of faith is all wrong. Use the faith you have got. Just believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. Not only that, you can't give any reason for not believing. If a man told me he couldn't believe me, I should have a right to ask him why he couldn't believe me. I should have a right to ask him if I had ever broken my word with him; and if I had not broken my word with him, he ought to believe me. I would like to ask you, Has God ever broke his word? Can you come forward and tell me our God has ever failed to keep his word? Never. My friends, he will keep his word.

I tell you, dear friend, it is the damning sin of the world to refuse to come through that one door; and there is a blight over the whole world just because man don't believe. It is all unbelief that has brought misfortune among us. It is the sin of the world. We have sinned,—not because we have murdered, not because we have sworn, not because we have lied: God condemns the world because they believe not on him; that is the root of all evil. A man who believes in the Lord Jesus Christ won't murder and lie, and do all these awful things. Don't get caught on that terrible delusion that unbelief is a misfortune. Unbelief is not a misfortune, but is the sin of the world. Christ found it on all sides of the world. When he first got up from the grave, he found that his disciples doubted. He had reason to cry out against unbelief. There was Thomas doubted, in fact, all the rest of the disciples; and it is what is keeping back God's blessing in the city of New York. I believe we would have a great revival here, and thousands of persons would be converted, if we only had faith in God. Now God is able to do great things, if we only believe in him. Let us have faith. Don't be looking to see if you have got the right kind of faith. Look and see if you have got the right kind of Christ. Now faith is just the hand that reaches out and gets the blessing. Faith sees a thing in God's hand; Faith says, I will have it. I see that book in Mr. Dodge's hand; I go and take it; I have got faith that he will let me have the book. Now, my friends, have faith in God to-night. Faith is an outward look, not an inward look. A great many people are look-

ing at their feelings, a great many people are looking down here. Don't be looking at your feelings, but look at heaven; and if you have got the right kind of Christ, you will have the right kind of faith. Suppose a man had been in the habit of meeting a beggar on the street, and he might say: "I have met this man for years out here begging, and as I go up to-night I meet him; he has got a nice suit of clothes on, and I say to him, 'Hullo, beggar!' and he says, 'Don't you call me a beggar; I am no beggar.' 'Why, are you not a beggar?' 'No sir, I am not a beggar.' 'What is the reason you are not a beggar?' 'Why, I was sitting there to-day, and I put out my hand and asked a man to give me something, and Mr. Dodge came along and he put $5,000 right into my hand.' 'How do you know it is good money?' 'I took it to the bank.' 'How did you get it?' 'I put my hand out, and he just put it in my hand.' 'How do you know it is the right kind of a hand?' 'Oh, pooh! what do I care what kind of a hand it was!'"

And so we have only to reach out the hand of faith to-night and take God's Son. The gift of God is his Son, and this Son is eternal life. Do you want it? Take it. Who will have faith in him to-night? You must have a poor opinion of God if you won't trust him. I can imagine some people saying: "Oh, we have a great respect for God; but we have not got faith in him." How if your children should say: "Oh, we love papa so much; but we don't have faith in him"? You smile at that; and yet how many Christians talk in that way? Oh, this miserable, wretched unbelief! What grounds have we got for not believing God! Let us ask God to-night to take us from it. Let us put our whole confidence in God; and let us trust him now. If we don't believe him, John says we make him a liar; and that is what unbelief is. Many a man has been knocked down in the streets of New York for calling another a liar. Men take it as a great insult. It isn't very often that it is such a great insult. We very often tell that which is not true. When a man tells God he lies, is it true? The devil said God was a liar, and men rather believe him than believe God. God is truth. Let us trust him with all our hearts. Now, there is a verse here I would like to call your attention to—a brother spoke of it in the inquiry meeting to the inquirers—the 3d chapter of John and the 33d verse: "He that hath received his testimony hath set to his seal that God is true." "He that hath received his testimony—'his,' that is, God's testimony—hath set to his seal that God is true." In the old days men used to wear a ring, a signet ring, and instead of signing their names to a document they used to take that ring and sign that document; and so Christ uses that as an illustration. Now Christ says if you will set to your seal that God is true, he will believe it. You then set to your seal that God is true. Now, oh lay hold of that verse to-night—"He that hath received his testimony hath set to his seal that God is true." Who

will indorse him? Who will believe? Faith says, I will. I will set to my seal that God is true. Isn't there some one here that will set to his seal that God is true? There will be joy in heaven to-night. Isn't there some one that will do it?

My little Willie I once told to jump off a high table and I would catch him. But he looked down and said, "Papa, I'se afraid." I again told him I'd catch him, and he looked down and said, "Papa, I'se afraid." You smile; but that's just the way with the unbeliever. He looks down and dare not trust the Lord. You say that would be blind faith; but I say it wouldn't. I told Willie to look at me and then jump; and he did it and was delighted. He wanted to jump again, and finally his faith became so great that he would have jumped when I was eight or ten feet away and said, "Papa, I'se comin'." I remember seeing a man in Mobile putting little boys on the fence posts, and they jumped into his arms with perfect confidence. But there was one large boy, nine or ten years old, who would not jump. I asked the man why it was, and he said the boy wasn't his. Ah, that's it! The boy wasn't his. He hadn't learned to trust him. But the other boys knew him and could trust him. Oh, sinner, will you not learn Christ to-night, and jump into the arms of a loving Savior? He'll keep you. Who will believe in the Lord Jesus Christ to-night? Who will come to him and be saved?

Will you not take God at his word? Oh, may he give you strength and faith to-night to trust him, as Job did!

CONFESSING CHRIST.

"For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." ROMANS 10: 10.

Last night I spoke to you about believing. I want to follow that subject to-night with another subject as important, and that is Confession of Christ; not confessing sin, that is not what I want to talk about to-night, but confessing Christ. In the 10th chapter of Romans, 10th verse—a very little verse—you will find these words: "For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." I believe there are a great many people who have got into trouble and difficulty right in the middle of that verse, because they do not understand why it is that they do not have the joy they have heard other Christian people talk about. They say they believe in the Lord Jesus Christ; they say they trust him, and him alone, for salvation; they say that Christ is their only hope; but there they stop. Now, I say to you that confession is as important as faith. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." Then the next verse says: "For the Scripture sayeth, Whosover believeth on him shall not be ashamed." Now, if a man really believes in his heart, the next thing he ought to do is to confess Christ; is it not? And you won't get the blessing until you do. "With the mouth confession is made unto salvation." The fact of the matter is, that we are all moral cowards; we are ashamed to come out and confess Christ, and take our stand on the Lord's side, and on the side of his religion. It is the only religion in the world that is worth having; it is the only religion in the world that gives life to man; but, strange to say, I believe we are the only people on earth who are ashamed of their religion. You cannot find a man who holds any false doctrine of religion who is not proud of it. If a man has got hold of an error, he is not ashamed to confess it and acknowledge it to all men. A man who is in the service of Satan is not ashamed of it. You hear such men swearing on the street, proclaiming who is their master every day; they seem to be proud of the devil, and to like to have every one know that they are servants of his.

But how do men confess their allegiance to Christ? As disciples of Jesus, what cowards we are! It sometimes happens that those who have gone away from our meetings under the influence of a changed heart, come to me afterward and say that they are still in

darkness. I say to them, there is a reason for this; did you confess Christ when you went home? "No; I thought I would wait and see how it would hold out, before I told any one." But that is not the right way to do. You see it is with the heart man believeth, and the next step is to confess him with the mouth; that is what the mouth is for—to confess Christ; to tell all that he has done for you. If a man is ashamed to do this, to take his stand on the Lord's side, he will not get the benefit of his conviction. In fact, it is confession unto salvation; salvation comes when we take our stand for Jesus Christ, before all the world. If I belonged to the Republican party, and got tired and sick of it and wanted to join the Democratic party, I should not be ashamed to come out and acknowledge it. You never saw a man leave one party to join another who did not like to come out and let every one know it. They want to use all the influence they can to get their friends to join them. If a man is on the wrong side of this question of religion, and goes over on the Lord's side, ought he not to be just as willing to publish it, and to make every one know that he is on the Lord's side? Isn't it amazing how few there are who are ready to come out boldly and acknowledge to every one that they want to be on the Lord's side?

One thing that made our one o'clock meeting so interesting to-day was, a young man got up and said: "My sister and my mother are very anxious to have me become a Christian, and I myself want to." I said: "Thank God for that; that man has more courage. He is willing to let the world know that he wants to be on the Lord's side." I never yet have seen a man who came out boldly in that way but that he surely turns out all right at last. Look at the 9th chapter of Luke, the 23d verse: "And he said unto them all, if any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me." But the cross is what men do not like; they want to get to heaven without taking up the cross—any way but that. If men cou'd buy salvation, they would be willing to pay a good price for it. They would go round the world to get to heaven without the burden of the cross. The way to heaven is straight as an arrow; it is perfectly straight. A man need not be in darkness about the way, if he really wants to know. But on the way to heaven there is a cross; and if you try to go around it, or to step over it, or to do anything else than take it up and bear it onward, you get lost. When men are ready to follow Christ, to deny themselves; and humble themselves, and take up the cross, then salvation is ready for them. Satan puts a straw across our path and magnifies it, and makes us believe it is a mountain; but all the devil's mountains are mountains of smoke; when you come up to them they are not there, but mere mountains of smoke. Now, there is nothing to hinder this whole audience from coming out on the Lord's side to-night, and confessing Jesus Christ to be their Savior; There is nothing but your will

to prevent it. Satan has not the power to keep you from it, if you will. Christ says, "Except a man become converted, and like a little child, he is not fit for the kingdom of God." Pride, I think, is the worst enemy we have. It keeps thousands of p ople out of the kingdom of God. The idea that we have to humble ourselves and become like a little child is too much for our pride; but "whoever shall save his life shall lose it, and whoever shall lose his life for my sake shall find it;" but "whoever shall be ashamed of me and of my word, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he shall come in his own glory and in his power, and amid all the angels." Ashamed of him! A young convert got up in one of our meetings and tried to preach; he could not preach very well either, but he did the best he could. But some one stood up and said: "Young man, you can not preach; you ought to be ashamed of yourself." Said the young man: "So I am; but I am not ashamed of my Lord." That is right. Do not be ashamed of Christ—of the Man that bought us with his own blood. Ought we to be ashamed to speak for his cause, to take our stand on his side? He might well be ashamed of us, for ten thousand reasons which I could show. But the idea of a poor, miserable, vile, blind, hell-deserving sinner being ashamed to own Christ! It is the strangest thing in the world. Look in the 12th chapter of Luke, the 8th and 9th verses: "Also I say unto you, Whosoever shall confess me before men, him shall the Son of man also confess before the angels of God. But he that denieth me before men shall be denied before the angels of God."

During our war, when a general had accomplished some great victory, or had any great success, he thought it was a great honor to have a man stand up in congress and mention his name. But think of having your name mentioned in the courts of heaven; and not only that, but by the Prince of heaven, by the King of kings and Lord of lords! Think of Jesus speaking our names there! He says to us, If you will not be ashamed of me here before men, in this old creation, I will not be ashamed of you in heaven before the angels, in the new creation. You confess me here, I will confess you there. You deny me here, I will deny you there.

Will the Christian people in this room, in this assembly, to-night, take their stand and let every one know in the circle of their family and among their acquaintances that they are on the Lord's side? Why, if you do, it would be the best meeting, a meeting of more satisfaction than any we have had. The results of such a course, taken by every one here to-night, would bring more to Jesus, and be productive of greater righteousness, than any brought out by any previous assembly. Let you, young converts, tell your experience, take your stand and confess Christ. That is the way to show how strong your conversion is. Be sure you are on the Lord's side. "If the Lord be God, then follow him; but if Baal be God, then fol-

low him." It is one of the surest signs of your genuine repentance to come out before men and confess the Lord Jesus Christ. Take your stand, and be a witness to the Lord. "He that confesseth me before men, the same will I also confess before the angels of heaven. But he that denieth me before men, the same will I also deny before my father which is in heaven." I was in a Boston prayer-meeting, a number of years ago—but I ought to say that I have lived for a number of years out West, a number of years in Chicago, and you know that that part of the country is made up principally of young men; at any rate the prayer-meetings were for the most part made up of young men—hardly saw a gray-headed man in them at all. So, while I was in Boston, it was quite a treat to see old, gray-headed men in the assemblies. Well, in that meeting, a little tow-headed Norwegian boy stood up. He could hardly speak a word of English, plain; but he got up and came to the front. He trembled all over, and the tears were all trickling down his cheeks; but he spoke out as well as he could, and said: "If I tell the world about Jesus, then will he tell the Father about me." He then took his seat; and that was all he said; but I tell you in those few words he said more than all of them, old and young together. Those few words went straight down into the heart of every one present. "If I tell the world"—yes, that's what it means, to confess Christ.

And now are there not hundreds here to-night that are really ashamed of Christ—feel backward about confessing that they are Christians? I heard a story about two young men who came to this city from the country on a visit. They went to the same boarding-house to stay, and took a room together. Well, when they came to go to bed, each felt ashamed to go down on his knees before his companion first. So there they sat watching each other. In fact, to express the situation in one word, they were both cowards—yes, cowards! But at last one of them mustered up a little courage; but with burning blushes, as if he was about to do something wrong and wicked, he sank down on his knees to say his prayers. As soon as the second saw that, he also knelt. And then, after they had said their prayers, each waited for the other to get up. When they did manage to get up, one said to the other: "I really am glad to see that you knelt; I was afraid of you." "Well," said the other, "and I was afraid of you." So it turned out that both were Christians, and yet they were afraid of each other. You smile at that, but how many times have you done the same thing—perhaps not in this way, but the same thing in effect. Henceforth, then, be not ashamed, but let every one know you are his. And I wish to say to the young converts here, to-night, that if you want peace and joy flowing into your hearts like a river, commence at once and confess him. It is not a work of merit; you are not making God a debtor to you; it is the very least you can do. And those who do so, come out boldly

and confess him, preach better and stronger than any minister of his. Each confession is worth more than a sermon; it is like to one raised from the dead.

The most powerful meeting we have ever had was that of last night, the converts came boldly forth and told how they had been saved. I heard many say that it was the best meeting they had attended. Oh, what meetings of sweetness and communion with God we would have if every one would just come out and do his duty, as God wants him to do! If we boldly took up our cross, and bore it manfully, the world would soon see the influence of these meetings. When I was in Ireland, I heard of a man who got great blessing from God. He was a business man—a landed proprietor. He had a large family, and a great many men to work for him, taking care of his home. He came up to Dublin, and there he found Christ. And he came boldly out, and thought he would go home and confess him. He thought that if Christ had redeemed him with his precious blood, the least he could do would be to confess him, and tell about it sometimes. So he called his family together, and his servants, and with tears running down his cheeks, he poured out his soul to them, and told them what Christ had done for him. He took the Bible down from its resting-place and read a few verses of gospel. Then he went down on his knees to pray, and so greatly was the little gathering blessed, that four or five out of that family were convicted of sin; they forsook the ways of the world, and accepted Christ and eternal life. It was like unto the household of Cornelius, which experienced the like working of the Holy Spirit. And that man and his family were not afraid to follow out their professions.

They were not like a great many men I have seen who accept Christ while there is no cross to bear, and where everything is plain and easy for them. Some men, when they profess to accept Christ, immediately think they must go and join some church right away. So they go down and see the minister, and say: "Mr. So-and-so, I have become a Christian, and I want to take a pew in your church. I would like to be a member of your congregation, but I don't want to take any active part in the church. Now, don't ask me, some evening, to get up and tell my experience; I never did anything like that, and would not like to be pointed at so conspicuously." Well, he does join the church; and that is the last you ever hear of him. Last week, in this building, a man was converted, and he went right off and joined some church. Well, I hope after he did join, he didn't stop going to church. If a man is converted, I want him to come here and give his experience—let the thousands hear that he is a child of God; let his testimony be given to others, and the result may be that God will use his witnessing to the conversion of many. Mr. Sankey sang to-night, "Where are the Nine?" So may Christ ask the question, "Where are the Nine?" You have read of the

story of the cleansing of the ten lepers; you know how the God of glory had compassion upon them. His command was, "Go show yourselves to the priests;" and so they went—behold, the leprosy was all gone! It must have been a wonderful sight. They are going along the road; all at once one discovers the great change that has been wrought in him, and he stops suddenly. "Brothers, my leprosy is gone," he cries; "I am perfectly well, look!" And another then sees his altered condition, and he cries out, "And I am well, too." And another, "Why, see! my fingers were nearly rotted off; and now the disease is all gone." So they all look at themselves; and the great truth bursts upon them that they have been made well. Nine of them continue on their journey; but one poor man turns back, and falls at the feet of Jesus, and glorifies God. Perhaps he did not find his Lord right away; perhaps he had to search for him; but find him he did, and gave him the glory. Christ, after seeing him alone at his feet, out of all he had conferred the great boon upon, asked, in astonishment: "Were there not ten cleansed; but where are the nine?" Well, I don't know what became of them. Perhaps they went and joined some church; at any rate, that is the last we hear of them. So the people think that if they join some church that is all that is required of them. Ha! my friends, "Where are the nine?" If the Lord has cleansed you, why don't you lift up your voice in his praise, and give thanks? Why do you bury your talents? Why don't you confess Christ? It is sweet to Christ to have men confess him. One day he said, "Whom do men say that I am?" He wanted them to confess him. But one said, "They say thou art Elias," and another, "That thou art Jeremiah;" and another—"Thou art John the Baptist." But he asked, "Whom do you say that I am?"—turning to his disciples. And Peter answers, "Thou art the Son of the living God." Then our Lord exclaimed, "Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona." Yes; he blessed him right there, because he confessed him to be the Son of God. He was hungry to get some one to confess him. Then let every one take his stand on the side of the Lord; confess him here on earth, and he will confess you when you get to heaven. He will look around upon you with pride, because you stood up for him here. If you want the blessing of heaven and the peace that passeth all understanding, you must be ready and willing to confess him. Do you know how Peter fell? He fell like ten thousand people fall, because they don't confess the Son of God; that is the way Peter fell. He saw the people standing all around, and he was ashamed to own his Lord and Master. Am I speaking to any one here to-night who is ashamed to own Christ in his business; ashamed to own him among his circle of acquaintances? Have you been out to some dinner party, the last week, and heard these meetings ridiculed, and heard them scoff and jeer at Christ? If you did, and did not confess him

and own him then, how can you expect to be acknowledged before the throne, at the judgment day? If you are not willing to take your stand on the side of the Lord, you need not expect that he will bless you. I can imagine some one saying: "I don't believe in talking much about myself; and I don't." Well, I don't want you to confess yourselves; I want you to confess Christ. We have had enough of that first kind of work. Confess him; that's what I want you to do.

Look into that 5th chapter of Mark. It is that man I spoke of the other night, how Christ cast out the legions of devils out of him; and how he prayed him he might be with him. "No," he said; "you go home, and tell your friends how the Lord had compassion on you." The young converts say: "Well, I will go around to the synagogue every Sunday; but I can't tell any one; I won't say anything about it." But this man began to publish it; and it says that all men did marvel. They wouldn't have it that the Son of God did it. The man had never been to college; I don't know as he could write his name; I don't know as he had ever been to school. There was one thing he did know—he knew the Son of God had healed him, and had put a new song into his mouth. Christ says: "Go home, and tell your friends what great things the Lord has done." Thus he had the highest eloquence; he had the eloquence of heaven. The Spirit of the Lord God was upon him. Yes, but some of these women say; "If I was only a man, I wonld confess." Look into the 4th chapter of John. There was a woman that stirred up the whole town. She took one draught of the living water, and when she went to publish it she says: "Come, and see the man that told me everything I ever did; is not this Christ?" And then it says that many believed her testimony, and then they got Christ into town, and he stayed there two or three days; and many more believed on account of his own works. I wish we had a few more women like the woman of Samaria, willing to confess what the Lord Jesus Christ has done for our souls.

Now, there is one man in the 9th chapter of John I want to call your attention to. I do not know his name. I wish I did; because he is one of the men I want to see when I get to heaven. I would like to read the whole chapter, but it is so long. I will just read a few verses—in the 9th verse, or 8th verse. It is that blind man that Christ gave sight to. Here is a whole chapter in John, of forty-one verses, just to tell how the Lord blessed that blind beggar. It was put in this book, I think, just to bring out the confession of that man. "The neighbors, therefore, and they which before had seen him which was blind, said, Is not this he that sat and begged? Some said, This is he; others said, He is like him; but he said, I am he." If it had been our case I think we would have kept still. We would have said: "There is a storm brewing among the Pharisees; and they have said, If any man acknowledges Christ, we will put him out of

the synagogue. Now, I don't want to be put out of the synagogue." I am afraid we would have said that; that is the way with a good many of the young converts. What did the young convert here? He said, "I am he." And, bear in mind, he only told what he knew; he knew the man had given him his eyes. "Some said, He is like him, but he said, I am he." So, young converts, open your lips, and tell what Christ has done for you. If you can't do more than that, open your lips and do that. "Therefore said they unto him, How were thine eyes opened? He answered and said, A man that is called Jesus made clay and anointed mine eyes, and said unto me, Go to the pool of Siloam and wash; and I went and washed, and I received sight." He said, "He anointed my eyes with clay and I went to the pool and washed; and whereas I had no eyes, I have now got two good eyes." Some skeptic might ask, "What is the philosophy of it?" but he couldn't tell that. "Then said they unto him, Where is he? He said, I know not. They brought to the Pharisees him that aforetime was blind. And it was the Sabbath day when Jesus made the clay and opened his eyes. Then again the Pharisees also asked him how he had received his sight. He said unto them, He put clay upon mine eyes, and I washed and do see." He wasn't afraid to tell his experience twice; he had just told it once. "Therefore said some of the Pharisees, This man is not of God, because he keepeth not the Sabbath day. Others said, How can a man that is a sinner do such miracles? And there was a division among them." Now I am afraid if it had been us we would have kept still and said, "There is a storm brewing." "They say unto the blind man again, What sayest thou of him, that he hath opened thine eyes? He said, He is a prophet."

Now, you see, he has got to talking of the Master, and that is a grand good thing. I pity a man or woman that has got an idea that the world can't got along without him. This man, he began to talk of his Master. "He is a prophet;" that is what I think about him. He knew what he was coming to; because the Pharisees had just said if any man confessed him, he was going to be cast out of the synagogue. It wasn't like our churches nowadays; for if one church casts a man out, another will take him in if he shows any signs of repentance; but if he was cast out of the synagogue, there were none others there to take him in. "But the Jews did not believe concerning him, that he had been blind, and received his sight, until they called the parents of him that had received his sight. And they asked them, saying: "Is this your son, who ye say was born blind? How, then, doth he now see?" His parents answered them and said: "We know that this is our son, and that he was born blind. But by what means he now seeth we know not; or who hath opened his eyes we know not. He is of age; ask him; he will speak for himself." I do not like those parents. They did know. They just

dodged the question; they were ashamed to confess. What a blessing they would have got if they had only confessed! "He is of age; ask him." They had rather sit in the synagogue than have Christ. "Then again called they the man that was blind and said unto him, "Give God the praise; we know that this man is a sinner." He answered and said, "Whether he be a sinner or no I know not. One thing I know, that whereas I was blind now I see." They couldn't beat that out of him; this young convert got assurance right away. "I know that, whereas I was blind, now I see." I had a good deal rather know that one thing than have all the wisdom of the world, and not have that. "Then said they unto him again, what did he do unto thee? How opened he thine eyes? He answered them, I have told you already and ye did not hear; wherefore would ye hear it again? Will ye also be his disciples?" He didn't even know Christ; but he is ready to preach for him. Poor beggar! Unlearned man! If you are willing to be his disciple, I will tell it to you again. Will you do it? I like the faith that young convert had. You do not know what you can do by kindness and forbearance. I remember a family in Chicago who used to hoot at me and my scholars as we passed their house sometimes. One day one of the boys came into the Sunday-school and made light of it. As he went away, I told him I was glad to see him there, and hoped he would come again. He came and still made a noise, but I urged him to come the next time; and finally one day he said, "I wish you would pray for me, boys." That boy came to Christ. He went home and confessed his faith, and it wasn't long before that whole family had found the way into the kingdom of God. Oh, let us confess him to-night, and not be ashamed of our religion!

COMPASSION OF CHRIST.

"And Jesus went forth and saw a great multitude, and was moved with compassion towards them, and he healed their sick." MATTHEW 14 : 14.

I want to call your attention this evening to just one word—Compassion. Some time ago I took up the Concordance, and ran through the life of Christ to see what it was that moved him to compassion; for we read often in his life, while he was down here, that he was moved with compassion. I was deeply pleased, in my own soul, as I ran through his life, and found those passages of Scripture that tell us what moved him with compassion. In the 14th chapter of Matthew and 14th verse, we find these words: "And Jesus went forth and saw a great multitude, and was moved with compassion towards them, and he healed their sick." He saw the great multitude, and he was moved with compassion, and he healed their sick. And in another place it says that he healed all that had need of it. There didn't any one need to tell him what was in the hearts of the people. When I stand before an audience like this I cannot read your history; but he knew the history of each one. It says in one place in Scripture, "Each heart knows its own bitterness;" and when Christ stood before a multitude like this, he knew the particular bitterness in each heart. He could read every man's biography; He knew the whole story. And as he stood before that vast multitude, the heart of the Son of God was moved with compassion; just as in the preceding verses we find him, when John's disciples had come to him with their sad story, and with broken hearts. Their beloved Master had just been beheaded by the wicked king; they had just buried the headless body, and came to Jesus to tell all their sorrow to him. It was the best thing they could do. No one could sympathize with them as Jesus could; no one had the same compassion with them that Jesus had. In all our troubles, the best thing we can do is to follow in the footsteps of John's disciples, and tell it all to him. He is a high-priest that can be touched with our infirmities. We find after this, in a little while, that he, too, had to follow in the footsteps of the disciples. He had to lay down his life for that nation; but he forgot all about that as he looked upon the multitude, and his heart was moved with compassion. He sought to do them good; He sought to heal their sick.

In Mark, 1st chapter and 41st verse, there is a story that brings out the compassion of Christ. There came to him a leper, and when

he saw him his heart was moved with compassion. The poor leper was full of leprosy from head to foot; he was rotten with leprosy. I can just imagine how the leper told his whole story to Christ; and it was the very best thing he could do. He had no friends to be interested for him; he might have had a wife and family, or a loved mother, but they could not be there to plead for him. The law forbid any one speaking to him or touching him; but undoubtedly some one had some day come out and lifted up his voice, and told him that a great prophet had arisen in Israel who could cure him of the leprosy; that he was quite sure that he could do it, because he had performed miracles equal to that, and that he could give him life if he would only ask him. This leper told his sad story. Let us bring that scene down to our own day. Suppose that any one in this assembly here to-night should find that he was a leper, and the law required him to leave home. What a scene it must have been when that poor leper left his home, left the wife of his bosom, left his own offspring, with the thought that he never was to see them again! It was worse than death; he had to go into a living sepulchre—to vanish from home, wife, from mother, father, children, friends, and live outside the walls of the city. And while he was out there, if any man should come near him, he had to cry, "Unclean, unclean, unclean!" He had to wear a certain kind of garment, so that all men should know him. You can see him outside the walls of the city. It might happen in the course of years, that some one came out and shouted at the top of his voice, and told him that his little child was dying; but he could not go to see his dying child, or comfort his wife in her affliction. There in exile he had to remain, banished from home, while his body was rotting with that terrible disease, with no loved friends to care for him, nothing to do to occupy his time. That was the condition of the poor leper; and when he heard that Jesus could cure him, he went to him and said: "Lord, if thou wilt thou canst cure me; Lord, hear my pitiful story; Lord, have mercy upon me; Lord, save me." And Jesus was moved with compassion; and he reached out his hand and touched him. The law forbade him doing it, forbade any one touching him; but that great heart was moved, and he touched the man. And the moment he touched him the leprosy was gone; he was healed that very moment. He went home, and told his wife and family what a great blessing had come to him.

Did you ever stop to think that the leprosy of sin is a thousand times worse than that Eastern leprosy? All that it could do was to destroy the body. It might eat out the eye; it might eat off the hand; it might eat off the foot—but think of the leprosy of sin! It brought angels from heaven, from the highest heights of glory down, not only into this world, but into the very pit of hell. Satan once lifted on high hallelujahs of heaven; but sin brought him out of heaven down into darkness. Look into the home of the drunkard;

look into the home of the libertine; look into the home of the harlot; look into the homes of those who are living in sin! The leprosy of sin is a thousand times worse than the Eastern leprosy of the body. But if the poor sinner, all polluted with sin, will come to Christ, and say as this leper did, that we have just read about, "Lord, thou canst have compassion on me: thou canst take away this desire for sin; if thou wilt, thou canst save me," he will save you to-night. O sinner, you had better come to him; he is the very best friend that you have. It is Jesus that we preach here to-night, the Son of God. He has come to help you; he stands in this assembly, now. We cannot see him with the bodily eye; but we can with the eye of faith; and he will save every sinner who will come to him to-night! My dear friends, will you not come to him and ask him to have mercy and compassion upon you? If I were an artist, I would like to paint that scene, and bring out vividly that poor, filthy leper coming to the Son of God; and the Son of God reaching out his hand and touching and cleansing him.

And if I were an artist, I would like to draw another picture, and hang it up on yonder wall, that you might see it; and that is of the father that came to Christ with his beloved boy. He had been up on the mountain with Peter, James and John, and there he met Elijah the prophet, and Moses the law-giver. Heaven and earth had come together, and there he had met his Father, and he had spoken to him that memorable night on the mountain. In the morning when he came down, a crowd of people gathered round him, and some were laughing and talking; they had been trying to cast the evil spirit out of this boy, and told his pitiful story. No one knows but a father how much that man loved that boy; his heart was wrapped up in that child; but the boy was not only deaf and dumb, but he was possessed with a devil, and sometimes this devil would throw him into the fire, and sometimes into the water. And when the father came to Jesus, he said to him, "Bring him unto me." And when he was coming, the devil cast him down to the ground. So every man on his way to Christ must first be cast down. There he lay foaming, wallowing, and Jesus only said, "How long has this been?" "From his birth," was the answer; "Oh, you do not know how much I have suffered with this boy! When a child he was grievously tormented; he has broken my heart." Some of you here perhaps have children who are suffering from some terrible disease, and who are breaking your hearts. You can sympathize with that father. How that father wept when he brought that poor boy! And when Jesus saw that pitiful scene, his heart was moved with compassion, and with a word he cast out the devil. I can see the boy coming home with his father, leaping, and singing, and praying. Let us learn a lesson. Mother, father, have you got a son that the devil has taken possession of? Bring him to Jesus. He delights to

save; He delights to bless. All we have to do is to take him in the arms of our faith, and bring him to Jesus. I want to call your attention to a difference between the father we read of in the 9th chapter of Mark, and the poor leper in the 1st chapter. The leper says: "If thou wilt, thou canst make me whole." There was the "if" in the right place. The other said: "If thou canst, have compassion." He put the "if" in the wrong place. The Lord said: "If thou canst believe, all things are possible." Let us believe that the Son of God can save our sons and our daughters. Oh, have you got a poor drunken son? Have you a poor brother who is a slave to strong drink? Come; bring him to the meeting here to-morrow night, and let your cry be: "Lord, have compassion on my darling boy, and save him."

About Jesus there was a great number of disciples as he was going near the little city of Nain; and what met his eye? Why, there was a dead man carried out, and I cannot help but think of that passage. When I was preaching to the men last Sunday night, a poor man fell dead; and while we were preaching he was carried out. And here there was a dead man being carried out of the city of Nain, and there was a great company of the friends accompanying that widow, to lay away her only child, her only son. He was an only son, it says; and his mother was a widow. The father, the head of the house, had died perhaps long before, and long before that mother had watched over that husband, and at last she closed his eyes in death. It was a terrible blow, and now death had come again. You who are mothers can see how through all that sickness that mother was not willing to let the neighbors come in and watch over that boy. For weeks, you can see a light burning in that little cottage in Nain. There is that mother; she is watching over that boy, her only son. How she loved him! You that are mothers can sympathize with her. You that are mothers can enter into full sympathy with her. You can see how hard it was to lose that only son. She will never look into that beautiful face again. She will never look into those beautiful eyes again. They have been closed; she has closed them with her own loving hands. She has imprinted the last kiss upon that lovely cheek. Now they lay him upon the coffin, or upon the bier, and perhaps four men take him up just as they did the man with the palsy, and they bear him away to his resting-place; and there is a great multitude coming out of Nain. All Nain is moved. The widow was loved very much, and there was a great multitude attending her. And now we see them as they are coming out of the gate of the city. The disciples look, and they see a great crowd coming out of Nain, and the two crowds, the two great multitudes, come together; and the Son of God looks upon that scene. We read often where he looked toward heaven and sighed. He had followers on his right hand, followers on his left hand, followers be-

hind him, and followers before him. He saw the woe and suffering in this wretched world; he looked upon that weeping mother. Death had got its captive. And shall not the Son of God look upon that widow? He saw those tears trickling down her cheeks, and the great heart of the Son of God was moved. He would not suffer that son to pass. He commanded the young men to rest the bier. "Young man, I say unto thee, arise!" and the dead heard the voice of the Son of God, and he arose. I can imagine him saying, "Blessed be God, I am alive."

You know Christ never preached any funeral sermons. Here death had met its conquerer; and when he spoke the word, away went death. The Son of God was moved with compassion for that poor widow; and there isn't a poor widow in all New York but that Christ sympathizes with her. You that are widows mourning over loved ones, let me say to you Jesus is full of compassion. Let me say he is the same to-night that he was 1800 years ago, when he bound up that poor widow's heart in Nain. He will comfort you; and to-night, if you will just come to him and ask him to bind up your wounded heart, ask him to help you to bear this great affliction, the Son of God will do it. You will find that his arm is underneath you to help you carry the burden. There isn't a poor, suffering, crushed, bruised heart in all New York but that the Son of God is in sympathy with it; and he will have compassion on you, if you only come home to him, and he will bind up that heart of yours. Yes; Jesus was moved with compassion when he saw that poor widow. They did not need to tell him the story. He saw how the heart of the mother was broken; and so he just spoke the word. He didn't take him with him. He might have taken him along with him to glorify himself; but he gave him back to the mother. He took him right out of the arms of death, and handed him back to the mother. Yes, there was a happy home in Nain that night. How surprised the mother must have been; she could hardly believe her eyes. Oh, my friends, Jesus has got the same power to-night; and he will bind up your aching hearts, if you will only just come to him.

Did you ever hear of one coming to Christ that he did not accept? He don't care what position in life you hold. No matter how low down you are; no matter what your disposition has been. You may be low in your thoughts, words and actions; you may be selfish; your heart may be overflowing with corruption and wickedness; yet Jesus will have compassion upon you. He will speak comforting words to you, not treat you coldly or spurn you, as perhaps those of earth would, but will speak tender words, and words of love and affection and kindness. Just come at once. He is a faithful friend —a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. He is a brother born for adversity. Treat him like a brother, and like a friend; and you will have a heavenly balm poured upon your wretched, broken heart.

He is real; he is tangible. We don't worship a myth; we don't praise an unreal being. He is an everlasting, living person; a Man sitting at the right hand of God, full of the power and majesty of heaven. He comes here to-night in the Spirit. He is present with you. Oh, accept him! and he will deliver you, and save you, and bless you. My friends, just treat him as if you saw him here in person, as if he stood here in person, the same as I do now. Come to him, then, with all your troubles, and he will bless you. If he were here, and you saw him beckoning unto you, you would come, wouldn't you? Well, you would be saved then by sight; but he wants us to take him by faith. There are those here to-night that believe he is here now. Mr. Dodge, you came here for Christ's name, didn't you? [Mr. Dodge.—"Yes."] Isn't it Christ's name that has brought you here, Dr. Hepworth? [Dr. Hepworth.—"Yes."] And you, Dr. Booth, didn't you come here in Christ's name? [Dr. Booth.—"Yes."] Yes, you have come here for Christ, and are willing to confess his name. You are witnesses to his name Yes; here are two or three gather together in the name of Christ; and he is here because he has promised. Take him at his word, then, my friends. The Son of God is here to-night. Do you doubt it? Is there a man or woman in this assembly to-night that doubts it? I tell you he is here. He is just here as much as if you saw him. Press up to him. He is infinite in compassion, and will take pity upon you.

Oh, my friends, that was earthly compassion; but what conception can you form of the compassion of Jesus? If you come and tell him your sad stories his heart will be moved. Oh, come and tell him your sins and misery. He knows what human nature is; he knows what poor, weak, frail mortals we are, and how prone we are to sin. He will have compassion upon you; he will reach out his tender hand and touch you, as he did the poor leper. You will know the touch of his loving hand. There is virtue and sympathy in it. That story of the soldier reminds me of another. A mother received a dispatch that her boy had been wounded. She resolved to go down to the front to see him; she knew that the nursing of the hospital would not be as tender as hers would be. After much solicitation she saw the doctor, and after repeated warnings from him not to touch the boy or wake him up—he had only a few days to live, at any rate, and waking him up would only hasten his death—she went to his bedside. When she saw the poor boy lying there so still and lifeless, and with the marks of his suffering so fresh upon him, she could not resist the temptation to lay her hand on his brow. Instinct told him it was his mother's loving hand, and without opening his eyes, he said, "Oh, mother, have you come?" Let Jesus touch you to-night. His is a loving, tender hand, full of sympathy and compassion. Oh, my brother (looking at a young man in one of the front rows), will you have him to-night? You will? Thank God,

thank God! he says he will accept him. We have been praying two or three days for this young man; and now he says he will take Christ. Oh, bless the Lord! Let us pray; and as we pray, let us make room for Jesus in our hearts as this man has done, upon whom he has had compassion and whom he has saved.

NO ROOM FOR JESUS.

"And laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn." LUKE 2:7.

You will find my text this evening in the 2d chapter of the Gospel of Luke, a part of the 7th verse: "And laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn." For four thousand years the world had been looking for Christ. Prophets, had been prophesying, and the mothers of Israel had been praying and hoping that they might be the mother of that child; and now he has arrived, we find that he is laid in a borrowed cradle. "There was no room for them in the inn." He might have come with all the grandeur and glory of the upper world. He might have been ushered into this world with ten thousand angels; yea, legions upon legions of angels might have come to herald his advent. He might have been born in a palace or a castle. He might have been born upon a throne, if he had chosen to; but he just became poor, for your sake and mine. He passed by mansions and thrones and dominions, and went down into a manger. His cradle was not only borrowed, but almost everything that he had was borrowed. It was a borrowed beast he rode into Jerusalem on; it was a borrowed grave they laid him in. When the Prince of Wales came to this country, what a welcome he received. There wasn't anything too good for him. When the Prince of Russia came to this country, I saw him as he was escorted up Broadway; and cheer upon cheer went up all the way. New York felt honored that they had such a guest. The Prince of Wales during the past few months has been in India, and what a reception he has been receiving there! Even those heathen are glad to do him honor. When the Prince of heaven came down, what kind of a reception did he meet with? There were no hallelujahs from the people. He found that there was no room in Bethlehem for him; there was no room in Jerusalem for him. When he arrived at Jerusalem not only the King, but all Jerusalem was troubled. When

the wise men told Herod: "He is King of the Jews, for we have seen his star in the East," not only the King upon the throne, but all Jerusalem was in trouble; and every man that had been looking for him seemed to be troubled, and the whole city is excited. The King sends out and commands all infants under a certain age to be slain. No sooner the news comes that he is born than the sword is unsheathed, and follows him, you may say, to Calvary.

And has the world grown better? Is not this world about like that little town in Bethlehem? There is no room for him? What nation wants him to-day? Does this nation want him? Suppose you should put it to a popular vote, I don't believe there is a town in the whole republic that would vote for him. Does England want him? England and the United States are perhaps the most Christianized countries on the globe; but I don't believe there is a town in England or in this country that would vote for him. In fact, I may say, does the Church of God want him? We have got the forms; we are satisfied with them: but we deny the power. I am ashamed to say that there are many of our churches that really would not want him. There would be a different state of things in the Church of God, to-day, if Christ should come. A great many church members do not want him; they say: "My life is not right." There are very few families in the whole city of New York that would make room for him. They would make room for the greatest drunkard in New York, rather than make room for him. Don't think the world is better if it don't make room for him. If he should go to Washington, do you think they would make room for him there? If a man should get up in congress and say, "Thus saith the Lord," they would hoot him out. If Christ should go there, they would say: "He is too good; he is too honest; we don't want him; we don't want honest men." When it comes to a real, personal God, the world don't want him; the nations of the earth don't want him. Does France want him? Does Italy want him? Oh, my friends, there is no room for Christ; yet it would be a glorious day if there was room for him. I believe the millennium would soon be here. When he went to Decapolis, he found a man there filled with devils, and he cast out those devils; and the men of Decapolis came out and besought him to go out of their coasts. Take what you call the fashionable society of New York; is he wanted there? They will talk about this church and that church; they will talk about Dr. So-and-so, and the Rev. So-and-so, and talk about the Bible in schools; but when it comes to a real, personal Christ, and you ask them, "Do you want Christ in your heart?" they say, "O sir, that is out of taste." I pity the man or woman that talks in that way. Is he wanted in commerce? Is he wanted on 'Change? If he was, men would have to keep their books different. Commercial men don't want him.

You may ask the question: "Well, where is he wanted; who wants

him? Where is there room for the Son of God? Who will make room for him?" I wonder if there is any one here that ever had that feeling for five minutes. I think I have had that feeling for a day. There are some who wonder how people can commit suicide. It's no wonder to me. When men feel that there is no room for them, that no one wants them; when they feel that they are a burden to their friends, and a burden to themselves, why it drives them mad. I remember, one day, when I felt as if no one wanted me. I felt as if there was no room for me. For about twenty-four hours, I had that awful feeling that no one wanted me. It seems to me as if that must have been the feeling of Christ. His neighbors didn't want him; those Nazarenes didn't want him; they would have taken him to the brow of the hill and dashed him to the bottom; they would have torn him limb from limb, if they could. He went down into Capernaum; they didn't want him there. Jerusalem didn't want him; there was no room. To me, there is one of the most touching verses in the Bible, in the closing part of the 7th chapter of John. I believe it is the only place where Christ was left alone: "Every man went to his own house, and Jesus went to the Mount of Olives." I have often thought I would like to have met him upon that mount. He was on the mount alone. There was no home for him in Jerusalem. He was looked upon as a blasphemer; some thought he was possessed of devils; and so he was left alone. You could have seen him under an olive tree, alone, and I imagine that night you could have heard him crying to God for his own. And perhaps it was on that memorable occasion, or a similar occasion, when he said, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." Thanks be to God, there was a place. I have often thought of that little home at Bethany. It says that Martha received him into her home. It was the best thing that Martha ever did; and do you think she ever regretted it? Little did she know that her loved brother was soon going to die, when she made room for Jesus. Ah, it was the best thing that Martha and Mary ever did when they received the village carpenter, the despised Nazarene, into their home. He used to have a walk down from the city two miles to Bethany; but there he always found room.

But look again, look in that home where Lazarus comes home sick. Some think his occupation was that of a scribe, that he was a writer, and one day he came home weary; perhaps he had headache, and fever seized him. One of the leading physicians of Jerusalem is sent for, and the third or fourth day he tells the sisters: "There is no hope for your brother, he is dying, he cannot live." And when all earthly hope had failed, and they had given up, then the sisters sent for Jesus. Those two sisters sent a messenger, perhaps one of the neighbors, off from Bethany; perhaps he would have to go twenty or thirty miles away, on the other side of Jordan, for they

heard Jesus was there. They did not have papers in those days to tell them where he was, and if there had been papers they wouldn't have reported his meetings. There wouldn't have been a paper that would have taken the pains to report his meetings. They instructed the messenger to say, "Him who thou lovest is sick." That was enough. What a title to have to a man's name!—what a eulogy to have to a name! And when the messenger came and told the message, he told him that him whom he loved was very sick; and the Lord Jesus turned to him and said, "I will go. Take back word to those two sisters. The sickness is not unto death, but I will come." And I can see those two sisters. How eager they are to find out what his success had been." "What did he say?" and the messenger answers, "Why, he said the sickness was not unto death; and he would come and see Lazarus." I can imagine Mary turns to the messenger and says, "I don't understand that. If he were a prophet, he would certainly have known that Lazarus is dead; for he was dying when you went away, and he was already dead when he said the sickness is not unto death. Are you sure he said that?" "Yes, that was what he said." It might have been the second day after his death and he didn't come; and they watch and wait, and the third day they look for him. "Why, it is so strange that he treats us in this way." The fourth day comes, and it is noon; yet he has not come. I can imagine that on the fourth day in the afternoon they receive word that Jesus is just outside of the walls of Bethany with his disciples; and when he comes Martha says to him: "If thou hadst been here, my brother had not died," and hear what gracious words fall from the lips of Jesus, "Thy brother shall live again." "Martha said unto him, I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection, at the last day." Hear the blissful words that fall from the lips of the Son of God: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Little did Martha think that he whom she was entertaining was the Resurrection and the Life, and what a privilege it was to have such a guest! And Christ says, "Where is Mary? go, call her." So Martha goes and calls Mary, and says, "Mary, the Master is come, and calleth for thee." Isn't there some Mary to-day whom he is calling for? Isn't there some unsaved Mary within these walls whom he is calling for? If there is, he wants to bind up your heart—he wants to take away your sin. And when Mary comes, she meets him with the very same words that fell from the lips of Martha: "If thou hadst been here, my brother had not died;" and Christ says, "Where have ye laid him?" And now look at him. Those two sisters are standing near him, and perhaps are telling him of the last moments of Lazarus, and how their hearts had been bleeding all these four days. And when he saw them weeping, and the Jews also weeping who came with them, the heart

of the Son of God was moved with compassion, and "Jesus wept." For it says, "He wept with them that wept," and the tears were streaming down his cheeks. "Then said the Jews, Behold how he loved him." And when Jesus came to the grave he said, "Take ye away the stone." But Martha says: "He has been dead four days, and by this time it is not proper to go near him." But he commanded them to take away the stone. "Then they took away the stone from the place where the dead was laid. And Jesus lifted up his eyes and said, Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me. And I knew thou hearest me always; but because of the people which stand by I said it, that they may believe that thou hast sent me." And when he had thus spoken, he cried with a loud voice, "Lazarus, come forth." Some one has said, it was a good thing he called him by name, for if he hadn't, all the dead men in that yard would have leaped up. "And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave-clothes, and his face was bound about with a napkin. Jesus saith unto them, 'Loose him and let him go.'" In the little town of Bethany now, the sun is just sinking behind one of those Palestine hills; and it is now about dusk. You can see the Son of God perhaps, with Lazarus hold of his arm; and they walk through the street. Ah, that was the happiest home on earth that night. I believe there was no happier home than that in Bethany that night. Isn't it the very best thing that you can do to make room for him?

Mothers, if you will make room for him, you will entertain the best guest, the best stranger, you ever entertained. Ah, Martha didn't know how near death was to that home when she received Christ, and, dear friends, you don't know how near death may be to you; and when death comes, what a comfort it is to have Christ to help us, to have his arms underneath us and bear us up. You need him, and had better make room for him; and if you make room for him here in your hearts, he will make room for you up there. He says in that chapter which I read: "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." Instead of his disciples comforting Christ, there is Christ trying to comfort them. And now, while he is up yonder preparing a place for us, shall we not make room for him down here? If the nations won't make room for him; if the church won't make room for him; if the families won't make room for him, thanks be to God, we can make room for him in our hearts. He says, Ye are the temples of the Holy Ghost. "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost?" Will you make room for him this afternoon? Young lady, is there room for self? Is there room for the world? Is there room for pride? Is there room for jealousy? Is there room for every one and everything else but the Son of God? Will you turn him away, or will you to-day make room for him?

Isn't it the very best thing you can do to make room for Christ? When he made this world, he made room for us, plenty of it. He made room for himself in our hearts, but a usurper has come. My friends, won't you let the Son of God into your hearts; and won't you let him dwell with you? The only room the world found for him was just on the cross. Now, suppose he were to come here, shall he come into this hall, and shall he go through this assembly, and shall he not find room in your hearts and mine? Will your heart be full like that full inn, in Bethlehem; or will you this afternoon, just while I am speaking, say, "Lord Jeaus, I make room for you in my heart!" Mother, ought not gratitude for him who has made a place for your loved ones in heaven, lead you to make room for him? Won't you say, "Here is plenty of love; won't you come and dwell in my heart?" Just the very minute you receive him, he will come. Am I speaking this afternoon to some poor fallen woman? Let me say to you, he received just such; and to-day he will come into your heart, if you will just make room for him. How many are there in this audience to-day that never have thanked the Lord Jesus for the blessings he has showered upon them! And, my friends, don't let this beautiful Sabbath pass without saying, "Jesus there shall be room in my heart for thee hereafter;" and then, by-and-by, he will receive you up yonder. If you will make room for him here in your heart, you may be sure he will make room you in one of his Father's mansions. Oh, this day and this hour, my friends, make room for Christ! Dear friends, don't you want him? To-day won't you make room for him? Won't you just bow your heads; and when you pray, pray that every soul that wants Christ may come to him?

THE BLOOD—THE OLD TESTAMENT.

We have for our subject to-night, The Blood. I would like to call your attention to a few passages of Scripture in different portions of the Word of God. The first is in the 3d chapter of Genesis, the 21st verse: "Unto Adam also and to his wife did the Lord God make coats of skins and clothed them." That is the first glimpse we have of the shedding of blood.

To me it is a very sweet thought that God thus dealt in grace with Adam before he dealt in government. Some people complain of God's dealing with Adam, that he was very severe; but you will find God dealt in love with him. Some one said he put the lamp of promise into his hand before he drove him out of Eden. The first thing was the promise that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head; and in the very same chapter we find that God consented to kill those innocent animals to make coats of skins. Of course, the blood had to be shed in order to furnish those garments. As they went out of Eden, I think Adam might have said to Eve, "These garments are a token of God's love." God clothed them. He put cherubin at the gate of the garden, and a flaming sword to protect the tree of life, that they should not come and eat; but we find, when the right time came, he took that very sword and opened the way back to the tree of life, so that we can all come to it now, if we will.

In the 4th chapter of Genesis we find the great doctrine of the blood brought out: "And Abel, he also brought of the firstlings of his flock, and of the fat thereof; and the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering." In the morning of the creation, God had marked out a way for man to go. Abel took God's way; Cain wanted to go his own way. That is always the way. If you had talked to Cain, he would have said: "I do not know why the fruit of the earth should not be more acceptable to God than the blood of the lamb. I do not understand why any one should bring blood for an offering; I am sure the ripened grain would be more acceptable to God than blood; I have a dislike for the very name of blood." You will find the world is full of Cainites and Abelites to-day. Some want to go to God in their way, and some wish to go to him in his own way. The man who goes in his own way gets no life; it is all darkness until he goes in God's way. "Abel also brought of the firstlings of his flock, and of the fat thereof; and the Lord had respect unto Abel." He was a very religious man, but religion is one

thing, and coming to God in his own way is another. There are a great many who are very religious; and yet they do not like to go in God's way. There is no doctrine in the old Bible written and spoken against so much as this very doctrine of the blood. From the time that Abel came with his bleeding lamb, man has disliked it. It shows how deceitful the heart is, that we do not like to go in God's way. These men had been brought up with the same sursoundings. Up to this time we see no difference between the two men as to education, and yet there is a very great difference between their offerings. God accepted Abel's offering and did not accept Cain's; and consequently sin rose up in Cain's heart, and envy and hatred and malice, and he rose up and slew his brother. Sin leaped into the world full grown at one leap. The first-born was a murderer. When Abel first got to heaven and sang the song of redemption, there must have been but one soul in heaven, when he came there alone, that could sing it. The angels could not join him, and they must have heard it with surprise; but that chorus has been swelling ever since that time, swelling for the last six thousand years. The first man who went to heaven had brought a bleeding lamb, and put the blood thereof between him and his sin.

Will you look at the 8th chapter of Genesis: "And Noah builded an altar unto the Lord; and took of every clean beast, and of every clean fowl, and offered burnt offerings on the altar." It was so important that he should have blood put between him and his sin, that God had him take clean animals for a sacrifice. We find the first two thousand years men were traveling by that highway. Way back there in Eden, the scarlet line commences its course. You will find it running all through the Bible; you take it out of the Bible, and you take out all that book teaches. Those men who are trying to destroy that precious doctrine are at sea without sail; they do not know where they are. You cannot take up a place in Scripture but you find the scarlet thread running through it. If you turn over to the 22d chapter of Genesis, you will find the story of Isaac's sacrifice. Abraham went in God's way. In the 13th verse, it is said, "And Abraham lifted up his eyes and looked, and behold, behind him a ram caught in the thicket by his horns; and Abraham went and took the ram, and offered him up for a burnt offering instead of his son." There the doctrine of the blood is foreshadowed again. On that mountain we catch a glimpse of the blood; on Mount Moriah, which was close to Mount Calvary, where Christ was crucified—look at that scene!

For twenty-five long years, Abraham had been looking for that boy, and at the age of one hundred, God gave him Isaac. How he must have doted upon his boy! One night, God said to him, a few years after: "Abraham, take your son and go up to the mountain that I will show you, and offer him there as a sacrifice." He did not

offer objections and ask why God had ordered it. God had told him to have faith in him; and without consulting any one, not even his wife, he saddled an ass and took his son, and told his wife he was going up to a mountain. He took the wood for a fire, and a knife, and his son; and away he went. I can imagine that father's feelings. He said to himself: "I do not understand it; but I know that God never makes any mistake. He never has told me to do anything but that it has brought honor and glory to his own name." I can imagine how the old man looked at the boy as he lay sleeping. He said, "In a little while my boy will be gone." I can see the tears on the old man's face as he gazed at him on that first night. On the second night I can see there was a struggle going on within him as he thought, "I will only have this lovely boy one night more." The third day comes, and in the morning he lifts up his eyes, and over yonder is Mount Moriah; and he says to the two young men who are with him: "You stay here; and Isaac and myself will go yonder and worship." They had the wood; they had the knife; but the lamb they had not. On the way up that mountain, the boy said to the father: "Father, where is the sacrifice? We have no lamb." And the father said, and it seemed prophetic, "The Lord will provide a lamb." And so he did, in the fullness of time—the Son of his own bosom. "My son, the Lord will provide a lamb for a sacrifice," and on they went. The two worked together and built the altar, rolled up the stones and put wood on them. When eveything was ready, I can imagine how the old man told his child that the Lord had told him to take his boy and offer him up as a sacrifice; and after that they embraced and wept together. The old man binds his boy and puts him on that altar; he takes the knife, and is ready to drive it to the heart of his child. He is resolved to make quick work of it; but even while his hand is lifted, there is a voice from heaven: "Abraham, Abraham, spare thy son!" God so loved him that he spared his son; but he so loved you and me that he gave his own Son for us all. There was no voice heard at Calvary, saying, "Spare my Son." No angel came and took him from the cross; but he gave him up for us. And when Abraham looked around him, lo! there was a ram caught in a thicket; and he took the ram and slew him and offered him up for a burnt offering. And then was that scarlet thread trickling down Mount Moriah. That was typical of God's own Son. We are told that when Abraham was on Mount Moriah, God promised him that through his seed all nations of the earth should be blessed.

Abraham walked by way of the blood. There is no other way. You cannot find any of God's children that have walked any other way. In Exodus, 12th chapter and 13th verse, you find: "And the blood shall be to you for a token upon the houses where ye are; and when I see the blood I will pass over you, and the plague shall not

be upon you when I smite the land of Egypt." It is not, "And when I see your good resolutions, your tears, your agonies, I will pass over you." The blood was the token that he gave them. Some people say: "Oh, it was not the death of Christ; it was his life; it was his moral character that was significant; and you should preach up his life, and preach up his moral character." Let us preach these indeed; but let us not forget to preach his death—that Jesus Christ died for sinners, but did not live for them. He lay down his life and became a substitute for sinners. The Bible does not say that the living lamb shall be a token. If they had tied up a live lamb, death would have gone over that; but they were to take a lamb and kill it, and put its blood upon the door-posts; and when Death came down, wherever the blood was he did not go in.

Some say: "I wish I were as good as that one who has been visiting the poor and doing deeds of charity during the last fifty years; wouldn't I feel safe for heaven?" But oh, my dear friends, if you are sheltered by the blood of the Son of God, you are as safe as any man or woman on the face of the earth. That is not character, that is not deeds; it is the blood. God says, "When I see the blood, I will pass over you." Moses and Abraham and Joshua were no safer behind the blood that the little boy; it was the blood that kept Death out; it was not their good works. An old minister, when dying, said he had preached the gospel for fifty years, but when he was dying he did not rely upon his preaching or his works; but he requested them to bring his Bible to him, and put his hand upon the verse which said, "And the blood shall be to him a token," and he said, "I put my hope upon that verse." It was not his preaching, it was not his good deeds; away with them. Works are all right in their place; but they do not save us. It was not what he had done, but what the blood had done. So, it is not the strongest, nor those who have the best character that are the safest, but those who are behind the blood. Some one said, the little fly in Noah's ark was as safe as the elephant. It was the ark that saved the elephant, just as it was the ark that saved the fly. The question is, Have you got the token? It was the most absurd thing in the world to the Egyptians, this sprinkling of the blood. I can see the haughty Egyptian riding through the town, and, seeing the blood sprinkled on the door-posts, stopping to inquire what it meant. Every one was killing a lamb, and he heard their bleating. He said: "You must have gone clean mad. What is that for?" They answered: "God has told us that at midnight to-night there will be a cry in Egypt, that Death is doing his work; and every house that has not got blood upon its door-posts Death will enter, and take the first-born." I can see that Egyptian now. How scornfully he looks upon those men! That is the way the world looks now upon it. They say: "What do you mean by the blood? The idea of being saved by the blood! The

idea that the blood of another cleanses from sin!" And the proud, haughty world scoffs at the thought. Listen! At night Death came down. He entered the palace, and the crown prince was laid low; and so on through every house in Egypt, taking the first-born alike of the rich and the poor. And only faith, and its sign in blood upon the door-posts, kept him out. The blood of Jesus Christ, when it comes, will be worth more than all the world. Your wealth, culture and refinement cannot help you, when God comes to judge the world.

The question is, Have you got the token? The world makes light and scoffs and ridicules the idea now as it did then. But the time is coming when the blood of Jesus Christ will be worth more to you than all the world. It is like Noah's ark. I can see those antediluvians scoffing at Noah. But one hour after the flood began to fall, Noah's ark was worth more than all the world put together. My friends, you had better be wise. Be sure you have got the token. If I go down to the depot and want to go to Chicago, I go to the ticket office, I buy my ticket; and when I get aboard the train the conductor don't know who I am, and he don't care who I am. It makes no difference to him whether I am white or black, learned or unlearned. The question is, have I got a ticket? Have I got the token? Pardon the illustration. The man that has got the token is safe. The man that has not got it is unsafe, I don't care what his life or character may be, and not only unsafe, but unsaved. And there is no salvation outside the blood of Jesus Christ. There is no other name whereby ye may be saved! To be sure, this scene down in Goshen was typical.

Another thought. A good many Christians wonder they are so weak, and have not more strength, and do not grow strong like other people. You will find out in the eleventh verse. "And thus shall ye eat it; with your loins girded, your shoes on your feet and your staff in your hand." They were not only to kill the lamb, and take the blood and put it on the door-post; but they were to feed on the lamb. Now, the great trouble with Christians is, they do not feed on the Lamb. Their idea is, if you get converted and join the church, that is enough; instead of feeding on the Lamb, and getting strong and becoming giants in God's service. They have got the wilderness journey before them; and they should keep the staff in their hands, and the shoes on their feet, and feed on the Lamb. Let us learn the lesson to feed on the Lamb; and if we feed on Christ, we will have strength. If we neglect to feed and do not feed on it, we will become weak and feeble, and won't have the power.

There is another thought. "This month shall be unto you the beginning of months." All the four hundred years they had been in Egypt were rolled away. And, sinner, all these years that you are in the service of sin, you are just losing them; it is all lost time.

These four hundred years they had been in bondage in Egypt, God rolled away; and said: "This shall be the beginning of months." And you know everything dates from the blood. What is 1874? You date back to the blood; you can't help it. It is the beginning of months to you; and God made Israel date back to that night when the lamb was slain, that they might not forget the meaning of it. There is another thought in that chapter. The fourth verse is: "And if the household be too little for the lamb, let him and his neighbor next unto his house take it, according to the number of the souls; every man according to his eating shall make your count for the lamb." It don't say, "If the lamb be too little for the household." Christ is enough for any family, for any household. If you will only just take him, he is enough for the whole world and all can have him if they will.

Take now, Exodus, 29th chapter, and the 16th verse: "And thou shalt slay the ram, and take his blood and sprinkle it round about upon the altar." Now, I have not got time to picture that scene, but I want to call your attention to this. The only way the High Priest came into the presence of God was to sprinkle blood round about the altar; and if he came without the blood, he had no communion with God whatever. And from the time that Adam fell until the present time, there has been no communion with God whatever, only through the blood. I don't care who the man is, if he ignores the blood, he has no communication with heaven; he has no intercourse with heaven. There is no other way. Away back in those days, you find they came and sprinkled blood around the altar; and then they made their request to God. Don't think, dear friends, that God will have anything to do with you unless you come to him in his way. If you attempt to come to God and ignore his Son, heaven will be as brass to you. There will be no communication between your soul and God, until you go by his way. Then in the 30th chapter and the 10th verse, "And Aaron shall make an atonement upon the horns of it once in a year, with the blood of the sin offering of atonements." Atonement means at one. It brings the sinner and God at one. The only way they can come together is through the blood of Jesus.

Now, turn to Leviticus, 8th chapter and 23d verse. "And he slew it, and Moses took of the blood of it and put it upon the tip of Aaron's right ear, and upon the thumb of his right hand, and upon the great toe of his right foot." I used to read such passages and used to say, "What in the world does that mean?" Blood upon the ear, the hand and the foot! What for? It seems very plain to me now. Blood upon the ear! A man can't hear the voice of God unless he is sheltered behind the blood. It is only the blood-bought that can hear the voice of God. Why you know, in the 12th chapter of John, when God spake to his Son and said, "I have glorified my name and will glorify it again," the people said it thundered. They could

not tell the difference between the voice of God and thunder. But God's own children can hear it, and they can understand it. You take a man sheltered behind the blood, and let him come into this meeting, and he will understand what I mean. But next to him a man may sit and say, "What in the world is that man talking about?" It is a mystery to him; he don't understand it. Why? Because his ear is not open. No uncircumcised ear can hear the voice of God. And it is important to hear right.

Then blood upon the hand. A man may work for God, but it is only the blood-bought hand that can work for God. And now I tell you, dear friends, the greatest, the grandest mistake the church of God is making to-day, is getting ungodly men to do something for the church. It is keeping hundreds of men out of the kingdom of God. We take ungodly men and make them trustees of the church, and take their money and say; "Their money is just as good as anybody else's money;" and these men have an idea that they are buying their way to heaven; and they are even better, in their own opinion, than many true Christians. Then there are ungodly men singing in the choir and helping in the service of God. No man can do anything to please God until he is first sheltered behind the blood. I don't care who he is; I don't care what his life has been; God cannot accept it; he can't walk with God. Until sheltered behind the blood, he cannot work or walk with God. A man will have no desire to walk with God until he is sheltered behind the blood, and brought into communion with God. God came down on sundry occasions and talked with Abraham and Jacob; but God never came down and walked with man until he put them behind the blood in Goshen. When the Israelites came to the Red Sea, they went through the Red Sea like giants. He walked with them in the wilderness. When they wanted bread, he opened his hand and fed them; when they wanted water, he brought it out of the rock. God walked with them. When Christ was down here, they said to him, "What shall we do?" Did he tell them to build colleges; teach in the Sabbath-school class; preach to the drunkard and feed the hungry; and clothe the naked? Ten thousand times, No! This is it: The work of God is to believe on him; and if a man won't believe in God's Son, he cannot hope to get to heaven in any other way. He that climbeth up the wall is a thief and a robber. No uncircumcised hand can work for God.

No uncircumcised foot can walk with God. Some may say: "I cannot understand it; it is a very strange thing why God should demand blood." I will tell you why. He says, "The soul that sinneth shall surely die." That is the penalty. God's justice must be kept. He rides in a chariot with two wheels of which justice is one and mercy another; and justice must be done as well as mercy. Why does God demand blood? God demands life. You have sold yourselves for naught. Christ comes and takes the place of the sinner,

and dies in his stead; and it is through his precious, blessed work of atonement on Calvary that we are saved. If there is any other way, my friends, I cannot find it. The life of all flesh is in the blood, and God has stamped the flesh with death; and he says it shall never come into his presence. And here comes in the glorious truth of the resurrection: "I am the resurrection and the life." All lost life in the first Adam; all got it in the second. Some people say: "It is a great mystery that sin came into the world." It is a greater mystery that God came down and bore the brunt of it himself—that he took the saved into his own bosom and opened the way to the tree of life. Let me ask you to take up your Bibles and take up this great and glorious subject and study it a while; and you will have a reason for the hope within you. You will be able to tell how you are saved. It is not your good deeds, your tears, your prayers; but it is the finished work of Jesus Christ that saves you, because he died and gave himself for us. I do not believe any one can get a true glimpse of Jesus Christ without loving him.

There is a story of a man that went to California, when the excitement broke out, and left his wife and child in New England. He said as soon as he was successful he would send for them. It was a long time before he was successful; but at last he sent the money, and his wife and child came on to New York, and got on to one of those beautiful steamers, and started for San Francisco; and everything was going well. All at one, however, a cry was heard, "Fire, fire!" It ran through the vessel; the pumps were set to work and they got all the water they could; but they could not put it out. The flames gained on them, and the captain ordered out the boats. But there were not life-boats enough to take all the passengers; and among the rest left on deck was the mother of the lovely boy. The last boat was pushing away. If she did not get into that boat, she must perish. She begged of the men to take her and her boy; but they said, "We dare not take any more." Her tears and entreaties at last touched the heart of one of the men; and he said, "Let us take her." But the others would not; and at last they compromised by saying, "We will take one." What did that mother do? Did she leap into that life-boat and leave her boy behind to perish? That is not a mother's love. She hugged him, she kissed him and she dropped him over into the life-boat, and said; "If you live to see your father, tell him I died to save you." Supposing that young boy has grown up to be a man, and he speaks contemptuously of such a mother, would you not say, "He is an ungrateful wretch?" But, sinner, what are you doing with Jesus? Did he not do more than that? Was not he numbered among the transgressors for us? Was not he wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities? Did not he die for the ungodly?

There is a story of a regiment in the Austrian army that was

guilty of mutiny; and as they did not want to inflict the penalty of death upon the whole regiment, they decided that one man in ten should be shot. The regiment was drawn out in line, and the officer went along taking out the tenth man. There was a father and a son. The son knew he could be spared better than the father. He was so anxious that the father should not be shot that he watched the officer, and saw, as he came nearer, that it would fall on his father. So the son stood behind the father, and pushed him into the place of life and took the place of death himself. So with us. We were condemned to die, and there was no hope and no way of escape; and Christ said, "Father, let me go and take that place;" and he left the throne, and he came from heaven and died in our stead. And do you get up and go out of this hall and say, "I see no reason I should love Christ?" A young man said to me the other night; "I can get along without Christ; I don't need him." Well, my friend, if you can get along without him he can get along without you. But he don't want you to perish; he wants you to live. May you find refuge behind the blood of Christ is my prayer.

THE BLOOD—THE NEW TESTAMENT.

Those who were here yesterday will remember that we had for our subject, the Blood, as found in the Old Testament. To-day, we will consider it in the New Testament. There are those who say that it is all one story; that instead of being two books, it is but one. There is one class of people who say they believe in the New, but not in the Old Testament; and another class beleive in the Old Testament, but not in the New. But if you read it carefully, you cannot divide it. If you change any part of it, it is all gone. The very passages that some wish to throw out of the Old Testament and yet believe the New Testament, these very passages confirm the others. Some say, "I do not believe there was such a thing as a deluge; we do not believe there was any such thing as a flood." But Christ says, "As it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be." Some say, "We do not believe that Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed in flames and buried; do you?" Yes, we believe what Christ believed. He says, "Remember Lot's wife." They say, "We do not believe the whale ever swallowed Jonah; do you?" Yes, we believe what Christ

taught; and when Christ says, "As Jonah was three days in the whale's belly," he put his divine soul into the Old Testament as in the New. It is one book, therefore. Whoever touches any part of the Bible, touches it all. That is what the questioner is trying to do, to break down the Word of God, and our confidence in God's testimony, and God's record of his Son. Yesterday I did not have time to go through the Old Testament, and say all I wanted to say about the blood as there described. To-day we will pass over into the New Testament, and see what Scripture says about blood in the New Testament.

The first thing I call your attention to is, that we are redeemed by the blood. There is no other redemption. In the 1st Epistle of Peter, 1st chapter, 18th verse: "Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers, . . . but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot." You are redeemed by the precious blood of Christ. Redemption is more than salvation, really. A man might rescue another from sudden death. He might see a man in a carriage, with the horses dashing through the street, and in a moment his life would be gone, dashed to pieces against the wall. He might stop that steed and save the man's life. He would be the savior of that man. Christ is more than our Savior. He is our Redeemer. He has redeemed us with his blood. Redemption is to buy back. When Christ came, he bought us back. He says, You have sold yourselves for naught; but you shall be redeemed without money. Though salvation is free to us, and it is without money and without price; yet it cost God all that he had to do it. It was the blood of Christ, his only Son, that redeemed us. It cost him his precious blood to buy us back. Do you think silver and gold could have redeemed this world? Why God could have created milions of worlds of gold, if silver and gold could have done it; but we could be redeemed not by such corruptible things as silver and gold. The apostle looks upon these with scorn and contempt, when it comes to the subject of redemption. You are redeemed by the precious blood of the Son of God, as of a lamb without a spot or blemish. The joy of every Christian is, that he has been bought back by the blood of Christ. Once, when I was going to speak in a little town, on our way there, there was a young man riding in front of us; and I said to my companion: "Who is that young man? I do not remember to have seen him before." He said, "Look over there. Do you see that beautiful meadow, and that large farm, and the house over there? That young man's father drank that all up while he lived, and his son, there, went away, and went industriously to work, and accumulated money, and came back, redeemed the old homestead, and took his mother out of the poorhouse, and is now on his way to church,

there, with his mother." That was the story of the old Adam. He did the same thing. He sold us out of the hands of justice; and the Son of God came to buy us back. A friend of mine was coming from Dublin, some time ago, and met an Irish boy with an English sparrow in his hands. The bird was trembling for its life, and trying to get back its liberty; but the boy was stronger than the sparrow, and would not let it escape. The man tried to get the boy to let the bird go. He said: "My boy, why don't you open your hands and let the bird fly away?" The boy replied, "Faith, and I won't be doing that, when I have been after him for hours, and have just got him." Then he tried to get the boy to do it from principle, telling him that it was right to let the poor bird have its freedom again; but the boy would not do it, and finally the man bought him with a piece of money. When he put the money into the boy's hand, in so doing he redeemed the sparrow. At first, the little thing did not realize that it had its liberty. It chirped a few times, and looked around, and then it tried its little wings again, and went up singing, as if it said: "Thank you, thank you; you have redeemed me." That is what Christ did. And he says, "I will contend with him that contendeth against thee." He gave us our ransom. He redeemed with his own blood this lost world. There is redemption for every soul that wants to be redeemed.

We are not only redeemed by blood, but we are justified. This is more than pardon. If a man is washed in the blood, he is as just as if he had never sinned. The question was asked me, "How can a man be justified with God?" A man is justified by his precious blood. In the 3d chapter of Romans, 23d verse, it says, "For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God. Being justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus." So, if a man has been redeemed by the blood of Christ, he is justified.

Or, in other words, God says, "I have nothing in my heart against you." We talk about our sins being pardoned and forgiven. In reality, no sinner is forgiven. Sin has to be atoned for, and the Son of God has made atonement. He has justified us with his own blood. In the 5th chapter of Romans, 9th verse, it says: "Much more, then, being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him.

Then, another thing the blood does; it makes us all equal—one kindred, with one tongue, one language. A man that has been sheltered by the blood of Christ, he talks the same language with every other that has been so sheltered. You can tell a man that talks the language of Zion. He may not be able to talk the same language, but his language has the same spirit. Paul says, in the 17th chapter of Acts, 26th verse: "And hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth." Hath made of all nations one blood! The blood of Jesus Christ brings us together, makes us

one, brings us all to one level. Just before the war came on, during the days of slavery, I was in Boston. They were very exciting times there then; and Dr. Kirk was preaching on the subject of the cross. It was during the great strife, when there was a great deal of hatred and suspicion against foreigners then in our country. It was in the time of the Know-Nothing party; and there was a great deal of feeling against the blacks and a great deal of feeling against the Irish. Dr. Kirk said, when he came up to the cross to get salvation, he found a poor black man on the right and an Irishman on his left; and the blood came trickling down from the wounded side of the Son of God, and made them all brothers and all alike and equal. That is what the blood does. It makes us all one kindred, and brings us all into the family of God. We are all saved by the same blood.

The blood has two cries. It either cries for our condemnation or for our salvation. If we reject the blood, it cries out for our condemnation. If we are sheltered behind the blood, and if we fly to that blood for refuge, it cries out for our protection and for our salvation. We will turn a moment to the First Colossians, 1st chapter and 20th verse: "And having made peace through the blood of his cross;" and then with that let us read a verse that one will find in John, 19th chapter and the 34th verse: "But one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came there out blood and water. And he that saw it bare record, and his record is true, and he knoweth that he saith true." He saw the blood that came out of that side, and thought, now there is the blood that speaketh peace. But you know when Pilate washed his hands and said, "I am innocent of the blood of this just man," the mob cried out, "Let his blood be upon us and upon our children." Not to save us, not to redeem us, not to wash us, not to justify us, not to cleanse us; but, "Let his blood be upon us and upon our children. We are responsible for the act." They took it upon themselves; but what a prayer it was! Would to God that the prayer had been: "His blood be upon us and our children to cleanse us, and save us, and speak peace to our guilty conscience." How it would have been blessed! But their cry was, let his blood be upon us, said in all scorn and derision. That is the cry to-day of hundreds of thousands: "We are not going to be saved by the blood; we don't believe in any such thing. We will be responsible for rejecting him and casting him away." Oh, my friends, if we ignore the blood we are lost. There is no other way of being cleansed from our sins It says in the 1st chapter of Revelation and 5th verse: "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood." Now, if he so washed us, we are clean. If the Son, by his coming, washed us, and if the blood did not cleanse us, how are we to be cleansed? How are we ever to come into the presence of the pure and holy God, and see him in

high heaven, where he sits upon his throne? No man until he is washed by the blood can see God—he will have no desire to see him.

Some people tell us that the Bible does not contain anything on the subject of the blood. I received a letter from a lady, some time ago, stating that it was the Apostles that taught it; that Christ did not say one solitary word about it. So she threw out the Epistles and the teaching of Paul, and said she took the teachings of Jesus Christ, because there was no blood in them. In Matthew, 26th chapter and 28th verse, it says; "For this is my blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins." And then you will find, in the 9th chapter of Hebrews, 22d verse, that "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission." I would like to ask the people who believe in the Bible and yet try to ignore the doctrine of blood, What are you going to do with that portion of Scripture where it says that "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission?" From the time that Adam fell in Eden to the present time, there has never been a soul saved but by the shedding of blood; there has never been a soul prepared for the coming to God except by the shedding of blood. The Holy Ghost comes and dwells with that soul that is washed in the blood of redemption, and it becomes a temple for the Holy Ghost to dwell in, but never until it has been cleansed by the shedding of the blood.

"There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins."

Why do we sing that song? Why do we like to sing that hymn? It is because it has got the blood in it. The hymns that have the scarlet line running through them will never be lost. That hymn never will be lost; as long as there is a church on earth, it will be sung. There is not a nation in the world, where there is a Christian, but that they have that hymn translated into their own language. I question if there is an hour in the whole twenty-four but in some parts of the earth they are singing that hymn—

"There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins."

Why do you like that hymn,

"Just as I am without one plea,
Save that thy blood was shed for me?"

Why is it that that hymn is so popular? Why does the Church of God like it and sing it? Why do we sing it so often? Because it has got the precious blood in it. Then there is the familiar hymn,

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

Why do we all like that so much? Because it speaks of that foun-

tain which has been opened in the house of David for sin and uncleanness, whereby your sins may be washed away in the blood of the Lamb. Everything that blood touches, it redeems. When the blood came out of the Son of God and touched the Roman spear, it touched the Roman covenant; and when the blood came out and touched this earth, it redeemed it. Though the usurper has got it now, Jesus Christ will have it by and by. Everything that blood touches, it purifies and redeems.

And so, my friends, what you want is to have the blood applied to you, applied to your sins. You want to be cleansed by it; and as long as there is blood upon the mercy-seat, there is hope for the vilest sinner that walks the face of the earth. God, seeing us look at the blood upon the mercy-seat, says: "Press in! Press in, sinners! Press into the kingdom of God!" The vilest can come, if he will. That is what the blood of Christ was shed for; to cover sin, and to bless us, and wash us, and prepare us for God's kingdom. You may turn a moment to Hebrews, 10th chapter. I wish I had time to go through Hebrews with this wonderful subject; for there is more said in Hebrews about the blood than in any other book in the Bible. Now, it says at the 19th verse: "Having, therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, which he hath consecrated for us through the vail, that is to say, his flesh." Before, he had to go to the high priest; but now God has opened a new and living way and made all his children kings and priests; and we don't now need any one to intercede for us. When Christ said, "It is finished," the vail of the temple was rent. It does not say it was rent from the bottom up. No, it was rent downwards. It was God that seized that vail and tore it open; and God came out, and man can go in there now. Through his flesh the vail was rent; and now all of us, through the precious blood of Christ, are made kings and priests, and can go boldly into the holiest. Now a living way has been opened—that is what Christ has done. "By a new and living way which he hath consecrated for us through the vail, that is to say, his flesh; and having a high priest over the house of God, let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience and our bodies washed with pure water. Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering, for he is faithful that promised." Now turn to the 28th verse of that same chapter: "He that despised Moses's law died without mercy, under two or three witnesses. Of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant, wherewith he was sanctified, an unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the Spirit of grace?"

Now, I would like to ask friends here to-day that ignore the whole

subject of the blood, where is your hope? What is it based on? What are you building your hopes of heaven on? Is it on your good deeds? He says those men that despised Moses's law died without mercy. How much more worthy of punishment shall he be thought who hath trodden under foot the blood of the Son of God, the blood of the covenant? I heard of a man, some time ago, that was going to get into heaven in his own way. He did not believe in the Bible or the love of God, but was going to get in on account of his good deeds. He was very liberal, gave a great deal of money, and he thought the more he gave the better it would be in the other world. I don't, as a general thing, believe in dreams, but sometimes they teach good lessons. Well, this man deamed one night that he was building a ladder to heaven, and he dreamed that every good deed he did it put him one round higher on this ladder, and when he did an extra good deed it put him up a good many rounds; and in his dream he kept going, going up, until at last he got out of sight, and he went on and on doing his good deeds, and the ladder went up higher and higher, until at last he thought he saw it run up to the very throne of God. Then, in his dream, he died, and a mighty Voice came rollling down from above, "He that climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber;" and down came his ladder. And he woke from his sleep and thought, "If I go to heaven I must go some other way." My friends, it is by the way of the blood that we are to get to heaven. If a man has got to pay his way there, only a few can get there. What are you going to do with these poor sick people, who cannot work at all and make money to bestow on others? Are they to be lost and damned? No, thank God! He has made the way so easy and open that the weak and the young, and the smallest and poorest can be saved, if they will. He has made a new and living way right up to the Throne. The despised and persecuted can go up, as well as anybody else. Let me read that again: "He that despised Moses's law died without mercy, under two or three witnesses." That is established. You can go out of the Bible and find that in history.

Now, friends, let me ask you, Where is your hope? How are you going to be saved? If the Bible is true, and I suppose there is hardly one here but believes in it, what are you going to do with that passage that says in Hebrews, "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission?" If you have this blessed gospel of Jesus Christ offered to you, sent to you, and you send back the insulting message that you don't want it, where is your hope? What is your hope? How are you going to be saved? How are you going to escape the condemnation of the law? Now, I have traveled considerably during the last two or three years and have met many ministers; and I have learned that the man who makes much of the blood in his preaching, much of the atonement, and holds up Christ as the

only substitute, God honors his preaching; and the man that covers up this glorious truth, there is no power in his preaching. He may draw great crowds, and they may hover around him for a few years; but when he at last goes, the church itself goes down, because it had no power in itself, and their prayer-meetings had no power. The minister would get up a good choir, and a great crowd to hear the music and the fine singing; but when it comes to the real Spirit of power they have not got it. And any religion that takes the blood and covers it up, hasn't any power.

I was in a city in Europe, and a young minister came to me and said: "Moody, what makes the difference between your success in preaching and mine? Either you are right, and I am wrong; or I am right and you are wrong." Said I: "I don't know what the difference is; for you have heard me, and I have never heard you preach. What is the difference?" Said he: "You make a great deal out of the death of Christ, and I don't make anything out of it. I don't think it has anything to do with it. I preach the life." Said I: "What do you do with this: 'He hath borne our sins in his own body on the tree?'" Said he, "I never preached that." Said I: "What do you do with this: 'He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities, and with his stripes we are healed?'" Said he, "I never preached that." "Well," said I again, "what do you do with this: 'Without the shedding of blood there is no remission?'" Said he, "I never preached that." I asked him, "What do you preach?" "Well," he says, "I preach a moral essay." Said I: "My friend, if you take the blood out of the Bible, it is all a myth to me." Said he, "I think the whole thing is a sham." "Then," said I, "I advise you to get out of the ministry very quick. I would not preach a sham. If the Bible is untrue, let us stop preaching, and come out at once like men, and fight against it, if it is a sham and untrue; but if these things are true, and Jesus Christ left heaven and came into this world to shed his blood and save sinners, then let us lay hold of it and preach it, in season and out of season." In the college at Princeton this last year, when the students were ready to go forth into the world, the old man, their instructor, would stand up there and say, "Young men, make much of the blood. Young men, make much of the blood!" And I have learned this, that a minister who makes much of the blood and makes much of substitution and holds Christ up as the sinner's only hope, God blesses his preaching. And if the apostles didn't preach that, what did they preach? You take the great doctrine of substitution out of the preaching of Paul, Peter, John, James, and Philip, and of all those holy men, and you take out all that they preached. And so, my friends, there don't seem to be one ray of hope for the man that ignores the blessed, blessed subject of the blood. "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission."

It is said of Julian, the great apostate, that when he was trying to stamp out Christianity in the days of Rome's prosperity, before it received Christianity; when he was trying to drive those Christians away, he received a mortal wound, and as he pulled the spear out of his side, he took a handful of the blood that gushed forth from the wound, and threw it toward heaven as he reeled and staggered, crying out, "There, Galilean! Thou has conquered!" We are all conqured, overcome by the blood of the Lamb.

The only way to heaven is by the word of his testimony and his blood. Revelation is full of the subject. It would take days to go through Revelation and see all it contains about blood. The only thing that Christ left down here in the world of his person was his blood. His flesh, his bones, he took away with him; and when he hung there on Calvary, and the blood came out of his hands, and out of his feet, and from his bruised side, and trickled down on the earth, it was never gathered up. It was left there; and God holds the world responsible for it. What are you going to do with it? Are you going to trample it under foot; and send a message to heaven that you don't care for it, that you despise, hate it? Or, are you going to find a refuge and shelter behind it? It is Christ's, shed for the salvation of every soul here within these walls. It is said every man that goes up, goes by the way of the blood. You cannot think about Abel, but you think of the bleeding lamb. So, my friends, the question to-day is, what are we going to do with this subject? I have heard of an English lady who was greatly troubled about her soul, for several months; and the way her conversion was brought about, was this: She told her servant one day to go out and kill a lamb, and told him what to do with all the different parts except the blood; and presently, after he had killed the lamb, he came and asked her, "What shall I do with the blood of the lamb?" And God used it as the arrow that should go down into her soul; and she began to walk her room and ask herself, " What shall I do with the blood of the Son of God?" What are you going to do with that precious blood that flows out of Calvary? Are you going to let it cleanse you from sin? What say you? Will you take it, and by and by stand with your garments made white by the blood of the Lamb, and sing the song of redemption?

During the war, a New York minister, I think it was, came down among the soldiers in the hospital, and preached to them the way to Christ, and helped them in their dying hours. He found one man whose eyes were closed, and who was muttering something about "Blood, blood;" and the old doctor thought he was thinking of the carnage of the battle-field and the blood he had seen there; and going up to him, he tried to divert his mind. But the young man looked up, and said: "Oh, doctor, it was not that that I was thinking of; I was thinking how precious the blood of Christ is to me, now

that I am dying. It covers all my sins." Oh, my friends, the dying hour will come. We are hastening on to death. If Christ is not your all in all, what is to become of you? I was on the Pacific coast, some time ago; and there they were telling me about a stage-driver who had died a little while ago. And you that have been there know that those men who drive those coaches make a good deal of the brake; for they have to keep their feet upon it all the time going down the mountains. And as this poor fellow was breathing his last in his bed, he cried out: "I am on the down grade, and can't reach the brake!" Those were his last words. There was not a stage-driver there, when I was there, but was talking about it. Just about that time, Rev. Alfred Cookman, a very eminent man in our country, was dying, here in New York or New Jersey—a holy man of God, who had lifted the banner of Christ and won many to Christ; and he was passing away in the prime of life. There stood his wife and friends around his bedside, and there was seemingly a heavenly halo around that couch; and just expiring, he said: "I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb!" Those were his last words. They live to-day in the nation. I believe they will never be forgotten. Your time will come, and then it will be grand to die with those words upon your lips—"I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb."

HEAVEN.

"Our Father, which art in heaven." LUKE 11: 2.

We have for our subject this evening, heaven. It is not as some talk about heaven, as just the air. I find a good many people now that think there is no heaven, only just here in this world; that this is all the heaven we will ever see. I talked with a man the other day, who said he thought there is nothing to justify us in believing there is any other heaven than that which we are in now. Well, if this is heaven, it is a very strange kind of heaven—this world of sickness, and sorrow, and sin. If he thinks this is really all the heaven we are going to see, he has a queer idea of it. There are three heavens spoken of in the Bible, and the Hebrews acknowledge in their writings three heavens. The first is the aerial—the air, the wind, the air that the birds fly in; that is one heaven. Then, there

is the heaven of the firmament, where the stars are; and then there is the heaven of heavens, where God's throne is and the mansions of the Lord are—the mansions of light and peace, the home of the blessed, the home of the Redeemer, where the angels dwell. That is the heaven that we believe in, and the heaven that we want to talk about to-day. We believe it is just as much a place and just as much a city as New York is, and a good deal more; because New York will pass away, and that city will abide forever. It has foundations, whose builder and maker is God. I do not think it is wrong for us to speculate, and think about, and talk about heaven. I was going to meeting once, some time ago, when I was asked by a friend on the way, "What will be the subject of your speech?" I said, "My subject will be heaven." He scowled, and I asked, "Why do you look so?" He said: "I was in hopes you would give us something practical to-night. We cannot know anything about heaven. It is all speculation." Now, all Scripture is given us by the inspiration of God. Some is given for warnings, some for encouragement. If God did not want to think about heaven and talk about it down here, there would not be so much said about heaven in Scripture. There would not be so many promises about it. If we thought more about those mansions God is preparing for us, we would be thinking more of things above, and less of things of this earth.

I like to locate heaven, and find out all about it I can. I expect to live there through eternity. If I was going to dwell in any place in this country; if I was going to make it my home, I would want to inquire all about the place, about its climate, about what kind of neighbors I was going to have, about the schools for my children, about everything, in fact, that I could learn concerning it. If any of you who are here were going to emigrate, going off to some other country, and I was going to take that for my subject to-night, why, would not all your ears be open to hear what you could learn about it? Would you then be looking around to see who was sitting next you; and who among your acquaintances were here; and what people were thinking about you? You would be all interested in hearing of this country that I was talking about. You could not think anything about the latest fashion, or about some woman's bonnet. If it is true that we are going to spend eternity in another world, and that God is inviting us to spend it with him, shall we not look and listen, and find out where he is, and who is there, and how we are to get there? Soon after I was converted, an infidel got hold of me one day, and he asked me why I looked up when I prayed. He said that heaven was no more above us than below us, that heaven was everywhere. Well, I was greatly bewildered, and the next time I prayed it did seem as though I was praying into the air. His words had sowed the seed. Since then I have not only become better acquainted with the Bible, but I have come to see that heaven is above

us; it is upward. If you will turn to the 17th chapter of Genesis, you will see that it says that God went up from Abraham. In the 3d chapter of John, in the wonderful conversation that Christ had with Nicodemus, he told them that he came down from heaven; and as we read in the 1st chapter of Acts, "They saw him go up into heaven"—not down—"and the clouds received him out of their sight." If you will turn to the 8th chapter of 1st Kings, 30th verse, I will show you that God has a dwelling-place. A great many people have gone upon their reason until they have reasoned away God. They say God is not a person that we can ever see. He is the God of Nature. "And hearken thou to the supplication of thy servant, and of thy people Israel, when they shall pray towards this place; and hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling-place, and when thou hearest, forgive." Some people are trying to find out and wonder how far heaven is away. There is one thing we know about that; it is, that it is not so far away but that God can hear us when we pray. There is not a sigh goes up to him but that he hears it. He hears his children when they cry. God has a throne and a dwelling-place in heaven. In the 7th chapter of 2d Chronicles, 14th verse, it says, "If my people which are called by my name shall humble themselves, and pray and seek my face and turn from their wicked ways, then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land."

There are a good many promises given us to encourage us to pray, and to teach us that God hears us when we do pray; that he is not so far away but that he hears us. When Christ was on earth, they came to him and said, "Teach us how to pray to our heavenly Father." He taught them a prayer. It began, "Our Father which art"—not on earth—no; but, "Our Father which art in heaven." Now, when we go to heaven we will be with our Father himself. If you will turn to the 7th chapter of Acts, 15th verse, it says, "But he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God"—which shows that heaven is not so far away but that God can allow us to look into it, if he will. "And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Thus we have it clearly established from Scripture teachings, that not only is heaven the dwelling-place of God the Father, but of Jesus Christ the Son. A great many think that there is but one person. There is but one God; but there are three persons, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. When I get to heaven, I expect to see them all there. There is Christ standing on the right hand of God. Stephen saw him. We have got Christ there; heaven would not be all that we love unless Christ was there. I would be unhappy, when I got to heaven, if I could not find him there who redeemed me, who died for me, who bought me with his own blood.

Some one asked a Christian man once, what he expected to do when he got to heaven? He said he expected to spend the first thousand years in looking at Jesus Christ, and after that he would look for Peter, and then for James, and for John; and all the time he could conceive of would be joyfully filled with looking upon these great persons. But oh, it seems to me that one look at Jesus Christ will more than reward us for all that we have ever done for him down here; for all the sacrifices we can possibly make for him, just to see him; and not only that, but we shall become like him when we once have seen him, because we shall be like the Master himself. Jesus, the Savior of the world, will be there. We shall see him face to face.

It won't be the pearly gates; it won't be the jasper walls, and the streets paved with transparent gold, that shall make it heaven for us. These would not satisfy us. If these were all, we would not want to stay there forever. I heard the other day of a child whose mother was very sick; and while she lay very low, one of the neighbors took the child away to stay with her until the mother should be well again. But instead of getting better, the mother died; and they thought they would not take the child home until the funeral was all over; and would never tell her about her mother being dead. So a while afterward they brought the little girl home. First she went into the sitting-room to find her mother; then she went into the parlor, to find her mother there; and she went from one end of the house to the other, and could not find her. At last she said, "Where is my mamma?" And when they told her her mamma was gone, the little thing wanted to go back to the neighbor's house again. Home had lost its attractions to her, since her mother was not there any longer. No; it is not the jasper walls and the pearly gates that are going to make heaven attractive. It is the being with God. We shall be in the presence of the Redeemer; we shall be forever with the Lord.

We have now seen that God the Father and God the Son are dwelling in heaven. Will you turn to the 18th chapter of Matthew, 10th verse: "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven." So we shall have the company of angels when we go there. We find when Gabriel came down and told Zachariah that he should have a son, Zachariah doubted his word; and Gabriel replied: "I am Gabriel, that stands in the presence of God." It says in Luke, 2d chapter and 13th verse, that after one angel had proclaimed that Jesus was born in Bethlehem, there was a multitude of the heavenly host telling out the wonderful story. So, we have angels in heaven. We have God the Father, and Christ the Son, and angels dwelling there. The angels, undoubtedly, wander away from the throne of God to this worldly sphere, to watch over the soul's welfare of those they have left behind. It may be that some angels are hovering over the souls here

to-night, to see if some one will decide in favor of the Lord's side.

And we have not only the presence of the angels already established, but we have friends. Those who have died in the Lord are there. Do you believe that Stephen is not there, after his martyrdom? Do you believe God did not answer that prayer of his, "Lord, receive my spirit?" Undoubtedly, the moment that spirit left that body it winged its way to the world of light. Do you think those who have died in Christ are not there with the Master to-day? What does Paul mean when he says, "Absent from the body, present with the Lord?" All the redeemed ones are in heaven. We talk about "the best of earth." They are not down here. They are up in heaven. The best that ever trod this earth are up there, around the throne, singing their songs of praise, the sweetest songs you ever heard. Turn to John, 12th chapter and 26th verse: "If any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am, there shall also my servant be; if any man serve me, him will my Father honor." I want to call your attention to this: "Where I am, there shall also my servants be." They shall be with him. We have it clearly established. Will you turn to the 7th chapter of Revelation, 9th and 10th verses. "After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb."

There are redeemed saints around the throne. You may say: "Well, what good does that do me? That will not help me. What I want to know is, have I an interest in that land?" Well, I cannot speak for the rest of you; but I can say that it is the privilege of every one in this audience to know that their names may be written in heaven, if they care to have them there. When the seventy went out to preach, in every town they went to there was a great revival. People are prejudiced against revivals in these days; but they are as old as the world. When these men went out, two by two, and proclaimed the gospel, their cry was, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand;" and the seventy returned elated with their wonderful success. They thought all they had to do was to speak, and the whole world would be moved. But they were told: "Rejoice not at your success in these cities; rejoice that your names are written in heaven." It is a grand thing for a man or woman to know that his or her name is written in heaven. Young lady, do you know to-day that your name is written there? Young man, do you know that your name is written in heaven? Do you think that Christ would have told these men to rejoice, if he had not known that their names were written there? Some persons say that you cannot be sure; but that is one of the greatest delusions of the devil. If we cannot be

certain of being saved, then we cannot preach salvation. There is not one passage of Scripture that gives us reason to doubt our own salvation. "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" in him I believe. I know that I have passed in this world from death to life; I know, *I know*, I KNOW—that is the way the Scripture speaks in regard to our salvation. And so, if you do not know to-day that your name is written in heaven; if no spirit bears witness with your spirit that your name is written in heaven, oh do not sleep to-night until you do know it! It is the privilege of every man and woman in this house to know it, if he will.

Would you just turn to a few passages in the scriptures. Turn back to the prophecy of Daniel a moment, the 12th chapter and 1st verse: "And at that time shall Michael stand up, the great prince which standeth for the children of thy people; and there shall be a time of trouble such as never was since there was a nation, even to that same time; and at that time thy people shall be delivered, every one that shall be found within the book." Every one that shall be found written—not in the church-book; a good many have got their names written on some church record that have not got them written in the book of life; but every one whose name is found written in the book of life shall be delivered. Then would you turn a moment to Paul's epistle to the Philippians, 4th chapter, 3d verse: "And I entreat thee also, true yoke-fellow, help those women which labored with me in the gospel, with Clement, also, and with my other fellow-laborers whose names are in the book of life." Why, it is not only they themselves who know it, but Paul seemed to know their names are there. He sent them greeting, "whose names are in the book of life." My dear friend, is your name there? It seems to me it is a very sweet thought to think we can have our names there and know it; that we can send our names on ahead of us, and know it is written in the book of life.

I had a friend coming back from Europe, some time ago, and she came down with some other Americans from London to Liverpool. On the train down they were talking about the hotel they would stop at. They had got to stay there a day or two before the boat sailed; and so they all concluded to go to the Northwestern Hotel; but when they reached Liverpool, they found that the hotel was completely filled, and had been full for days. Every room was taken, and the party started to go out, but this lady did not go with them; and they asked her, "Why, are you not coming?" "No," said she; "I am going to stay here." "But how? The hotel is full." "Oh," said she, "I have got a room." "How did you get it?" "I telegraphed on a few days ago for one." Yes; she had alone taken pains to telegraph her name on ahead, and had thus secured her room. That is just what God wants you to do. Send your name on ahead. Have your mansion ready for you when you come to die.

Don't go on neglecting this great question; don't neglect your soul's salvation; don't neglect your home beyond the grave.

You can have your name written in the book of life to-day; and have the crown and robe all ready for you, when your spirit leaves your body. You can secure an interest in the kingdom of God this very day, if you will only seek it. But there is another passage I want to call your attention to in regard to this very point of having your names put in the book of life. Now turn to Revelation, 13th chapter, 8th verse: "And all that dwell upon the earth shall worship him, whose names are not written in the book of life of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." Ah, there is a good deal in scripture about our names being written in the book of life. Turn again to Revelation 20: 12: "And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened; and another book was opened which is the book of life; and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works." Then in the last chapter but one, and the last verse: "And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, nor maketh a lie, but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life." Not a soul shall enter in through the pearly gates of that city whose names are not written in the book of life. It is a very important thing that we have our names written there; and then, I think the next important thing after our names are written in the book of life is, to have our children's there. We ought to be careful and see that the names of the children whom God has given us are written there.

I want to speak here for a few minutes about our children; for the promises are not only to us, but to our children. I pity those fathers and mothers who don't believe in the conversion of their little children. I pity the fathers and mothers who are not laboring to bring their children to Christ, and have their names written in the book of life. I heard of a mother dying a few years ago of consumption; and when the hour came for her departure, she asked that her children be brought in, and the oldest child was brought to her bedside. The mother put her dying hand on his head, smoothed his hair, and gave him her dying blessing; and the next child was brought in, and the next, and the next, and to each she gave a message of love and hope. And at last the little infant was brought in; and she hugged it to her bosom and kissed it, and hugged it again and again until, as they went to take the little child from her mother, as they saw it was exciting her and hastening her death, she looked up into her husband's face and said: "I charge you to bring all these children home with you." And so God charges us parents to bring our children home with us. He don't want one left out, but wants every one written in the book of life. And they can be written there to-day if we only seek; and if that is uppermost in the minds of

God's people, to have them there, they will be brought in. What a blessed revival we will have, if the fathers and mothers will only wake up and see that they are brought in! If we want to shine forever in the kingdom of God, then we must bring them in. But the trouble is, we want to shine down here in this fleeting world. How ambitious the fathers and the mothers are that their children shall just shine here for a little while; and the best and final interest of their soul is overlooked and forgotten.

I heard of a man that was dying some time ago, a man of great wealth; and when the doctor told him he could not live, the lawyer was sent for to make out his will. And the dying man's little girl, only about four years old, did not understand what death meant; and when the mother told her that her papa was going away, the little child went to the bedside and looked into her father's eyes and asked; "Papa, have you got a home in that land that you are going to?" And the question sunk down deep into his soul. He had spent all his time and all his energy in the accumulation of great wealth. He had a grand home, and had now got to leave it; and how that question came home to him.

Dear friends, let me ask you the question to-day, have you got a home beyond the grave? Can you say your name is written in the Lamb's book of life? Can you rejoice as only Christ's disciples rejoice, because your name is there? If you cannot, then don't let the sun go down until the great question of eternity is settled. Let the news flash over the wires of heaven, up to the throne of God, that you want your name there: "Oh, let my name be written in the Book of Life!" And then when your name is called, and there is a voice heard, "Come up hither!" you will go with joy and gladness to meet your Lord and Savior. You remember how it was with that dying soldier—you have undoubtedly seen it, it has been in print so often—who, lying on his cot, was heard to say, "Here! here! here!" and they went to him and asked him what he wanted. "Oh," said he, "they are calling the roll of heaven, and I am answering to my name;" and in a few minutes he faintly whispered it again, and was gone. That great roll is being called; and it will be a very important thing, more important than anything else when the hour comes, that our names be written in the book of life; for God says, except it is written in the book of life, we shall not enter that city. The gates will be closed against us; no one will enter the kingdom of God except those whose names are written in the book of life. So, my friends, let us be wise. Let us see that our names are there; and then let us go to work, and see if we cannot bring our children to Christ. I know a mother in this audience, to-day, who has got a family of children; and a few days ago she got stirred up, and thought she would go to her children and talk to them personally about Christ. She commenced only ten days ago, and what is the

result? A son and two daughters—all that she has got—have been brought to Christ; and perhaps there is not a happier woman in New York to-day, because she has got the names of her family all written in the book of life. She knows that they are to be an unbroken circle in eternal life. Fathers and mothers, let us be wise unto eternity, and bring our children into the kingdom with us. But you may say, What has this to do with heaven? You cannot talk about heaven, but the children must be spoke of, "For of such is the kingdom of heaven." They have been going up there for these 6000 years. Their little spirits are up yonder with the Shepherd; and he will take better care of them than we can. It seems as if it ought to make heaven very dear to us.

I never talk about children and heaven, but what the story of two fathers comes right home to me. One lived out in the Western country, on the banks of the Mississippi river. The world calls him rich; but how poor he is, or, how poor he was! Thank God! he is rich now. One day his oldest son was brought home to him unconscious; a terrible accident had happened, and the family physician was hurriedly called in. As he came in, the father said: "Doctor, do you think my son will recover?" "No," said the doctor; he is dying, and cannot recover." "Well," says the father, "only bring him to, can't you, that we may tell him? I don't want him to die without knowing that he is dying." The doctor said he would try, but that the boy was fast dying. After awhile the boy did become conscious for a moment, and the father cried: "My boy, the doctor tells me you are dying, and cannot live. I could not let you die without letting you know it." The young man looked up to his father, and said: "Father, do you tell me I am going to die right away?" "Yes, my boy," said the agonized father; "you will be gone in a little while." "Oh, father, won't you pray for my lost soul?" Said the speechless father, "I cannot pray, my son." The boy grew unconscious, and after a little while was gone; and the father said when he buried that boy, that if he could have called him back by prayer, he would have given all he was worth. He had been with that boy all those years, and had never prayed once for him. Am I talking to a prayerless father and mother, to-day? Gather your children around you and show them the way to the kingdon of God. Train them to go where Christ reigns in triumph, that they may be with you.

The other father was a contrast. I don't know but he may be in this audience this evening. His son had been dangerously ill, and when he came home one day he found his wife greatly troubled. She told him there had been a great change since morning, and she thought their boy was dying. "I wish," said she, "that you would go in and tell him of his condition, for I cannot bear to; and he ought to know it if he is dying." The father went in, went up to

his son's bedside, placed his hand on the boy's pale forehead, and saw the cold, damp sweat of night was gathering, and he saw in a little while the boy would be gone; and he said, "My son, do you know you are dying?" And the young man said, "No; am I dying?" "Yes, my son." "Will I die to-day?" "Yes, my boy; you cannot live until night." And the boy looked surprised, and yet seemed to be glad, and said: "Well, father, I will be with Jesus, to-night, won't I?" "Yes, my boy; you will stand to-night with the Savior," and the father turned away to conceal his tears. And the boy saw the tears, and said: "Father, don't you weep for me; when I go to heaven, I will go right straight to Jesus, and tell him that ever since I can remember, you have tried to lead me to him."

God has given me two little children; and if I know my heart to-day, I would rather have such testimony as this go home to my Father, through my children, than to have the world rolled at my feet. I would rather have them come to my grave and drop a tear over it, and say: "When my father lived, he was more anxious for my eternal salvation than he was for my temporal good," than I would to have all the power this world can bestow. A few weeks ago, when my boy was sick, and I didn't know but that it would result fatally, I took my place by the side of his bed, and placed my hand on his forehead, and said: "Willie, suppose you should be really sick" —I didn't want to have him think he was likely to die—"and you should be taken away, do you think you would be afraid of death?" and a tear trickled down his cheek, as he said: "No, papa. Last summer I was awful afraid of death; but Jesus has taken it all away now. If I die, I should go to him; and he would give me everything I wanted." Ah! how sweet it was to think the little fellow was not afraid of death. It seems to me, we ought to teach our children so that they will hail with joy the time that they can go to meet Jesus, their blessed Savior. Oh, may the Spirit of the Lord God come upon this assembly to-night, and may we know that our names are written in the kingdom of heaven, and then see that the children whom God has given us are written in the book of life.

HEAVENLY TREASURES.

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal." MATTHEW 6: 19, 20.

Last night, you remember, our subject was heaven, and we were trying to find out who were there; and I want to take the subject right up where I left off. And I call your attention to the 6th chapter of Matthew and 19th verse, where you will find these words: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal." Now, if we are living as the Lord would have us live, our treasures are laid up in heaven, and not laid up on the earth; and I think we would be saved from a great many painful hours, and a great deal of trouble, if we would just obey that portion of scripture, and lay up our treasures in heaven, and not upon the earth. It is just as much a command that we lay up our treasures in heaven, and not upon the earth, as it is that we shall not steal. God tells us plainly: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where moth and rust doth not corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal." It is a command.

Now, it don't take long to tell where a man's treasure is; it don't take long to find out where a man's heart is. You talk with a man five minutes, and if he has got his heart upon any one object, you can find it out, if that is your aim. And now, if you want to find out where a man's treasure is, it won't take you long to find that out either; For you know that the Bible tells us: "Where your treasure is, there shall your heart be also." And the reason we have so many earthly-minded people, and so few people of heavenly minds is, because the many have their whole hearts set upon earthly pleasures and objects, and the few have their treasures laid up in heaven. If your treasure is here, you will all the time be disappointed and in trouble and trial, when the Lord has told you plainly to lay up your treasures in heaven, where moth and rust do not corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal. Now, you talk with a man a few minutes, and you soon find out where his heart is. Talk about money; and if he loves money, and is making money and longing for more, how

his eye will light up; and if he is fond of politics, and you refer to that, his whole face kindles up, for you have touched his heart and the subject dearest to him. If it is pleasure, or if it is passion, speak about it and he is interested at once. But the child of God, who has got his treasures up yonder, when you talk about heaven you will see his heart is there; and if a man's heart is in heaven, it is not an effort for him to talk about it at all. He cannot help it. And if our affections are set on things above and not on this earth, it will be easy for us to live for God. Now here is the command: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth, but lay up your treasures in heaven."

Now, my friends, ask yourselves the question, Where is your treasure? Or, in other words, Where is your heart? When you find out that, then you will find out where your treasure is. In the 10th chapter of Hebrews, 13th verse, are these words: "These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded to them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth. For they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country." Then in the 10th verse of that same chapter, speaking of Abraham, it says: "For he looked for a city which hath foundations; whose builder and maker is God." The moment Abraham caught sight of that city, he proclaimed himself a pilgrim and a stranger. The well-watered plains of Sodom had no temptation for him. He declared plainly that he saw another country—a better country. He had turned his heart from this fleeting world, and Sodom with all its temptations didn't tempt him. He had got something better. He had his eye fixed upon a city that should endure when Sodom should have been swept away, and he had got his eye fixed upon that city to lay up treasure there. How poor a man is, no matter how much he has got laid up in this world, if he has not got his treasure laid up in heaven! A couple of friends of mine in the war called upon one of our great Illinois farmers to get him to give some money for the soldiers, and during their stay there he took them upon the cupola, of his house, and told them to look over yonder, just as far as their eye could reach, over that beautiful rolling prairie, and they said, "That is very nice;" and it was all his. Then he took them up another cupola and said: "Look at that farm, and that, and that;" and these were farms all stocked, aud improved and fenced; and they said, "That is very nice," and then he showed them horses, cattle, and sheep-yards, and told them, "That is all mine." He showed them the town where he lived, which had been named for him, a great hall and building lots, and those were all his; and, said he, "I came out West a poor boy, without a farthing, and I am worth all this." But when he got through my friend said: "How much have you got up yonder?" and the old man's countenance fell,

for he knew very well what that meant. "What have you got there in the other world?" "Well," he says, "I have not got anything there." "Why," says my friend, "what a mistake! A man of your intelligence and forethought and judgment, to amass all this wealth; and now, drawing to your grave, you will have to leave it all. You cannot take a farthing with you; but you must die beggared and a pauper;" and the tears rolled down his cheeks as he said, "It does look foolish." But a few months after he died, as he had lived, and his property passed to others. And we see people here in New York, accumulating money as if it is all there is to live for, and leave it, many of them to their children, to make the way down to hell easy for those children. One generation accumulates wealth for the next to squander it, and to ruin soul and body.

A great many people are wondering why they don't grow in grace; why they don't have more spiritual power. The question is very easily answered. You have got your treasure down here. It is not necessary for a man to have money to have his treasure down here. He may have his heart on pleasure; he may make an idol of his children; and that is the reason that they don't grow in grace. If we would only just be wise and do as God tells us, we would mount up, as it were, on wings, and would get nearer to heaven every day. We would get heavenly-minded in our conversation, and have less trouble than now. And so, my friends, let us just ask ourselves to-day, Where is our treasure? Is it on earth, or in heaven? What are we doing? What is the aim of our lives? Are we just living to accumulate money, or to get a position in the world for our children? Or, are we trying to secure those treasures which we can safely lay up in heaven, becoming rich toward God?

I have known men who have been up in balloons; and they have told me that when they want to rise higher, they just throw out some of the sand with which they ballast the balloon. Now, I believe one reason why so many people are earthly-minded and have so little of the spirit of heaven is, that they have got too much ballast, in the shape of love for earthly joys and gains; and what you want is to throw out some of the sand, and you will rise higher. I heard of a man, the other day, who said he did not know what to do with his money. It was a burden to him to take care of it. I could not help but think how quick I could tell him what to do with it. I could tell him where to invest it, where it would bring an eternal profit. I hope to live to see the day when men will be an anxious to make investments for the Lord as for themselves; and a man won't then be putting so much money in railroad shares, and so much in banking stocks, and so much in a mine in the mountain; but he will put it in good security, where it will bring good returns for the Lord. That is the kind of investment I think we ought to live for. A friend of mine said that he was in Liverpool, some time ago, and

there was a vessel coming into the harbor. It sailed right up the Mersey under full sail; and a little while after another vessel came in towed by a tug, and sunken to the level of the water. He wondered it did not sink; and he went down to the water's edge and saw that they got it into the harbor with a great deal of difficulty, and he inquired and found that it was loaded with lumber. It had such material on board that it could not sink, and it had sprung a-leak and had got water-logged. My friends, I think there are a good many of God's people that have got water-logged; and it takes all the strength of the church to look after those Christians that are water-logged, and so water-logged that they cannot go forth and do good to others—help the unfortunate, and lift up the poor drunkard, —because they don't know whether they are saved themselves. The fact is they are off with the world, mingling with the world; acting, speaking, as though in the world, and they don't know whether they are saved themselves.

I believe, if we are God's people, we must be separate from the world. I think before this world is ever reformed, the people of God must be set apart from the world. There never will be a true reformation in the world until God's people are separate, until we are liberated here below. Who would want to live in the sinful world? These smoking, chewing, drinking, horse-racing, dancing, card-playing Christians never will reform this world. We have got to come out and be separate from the world, and have our hearts set on things above, and not so much on the things of this earth. If we are willing to live the lives of Christians, we have got to live them, not as if we were of the world. Suppose that when we had sent our brothers and fathers and sons away to fight the battles of the war, they had chosen, after they had got away off down South hundreds of miles from home, they had chosen to remain there; and had chosen to leave forever the wives and sisters and daughters they had left behind in the North, and to make homes for themselves there among the enemy. But, instead of that, were they not always anxious that the war should be over, and looking eagerly forward to the time when they should come back home? That is the way with Christians in this world. We are strangers and pilgrims here, in this world. It is not home to us. We are citizens of another and a finer country. A man was asked the other day, "Well, how is the world getting on?" He replied: "I do not know. I haven't been in the world for several years." He was living in another country, taken out of the old place and transplanted into the new. If things do not come to satisfy us down here, let us not be complaining. Let us remember that we are on a pilgrimage, that we are citizens of another country, and that we are to have all we want when we get home. I was on board the train from Chicago to Cairo one day, and there were two ladies sitting in the seat behind me who were

talking together, and I could not help hearing the conversation. I learned that they were strangers when they started from Chicago, but on the way, before they came to Cairo, they got quite well acquainted. One was going to New Orleans, and one was going to Cairo. Before they got to Cairo, the Cairo lady said to the New Orleans lady: "I wish you would get off at Cairo. I enjoy your company, and I would like very much to have you spend a few days at my home." The New Orleans lady said: "I would like to do so; but I have packed all my things in my trunk, and they have all gone on ahead to New Orleans. So I have not any clothes with me good enough to visit and go into society in. I have nothing except what I have on;" and she added, "and you know this dress is good enough to travel in." That is what I think of the journey of this world. A very little is good enough for us to travel in. We are all travelers, and this is good enough for traveling. We have raiment and mansions up there, waiting for us. Let us have our hearts and affections set on things above, and not on things on the earth. In Hebrews, 4th chapter and 9th verse, it says, "There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God." Not on earth; it does not say on earth.

There is another great mistake that a good many people are making at the present time. They have an idea that the church is a place of rest. Instead of going there to work for God, they go there to rest. "There remaineth a rest for the people of God." We will rest when we go home. We will have all eternity to rest in. We do not want to talk about rest here. I hope the time will come, and I believe it will come, when they will ask this question of all who are candidates for membership in the church: "What work do you expect to do?" And if they are going into the church to rest, they will be told that we have enough of such members now; and if we could only get them out, and get some others in who will go to work in earnest, it would be a good thing for all. We should understand that we come into the church to work. All that seems to constitute a Christian in these days is to unite with the church; and then, after they have joined it, every one in the church must wait on them—the minister, the laymen, all the members, must go and call on them, aud if they do not do this, they go to some other church; and the quicker they do it the better. "There remaineth a rest for the people of God." The idea of our talking about rest here, where Christ has been cast out, where they have taken the life of God's own Son. Why should we want to stay in the enemy's country at rest and peace? As long as it is the enemy's country, let us not dream of rest. We will rest by and by, when Jesus comes. Let us not talk about rest now. I heard of a man, the other day, that got tired and discouraged and homesick. He wanted to go home. He did not see his work blessed at it used to be, and one night as he

went to bed he wished himself dead; and going to sleep in that state of mind, it was not unnatural for him to dream the dream that he did. He dreamed that he died and was taken away to the eternal city. When he first got there, as he walked up and down the golden streets of heaven, looking upon the celestial city, he met two friends whom he had known on earth. All at once, as they walked together, they noticed that every one was looking in a certain direction. He looked and saw some one coming up the street in a golden chariot. He saw that he looked different from the rest of the redeemed who had come there from earth; and as he came nearer, he saw that it was the blessed Lord and Savior. When the chariot came sweeping up to where they were, the Savior got out of the chariot and asked his companions to get into the chariot, and then asked him to walk with him. The Savior then took him to the battlements of heaven, and said, "What do you see?" He answered, "I see the dark world that I have just come from." "What else?" he was then asked. He looked further and replied, "I think I see men going over into the bottomless pit." "What else?" "I hear the wail coming up from these," he said. The Savior asked: "Will you stay here and enjoy these mansions with me, or will you go back to earth and tell those poor erring mortals about me?" Here he awoke from his sleep, and he said he has never since wished himself dead. He wants to live as long as he can, to proclaim to the last the Savior's life and death to a lost world.

We have not long to work. Let us work without ceasing. Work, *work*, WORK! The first word that Paul ever heard from the Son of God was, "That I must be about my Father's business." Shall the servant be above his master? Shall we become careless of our Master's work down here? Oh, let us begin to-night, and let it be the work of each one here this very week to bring some souls to Christ. A young man who lay dying was heard by his watching mother to moan the words, "Lost, lost, lost!" She went to him and said: "Why, my son, why do you say, Lost, lost, lost? It is not possible that you have lost your hope in Christ?" "No, mother; not that." "Then what do you mean by those words—lost, lost?" "Mother, I was thinking how I have lost my life; how I have wasted my twenty-four years. I have done nothing; I have lost a life!" And the young man died regretting that he had lost a lifetime, which was given him in which to work for Christ Jesus. If God should summon us to-day, would we be ready to go to our account? Would we not have to say our life had been a failure, because we had not done the work that he had for us to do? We will rest, by and by. The wicked shall cease from troubling, by and by. The weary shall be at rest, by and by. We will not talk about rest here. We shall have enough, we shall have all eternity for rest.

I want to call your attention next to the fact that our reward is in

heaven, and not here. God's people make the great mistake of looking for a reward down here. They are still looking for a reward down here. Let us remember that the reward is beyond. I have noticed that that is the case with almost every one of God's people—they look for reward down here. God does not propose to reward his children here. He is to reward them up yonder. We are to work here. When we are done he will say: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." You will then have a seat at his right hand. The reward will be great, he says. If God calls the reward great, what kind of a reward will it be? If the great God says so, won't it be a wonderful reward? Instead of looking for reward and honor here, let us look beyond for it. See what Paul says to Timothy, "For there will be for me a crown." He did not look for his crown here.

When I read the life of Paul, it makes me ashamed of the Christianity of the present day. Talk about what we have suffered! Talk about what we have done! I think it would do every member of the church good to spend six months reading the life of Paul, and to see what he had to go through. He had been beaten four times, and received thirty-nine stripes upon the bare back. If one of us should get even one stripe now, how many volumes would be written on the martyrdom? What a whine there would be! It was nothing for Paul to be beaten with thirty-nine stripes. Did any one say to Paul: "You have been beaten already four times before, and now they are going to bring that scourge upon your back as many times again perhaps; had you not better go off down to Europe, and rest for six months until this persecution dies out?" The appeal would pass him by unheeded. "I have but one aim, one thing to hope for. I press toward the mark of my high calling in Christ Jesus." These earthly afflictions, what were they? He never complained of them. Instead of giving up his opinions and his hope, he was willing to stand his stripes and his miseries, again and again. And it was no trifling matter, these beatings he received. Yet he received them all, and would not deny the faith that the mercy and power of God had wrought in him. If you allow me the expression, the devil had his match when he got hold of Paul. Not all he could do would give him the upper hand of Paul, and separate him from the love of God. He had his reward in view; and he always, scorning what the world could do to him, pressed toward that reward. He knew that all his sufferings here would be wiped away, and joy and peace be his when he wore the crown for which he had so bravely fought. And how many are working for these crowns at the present day? How much would they suffer now for a like reward that awaited this mighty warrior? His enemies one time took him out and stoned him like the martyr Stephen. Think of the torment he experienced, the pain that he must have suffered, as these stones were hurled at

him. So great was the anger of those who were thus around him that they left him for dead, when they got through with him. See his head all swollen up; see the bruises upon his body and his limbs; see the ugly scars and the gaping wounds that he carried. He was hardly brought to life again; and for a long time thereafter you could see him with his injured head and black eye on the corners of the streets, and yet not frightened by any means, but preaching the glorious gospel of his God and master Jesus Christ. He went to Corinth, was not afraid, but preached there for eighteen months; and in all his ministrations, and in all this, he had to rely upon himself. He had no influential committee to meet him on his arrival at the station, and conduct him to a fine hotel, and make all arrangements about his expenses. There was no station in those days; when he did arrive, he came unannounced and on foot. And instead of a splendid hotel to go to, his first care was to go himself, walk around all the streets and find cheap lodgings, in some alley, where he could go after he had left off preaching for the day to made tents, to which trade he had been brought up. And then, after all his preaching, and all his labors, what reward did he receive? Well, there was a sort of a committee, and they said they would pay him off. Did they give him some testimonial and a large sum in money then? What they did do instead of presenting him with, say, a thousand dollars in gold. This committee that I speak of took him down to a cross street and gave him thirty-nine stripes. That is the way they paid him off. That was the way they treated this mighty fighter, a preacher that turned the world upside down.

Talk about Alexander making the World tremble at the tread of his armies! Talk about Napoleon shaking the world to its centre, when the powers knew he had gathered his army round about him! Why these have all passed away; but the words of Paul, of the despised tent-maker, make the world tremble even to this day. He talks about being in peril among robbers. Well, what did the robbers find on him? No money, no jewelry—nothing. What treasures he had, he had placed them above their reach, he had but them in heaven, where thieves do not break through or steal. The robbers got nothing from him, though he was richer than any man is at the present day. Not a man who has lived since Paul is richer than he was. Three times, again he says, he suffered shipwreck; also a day and a night he was in the deep. He had been subjected to perils by water, to perils of robbers, to perils brought about by his own countrymen. Besides these, he experienced perils of the wilderness; perils among false brethren—ah! that must have been the hardest. He was weary, he was in pain; but none of these things meved him. Thank God the apostle was a warrior; and would to God the church had a thousand like him at the present day. Nothing was able to battle him down. Not even the newspaper of the

day, if they had one, pitching into him every day, would have caused him a moment's thought. It might have called him a poor, deluded man, might have said to him, "Oh, you poor fool." For none of these things did he care. He looked above and beyond them. He knew there was a glorious reward awaiting him.

And so the mighty warrior went on to fight for his Master. But at last he had to flee; and to escape, he was let down the walls in a basket. He goes to fight elsewhere. Driven out of one place, he does not despair; and that is the spirit that we want to-day. He was always willing to receive the stripes and the torments, and to suffer everything the world could heap upon him for the cause of Christ. His enemies again gave him thirty-nine stripes. Well, he was used to it. His back had not perhaps got well before he received this punishment. After they got through with him, they cast him and Silas into prison. No sooner had they got in, instead of being frightened at what they had received, they began to worship the God for whom they had suffered. Paul says to Silas: "Come, Silas, let us praise God and have prayers." And they opened their worship by singing, perhaps, the 46th Psalm. After that they had prayers, and called upon God for his protection. And as soon as they had said "Amen," their God responded to their cries of help, and the whole prison shook, and there was a great commotion. Yes, that was a queer place to sing praises in—a prison; and it was just after he had received the stripes. Why, I dare say if Mr. Sankey should have only one stripe upon his naked back, he would not feel much like singing! But this man had received thirty-nine. He was as much at home with his God in prison, as he was out of it. He could praise him as well behind bolts and bars as he could in the synagogue. He knew what his reward would be. He knew that the grave would be his immediate reward; but he had faith in the great hereafter; he had a crown and a reward that would not pass away. Yes, do you think that God would let him suffer like that without rewarding him? If we suffer persecution for Christ's sake, great will be our reward. Paul's sufferings were the cause of the conversion of the Philippian jailor. I suppose he was the first convert in Europe.

Look at him again in Rome. The time had come for his departure; Nero had signed the order for his execution, and he is being taken out to be beheaded. Ask him now, at this moment, when death is but a little way off, if he is sorry that he has suffered for the Son of God. Ask him if he would like to recant to save his head. I can imagine how he would look if you should ask him such a question as that. They are going to take him two miles out of the city to the place of execution. He walks with a steady, unfaltering step. He wavers not, nor looks aside. His gaze is fixed upon the reward of his high calling in Christ Jesus. And he writes to his friend

Timothy, "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown." You could not shake him in his faith. Thank God, at this dread moment, he kept his word with Jesus. He had never preached any false doctrine. He had only preached Christ crucified, and had manfully fought under his banner like a faithful soldier, to this, the end of his life. "Good-by," you can imagine him saying to Timothy; "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown, and I am going to win it." As he walked through the streets of Rome, I tell you Rome never had such a conqueror. Not all her mighty men of war, nor all her generals and statesmen and orators, had risen to the supreme height that Paul had reached at this moment. He was going to receive a prize that would eclipse all the trophies of war, and wit, and learning. But at last he approaches the fatal spot. He is placed in the position that he had to take; the executioner makes him ready, and at the given signal the blow descends, his head comes off, and his spirit is lifted into the golden chariot, and is borne to the pearly gates of heaven. As he approaches the celestial portals, the battlements of heaven are crowded with the saints that Paul by his preaching had sent before him. Ah! how they welcome him. He is borne on toward the great white throne to receive his reward. The bells of heaven are set a-ringing, and hosannas are chanted by the choir of paradise. He comes near the throne, and he hears the great voice saying: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." and the saints now gather around him, and greet, and bear witness for him to the Master he had so faithfully served. One would say: "That sermon that you preached to the Galatians wrought a change of heart in me, and I have been chosen to take my place among the elect." Another would say, "That lecture that you delivered at Thessalonica converted me." Another: "Paul, that appeal that you made at Corinth touched my wicked soul; I began to worship the Jesus whom you preached, and here I am among the angels." Oh, what a reward was that. Was it not worth all the cares, troubles, anxieties, sufferings, torments, and death he had gone through? Men murmur at the little crosses they have to endure here; but they forget that if they be faithful the Lord will reward them by-and-by.

One more thought before I close. What is it that occasions so much joy in heaven? Suppose some great discovery had been made in this country; it would throw the whole nation into excitement. If it should turn out that some great mines had been discovered, whose riches had never been equaled; that it rewarded all those that went to it with an independent fortune in a few months, what intense excitement would be created all through the land! Yet this would not be noticed in heaven. What would, then, create joy in that place? Why, if that little girl down there would only give her heart to Jesus to-day, all heaven would sing and shout. "There is joy," it is written, "over one sinner that repenteth." The idea that

that little boy or girl could cause joy in heaven, and create an excitement there! For every sinner that repents there is joy in heaven. Just look at the 15th chapter of Luke: "When he found the sheep, he called his friends in." I have tried to make out what friends are there referred to. Were they the angels? No; I don't think they were the angels. I can imagine, and I think the idea is a legitimate one, that these friends are the redeemed ones that knew us, and loved us, and prayed for us on earth. These are the people whose names Christ is writing in the book of life. It might be that an entry would be made that down at the Hippodrome, on March 10, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, these redeemed ones first turned their hearts to me. Some beloved mother is up there, it may be, and is looking down on her child, and is praying that her child may have a clean heart and seek the Lord. Perhaps some little, loving child is looking over the battlements to see its father or mother here repent and give their souls to God. When I was in the great Exhibition Building in Dublin, I said that perhaps a mother was praying near the Throne for a certain young lady in the audience, and asked her if she would not come to Jesus. A short time afterward I received the following letter: "Dear Sir, on Wednesday, when you were speaking of heaven, you said that 'it might be that at this moment a mother was looking down from paradise and praying for the salvation of her child who is here.' You apparently looked at the spot where my child was seated. My heart said, 'That is my child, and that is her mother.' Tears sprang to my eyes, and I bowed my head and prayed that the Lord would show his way to my darling child. 'Lord, save my child,' I cried. I was then anxious to the close of the meeting. When I reached her she was bathed in tears, and she arose and put her arms around my neck and kissed me; and on the way to the inquiry-room she told me that it had been the same remark about a mother looking down from heaven that had found its way to her heart." I remember that time, when a beautiful young lady was led to the inquiry-room, leaning on the arm of her father. "What can I do to be saved?" she said. And afterward she became a zealous worker for the Lord. The letter was written by her father, who is a clergymen.

Shall these lectures close without one deciding to make heaven his home? Will there be no young man start for heaven to-day—no person, no father, no mother, that will repent and turn to God? I pray that many will accept salvation. Shall we not all pray that he will save every soul in this assembly? Would it be asking too much? Let us who are saved pray that God will rescue every lost soul here; and as we pray let us bow the head and lift up our hearts —and may Christ the God hear us, and hearing save!

LOVE OF GOD.

"And the God of love and peace shall be with you." 11 CORINTHIANS 13: 11.

We have for our subject this evening, "Love." I have often thought I wouldn't have but one text; if I thought I could only make the world believe that God is love, I would only take that text, and go up and down the earth, trying to counteract what Satan has been telling them—that God is not love. He has made the world believe it effectually. It would not take twenty-four hours to make the world come to God, if you can only make them believe God is love. If you can really make a man believe you love him, you have won him; and if I could only make people really believe that God loves them, what a rush we would see for the kingdom of God! Oh, how they would rush in! But man has got a false idea about God, and he will not believe that he is a God of love. It is because he don't know him.

Now, in Paul's farewell letter to the Corinthians, in the 13th chapter, 2d Corinthians, he says: "Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect. Be of good comfort. Be of one mind. Live in peace, and the God of love"—he calls him the God of love—"and peace shall be with you." Then John, who was better acquainted with Christ, telling us about the love God has for this perishing world, writes in this epistle, in the evening of his life, these words: "Beloved, let us love one another, for love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God, and he that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is love." We built a church in Chicago a few years ago, and we were so anxious to make people believe that God is love, that we thought if we could not preach it into their hearts, we would burn it in, and so right over the pulpit we had the words put in gas jets, "God is love," and every night we had it there. A man going along there one night glanced in through the door and saw the text. He was a poor prodigal, and he passed on, and as he walked away, he said to himself, "God is love? No. God is not love. God does not love me. He does not love me, for I am a poor, miserable sinner. If God was love, he would love me. God is not love." Yet there the text was, burning down into his soul. And he went on a little further, and turned around and came back and went into the meeting. He didn't hear what the sermon was, but the text got into his heart, and that is what we want. It is of very little account what men say, if God's word only gets into the heart. And he stayed after meeting was over, and I found him there weeping like a child;

but as I unfolded the Scripture, and told him how God had loved him from his earliest childhood all along, the light of the gospel broke into his mind, and he went away rejoicing. This would be the best meeting to-day we have had yet, if we could only make this audience believe that God is love.

Now, our brother who opened the meeting with prayer referred to the difference between human and divine love. That is the very trouble with us. We are all the time measuring God's love by ours. We know that we love a man as long as he is worthy, and then we cast him off; but that is not divine love. There would be no hope for any of us if the Lord did that; and I have the idea that our mothers are to blame for a good deal of that, in their teaching during our childhood. They tell their children that the Lord loves them when they are good children, and when they are bad children the Lord does not love them. That is false teaching. God loves them all the time, just the same as you love your children. Suppose a mother should come in here with a little child, and after she has been here awhile, the child begins to cry, and she says, "Keep still;" but the child keeps on crying, and so she turns him over to the police, and says, "Take that child; I don't want him." What would you say of such a mother as that? Teach a child that God loves him only so long as he is good, and that when he is bad, the Lord does not love him; and you will find that when he grows up, if he has a bad temper, he will have the idea that God hates him, he will think God don't love him when he has got a bad temper; and as he has a bad temper all the time, of course God does not love him at all, but hates him all the time. Now God hates sin, but he loves the sinner; and there is a great difference between the love of God and our love—all the difference in the world between the human and the divine love.

Now, turn a moment to the 13th chapter of John's Gospel, 1st verse: "Now, before the feast of the Passover, when Jesus knew that his hour was come that he should depart out of this world unto the Father, having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end." His love is unchangeable. That night he knew very well what was going to happen. Judas had gone out to betray him. He knew it. He had already left that little band to go out and sell Christ. Do you tell me Christ did not love Judas? That very night he said to him, "Judas, what thou doest, do quickly;" and when Judas, meeting him in the garden, kissed him, and he said, "Betrayest thou thy Master with a kiss?" was it not the voice of love and compassion, that ought to have broken Judas' heart? He loved him in the very hour that he betrayed him. And that is what is going to make hell so terrible—that you go there with the love of God beneath your feet. It is not that he don't love you; but you despise his love. It is a terrible thing to despise love. "He loved

them unto the end." He knew very well that Peter was going to deny him that night, and curse and swear because he was mistaken for Jesus' companion. He knew all his disciples would forsake him. and leave him to suffer alone; and yet he says "He loved them unto the end." And the sweetest words that fell from the lips of the Son of God were that night, when they were going to leave him. Those words that fell from his lips that night will live forever. How they will live in the hearts of God's people! We could not get on very well without the 14th of John, and the 15th, and 16th. It was on that memorable night that he uttered those blessed words; and on that very night that he told them how much God loved them. It seems as if that particular night, when he was about to be deserted by all, his heart was bursting with love for his flock.

Just let us look at the 16th chapter and the 27th verse, and see what he says: "For the Father himself loveth you, because ye have loved me, and have believed that I came from God." I don't know but what Christ felt that there might be some of his disciples that would not love the Father as they loved him. I remember, for the first few years after I was converted, I had a good deal more love for Christ than for God the Father, whom I looked upon as the stern Judge; while I regarded Christ as the Mediator who had come between me and that stern Judge, and had appeased his wrath. But when I got a little better acquainted with my Bible, those views all fled. After I became a father and woke up to the realization of what it cost God to have his Son die, I began to see that God was to be loved just as much as his Son was. Why, it took more love for God to give his Son to die than it would to die himself. You would a thousand times sooner die yourself in your son's place than have him taken away. If the executioner was about to take your son to the gallows, you would say: "Let me die in his stead; Let my son be spared." Oh, think of the love God must have had for this world that he gave his only begotten Son to die for it. And that is what I want you to understand. "The Father himself loveth you because ye have loved me." If a man has loved Christ, God will set his love upon him. Then, in the 17th Chapter, 23d verse, in that wonderful prayer he made that night: "I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one, and that the world may know thou hast sent me, and hast loved them as thou hast loved me." God could look down from heaven and see his Son fulfilling his will; and he said, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." But when it is said, "God loved us as he loved his own Son," it used to seem to me to be downright blasphemy, until I found it was in the Word of God. That was the wonderful prayer he made on the night of his betrayal. Is there any love in the world like that? Is there anything to be compared to the love of God? Well may Paul say, "It passeth knowledge."

And then I can imagine some of you saying: "Well, he loved his disciples, and he loves those who serve him faithfully; but then I have been untrue." I may be speaking now to some backsliders; but if I am, I want to say to every one here, "The Lord loves you." A backslider came into the inquiry-room night before last, and I was trying to tell him God loved him; and he would hardly believe me. He thought because he had not kept up his love and faithfulness to God, and to his own vows, that God had stopped loving him. Now, it says in John, 13th chapter, "He loved them unto the end;" that is, his love was unchangeable. You may have forgotten him, and betrayed him and denied him, but nevertheless he loves you; he loves the backslider. There is not a man here that has wandered from God and betrayed him, but what the Lord Jesus loves him and wants him to come back. Now in this 14th chapter of Hosea he says: "I will heal every backslider. I will love them freely." So the Lord tells the backsliders, "If you will only come back to me I will forgive you." It was thus with Peter who denied his Lord; the Savior forgave him, and sent him to preach his glorious gospel on the day of pentecost, when three thousand were won to Christ under one sermon of a backslider. Don't let a backslider go out of this hall this evening with that hard talk about the Lord. No backslider can say God has left him; he may think so, but it is one of the devil's lies. The Lord never left a man yet.

Just turn to the 31st chapter of Jeremiah, and the 3d verse. "He hath loved us," he says, "with an everlasting love." Now there is the difference between human and Divine love. The one is fleeting, the other is everlasting. There is no end of God's love. I can imagine some of you saying: "If God has loved us with an everlasting love, why does it say that God is angry with the sinner every day?" Why, dear friends, that very word "anger" in the Scriptures is one of the very strongest evidences and expressions of God's love. Suppose I have got two boys, and one of them goes out and lies and swears and steals and gets drunk. If I have no love for him I don't care what he does; but just because I do love him, it makes me angry to see him take that course. And it is because God loves the sinner that he gets angry with him. That very passage shows how strong God's love is. Let me tell you, dear friends, God loves you in all your backslidings and wanderings. You may despise his love, and trample it under your feet, and go down to ruin; but it won't be because God don't love you. I once heard of a father who had a prodigal boy, and the boy had sent his mother down to the grave with a broken heart; and one evening the boy started out as usual to spend the night in drinking and gambling. His old father as he was leaving said: "My son, I want to ask a favor of you to-night. You have not spent an evening with me since your mother died; and now I want you to spend this night at home. I have been very

lonely since your mother died. Now won't you gratify your old father by staying at home with him?" "No," said the young man; "it is lonely here, and there is nothing to interest me, and I am going out." And the old man prayed and wept, and at last he said: "My boy, you are just killing me, as you have killed your mother. These hairs are growing whiter, and you are sending me, too, to the grave" Still the boy would not stay, and the old man said: "If you are determined to go to ruin, you must go over this old body to-night. I cannot resist you. You are stronger than I, but if you go out you must go over this body." And he laid himself down before the door, and that son walked over the form of his father, trampled the love of his father under foot, and went out.

And that is the way with sinners. You have got to trample the blood of God's Son under your feet if you go down to death,—to make light of the blood of the innocent, to make light of the wonderful love of God, to despise it. But whether you do or not, he loves you still. I can imagine some of you saying, Why does he not show his love to us? Why, how can it be any further shown than it is? You say so because you won't read his Word and find out how much he loves you. If you will take a concordance and run through the Scriptures with the one word *love*, you will find out how much he loves you; you will find out that it is all one great assurance of his love. He is continually trying to teach you this one lesson, and to win you to himself by a cross of love. All the burdens he has placed upon the sons of men have been out of pure love, to bring them to himself. Those who do not believe that God is love are under the power of the Evil One. He has blinded you, and you have been deceived with his lies. God's dealing has been all with love, *love*, LOVE,—from the fall of Adam to the present hour. Adam's calamity brought down God's love. No sooner did the news reach heaven than God came down after Adam with his love. That voice that rang through Eden was the voice of love, hunting after the fallen one—"Adam, where art thou?" For all these thousand years that voice of love has been sounding down the ages. Out of his love he made a way of escape for Adam. God saved him out of his pity and love.

In the 63d chapter of Isaiah, and the 9th verse, we read: "In all their affliction he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them. In his love and in his pity he redeemed them; and he bare them, and carried them all the days of old," In all their afflictions he was afflicted. You cannot afflict any of God's creatures without afflicting him. He takes the place of a living father. When a man has a sick child burning with fever, how gladly the father or the mother would take that fever and put it into their own bosoms. The mother would take from a child its loathsome disease, right out of its body, and put it into her own—such is a mother's love. How she

pities the child, and how gladly she would suffer in the place of the child! That illustration has been often used here—"As a mother pitieth her children." You cannot afflict one of God's creatures, but God feels it. The Son of his bosom came to redeem us from the curse of the world. I do not see how any man with an open Bible before him get up and say to me that he does not see how God is love. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." Christ laid down his life on the cross, and cried in his agony, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." That was wonderful love. You and I would have called fire down from heaven to consume them. We would have sent them all down into the hot pavement of hell. But the Son of God lifted up his cry, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

I hear some one say, "I do not see, I do not understand how it is that he loves us." What more proof do you want that God loves you? You say, "I am not worthy to be loved." That is true. I will admit that. And he does not love you because you deserve it. It will help us to get at the Divine love to look a little into our own families, and at our human love. Take a mother with nine children, and they are all good children save one. One is a prodigal, and he has wandered off, and he is everything that is bad. That mother will probably love that prodigal boy as much or more than all the rest put together. It will be with a love mingled with pity. A friend of mine was visiting at a house, some time ago, where quite a company were assembled and were talking pleasantly together. He noticed that the mother seemed agitated, and was all the while going out and coming in. He went to her aside and asked her what troubled her; and she took him out into another room and introduced him to her boy. There he was, a poor wretched boy, all mangled and bruised with the fall of sin. She said: "I have much more trouble with him than with all the rest. He has wandered far, but he is my boy yet." She loved him still. So God loves you still.

That love, it ought to break your hearts to hear of; and it ought to bring you right to him. You may say you do not deserve it, and that is true; but because you do not deserve it, God offers it to you. You may say, "If I could get rid of my sins God would love me." In Revelation, 1st chapter, 5th verse, it says: "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood." It does not say he washed us from our sins, and then loved us. He loved us first, and then washed us clean. Some people say, You must turn away from sin, and then Christ will love you. But how can you get rid of it until you come to him? He takes us into his own bosom, and then he cleanses us from sin. He has shed his blood for you; he wants you; and he will redeem you to-day, if you will. An Englishman told me a story once that may serve to illustrate this truth, that God loves men in their sin. He does not love sin, but he loves men

even in their sin. He seeks to save them from sin. There was a boy, a great many years ago, stolen in London—the same as Charley Ross was stolen here. Long months and years passed away, and the mother had prayed and prayed, as that mother of Charley Ross has prayed, I suppose; and all her efforts had failed, and they had given up all hope. But the mother did not quite give up her hope. One day a boy was sent up into the neighboring house to sweep the chimney, and by some mistake he got down again through the wrong chimney. When he came down, he came in by the sitting-room chimney. His memory began at once to travel back through the years that had passed. He thought that things looked strange and familiar. The scenes of the early days of youth were dawning upon him; and as he stood there surveying the place, his mother came into the room. He stood there, covered with rags and soot. Did she wait till she had sent him to be washed before she rushed and took him in her arms? No, indeed; it was her own boy. She took him to her arms, all black and smoke, and hugged him to her bosom, and shed tears of joy upon his head. You have wandered very far from him, and there may not be a sound spot on you; but if you will just come to God, he will forgive and receive you. There is a verse in Isaiah 38th, the 17th verse, that I think a good deal of. It reads: "Thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption; for thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back." Mark you, the love comes first. He did not say that he had taken away sins and cast them behind him. He loved us first, and then he took our sins away. I like that little word, m-y, "*my*," there. The reason we do not get any benefit from scripture is, because we are always talking about generalizations. We say: God loves nations, God loves churches, and loves certain classes of people. But here it reads: "Out of love to my soul, he has taken all my sins and cast them behind his back." If they are behind his back, they are gone from me forever. If they are cast behind his back, how can Satan ever get at them again? I will defy any fiend from hell to find them. Satan can torment me with them no more.

There are three thoughts I have tried to bring out to-night; that *God is love;* that his love is *unchangeable;* that his love is *everlasting.* The fourth thought is this, that his love is *unfailing.* Your love is not. His is. When people come to me and talk about their love for God, it chills me through and through; the thermometer goes down fifty degrees; but when they talk about God's love for them, I know what they would say. So, do not think for a moment that God does not love you a good deal more than you love him. There is not a sinner here, there is not an unsaved man here to-night, but he wants to save,—just as a father loves his child, only a thousand times more. Is there a poor wanderer here that has wandered far from Christ? He sends me to invite you to come to him again. I don't care how sinful you are; let this text sink deep into your soul to-day, "God is love."

FUTURE PUNISHMENT.

"Son, remember." LUKE 16: 25.

I want to talk to you about the 25th verse of the 16th chapter of Luke—just two words: "Son remember!" You that were here yesterday will remember that I spoke to you about the love of God; and you that were here last week will remember that I spoke to you of heaven, and tried to lure you on to that world of light. And if I consulted my own feelings, I should be preaching to you about these things to-day. But if a man is going to be a servant and a messenger of God, he must believe the message just as he finds it. I would not dare to go out of this city without delivering to you this side of God's truth. Some people come to me and say: "You do not really believe that there is such a thing as everlasting retribution and future punishment, do you?" Yes, I do. The same Christ that talked to us about that bright upper world, has given us a picture of the world of the lost. In this portion of the Scripture we have read to-day, it has been drawn very vividly by the Master himself. We hear a voice coming up out of the lost world, of a man that was once upon the earth, and fared sumptuously every day, and yet was lost, not for time, but for eternity. Over and over again, Christ while here warned those that hung upon his lips. Once, in speaking to his disciples, he spoke about the worm that dieth not; about one being cast into hell, where the worm dieth not. I believe that worm that dieth not is our memory. I believe that what will make that lost world so terrible to us is memory. We say now that we forget, and we think we do; but the time is coming when we will remember, and we cannot forget. There are many things we will want to forget, especially our sins, that have been blotted out by God. If God has forgotten them, you would think we ought to forget them; every sin that has been so taken away and covered up, by the blood of his own Son, will come back to us, by and by. We talk about the all-recording angel keeping record of our life; God makes us keep our own record. We won't need any one to condemn us at the bar of God. We will condemn ourselves. It will be our own conscience that will come up as a witness against us. God won't condemn us at the bar of God; we will condemn ourselves. Will he speak to us then, if we stand there, having neglected his offer of mercy, his offer of salvation here on earth? No; memory is God's officer; and when God touches the secret springs of our memory, saying, "Son, remember;" we cannot help but remember. God shall

touch these secret springs and say, "Son and daughter, remember;" and then tramp, tramp, tramp will come before us a long procession —all the sins we have ever committed.

I have been twice in the jaws of death. Once I was drowning, and the third time I was about to sink I was rescued. In the twinkling of an eye everything I had said, done, or thought of, flashed across my mind. I do not understand how everything in a man's life can be crowded into his recollection in an instant of time; but nevertheless it all flashed through my mind. Another time, when I thought I was dying, it all came back to me again. It is just so that all things we think we have forgotten will come back by-and-by. It is only a question of time. We hear the words, "Son, remember!" and it is a good deal better for us now to remember our sins, and confess them before it is too late. Christ said to his disciples, "Remember Lot's wife." Over and over again, when the children of Israel were brought out of Egypt, God said to them, "Remember where I found you, and how I delivered you." He wanted them to remember his goodness to them; and the time is coming when, if they forget his goodness and despise it, they will be without mercy. What Satan wants is to keep us from thinking; to drown our memory, and stifle our conscience. A man came into the inquiry-room the other night, and said he wanted to be a Christian; but he could not believe that there was any future punishment. I said: "What are you going to do with that man who has been selling liquor for twenty years? A widowed mother goes to him and says, 'I have a son who goes into your place every night; he is being ruined, and it is killing me.' She begs him not to sell any more liquor to her son; she begs and pleads with him. He orders her out of the store, and goes on and ruins that widow's only son, as he ruins thousands of others. Is he going to be ushered right into glory when he dies? What would you do with him? Would you take him right into heaven?" He said he did not know what he would do. But the Word of God teaches us plainly that there is future retribution. If it does not teach that, it does not teach anything. If the Word of God tells us about the glory of heaven and the mansions that Christ is going to prepare, it tells us also about the torments of hell; it tells us about the rich man lifting up his face out of torment, and crying for one drop of water.

This was not presented to us, then, just to frighten people. Some people say: "How you are trying to frighten us; you say such things just to alarm us." I would consider myself an unfaithful servant if I did not so warn you; the blood of your souls would be required at my hands, if I did not warn you. I do not want you to say I came here and never said anything about the lost souls; I do not want any of you to think I have covered up this doctrine; and I say it to you because God says it. Christ says, "How shall you escape the dam-

nation of hell?" No one spoke of the lost as Christ did; none knew it as Christ did. If man were not lost, what did Christ come into the world for; or what does the death of the Son of God mean? Is it not better for us just to bow to the Word of God, and take it as God spoke it? If I checked up a book and found there were a hundred statements in that book; and I had reason to believe, and in fact knew, that ninety-nine out of a hundred of these statements were correct; and I did not have the evidence at hand to prove that the other was, I would have good reason to believe it correct, would I not? This picture drawn of the lost world, in the 16th chapter of Luke, was drawn by the Son of God himself. He said this rich man was lifting up his face in torment, not because he was rich, but because the rich man had neglected salvation. If men seek salvation, rich or poor, they will be saved; if they do not, rich or poor, they will be lost. Do you suppose those antediluvians who perished in Noah's day, those men too vile and sinful for the world—do you think God swept those men right into heaven and left Noah, the only righteous man, to struggle through the deluge? Do you think, when the judgment came upon Sodom, that those wicked men were taken right into the presence of God, and the only righteous man was left behind to suffer?

There will be no tender, loving Jesus coming and offering you salvation, either. He will be far from you there. There will be no loving wife to weep over you there, young man. You may have a praying wife here to-day; but remember in that lost world you will have no praying wife. Did you ever think how dark this world would become, if all the praying wives and mothers and ministers were out of it? Think of that lost world, where there are no praying wives or mothers! Remember the time is coming when you will have no loved mother to pray for your soul and for you. Undoubtedly many in that lost world would give millions, if they had them, if they had their mothers now to pray them out of that place; but it is too late. They had been neglecting salvation until the time has come when God says: "Cut them down; they encumber the ground; the day of mercy is closed." You laugh at the Bible; but how many there are in the lost world to-day that would give countless treasures if they had the blessed Bible there! You may make sport of ministers; but bear in mind there will be no ministers of the gospel there. There will be none there for you to laugh at. Here they are, remember, God's messengers to you, his best gifts to you—these loving friends that look after your soul. You may have some friends praying for your salvation to-day. Remember, you will not have one in that lost world. There will be no one to come and put his hand on your shoulder and weep over you there, and pray for you to come to Christ. Sunday mornings you hear the chiming of the bells telling you it is God's day. You very often see

the people going up to the house of God; but bear in mind that in that lost world no bell will summon you to God's holy tabernacle, no bell will warn you of the Sabbath-day. There will be no Sabbath there, for you to make light of and sport of. It will be too late! Some of you have got Sabbath-school teachers that are burdened with your salvation, at this present time. They are pleading day and night, that you may be won to Christ. Bear in mind that in that lost world no kind teachers will plead for you or with you. There will be no special meetings there.

A great many are laughing and making light of these meetings here. When you die, if you come here with that purpose, I believe this Hippodrome will rise up in judgment against you. This building has been put up without money and without expense to you. God put it into the hearts of Christian men to hire this building, at a great expense, and throw it wide open. No contributions are taken up; no calls are made upon you for money. You cannot say that we want your money; we don't want your money. We want you, and are trying to win you to Christ; and if you go down from this building to hell, you will remember the meetings we had here. You will remember how these ministers looked, how the people around you closed their eyes and were lifting up their hearts in prayer for you, and how it has seemed sometimes as if we were in the very presence of God himself; for we have witnessed certainly wonderful displays of the power of God in this place, many times. In that lost world, you won't hear that beautiful hymn, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." He will have passed by. There will be no Jesus passing that way; there will be no sweet songs of Zion there. You come here, day after day, and hear these sweet songs, "Jesus, lover of my soul, let me to thy bosom fly," "There is a fountain filled with blood, drawn from Immanuel's veins," "Rock of Ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in thee." Oh, my friends, you will not hear those songs in that world. They will not be sung there. It is now a day of grace and a day of mercy. God is calling the world to himself. He says: "I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked. Turn ye, turn ye; for why will ye die?" Oh if you neglect this salvation, how shall you escape? What hope is there? May your memories be wide awake to-day, and may you remember that Christ stands right here. He is in this assembly, offering salvation to every soul. You may never hear this text again until you hear it on the shores of eternity. And then you will remember this Friday evening, and you will remember how everything looked then; how Mr. Sankey sung that hymn, "Sowing the seed;" and you will remember the text, and the sermon will all come back to you.

I was at the Paris exhibition in 1867, and I noticed there a little oil painting, only about a foot square; and the face was the most hideous I have ever seen. On the paper attached to the painting

were the words, "Sowing the Tares;" and the face looked more like a demon's than a man's. As he sowed these tares, up came serpents and reptiles, and they were crawling upon his body; and all around were woods, with wolves and animals prowling in them. I have seen that picture many times since. Ah! the reaping time is coming. If you sow to the flesh, you must reap to the flesh. If you sow to the wind, you must reap the whirlwind. God wants you to come to him, and receive salvation as a gift. You can decide your destiny to-day if you will. Heaven and hell are set before this audience; and you are called upon to choose. Which will you have? If you will take him he will receive you to his arms. If you reject him, he will reject you.

Now, my friends, will Christ ever be more willing to save you than he is now? Well he ever have more power than he has now? Then why not be saved now? Why not make up your mind to be saved now, while mercy is offered to you? I remember a few years ago, while the Spirit of God was working in our church, I closed the meeting one night by asking if there were any that would like to become Christians to rise; and to my great joy a man arose that had been anxious for some time. I went up to him and took him by the hand and shook it and said: "I am glad to see you get up. You are coming out for the Lord now, in earnest?" "Yes," said he, "I think so. That is, there is only one thing in my way." Said I, "What's that?" "Well," said he, "I lack moral courage. I confess to you that if such a man"—naming a friend of his—"Had been here to-night, I should not have risen. He would laugh at me if he knew of this; and I don't believe I have the courage to tell him." "But," said I, "you have got to come out boldly for the Lord, if you come out at all. That is what you have got to do;" and I talked with him, and he was trembling from head to foot. I thought the Spirit of God was striving with him, and I believe the Spirit was striving earnestly with him. I did not labor with that man as I have often wished since that I had. I wish that night I had prayed more earnestly with him. He came back the next night, and the next night, and the next night; and the Spirit of God strove with him for weeks. It seemed as if he came to the very threshold of heaven, and was almost stepping over into the blessed world. I never could find out any reason for this hesitation, except that he feared his old companions would laugh at him. I notice that when men go to prison, no one laughs at them; but when they come out and declare their intention of leading good lives and standing up for Jesus, the men laugh at them and make sport of them.

Well, I thought surely this man would be brought into the fold; but at last the Spirit of God seemed to leave him; conviction was gone. And then, after that, when he used to meet me on the street he used to shun me; and if I met him coming along the same side of

the street, he would cross over to the other side, and dodge me in every way he could. He finally got so he didn't come to church on the Sabbath. He always used to come before. And that is the fault some people find with these meetings. They say it hardens people. Yes, it does harden some people. Any man that goes through a special meeting like this and rejects the gospel, of course becomes hardened, and his chances are much less for heaven. The things that formerly moved them do not move them so readily the next time. It hardens a great many; it hardened this man. Six months after that time, I got a message from him that he was sick and wanted to see me. I went to him, in great haste. He was very sick, and thought he was dying. He asked me if there was any hope. Yes, I told him. God had sent Christ to save him, and I prayed with him. Contrary to all expectations and to the belief of the physicians, he recovered and got off from his sick-bed. One day I went down to see him. It was a bright, beautiful day, and he was sitting out in front of his house convalescing rapidly; and I said: "You are coming out for God now, aren't you? You will be well enough soon to come back to our meetings again?" Said he: "Mr. Moody, I have made up my mind to become a Christian. My mind is fully made up to that; but I won't be one just now. I am going to Michigan to buy a farm and settle down; and then I will become a Christian." Said I, "But you don't know yet that you will get well." "Oh," said he, "I will be perfectly well in a few days. I'll risk it. I have got a new lease of life." "Oh," said I, "It seems to me that you are tempting God;" and I pleaded with him, and tried every way to get him to take his stand. At last said he: "Mr. Moody, I can't be a Christian in Chicago. When I get away from Chicago, and get to Michigan, away from my friends and acquaintances, who laugh at me, I will be ready to go to Christ." Said I: "If God has not got grace enough to save you in Chicago, he has not in Michigan;" and I preached Christ to him, and urged Christ upon him. At last he got a little irritated, and said: "Mr. Moody, you can just attend to your business, and I will to mine; and if I lose my soul, no one will be to blame but myself—certainly not you, for you have done all you could." I went away from that house then with a heavy heart.

I well remember the day of the week, Thursday, about noon, just one week from that very day, when I was sent for by his wife to come in great haste. I hurried there at once. His poor wife met me at the door, and I asked her what was the matter. "My husband," she said, "has been taken down with the same disease; and I have just had a council of physicians here; and they have all given him up to die." Said I, "Does he want to see me?" "No," said she. "Then why did you send for me?" Said she, "I cannot bear to see him die in this terrible state of mind." "What does he say?"

I asked. Said she: "He says his damnation is sealed, and he will be in hell in a little while." I went in, and he at once fixed his eye upon me. I called him by name, but he was speechless. I went around to the foot of the bed and looked into his face and said, "Won't you speak to me?" And at last he fixed that terrible, deathly look upon me and said: "Mr. Moody, you need not talk to me any more. It is too late. You can talk to my wife and children; pray for them; but my heart is as hard as the iron in that stove there. My damnation is sealed, and I will be in hell in a little while." I tried to tell him of Jesus' love and of God's forgiveness; but he said: "Mr. Moody, don't you mock me. I tell you there is no hope for me." And as I fell on my knees he said: "You need not pray for me; you need not pray for a lost soul. My wife will soon be left a widow, and my children will be fatherless. They need your prayers; but you need not pray for me." I tried to pray; but it seemed as if my prayers didn't go higher than my head, and as if the heaven above me was like brass. As I took the cold, clammy hand the sweat of death was upon it; and it seemed like bidding farewell to a man I should never see in time or eternity. I left him with a broken heart. That was about noon. The next day his wife told me he lingered until the sun went down behind those western prairies; and from noon until he died, all he was heard to say was, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved." After lingering along an hour he would say again those words; and just as he was expiring his wife noticed his lips quiver, and that he was trying to say something; and as she bent over him she heard him mutter: "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved!" and the angels bore him away to judgment. He lived a Christless life; he died a Christless death; we wrapped him in a Christless shroud, aud bore him away to a Christless grave. Oh, how dark and sad!

Are there some here who are almost persuaded to be Christians? Take my advice, and not let anything keep you away. Fly to the arms of Jesus, this day and hour. You can be saved, if you will. Son, remember! I have warned you to-day. Daughter, remember! you cannot say that I did not lift up a warning voice to-day, and exhort you with all my soul to escape the damnation of hell.

WHAT SEEK YE?

"One of the two which heard John speak, and followed him, was Andrew, Simon Peter's brother." JOHN 1: 40.

"But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be add d unto you." MATTHEW 6: 33.

There are two things I want to call your attention to, this evening The first is in the words of the 1st chapter of John, 40th verse; and the second is in the 6th chapter of Matthew, 33d verse. The first text is the first words that fell from the lips of Christ, at the commencement of his ministry. It was the question he put to those two disciples who came and questioned him as to where he dwelt. One afternoon, about four o'clock, John the Baptist stood with two of his disciples, and Jesus of Nazareth was passing by, a little way off; and John lifted up his hand and pointed to the man off in the distance, and said: "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world!" and John, the beloved disciple, and Andrew left their old master and went together toward Jesus; and Jesus turned around as they came up to him and said: "What seek ye?" I thought this evening I would like for a few moments to call your attention to that text, and press that question home upon the people here. I would like to have all of you ask yourselves the questions: What are you seeking? What did you come for? What motive brought you here this evening? What do these great crowds of people here mean, day after day, week after week.

There were all classes of people seeking for Christ, and they had every kind of motive for seeking him. There were some who came out of curiosity, just to see what would happen. There was another class who came to him because they had friends that were diseased, and they wanted their friends to be healed and blessed. There was the class who came with the hope of getting the loaves and fishes. And there was still another class, that were trying to murder him and get him out of the way; they were watching him, and striving to get him into some conversation in which they might entangle him with his words, and so get an excuse to bring him before the Sanhedrim, and cause him to be called guilty of blasphemy, and punished. Some sought him for what they could get; and others sought him for what he was. And that is the class we are after, namely, those who are not seeking Christ for what they can get, but who are seeking him for what he is, personally. I have no doubt but that a great many of the disciples first sought him in order to be identified

with him; because they thought he would set up an earthly kin dom, and establish his throne upon earth. Judas perhaps thoug so, and that he might become the chief treasurer of such a kingdo and perhaps Peter thought that he might become the chief secretar and when the sons of Zebedee found out that it was a spiritual kin dom that he was to establish, their mother came and asked of Chr that her sons might be placed the one upon his right hand, and t other upon his left. All the time during his ministry, Christ co stantly found men seeking for office and honor; and that is precise the spirit to-day. One of our greatest troubles, and one great reas why we do not get greater blessings from God, is because we a not pure in our motives for seeking him. I say there is not a m or a woman (and I see they are nearly all women here to-night), wh has come here for a blessing from God, and who has that motiv but will get it. Others will go away without any blessing, and wi hearts as hard and cold as ever. Why? Because they have n come to get a blessing.

I would like to ask you to take this brief question home to yo hearts to-day, "What seek ye?" What are you after this evening What motive brought you to this place? I think one would sa "I came because some friends of mine were coming; I did not ha any particular motive at all; I came because my friends asked me come." I ask another, What did you come for? "Well, I came see the crowd; I heard there were a great many men and wome here; and I thought it would be a wonderful sight to see so ma together." A man told me the other day that he came to see t chairs. He said he heard there were 10,000 chairs all in one hal and he thought they must look so strange. He had a curiosity see them. Thank God, that man got caught in the gospel net th very night; and I hope some others that come just out of curiosit this evening, will get caught with the old gospel net. But, to retu to our question, What brought you here? A lady over there say "I came to hear the singing; I don't care anything about the preac ing. I have heard the word preached till I am tired of it; and if had my way about it, I would rather get up and go out as soon the singing is over." But if any of you have come here with suc motives, and will change your minds after you get here, and will see to come to God to-night, you will find him, whatever your motiv was at first in coming. You may even have come here to mak sport of the meeting; you may have come here to ridicule everythin you should hear; but if you will repent, and change your mind, th Lord Jesus will bless you to-night, and forgive you, and this ma be the best meeting you ever was at in your life.

Now I want to call your attention to the other text I spoke o My text is both a question and a command. The question is, "Wh seek ye?" and the command is this: "Seek ye first the kingdo

God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added to you." This is just as much a command as that is, that Thou alt not steal. It is just as much a command for us to seek the ngdom of God and his righteousness, as it is a command that we all not swear. It is one of the commands of the Bible. Jesus, hen he was down here, in that memorable sermon on the Mount, id: "Seek first the kingdom of God." That was to come first; it as to come in ahead of everything else. The Master's ways are t our ways. God's thoughts are not our thoughts. What we put st, God puts first; what we put first, he puts last; the whole thing reversed. We say, we do not want to seek the kingdom of God st. We have a good many things that must be attended to, before seek the kingdom of God. I know, if persons think they would e to be converted, they always think they have some preparations make beforehand. Now, this is just as much a command to-day it was so many hundreds of years ago. Do you think if he was on rth to-day, he would alter that command? Do you think he would for you to put off your salvation for one hour? Do you think he uld tell you to seek his kingdom at some future time? Every day hear of persons dying suddenly; sometimes without God and thout hope, because they have not obeyed this command to seek st the kingdom of God. One reason that people do not seek first kingdom of God is this: that they do not believe that God is real, l that he has a kingdom, and that they can find him; but they ke light of the existence of his kingdom. The whole living world seeking for something. There is not a person in this world who not seeking for something. Then why not seek for the best ngs? If people will so seek for temporal things, doesn't it serve to w that you do not believe that God is real; or else you would t seek the kingdom of God, and find it before any of these other ngs?

heard, some time ago, of a young man who wanted to become a ristian. His father was a worldly man, full of ambition and a de- to get on. His son went to him and told him his wish. The her turned around in astonishment, put on a dissatisfied look, and d: "My son, you have made a mistake. You had better wait il you get established in business; wait till you get older; better it till you make some money; there is plenty of time yet to be- ne a Christian." Does any young man here believe that? You w what the rich man in the scripture said and did. That man l got well on in business; he had made lots of money; his goods re increasing every year. At last, after an unusually plentiful vest, he found he had to build more barns and storehouses. He sure of being able to enjoy himself; he was happy and contented, he thought how his bank account was swelling, "Soul, take thine e, thou hast much goods laid up for many days." He never

thought of the future; the present was all he cared anything about. But in his fancied security, he heard the dread and startling summons, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee." He had to leave all these things behind him; death snatched him away, and he lost the heaven he had neglected to make sure of on earth.

I heard a story of a young lady who was deeply concerned about her soul. Her father and mother, however, were worldly people. They thought lightly of her serious wishes; they did not sympathize with her state of mind. They made up their minds that she should not become a Christian, and tried every way they could to discourage her notions about religion. At last they thought they would get up a large party, and thus with gayety and pleasure win her back to the world. So they made every preparation for a gay time; they even sent to neighboring towns, and got all her most worldly companions to come to the house; they bought her a magnificent silk dress and jewelry, and decked her out in all the finery of such an occasion. The young lady thought there would be no harm in attending the party; that it would be a trifling affair, a simple thing, and she could, after it was over, think again of the welfare of her soul. She went, decked out in all her adornments, and was the belle of the ball. Three weeks from that night she was on her dying bed. She asked her mother to bring her ball-dress in. She pointed her finger at it, and, bursting into tears said, "That is the price of my soul." She died before the dawn. Oh, my friends, if you are anxious about your soul, let everything else go; let parties and festivals pass. Seek ye first the kingdom of God; then all these things will be added unto you. God commands you to do it. If you are lost—if you die in your sin—whose fault is it? God has commanded you to repent, and to seek salvation at once.

Are any of you going to take the responsibility of putting it off? You complain because Christ is urged upon you; you complain because your friends are anxious about you. How can they be otherwise than anxious? You heard what Mr. Sankey said a little while ago, about the death of a husband of one of our choir. This morning, while I was preaching, he passed away. We prayed for him at the opening, and again at the close of that service; but he was gone before we got through. Three of the ushers have been taken away since I have been preaching here. When I got up here to preach this evening, I said to myself, "Perhaps it is my turn next." But, thank God, I have an interest up yonder. I can read my title clear there. I have sought and found Christ. But on the other hand, see how people go on day by day, and year by year, and disobey the command of God. They say there is plenty of time. Why, you hear every day of wills being upset, because the man's mind was proved not to be clear when he made the will on his death-bed. If

his mind is not clear enough when he is dying to settle his little affairs here below, is that a time to repent and make provision for eternity? Is it the time, when we are racked with pain and tortured with anguish, to turn our hearts to God? Is that a time to begin to think of salvation? Is it right or honorable to give the dregs of a wasted and misspent life to God? I tell you I have not much faith in death-bed repentances. I do not limit the power and mercy of God; but I do not believe in them. If there is one out of a thousand that is saved, there are nine hundred and ninety-nine that are lost. They think that they repent then; but they are scared and terrified. It is not repentance, it is fear; when they get better, they go right back again to their wicked ways.

We cannot scare people into repentance; they must be born in, not be scared in. Let us reason for a moment. Suppose you ask the advice of a friend on the earth as to whether you had not better repent now. While I am preaching, young lady, just ask your mother sitting beside you what you had better do. Whisper to her —I'll excuse you—ask her if you had not better seek the kingdom of God now. Young lady, there is not one in the wide, wide world who loves you as your mother. Would she not advise you to accept Christ? Now just ask her. Most of those who are not Christians will advise you to seek the kingdom of God now, this very minute. If I go up yonder and ask them in heaven, every one there would tell you to seek the kingdom now. Paul for three years preached upon immediate repentance. He besought his hearers with tears to turn from their sins and be saved. "Behold, now is the accepted time." That was what he preached. Yes, I leave heaven and earth and go down to the very borders of hell, and will ask them there if it is not better to repent now. They would all with one voice answer, "Yes, *yes*, YES!" The only time we ever heard from that place was to have a young man implore that word might be sent to his father's house, that his brothers there might be warned against neglecting salvation. Yes; the lost ones would tell you to escape, and seek the kingdom of God, and be saved. Why, then, heaven, earth and hell all unite in warning you to seek the kingdom of God. Why will you not do it then? Why not accept Christ this very day? Just think what will become of you if you do not.

When the Lawrence Mills were on fire, a number of years ago—I don't mean on fire, but when the mill fell in; the great mill fell in, and after it had fallen in, the ruins caught fire. There was only one room left entire, and in it were three Mission Sunday-school children imprisoned. The neighbors and all hands got their shovels and picks and crowbars, and were working to set the children free. It came on night, and they had not yet reached the children. When they were near them, by some mischance a lantern broke; and the ruins caught fire. They tried to put it out; but they could not succeed.

They could talk with the children, and even passed to them some hot coffee and some refreshments, and encouraged them to keep up. But, alas! the flames drew nearer and nearer to this prison. Superhuman were the efforts made to rescue the children; the men bravely fought back the flames, but the fire gained fresh strength and returned to claim its victims. Then piercing shrieks arose, when the spectators saw that the efforts of the firemen were hopeless. The children saw their fate. They then knelt down, and commenced to sing the little hymn we have all been taught in our Sunday-school days, oh, how sweet!

> "Let others seek a home below,
> Which flames devour and waves overflow."

The flames had now reached them; the stifling smoke began to pour into their little room; and they began to sink, one by one, upon the floor. A few moments more and the fire circled around them; and their souls were taken into the bosom of Christ. Yes; let others seek a home below if they will; but seek ye the kingdom of God with all your hearts.

When I was a young man, before I left my native town, I was at work in the field one day in company with a man, a neighbor of mine. All at once I saw him begin to weep. I asked him what the trouble was. He then told me a strange story—strange to me then, for I was not at that time a Christian. He said that his mother was a Christian when he left home to seek his fortune. When he was about starting his mother took him by the hand and spoke these parting words: "My son, seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all things else shall be added unto thee." "This," said he, "was my mother's favorite text." When he got into the town to which he was going he had to spend the Sabbath there. He went to church, and the minister took this very text, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God." He thought it very strange. Well, he said he would not seek the kingdom then. He would wait until he got a start in life, until he got a farm and some money. Yet that text troubled him. Again he went to church, and to his amazement the sermon was on that very same text. He did not attend church for some time. At last he was induced again to enter the church, and behold! he heard the preacher take that very same text. He thought then it was God speaking to him, that his mother's prayers were being answered. But he coolly, calmly and deliberately made up his mind that he would not be a Christian. "I have never heard any sermon since," said he, "that has made any impression on me." I was not a Christian myself then, so I didn't know how to talk to him. The time came for me to leave home. I went to Boston, and there I became a convert. When I got to be a Christian, the first thing that came into my mind was that man. I made up my mind

to try to bring him to Christ. When I came home, I mentioned the name to my mother, and asked if he was living. "Is he living?" she exclaimed. "Didn't I write to you about him?" "Write me what?" "Why, that he had gone out of his mind and is now in the insane asylum." When I got up there, he pointed his finger at me. Says he, "Young man, seek ye first the kingdom of God." He had never forgotten the text. Although his mind was shattered and gone, the text was there.

My friends, do let that man speak to you. He is gone now. How much better it would have been for him to have followed his mother's prayer. The Spirit of God may be striving with some one to-night. I may be standing here for the last time. Let me plead with you once more to seek the kingdom of God, and seek it with all your hearts.

TRUST IN THE LORD.

"Trust ye in the Lord forever." ISAIAH, 26: 4.

My text this evening is just one short word—five letters in it—"Trust." Five letters with five heads: Trust, whom to trust, when to trust, how to trust, and then who will trust him, and the result of trusting. Now, I have not come to-day to preach a sermon as much as I have to tell you *how* you can be saved. I see a good many here who have been in the inquiry-rooms during the past week, and have gone away with their heads down, sad and weary, carrying the burden, not leaving it all with Jesus. Now, God helping me, I want to make the way so plain that you can all be saved this evening.

Whom to trust! In that portion of scripture I have just read, we are told whom not to trust. We are told not to trust in the arm of flesh. "Cursed be the man that maketh the arm of flesh his trust," and Isaiah, in the 26th chapter, 3d and 4th verses, tell us whom to trust: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusted in thee. Trust ye in the Lord forever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." Now, you cannot find any one who has put his whole trust in God but he has perfect peace. His soul is at rest. It is not tossed about upon every wave of doctrine, but it is at rest; because it is utterly impossible for anybody to put entire trust in God, and not have perfect peace. That

is the reward to those who do so. If we put our trust in our own strength, it will fail us. If we put our trust in our money, some thieves may get it away, fires may burn it up, it may take to itself wings. If we put our trust in friends, they will die and leave us. If we trust in anything on earth, we will be disappointed; but if we put our trust in God, he never dies. He never breaks a promise. He is everlasting strength. All human strength fails. All earthly streams get dry sometimes; but God never fails. The Keeper of Israel never slumbers, never sleeps. Therefore if our trust is in him, and we look to him wholly and entirely for everything, why we will have peace and joy. Then, in the 62d Psalm, which was read here by Dr. Hall, one day this week, 10th verse, we find these words: "My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from him." The trouble is, we wait upon every one else but God. We are running to this one and that one, but don't wait on him. "He only is my rock and my salvation. He is my defense, I shall not be moved. In God is my salvation and my glory; the rock of my strength and refuge is God."

Now, here is a verse I want to call your attention to, and that is the second head—When to trust. "Trust in him at all times." There are a good many that will trust in God when they are in no trouble and don't apparently need to trust; but to trust in God when they are in great trouble and difficulty is what they do not do. We do not leave it all with him, and rest assured that everything works together for good to them that love God. That is something they know very little about. Here and there, there is one willing to trust God when they cannot see how it is coming out. That is what the psalmist calls our attention to. Trust him at all times—not a part of the time, but at all times. If we don't trust him, of course we don't have peace and joy; but if we trust him at all times, the Lord never leaves us. Whoever heard of one's being left in a time of trouble when their trust was in God, and all their expectation was from him? "Trust him at all times, ye people; pour out your heart before him." God is a refuge for us.

But I can imagine some one saying: "I don't know what it is to trust. I have been waiting for that trust. I have been praying for it." I met a woman in the inquiry-room, the other night, who told me she had been praying thirty years, I think, for faith; that she might just trust God. Now, that is not a miraculous trust at all. It is the same kind of trust we have in one another. Don't you know that all business in this city would be suspended within forty-eight hours, if the business men didn't trust one another? Let the business community once lose its confidence, and see how quick business is paralyzed. Why, there would be a rush on every bank in New York, if the people hadn't confidence. That is what Paul meant when he said: "I am persuaded he is able to keep that I have

committed to him." I trust God to keep my soul; and so we just commit our soul to God and trust him, and rest right there. Certainly, when any one of you are sick, you trust the doctor. If not, you would not have him come to see you. If you thought he was going to poison you, you could not be hired to take his medicine. Now, what you want is, to trust the great physician of your soul. Trust Christ; he never lost a case yet. Trust him; he will keep you and not let you die; If this great temple we live in dissolves, we have a building death cannot touch, eternal in the heavens; and we save that building just by trust. If you have a case in court and don't know anything about law, you have unbounded confidence in your lawyer; and you leave the case in his hands and trust him to take care of your interests. And so you have got a bad case, an awful bad case; and the best thing you can do now is to commit it to the great Advocate, Jesus Christ. He will take care of your case and bring you out of all your trouble, if you only put your trust in him.

I can imagine some of you saying, "I will try." How many times I have heard that—"I will try and trust him." Now, that is nothing but downright insult. It is just saying, "I won't trust you." If after my making a statement to you, you should say to me, "Mr. Moody, I will try and believe you," I would think it an insult. It is an insult to talk that way to the Lord. What reason have you for not believing him? Have you any reason under heaven for not taking God at his word and believing on him, that you might have everlasting life? How is it when you take man at his word? He makes promises often that he cannot keep, and which he did not intend to keep when he made them. If you can take man at his word —and you do trust him—why can you not take God at his word?

There has been a man in the inquiry-room, during the last month, with whom I talked a great deal. Night after night I talked with him. He lives in a part of the city where I am staying, and night after night I have walked up with him, and talked with him. The other night going with him there was another friend, and after he separated from us he said to himself: "If Mr. Moody had told me he would see me to-morrow morning at nine o'clock, I would believe him; and if so, why cannot I believe God in the same way? I will," and he was converted there in the street, on the spot. He said, "I will believe him as I would anybody else;" and that is what trust is—taking God at his word. Hasn't he promised to receive every one as he came? If I die, I will die trusting. If I perish, I will perish trusting. No one ever perished that way yet. Just to show you what unbelief is, in the 5th chapter of John, 9th verse: "If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater; for this is the witness of God, which he hath testified of his Son. He that believeth in the Son of God hath the witness in himself. He that be-

lieveth not God hath made him a liar, because he believeth not the record that God gave of his Son. And this is the record that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son. He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life. Now, if any one came here and told me he saw a man go out and stand in the street, I would believe what he said. I would take his testimony. If any one or two of these men here should go into court and testify, it would be established in any court. Now, he says here, if you take the testimony of men, is not the testimony of God greater? "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself." "He that believeth not God hath made him a liar, because he believeth not the record that God gave of his Son." Now, when you say you will "try" and trust him, it means you won't believe him. It means you won't trust him; that you won't take him at his word.

Now, *how* to trust him. That is a very important question. In the 3d of Proverbs, 1st verse, we find these words: "My son, forget not my law, but let thy heart keep my commandments." Don't give the devil a little corner in your heart. Don't let the world have any part of your heart. Trust him with all your heart. That is how to trust him. "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not to thine own understanding." Why? Because the heart is chief among all things, and you cannot trust your own understanding. "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy path." You know what it is to trust any one with all your heart. You have got friends, and many of you wives and husbands, that you trust with all your heart. You have mothers, in whom you place the most implicit reliance. You never have any suspicion coming up in your heart against them. You never think of doubting them. You take them at their word; you believe what they say, with all your heart. Now why should you not trust God with all your heart? Why should you believe the devil's lies about God? Why say you will try and trust him, when you have no reason to doubt trusting him? There is a story told of Alexander the Great. He received a note from some one stating that his favorite doctor was going to poison him, and the doctor was with Alexander when the note came; and just then he was giving the emperor the medicine, for he was sick. As Alexander took the cup of medicine he held up the letter, read it off to the doctor, and swallowed the medicine. That was to show the doctor that he had confidence in him, that he did not believe what was in the letter. Some one was trying to injure the doctor, to get him put to death; but the emperor had such confidence in his doctor that he just took the medicine, and didn't believe a word of it. That is what I call believing with all your heart. Now there might have been poison in that cup; but do you think there is any poison in God's cup? He offers you the cup of salvation. Do you think it is

poison and death to any one that will take that cup? Do you think any one can perish that will trust God for salvation?

There is a story told of old Dr. Chalmers, who went to see a Scotch woman in her time of trouble about her sin. In the North of Scotland they spend a good deal of thought in just looking at themselves, and occupying themselves with their misgivings. This Scotch woman was trying to get faith. She hadn't the right kind of faith, and the doctor was going to see her. On his way he had to cross a stream over which there was nothing but a thin plank, and he thought it looked rotten and insecure; and he went up and put his foot upon the plank doubtingly, and feared to trust his weight upon it. And the Scotch woman, watching him from the window, saw that he was afraid to venture out on the plank, and she came out and shouted, "Just trust the plank, doctor." And the doctor did trust the plank, and walked over the stream in safety. Afterwards he was talking with the woman, and she hadn't the right kind of faith, she said, and was lamenting over her lot; and the doctor, in his means to explain to her what was the trust she ought to have, at last hit upon the circumstance of his crossing the plank, and using the woman's queer Scotch expression, said to her, "Trust Christ, cannot you?" "Oh, doctor, is that faith?" said she. "Is it just to trust him?" "That is faith," said he; "just to trust him, as I trusted that plank. It carried me over; and you trust God, and he will carry you over." "Oh," said she, "I can do that." That means trust the plank. Just trust it; and it won't break under you.

"Though he slay me I will trust him," in spite of the devil and all his lies. You cannot perish if you do. No man or woman ever perished that put their whole trust in him. Who will trust him? I will tell you who will; those that know him. Those who are under the power of the devil and beli ve in the devil's lies, won't trust him. Suppose some one were to tell you a lot of lies about me, you would not trust me, then, of course. If you believe the devil's lies about God, that God is not a God of mercy, and of love, and of truth, you won't trust in God, of course. When the devil went to Eden, the first thing he did was to begin to doubt. He said to Adam: "Did God say that? He knows very well it is not true. He knows that when you eat that fruit you become equal with God." We get into the pit just where Adam and Eve got in, unless we put our faith and confidence in God, and believe in him and trust him unreservedly. Scripture tells us who will trust him. "And they that know thy name will have trust in thee, and the Lord will not forsake them." A man that knows God will trust him. The people who are running away from God are strangers to him, and do not know anything about him. Never was any one well acquainted with the Bible who did not trust him. Those who are have no ground of unbelief, no

reason for not trusting him unreservedly, with all their heart and mind and strength.

Some one told me about a boy he once met in the Highlands of Scotland. There was a party of men who wanted to get the eggs of some rare birds there; and they wanted a boy to allow himself to be let down by a rope, over a fearful precipice, to a ledge where the eggs were deposited. They wanted to let the boy down in a basket; and they offered him considerable money for it. He was a poor boy, and needed the money; but all they could offer would not hire the boy to do it. But after they had teased him for some time, he said to them, "If my father will hold the rope I will go." He knew his father, and he would trust him; but he could not trust these strangers.

A man that really knows God will trust him. Did you ever hear of any one that was well acquainted with him that would not trust him? Did you ever hear of any Christian that knew anything about him that would not trust him? It is these infidels, who do not know God, that will not trust him. The only way is for you to go to him. How are you going to get to him to know him? Through the Scriptures: There he is revealed in Jesus Christ. There is no other way of knowing him, only Jesus Christ.

I want to call your attention to one thing—the result of trusting. You read of it in the 26th chapter of Isaiah. People want peace. There is nothing we want more than we want peace. All men are in pursuit of peace; and they do not know where to get it. They try various ways. They think they can get it with money; they think they can get it in the world; but the world cannot satisfy the longings of any soul, or help it to find peace. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee." It would satisfy a good many to have it read in this way: Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on himself. People are all the time looking into their own feelings, and thinking about themselves. The most wretched people in the wide, wide world are those that are thinking about themselves. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is *stayed* on thee"—not who thinks of him now and then. It does not say so, but it says, "whose thoughts are *stayed*" on him. In Proverbs, 16th chapter, and 20th verse, we read: "He that trusteth in the Lord, happy is he." Then in the 32d Psalm, 10th verse, it says: "Many sorrows shall be to the wicked, and he that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about." Now it says, God will be merciful to him that trusteth in him. In Psalms 5th chapter, 11th verse, it says: "Let all those that put their trust in thee rejoice; let them ever shout for joy, because thou defendest them." As the horses and chariots of the Almighty surrounded Elisha when he encamped upon the mountain, so the angels of God are encamped around them that put their trust in him. "Let them also that love

thy name be joyful in thee." In these verses there is peace, happiness, mercy and joy—all these blessings promised to those who trust in him.

A great many people are looking for the fruit; but they do not care about the tree. A great many people who live in the country are not willing to plant trees on their places, but want to buy the fruit. But if you are going to get the fruit of heaven, you have got to have the tree. If you have the tree, the fruit will be good. If you will first take his word and trust it, then follow peace and joy and mercy and happiness, all together in their places; and there is no peace and joy until you do trust and have confidence in God. Why are not people willing to come out on the Lord's side? Because they're afraid. Some women will not because they have husbands that are opposed to the family altar. But if your husband won't go, start alone. A woman in the inquiry room, the other day, told me that as soon as her husband would become a Christian she would; but she was waiting for him to be one. But, my friends, we do not go to heaven by families; it is one by one. Coming down here to-day, I met two funerals; but they were distinct and separate. One by one, we pass to the bar of God; one by one, we must go into the kingdom. I have no hope for those people that become Christians because some one else does. That is a personal matter; you want to come out on the Lord's side because it is right. If no one else will do it, I hope you will do it here to-day. In the 37th Psalm, 3d verse, it says: "Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed. Delight thyself also in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thy heart. Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass. And He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday. Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him. Fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass."

Now one more verse and I will be through quoting Scripture—the 11th verse of the 49th chapter of Jeremiah. First, it says in the 37th Psalm, 40th verse, "He will save them because they trust in him;" that He will bring them out of all their troubles. There are two or three classes here to-day. Some are those who have learned to cast all their burdens upon God. There are a good many Christians who have not learned that lesson, but are carrying their burdens and sorrows still. Another class never cast either their burdens or their sins on Christ, but are carrying both burdens and sins themselves. What I want to say is, that you can cast everything on Christ, all sin and burden, and go out of this house with your hearts leaping within you. I want to call your attention to that verse. There may be hundreds of widows in this house to-night. You may complain of your lot, and be passing through deep affliction. He says: "Leave thy fatherless

children; I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me." When I was in England I knew an eminent minister, who a few months afterward died. And for a while before he died, he was troubled for fear his wife and children might come to want. He carried the burden of that fear for days. A little while before he died he was lying on his sofa, and a little bird came and pecked at the window; the bird had a worm in its mouth, and afterward it flew away. The man said to himself, "Dear me! God takes care of that bird; he feeds it, yet here am I troubled about my family!" And there and then the burden was laid on the Lord. He had been one of those liberal men, and had given his money to others all through his life. Well, when he died, the people in the town raised £5,000 for his widow. God took care of them.

A good many people go forward into the future, and they bring all the troubles they expect to have down to the present time. They go reeling and staggering under them, and say, "I don't know what will become of me next year, or next week;" instead of remembering the words of assurance, "As thy day is, so shall thy strength be." He has plenty of grace for us. What we want is to go to him with all our troubles, and cast everything upon him. The first summer the war broke out, I heard in the fall of that same year something that touched my heart. A poor woman had been made a widow by the war. In midwinter time, she heard that her husband had been cut down. She had two little children, and she did not know what would become of her; her health was not very good and she had no money. A few days after, the landlord came round for his rent. He was a poor, heartless wretch; and when she told him her husband was dead, and she could not pay her rent, he said, with an oath, he would not have any one in his house who could not pay. After he had gone, she threw herself in the rocking-chair and wept; her little girl came to her and said: "Mamma, does not God answer prayer?" "Yes, my child." And the child wanted to put in practice what she had heard her mother preach. She said: "Then won't he take care of us if we ask him?" "I suppose he will." (She said "suppose," —you see her faith was not very strong.) "Then may I not go and ask him to take care of us?" "Yes, my child; you may if you want to." The lady told me of it the next day; and she said the child never looked so sweet to her as when she went into the room where her mother had taught her to pray. The door was open a little way, and she could see her; she put up her hands and her curls lay back from her face, and she said: "Oh, Father! you came and took away my dear papa; he was killed in the war; my mamma has no money to pay the landlord the rent, and he is going to turn us out doors. We will sit on the door-step and catch cold and die, unless you lend us a little house to live in." Then she went to her mother and said: "Jesus will take care of us because I have asked him." There is

faith for you! Well, they did not have to pay any rent; a house was soon provided, and that widow and her children were taken care of. Oh, let us have child-like faith. That little girl down there has faith. She does not know where she will get her next pair of shoes, but she has faith that her mother will see that she has them.

No man or woman who ever trusted in God was disappointed or ever will be. I once noticed a lady who sat down by the side of the pulpit; and every time I would look down her eyes were riveted upon me. She looked so intent, trying to catch every word, that one day I said to her, "My friend, are you a Christian?" "Oh, no," she said, "I have been seeking Christ these three years, but cannot find him.' I said, "There is some mistake about that;" and she answered, "Do you mean that I have not been seeking him?" "Well, I know he has been looking for you for twenty years." She asked, "What am I to do, then?" "Do! Do nothing; probably that is the trouble, that you have been trying to do." "But how am I to be saved?" she asked. "You are to believe on him, and stop trying." She scowled, and said: "Believe! believe! believe! I have heard that word until my head swims; everybody says it, and I am none the wiser." I said: "I will drop that word for another. The word believe is used in the New Testament, and the word trust in the Old. I will say to you, trust the Lord to save your soul." "If I say I will trust him, will he save me?" she asked. "If you really do trust him he will save you." She said: "I trust the Lord to save me; now I do not feel any different,"—just so in one breath. I told her: "I think you have not been looking for Christ; you have been looking for feeling. God does not tell you to feel; he tells you to trust him; and you are to let the feelings take care of themselves." "I have heard people say they felt happy when they became Christians." "Well, wait till you become a Christian, and then you may talk about a Christian's experience; you must trust the Lord that he will keep you." She sat there five minutes, and then put out her hand to me, and said, "I trust the Lord Jesus Christ to save my soul now." That was all there was to it, no praying, no weeping. The next night I was preaching she was in front of me; and I could see eternity written on her face, and the light from fields of glory in her eyes.

Oh, my friends, there is nothing to hinder your trusting him! If you do, when death shall come he won't be unwelcome; he won't terrify you. I went down the Tennessee river in war time with a boatload of wounded men, after the battle of Shiloh. Many were mortally wounded; they had taken the worst cases first. I said to those who were with me, "We must not let these men die without telling them of heaven." One young man was unconscious, and they said he could not live. I asked the physician if he could not restore him long enough to get a message for his mother; and he

gave me brandy and water, which I fed to him. He was a most beautiful boy. After a while he opened his eyes, and looked around a little wild; and I placed my hand upon his brow, and said, "My boy, do you know where you are?" At last he said, "I am on my way home to mother." "Yes," I said, "you are; but the doctor tells me you cannot live." I asked him for a message to his mother. He said, "Tell my mother that I die trusting in Christ." He did not know me, whether I was a friend or an enemy. He added, "Tell my mother and sisters to be sure to meet me in heaven;" and in a few minutes he was unconscious, and in a few hours he died. They will meet in the morning—it is only a little while—for he died trusting in Christ. Oh, may that word sink deep into every heart here!

REPENTANCE.

"And the times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent." ACTS 17 : 30.

I want to call your attention to a text you will find in the 17th chapter of Acts, 30th verse: "But now commandeth all men everywhere to repent, because he hath appointed a day in which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained, whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead." You will see to-night that I have for my text a command, and not only a command, but it is a command to all in this hall to-night. And now he commandeth all men everywhere to repent. Not only here in New York, but everywhere. I have had some fault found with me since I have been in New York, because I have not preached repentance. I want to tell you one thing; if you do not repent, you will never see the kingdom of God. There will be no unrepentant sinners in heaven. An unrepentant sinner to God cannot love him. If a man does not repent, there is no hope for him in the world to come. Now repentance is not a godly sorrow for sin. I find a great many in the inquiry-room who are mourning, because they have not got this godly sorrow for sin, that they have heard of. In other words, they are anxious to be anxious. They think if they only had more repentance, more godly sorrow for sin, they could come to Christ. No one that is not a Christian has godly sorrow for sin. You must have it before you

can be a Christian. Repentance is a change of mind. Repentance is turning right about. In the Old Testament it is, "Repent, repent, for why will ye die?" In the New Testament it is, "Repent and be born again." Some one said man was born, turned away from God, and he must repent and turn back to him before he can be received. When John the Baptist repented, the word of God came to him in the wilderness. It burst upon him like the flashing of a meteor. His cry was, "Repent, repent, for the kingdom of God is at hand." When Christ was baptized, he took up the wilderness cry, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." When he sent out the seventy disciples, two by two, he told them to go into all the towns and villages and proclaim this message: "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." But they turned away from him; they rejected him; they took the Lord of glory and crucified him, for they wanted him to have his kingdom on earth. Then he said, as many as would receive him, he would set up his kingdom in their hearts, and that is what he is doing now, setting up his kingdom in your hearts. There is not a man nor woman here to-night but he wants to set up his kingdom in your heart. If you will repent of sin and come to God, he will set up his kingdom in your hearts this very night.

I will tell you why you need to repent. Because you have false ideas of God. You cannot find an unconverted person in the world that has not a false idea of God. He thinks God is his worst enemy, and that the devil is his friend. Sinners are running away from their best friend in running away from God. Therefore you must change your mind about God before you repent. Instead of Satan being your friend and God being your enemy, just reverse your belief; and, instead of following Satan and serving him, you want to turn right straight around to-night and take the Lord of Glory; and his kingdom will be set up in your hearts. A great many think they cannot repent because they have not got this sorrow that they talk about. They think they must be wrought up in a high state of feeling before they can repent. But feelings are not repentance. A great many persons feel; but their feelings drive them into remorse and despair. I thought of that at the Young Men's Association Hall meeting yesterday. They were talking among the inquirers, and one or two thought they did not feel enough. One of them exclaimed, "I am lost; there is no hope for me;" and left the meeting. Her fear that she could not be saved gave her too much feeling. And that is the way Satan works. He makes you have too much feeling, or else not enough. All this is man's idea. With the command for all men to repent comes the power. God is not unjust. He does not come and say to all men, "Repent;" and not give them the power to do it. You can turn to him and live, if you will. He sets before us life and death. We are free agents; we are to choose.

If we will turn to God, we will live. If we refuse to turn to him and reject him, we must die.

I want to warn you about this one thing—fear. Fear is not repentance. I do not have much hope of scaring men into the kingdom of God. If you could scare them in, they would be out again as quickly as you got them in. How many men I have met who professed religion, and thought they had true repentance, when some sudden accident happened—on the railroad, for instance, or out at sea. You know how men on shipboard will be converted. In fifteen minutes the whole crew will be down on their knees, crying to God. Fifteen minutes before they were cursing and blaspheming; but there came up a terrible gale, and they think the ship is going to sink, and all these men turn pious instantly. This is fear; this is not repentance. A great many men make professions on their dying beds; but when the danger of death no longer threatens, and they get well again, they get up and forget all about their conversions. That is fear; that is not what we want. Instead of waiting to be worked up to a certain pitch of alarm, we want cool, calm calculation. It is making up your mind that you will change company, that you will turn from sin and leave the world, and turn to God. And he will receive every one who does so come to him. Any man can repent here to-night; and the Lord is willing to receive and save every one that will. If Nineveh repented, that wicked city, I do not know why New York cannot repent. I am sure if it does, the Lord God will have mercy. If a man truly repents and comes to God for mercy, he will get it. He delights in mercy; and he will have mercy upon every one who turns from his or her sins to him.

But there are a good many that are not sincere. They do not really repent in their hearts. God can read the heart, and knows whether repentance is in the heart or in the head. It is with the heart that man must believe; for I may have sin in my heart, and make professions with my lips. I may believe in him with my head, but not in my heart. It is the heart God wants. For instance, take the son of David, take Absalom. You know after he murdered his brother he went off into a foreign country and was gone two years; and then they managed to get him back to Jerusalem. When he came back, the king refused to see him; but Absalom wanted to bring about a reconciliation. So he sent for Joab once or twice, but Joab would not come. So he set Joab's barn on fire one day, and Joab, hearing of it, came at once; and he said to Absalom, "Why, what did you do it for?" "Because I wanted you to come here, and I knew that would bring you. I want you to go to the king, my father, and tell him I am here. He has already refused to see me, but I want you to take word to him that I want him to come and examine me; and if he does not find any fault in me, I want him to receive me into court and into society again." Now that was

not repentance. A good many come to God in just that way, saying: "Lord, I would have you examine me, and if you find no fault in me, take me." But there is no humility or repentance in that. And that father very foolishly forgave that son; he did not want forgiveness. He did not even ask for it. There was no repentance in him. He never confessed that he had sinned, and asked for mercy; but he came and said, "If you can find no fault in me." So David reinstated him, and the result was that Absalom drove him from his throne; and if God should let an unrepentant sinner enter heaven, there would be war there: he would dethrone the Almighty, if he could. There is one thing you cannot do, unrepentant sinner: you cannot go into the kingdom of God. You can come here; you can get into church; but you will never get into the kingdom of God without repentance.

God is very merciful; he is full of love, and he can pardon me. Well, you can go on in that faith, in that delusion if you like; but God says that if you don't repent you must die. God is true; he does not say that which is false. You can make light of it, young man or young woman, if you wish to, but the time is coming when, if you have not repented, there will not be much hope for you. You must be faithful; you must banish everything that is not good and holy.

Talk about God being merciful, and pardoning a man, whether he wants to be pardoned or not! A man must have a new heart, and know that he is a sinner, and seek for the love of God, before he will be pardoned. Suppose the Governor of a State—suppose the Governor of New York was so merciful and tender-hearted that he could not bear to have any one in prison. A man is accused of murder; he is brought to trial; he is convicted and sentenced to death. While being led to the scaffold, the Governor meets him with a full pardon. He lets him out, and not only lets him out, but also those imprisoned at Sing Sing and Albany—lets everybody out; cannot bear to have any one in prison; how long would he be Governor, do you suppose? Why, you could not live in this State if there was to be no punishment annexed to sin. Every one would be a law unto himself; and every and all kinds of wickedness would be alive and seething in this community. If these wicked men could not get along in society, how could unrepentant sinners get along in heaven? A man who does not like to repent, but loves his sin, to him heaven would be a hell; he wouldn't care about heaven at all. If you don't repent, then there is no hope for you. Not only that, but how can God forgive a man if he don't want to be forgiven? Suppose your child were to tell you a lie, and you were to tell him that you would forgive him, if he asked to be forgiven; then suppose he did not ask or care about it, how would you forgive him? David fell lower than Cain. The former not only committed murder, but also adultery. But Cain did

not ask to be forgiven, and David did; and he was forgiven. That is the great difference between them. You cannot find a place in the Bible that states that Cain asked to be forgiven. If he had, God would have forgiven him. God is willing to forgive every one who truly and honestly and sincerely wants to repent and lead a new life. The only time that God is represented as running is in the parable of the Prodigal Son. He is represented as running to receive the repentant sinner. "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth," we are told. But a man must repent before he is forgiven. If we do not repent, then the forgiveness would be of no use, as we would go right back again to our sins. It would be a false peace—a reconciliation that would not last. When a man turns against sin—against the world—then God is ready to forgive him. I never knew a man who has truly repented of his sin and turned away from it, that ever desired to go back to it. He may fall, it is true; but he will rise again. Satan may have him down, but he can't keep him down. He may wander off into the world away from the fold; but the world cannot keep him. There are a great many men who think that when they leave the world and become Christians that they will be in sorrow. Did you ever see a man sorry that turned to God? I never did. You may imagine the Prodigal sitting there opposite to the old man; all at once tears begin to trickle down the young man's cheek. "What is the matter, my son?" says his father. "Oh! I was afraid I should go back into that foreign land again." "But you cannot conceive of such an idea, my boy." Of course, there was no danger of his going again to the husks and the hard, half-starved life he had then just left. So if you come to your father and say, "Father, I have sinned;" and if you truly repent and turn your back upon sin and the world and are reconciled to God, you won't want to go back again to the swine and the evils of your former life.

And I want to call your attention to this, that God commands all men *now* to repent; right here, right now, this dark and stormy night. But Satan comes along and whispers so you, "Put it off. Yes, defer it; there is plenty of time yet; don't be in a hurry about it." He knows if he can get you to put it off till to-morrow, that to-morrow never comes. And why will men put off this repentance until to-morrow, and day after day, in the way they do? Is it because they love sin so much? Is it because they want to have their own way? Why, it is very much like Pharaoh, when he had the plague of the frogs. He could not take a step but that he put his foot down on a frog. There were frogs in his bed-room, in his sitting-room. They got into his kneading-troughs. Cut a loaf of bread, and a frog would be found in it. It was frog, frog, frog. At last it annoyed him so he was compelled to send for Moses. And Moses said to him, When shall I ask the Lord to take them away? I remember well the first time I read that. I of course thought that Pha-

raoh, in answer to that question, would have said, "Now, now," with all his might, and with all the earnestness of which he was capable. Did he say that? Why, no; he said, "To-morrow." He wanted the frogs all night. You laugh at that. Yet you want to hold on to your sins just as long as you are able. Well, are these sins so sweet that you like them so? Like them, then, if you want to; but you hear what God says—he commands you to repent and leave them.

Many of you would be shocked if I were to accuse you of swearing. Yet this command is as binding as that which prohibits the taking of God's name in vain. How can you say there is time enough to repent? How long do you know you are alive? Is it a time to repent in your dying hour? Are there many that truly repent then? I believe that God can have mercy in the dying hour and save people and I know that many are saved then but where one is saved, there are hundreds that go into the grave without God and without hope. They defer it too long; they put it off until it is too late. It is fear that seizes them then. The truth is that a good many make strong intentions when they are sick; but when they get well they go back at once to their old professions, and deny the Lord of Glory, and go straight to their besetting sins. So it was not their repentance, but alarm. Death comes and looks them in the face and they get alarmed; they are afraid to meet death; they get frightened. They make many vows, and many professions to lead a new and godly life; but when they get well, all these good intentions pass away like a morning cloud. I believe I am talking to some to-night who, when God had chastened them severely, promised and vowed that should they get well they would serve him, and love him, and honor him, and obey him, and follow him. Yet here they are this very night denying him, and slighting him, and scorning him, and fighting against him. They don't turn to him with all their heart.

I tell you, my friends, that ninety-nine out of every hundred die unexpectedly. Death is an unexpected visitor; he comes upon them suddenly and yet they are not ready. How many say: "I will put it off a little longer, there is time enough yet; and if I should become sick, I can repent on my dying bed." Will you offer God your wasted life? Is that the true treatment? Is that what God should expect from us? Is it noble? Is it manly? Is it right for us just to go on serving Satan, living for ourselves and the world, and just turn our backs upon him? The minute is coming when we have crossed the line. Take the pitiful steamer, the Atlantic, that was wrecked off the coast of Newfoundland three years ago, this month. There it was in the fog; it had been in the fog three days, and just plying along toward the shore and toward the rocks. There was just one moment when they could have stopped and reversed their engines, and saved the steamer; and there was one moment when it was too late. There was one moment when it crossed the line, and five hundred souls

went down to a watery grave. There is a crisis in every man's life when he can stop. You can just stop to-night, and say: "By the grace of God, I will stop to-night, and I will just turn my face toward God." There isn't anything to hinder you; you can to-night just change your company; leave the world and join God's people.

But some people say, "I don't know what it is to repent." Let me give an illustration. I am not a politician; but in this country we have two parties. Supposing I belong to the Republican party, and there is an election coming on next Monday, and I have been a Republican for twenty years; and I am thoroughly convinced to-night that if the Republican party succeeds it will be ruin to the country. I am very patriotic and love my country; and I believe if the Democratic party succeeds it will be salvation to the country. How long does it take me to turn to the other party? It doesn't take me a minute; and I not only turn myself, but I try to induce every man I know to do the same thing. You are on the wrong side of the question; you can't have two masters; you can't be for God and mammon; you can't be for God and the devil, at the same time. Whose side are you on to-night, young man? Who claims you to-night? That young man says, "Jesus." Thank God for that. If you are on the wrong one, rise like a man and say, "By the grace of God, I will go over on the Lord's side." You know that God has doomed this world to destruction; and if you stay in the world, it is sure ruin to you. You know if you belong to the other party, the Democrats would be glad to see you, and just so with the Republicans—don't think that they will give you so warm a welcome as the Lord. That is repentance. Right about face. You have been on the devil's side long enough; come right out to-night, and come on to the Lord's side. Suppose I am to go down to Boston to-night; and I go down to the Union depot and say to a man I see there, "Can you tell me is this train going to Boston?" and the man says, "Yes;" and I go and get on board the train. And Mr. Dodge comes right along and says, "Where are you going?" I say, "I am going to Boston;" and Mr. Dodge says: "Well, you are on the wrong train; that train is going to Albany." "But Mr. Dodge, I am quite sure I am right; I asked a railroad man here, and he told me this was the train." And Mr. Dodge says: "Moody, I know all about these trains; I have lived here forty years, and go up and down on these trains every day;" and at last Mr. Dodge convinces me I am on the wrong train. That is conviction, not conversion. But if I don't remain on that train, but just get into the other train, that is repentance. Oh, to-night, say that you will, just by the grace of God, come right over on the Lord's side, and turn your face toward God, and he will bless you. Now it is the hardest thing for a man to become a Christian, and it is the easiest. You may think that is a paradox; very hard until he makes up his mind, and very easy when

he has made up his mind. I have a little nephew, who took a Bible he saw lying on the table and threw it on the floor. His mother said to him, "Go and pick up uncle's Bible." He said he didn't want to. His mother said: "I didn't ask you whether you wanted to or not; go and pick it up." Then the little fellow said, "I won't." His mother said, "Why, Charlie, who taught you that naughty word?" when she found out that he not only knew what it meant, but he meant every word he said. The mother says: "Charlie, I never heard you talk so before. If you don't go and pick up uncle's Bible, I shall punish you." And the little fellow says, "I won't do it." She told him again, if he didn't pick up the Bible she would punish him, and he would have to pick it up too. Then he said he couldn't. I suppose he thought he couldn't; he didn't want to. That is the trouble with men; they don't want to come. Christ says, "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life." It is not because men can't come to God; it is because they won't. The little fellow looked at it as though he would like to do it, but he couldn't. At last he just got down on the floor and got both his arms around the book and tried, and said he couldn't. Now the mother says: "Charlie, do you pick up that book or I shall punish you, and you will have to pick it up too." I felt very much interested; for I knew if she didn't break his will, he would break her heart eventually. At last she broke the little fellow's will; and the minute his will was broke, he picked up the book just as easy as that.

When a man makes up his mind, he will accept God just as easy. God commands you to-day to repent. Bear in mind that God commands you to repent. Don't flatter yourselves you have never broken God's commandments. If you go out of that door without turning to him, you have done so; because here is a commandment direct from God. God commands all men now everywhere to repent; because he has appointed a day when he will judge the world in righteousness. If you go on to the bar of God without repentance and without turning from sin, sinner, there will be no hope for you.

I felt very much interested the other night at the young men's meeting. A young man said he left London and got into this city three weeks ago. His mother was a very earnest Christian, had been praying for him; and he always told her that he didn't want her to talk with him about Christianity, for he had no desire to become a Christian. He left home to get rid of her entreaties. As he was leaving home, his mother said to him: "Bear in mind that my prayers will follow you, and you will find God in America." I suppose the young man was like the young man in the Scriptures, who, when his father told him to go into his vineyard and work, said he wouldn't go, and afterwards changed his mind and went. And this young man began to repent, and when he got into New York he left

the boat and came right up to the Hippodrome, and says he found God waiting for him right here. He just repented, and just received his mother's God. Sinner, God is waiting for you. Are you willing to come to him? Is there any one who will repent and will return to God?

A man got up one morning and saw the sun shining into his room, and lifted up his heart to God and said: "Let thy love shine into my heart;" and he found God. Why? Because he turned his face towards the Sun of Righteousness. The trouble is, you have got your back towards God; you are running away from him. Ask for light, and it will come. God will never refuse you. Oh, to-night be wise—this dark, rainy, stormy night, repent of your sins and turn to God. Let us ask God to-night to turn our souls to him. Now, if you have really a desire for salvation, you can find it, just as that Englishman found it. God has been here all through the meeting, waiting with his arms stretched out, ready to welcome you.

A young man related this experience to me: "When my father died, my mother became more anxious than ever about my salvation. Sometimes she came and put her arms around me and wept over me; and I would push her away, and say there was time enough. I heard one night a voice in my mother's chamber, crying to God for her boy, 'O God! save my boy.' At last I could not stand it any longer. I made up my mind I would not become a Christian, and I ran away. It was a long time before I heard from that mother, except indirectly; for she did not know where I was. I did not want her to know, because I knew she would come for me if she knew. After a while I heard that my mother was sick, and I thought I would go to her. On my way from the station to my home, I had to pass the cemetery. I stopped to take a look at my father's grave. It was a moonlight night, and the graves were very distinct; but by the side of my father's grave was a fresh one. The sod was loose as if only laid that day. Then I knew I had lost my mother. The thought struck me, 'Who will pray for me, now that my mother and father are gone?' I passed that sad night by their graves; and though I feel that God has answered my prayers and forgiven my sin, I never can forgive myself for bringing sorrow to my mother's heart."

Young man, you can repent to-night, and go home and cheer your mother's heart by turning to God.

KING SAUL.

"Nevertheless, the people refused to obey the voice of Samuel." 1st SAMUEL 8 : 19.

I find in this 19th verse of the 8th chapter of 1st Samuel: "Nevertheless, the people refused to obey the voice of Samuel"—or you might say the voice of God, for God is speaking through Samuel—"and they said, We will have a king over us." I want to call your attention to this disobedience; and the consequence. For between four hundred and five hundred years God had been their King; and when they obeyed his voice and did what he told them to do, none of the nations were able to stand before them. They had never been degraded while they were walking in God's sight and obeying his voice; but now they got tired of God. They wanted to cast off his yoke. They wanted a king, like the nations around them had, who might lead their armies, and make them as imposing and splendid as the nations around them were. When God brought them into that land, he told them they should not have chariots of iron, and should not be trusting in horsemen, and in great armies; but he would be their defense; he would be their shield; he would protect them, if they would only look to him and trust him. But no. They have their eyes on the nations around them; and they come to the old prophet Samuel, who has grown very old and is about to retire from office; and they said, "We want a king." And Samuel was very much displeased, heart-broken; and he took his trouble to the Lord, as we all of us ought always to do; and the Lord says, "Well, now, Samuel, it is not you that they have rejected, but me. Don't take it so to heart, but protest solemnly against it. Tell them the consequences; and then, if they insist upon it, I will give them a king." He said this, very often, as mothers deal with their children. They let them have something, that they know will bring them into sorrow, just to show them how much better it would have been for them if they had obeyed without a murmur; but then, there are very few of us that can learn by other men's experiences, and we want to try our own way; and God permits us, just to show how much better it is to take God's way than our own.

Now, the Lord told Samuel he would send a man there whom he should anoint king; and it seems that a man in the tribe of Benjamin, by the name of Kish, lost his asses, and he sent one of his sons to hunt them up. Little did he know as he left home where he was going to. He hunted for the asses two or three days, but was unsuccessful; and as he came near Ramah his servant suggested that

they should go up and see the seer or prophet, and he could tell them where to go. Now, the Lord had told Samuel, the day before Saul came, this was to be the man whom he should anoint to be captain over Israel. What was Saul's surprise when the seer met him on the way, took him into his house, made him stay over night, and then took him up on the roof of his house and told him what the Lord was going to do with him. Saul seems to have been full of humility, for he told Samuel that he belonged to the smallest of the tribes of Israel, and did not think that he was worthy; but God chose him, and the next morning when he left the town the prophet went with him to the outskirts of the town, and said to him, "Let your servant go on before you;" and after he had passed on and gone out of sight, Samuel anointed Saul king, and then told him what would take place on his way home, and where he would find his animals. And it all came to pass as he had prophesied. Saul went home and went about his work as usual, taking care of his father's sheep. But one day a messenger came into the town in great haste, bringing the startling tidings that the enemy had besieged a city, and the people had offered to surrender and become servants to the enemy, if they would only just spare their lives; and the commander of the besieging army said he would grant the request on condition that he might tear out their right eyes, and the elders of Jabesh said, "Give us seven days and we will decide." If the inhabitants of the city could not get help within seven days, they would have to have their right eyes dug out. And the people lifted up their voices and wept. And Saul came in from the field, and when they told him the tidings, the Spirit of God came upon him, and he was greatly angered. And he took a yoke of oxen and hewed them in pieces, and sent them throughout all the coasts of Israel by the hands of messengers, saying, "Whosoever cometh not forth after Saul and after Samuel, so shall it be done unto his oxen;" and the fear of the Lord came upon the people, and inside of three days Saul had three hundred and thirty thousand people; and in the night, about daylight, he moved upon the enemy, and fought them until midday with such vigor, that there were no two of them left together; and thus he routed the whole army and saved the city, and won his way to the hearts of the people.

You know there is nothing like success. He had been successful, and had already been proclaimed at Mizpeh, king; for Samuel had brought the people up to Mizpeh, and they had cast lots, and it had fallen upon the tribe of Benjamin and upon the house of Kish. And now he had had a successful battle, and everything looked very bright and hopeful for him and his people. Why, when they raised the cry at Mizpeh, "God save the king!" it looked as if everything was going to be in their favor. Saul was a head and shoulders above all men in Mizpeh; and they said: "We have got a fine-looking king.

No nation around us has got a man like him." He was a grand man to look at. Men like to walk by sight, instead of by faith. They had got just the man, and they felt he was the one to meet the giants coming out against them; and they shouted for him, and the cry has been heard ever since in the earth, "God save the king." That was the first time that cry was ever heard, when they proclaimed Saul as king.

But now the trial comes. The next thing we hear is that the enemies are gathering again. After the defeat at Jabesh-Gilead, they called together their armies and nations. There were thirty thousand chariots of iron and six thousand horsemen, and the rank and file were like the sands of the sea-shore—a great multitude. And the heart of Saul began to sink within him, and he waited at Gilgal for Samuel to come, and the army began to be discontented; and instead of looking to God and trusting him—for he wanted them to put their trust in him—Saul gets a little discouraged and breaks the law of God. The law of God was that no man should offer sacrifices but those that were appointed. Saul had no right to do it, but he took that position himself, and began to offer sacrifices; and his friend Samuel, than whom no man ever had a purer, truer friend, said to him: "You have done very foolishly. Now your kingdom is departed from you, and it shall not be maintained. You have disobeyed the voice of God." The old saying is, "Like priest, like people." The people would not obey the voice of God. Samuel deals faithfully with him, and tells him the consequences. Saul cries, "My army is leaving me and is becoming demoralized." And Samuel says, "You ought to obey God and let the consequences be what they will."

And now it came to pass that Jonathan, Saul's son, said to his armor-bearer: "Come, and let us go over to the garrison of these uncircumcised; it may be that the Lord will work for us, for he can save by many or by few." How the faith of Jonathan shines out here! He feels that, with the help of the Lord, he can save the whole army. Would to God we had a few Jonathans right here in New York! "Now," says he, "we will just go up there; and if they ask us to come right into camp, we will take it as a sign that God is with us. And if they say, 'Stand where you are,' we will know the Lord is not with us." And when they had climbed up the steep rocks, the Philistines saw them and shouted, "Behold the Hebrews come out of their holes where they had hid themselves." And they said to Jonathan and his armor-bearer, "Come over to us." And Jonathan said, "God is with us; he has given us the land." And he and his armor-bearer went up and slew the people, and in that first slaughter were about twenty men within half an acre, and the people were frightened and trembled; and the watchmen of Saul beheld the multitude melting away like the snow upon a side hill, and Saul, who was afar off, began to inquire,

"Who has gone out from us?" And they numbered the people, and found out that Jonathan and his armor-bearer were gone. Saul had given a rash order that no one should eat until he had destroyed his enemies; but Jonathan didn't know anything of this. After the slaughter, when all the people had joined in the rout of the Philistines—there are a great many men who are willing when the battle goes against our enemies to join in pursuit of them, and then, after the work is done, say, "Didn't we do good work?" but they hide themselves away in the caves and holes, and dare not meet the enemy until some braver man has come to the front and done the work—after, I say, all the people had joined in the pursuit, they came to a wood, and there was honey upon the ground, but no one dared eat except Jonathan, who knew not of his father's order. It is decreed that poor Jonathan must be slain. He has been disobedient and must die. Because Saul had disobeyed the Lord he did not die; but because Jonathan had disobeyed his father, he must die. But the army said, "We will not let him be put to death." And they took the matter out of the king's hands, and Jonathan was spared.

But the Lord gives Saul another chance, and sends him to destroy the Amalekites, and tells him through Samuel not to spare a single man, woman, child or beast. But Saul slew all of the Amalekites except the king and the best of the sheep and the oxen. And Samuel comes out and Saul says, "I have obeyed the Lord." He had a guilty conscience, and was afraid Samuel would reprove him. "Ah!" says the old prophet, "what is the meaning of these cattle that I hear lowing, these sheep that I hear bleating? Did not God tell you to destroy them?" "Yes," says the guilty Saul; "but I saved the best of the cattle to sacrifice to the Lord." Is it sacrifices that the Lord wants, or obedience? That is the spirit of the present day. People say: "Oh, I know it is not just exactly right, still a man must be sharp to get along;" and if they get money somewhat dishonestly, and afterwards endow colleges and build churches with it, they think it is good enough. They think the Lord will accept it, if made dishonestly; that he will overlook it. Will he? See if he will. If we had not been disobedient, there would be no need of sacrifices.

Now Samuel says to Saul: "To obey is better than to sacrifice. What God wants is obedience, and you have disobeyed him again. Now, just listen, and I will tell you what God told me this night. God told me he has taken the kingdom from you, and will give it to your neighbor, who is better than you are." And as Samuel turned to go away, Saul seized the mantle of Samuel, and it rent; and Samuel said to him, "Your kingdom has been rent from you as you have rent my mantle." And they separated and never met after that. A sad parting, for a truer friend than Samuel no man ever had. Samuel wept over him as a father over his son, for he loved Saul. But Saul tried to have Samuel stay and honor him before the

people, like many of the present day, who care for the applause of the world rather than the approval of God. But Samuel went back to Ramah, and left him.

But now the enemy comes back again stronger than ever, thousands upon thousands, a great multitude, and the hour of battle comes on. There on that hill are the armies of the Philistines, and here on this are the thousands of Saul; and at last a giant warrior comes out from the camp of the Philistines and cries to Saul's army: "Just select one man to come out and fight me; and if he will overcome me we will all be your servants." And he defies them day after day; and there is not a man in all that camp that dare meet the giant of Gath. They were all frightened, and the king trembled from head to foot. As he came out in the morning, I think I can see them looking so startled and saying: "Look! There he comes again." So he defies them again and again—"Show me a man that will dare to meet me." And so every morning, day after day, day after day, for forty days, he came out two or three times a day, and each army was afraid of the other, not daring to open fire. Just then up came a young stripling. (Some one has said he was th · first delegate to the Christian Commission.) He had been sent up from the country round by his mother, to see how his brothers were getting on in the king's encampment. I suppose the mother made up some nice things for them to eat, some nice cakes, perhaps, and jelly. I can see him coming up; perhaps there was a servant along, and up they came on their asses. Just as they came into camp, out came the giant again, and defied them. The young man looks at him, and then asks: "What, what does that man say? Hark!" He hears the giant defy Israel, God's anointed, God's own people. His blood begins to tingle in his veins. He goes into camp and says to his brothers: "What does that mean? Why do not some of you go out to meet him?" "Why," they said, "you don't know much about fighting, or you would not talk of such a thing in that way." Said he, "I will go myself, then." "It's a nice thing for you to say you'll go. Why, one look at him will make you run faster than you ever ran in your life." They began to make sport of him, and mock him. He said, "If there is no one else to go, I will go." But they only mocked him. At last some one said to the king: "There is some one in camp who offers to go and meet the giant of Gath." And the king said, "Go bring him." And when the king saw David his heart sank within him at once. What could he do? He had not been used to using a sword. He did not know anything about it. The king said to him, "You are not able." He looked at David. He saw that he knew nothing of the use of weapons in battle. Said David: "I think I would like to meet him. A lion and a bear got into my father's fold one night, and I killed them both; and I believe that God will be able to deliver me from the giant, as he

did from the lion and the bear." Some one has said there were thousands of men in that camp who knew that God *could* use them; but David was the only one there who believed that God *would* use him. Said David, "Now I will go." So they took him and began to dress him for the fight. They began to put armor upon him, and a shield and a helmet. But in a few minutes it began to act upon him. He began to feel uncomfortable in it, and to twist himself and make wry faces, and at last he said, "I cannot fight in this armor." He was like a little boy in his grandfather's overcoat. It did not fit him at all. He said, "I have not proved it. I have proved the God of Israel. I have not proved this armor." It was like the way of the world. A great many are anxious to work in Saul's armor. If he had gone out in this armor and conquered, they would have said it was Saul's armor that did it. Then he said: "Let me take my sling. I am used to that." "What," they exclaimed; "A sling to meet the giant of Gath! Why, he has a helmet, and a sword, and a shield, and an armor-bearer!" But David said, "Well, I will only take my sling." I can imagine how they made all manner of sport of him. But they were driven to extremes, and must have some one; and so they let him go. Even his brothers must have thought he would surely be brought back dead.

So he went to the brook, and he picked up five smooth stones out of the brook. Oh, my friends, God uses the weak thing; God uses the little thing! You and I would have wanted some good big rocks to have slung at him; but David got a few little smooth stones, and went to meet his enemy. The giant came out full of indignation and wrath, saying, "Am I to take the consent of this man to meet me?" David said to him: "You come with a helmet, and a shield, and an armor-bearer. I come in the name of the God of Israel." So if we come in the name of God will all giants fall. So he puts one hand behind him and raises the other right up and throws his sling, and the giant falls dead; and then he rushed right up to him and took his sword from him, and cut off his head, and with the sword and the giant's head in his hand, went forward toward the king. Then Saul called to his cheering army, "Make haste, rush upon them!" And it was not long before the whole camp of the Philistines were falling before their enemy.

So God used the man who was willing to be used. He used the man that had faith to believe that God would use him. But soon Saul began to grow jealous of David. It might have been that the fires of envy were kindled in Saul's soul by David's success immediately; but first Saul wanted to show him off, that he had a man among his subjects who could accomplish what David could. So immediately after their success, they began to be happy and to sing; and at first they never thought about jealousy. But soon the fire began to burn in Saul's pulses. He began to plan how he could put

David to death, and get him out of the way. Oh, what a miserable enemy we all have in jealousy! How it does mar the work of salvation! It is one of the worst enemies of God and man. Well, three times God put Saul into the hands of David. Once when he was asleep in the cave, and David was left there in the cave: but he would not lift his hand against God's anointed. But at last he drove him off into the wilderness, and finally he drove him out of his king dom; and he went off into a foreign land. Samuel also died, and they buried him at Ramah. We are not told that Saul was there at his funeral. The enemy at last came again, as soon as they got strength after their defeat. The news came to Saul that the Philistines were marching upon his country. He brought out his own army again, and we see them there at Gilboa. Saul's kingdom now is tottering. He is full of remorse and despair. God has left him; Samuel has died; David is gone. The noble Jonathan alone stands by him. At that last battle, he had three hundred thousand men at Gilboa. Only a few years before he had three hundred men, who were enough then. Now, notwithstanding his three hundred thousand men, he is full of fear; and so are they. What are even three hundred thousand, full of fear and cowardice? The church has many who are full of fear and despondency, and they cannot work; God cannot use them.

Saul cannot keep the fight off any longer. God has left him. So he says to the two men near him, "Go, take me to some medium, some witch—the witch of Endor." And they took him off down to Endor. How are the mighty fallen! One who had had Samuel and David for his counselors went to consult an old witch—an old medium! In the day when he took the advice of Samuel, he once had all these witches burned; but now he said, "Find me one." So he was led by some one away to Endor. He wanted Samuel brought before him. Yes, the time is coming when you who make light of the counsel of a loved friend, of a loved mother or a loved father—the time will come when you will cry: "Bring me my mother! Oh, that I could hear her counsel once more! Would that I had taken her advice!" That was the cry of Saul," "Would to God I had never left Samuel, would to God I had obeyed!" So he said to that medium, "Bring me up Samuel." But Samuel was buried sixty miles away. Some persons think that at that time Samuel was brought before him; but I do not believe God would permit an old witch to bring a man like Samuel anywhere. A man came to me some time ago and said: "I want to know if you would not like to go to a place where I go, and see them materialize these spirits? If you go there you can see your father and shake hands with him." I said, No; that I would as soon put my hand in the fire. "In the last day shall come spirits, spirits from hell." I believe we are there to-day. I believe they would deceive the very elect, if they could. Thank God,

we have the Holy Spirit for our guide and comforter. I never saw a man yet who believed in these things who was not an infidel, and who did not talk against the Bible. They come to see us, and want to know if we want our departed ones brought up. Let our friends rest with Jesus. Let us not think they are sleeping in the grave. God permits them to see something that I do not see. They will not be terrified and alarmed by being brought back here. God undoubtedly spoke to Saul there and told him of his doom—that he would not live twenty-four hours; that the next night he too would be in the arms of death. Then they tried to get him to eat. He had not eaten anything for many hours. After they had coaxed him for some time, he sat down upon the witch's bed and ate. Think of Saul, a friend of Samuel, taking his last supper in such a miserable place! At last the king arose and said, "We must go back." See him as he climbs the mountain side of Gilboa. His hour has almost come; only a few more hours, and he will be in another world. Oh, that he had cried to God that night to save his soul. But he does not say one word. He can, perhaps, as he goes on, see the enemy's fires burning on yon mountain side, while he steals back to his army. At last the battle commences, and the enemy prevail. It is not long before the whole Israelitish army is routed. They are beaten. When Saul saw there was no hope of saving his crown and he must perish, fearing that his enemies would take him alive, and perhaps put him into some prison to die, he asked his armor-bearer to kill him; but the armor-bearer would not. He took his own sword and fell upon it, and died. Let us learn a lesson from Saul. Let us obey God. "To obey God is better than sacrifice." It is obedience that God wants. You may ask, "What may I do to obey God?" You are just to believe on his Son and be saved. Will you obey him to-day?

WALKING WITH GOD.

"For even hereunto were ye called; because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that we should follow his steps: who did not sin, neither was guile found in his mouth; who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not; but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously." PETER 2: 21-23.

My subject this evening is walking with God. For six thousand years God has been trying to win men back into his company, that they might walk with him. We would be saved from many a dark hour, if we were only willing to walk with God; if we would only just let him take us by the hand, and lead us through this dark world. He would not lead us into darkness; He would not lead us into trouble and sorrow; he would lead us into the light. He sent his Son down here to tell us how to walk. In the 1st epistle of Peter, 2d chapter, 21st, 22d and 23d verses, it says: "For even hereunto were ye called, because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow in his stead; who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth, and when he was reviled, reviled not again. When he suffered, he threatened not, but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously."

What God wants is for us to follow in his footsteps. I have been told that there are some men out on the frontier, in the wilds of America, who in going through the Rocky Mountains will find an Indian trail where there is only one footprint, as if only one man had gone over the mountains; and I am told by those who know a good deal about these Indians, that the chief goes before, and all the rest of the tribe follow him and put their foot into his footsteps. That is what our Chief wants us to do. He has passed through the heavens and gone up on high, and wants us to follow. Whenever we are tempted, if we would just ask the question: "I wonder if Jesus would do it if he were here?" and be willing to take him as our guide, what a help it would be! I am talking now to God's people—to Christians; for no man would have any desire to walk with God until he is a Christian. You must be a subject of the kingdom of God before you will have any desire to follow the King. Will you turn to the 26th chapter of Leviticus—"Ye shall keep my Sabbaths and reverence my sanctuary: I am the Lord. If ye walk in my statutes and do them, then will I give you rain in due season, and the land shall yield her increase, and the trees of the field shall yield their fruit." And so he goes on and tells how he will bless them; and then again in the 12th verse: "And I will walk among you and will be your God, and ye shall be my people." If God is

only walking with us, what power we have got! We have nothing to fear then. We have nothing to fear, literally nothing, because God with all his influence is walking with us. We can walk through into glory; that is what he has promised us we may do. But he gives us a warning in the same chapter and the 27th verse: "And if you will not for all this hearken unto me, but walk contrary unto me; then I will walk contrary unto you also in fury; and I, even I, will chastise you seven times for your sins." "I will walk contrary to you." What is it makes all the trouble in New York? Because men are walking contrary to God. All the trouble in this world comes from that. He says: "If you will keep my statutes, I will walk with you." As long as God was walking with Israel, they had power and success; but they did not want him; they cast him out; they wanted a king like the nations round about. What is the result? How quickly they got into trouble, and God had to bring a deliverer, and send David. That has been the experience of men for thousands of years. The moment a man goes away from God and breaks away from his influence, he gets into trouble. I believe God has his hand upon this nation now, because they have walked contrary to him. During the past few years how he has blessed this nation! (I am talking now of his own children.) How many of them have prospered abundantly! But they have not made good use of their prosperity, and God has taken it away from them. I do not think he has got through yet. The hand of God seems to be upon the nation, and he is working contrary to us now. Most of us cannot stand prosperity. The moment God begins to prosper us, we forget all about him, and are carried away by the temptations of the world. In the 6th chapter of Jeremiah, 16th verse: "Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways, and seek, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls." There is where you get rest, in the old path. Men want everything different from the old way; they want some new Bible; they want some new Tophet, some new church, something that will tickle their ears and tell them there is no God and no heaven and no hell. That is the trouble. They do not want the good old gospel; they do not want the God of the Hebrews; they do not want the God of this Bible. Their cry is, "Give us some new gospel; give us some new way."

Every generation for the last six thousand years has had its class of men that wanted some way besides God's way. He says: "Ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls." If you want to find people that have rest, you will see they have found it in the old way. No one ever found it in the "broad church," as some call it. But here they will not hearken. They say, "We will not hearken." What is the result? The foreign nations came and conquered them, and took their

princes from them, and all their noblemen, and took them off to Babylon, and kept them seventy years in slavery; and they hung their harps on the willows, for they could not play in a foreign land. If you say, "We will not walk in the old way," then God will walk contrary to you.

It is one of the most astonishing things to me to see how people can go on, with their open Bible in their hands, and expect to gain anything by walking contrary to God. We do not gain anything by turning away from the God of our fathers. It is better to walk alone with God than to go with the whole world. The whole world has got to be punished if it goes contrary to God. Turning a moment into the New Testament, in Second Tessalonians, 3d chapter, 6th verse, I read: "Now we command you, brethren, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, that ye withdraw yourselves from every brother that walketh disorderly, and not after the tradition which he received of us. For yourselves know how ye ought to follow us; for we behaved not ourselves disorderly among you." Then turn over to Second Corinthians, 6th chapter, and 14th verse: "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers. For what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness, and what communion hath light with darkness? And what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel? And what agreement hath the temple of God with idols? For ye are the temple of the living God; as God hath said, I will dwell in them and walk in them, and I will be their God and they shall be my people. Wherefore, come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father to you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."

Now, if that is not clear, nothing is. We are then told what to do, and that if we are to keep company with God we have to be separate from the world. I do not know but it would be a good thing to stop preaching the gospel and go right to work and preach separation to the church, until the church shall separate from the world. If we could only draw the line, and say wherein they shall be separate!

This idea that we have to be mingled with ungodly men and be yoked with them is contrary to the teachings of God. God says, "If you will separate from the world, I will walk with you and bless you." If some prophet would arise and raise a cry of separation, and impress it upon the people until we could get the Church of God separate from the world, it wou'd be a great day for Christian people. "Be not unequally yoked." What does that mean? Some say that means matrimony. If a Christian man has a Christian wife, he says it means matrimony. If he has an unchristian wife, and wants to get away from her, he says it means matrimony. If a man

who is a Christian wants to marry a woman who is not a Christian, he says it does not mean matrimony. A man came to me one day, after I had been preaching on this subject, in great trouble. He said, "I enjoyed that part of your lecture ever so much, but I don't believe it means secret societies; does it?" "Do you belong to one? said I. "Yes," he said. And so people think it means what it says, unless it goes right home to them. I think we do not need any particular light thrown upon that passage; It is very clear. If God will walk with us, we have to be separate from unbelievers. If I am identified with ungodly persons, how is God going to walk with me? How can two walk together unless they be agreed? Walking means communion, fellowship. If you see two men walking together every day, coming up from business at night and going back down the avenue to business in the morning, we make up our minds that they agree with one another, and have fellowship together. If a man is walking all the time with unbelievers, it is pretty good proof that he is not walking with God. God says you must come out and be separate from the world. I believe it means matrimony. I do not believe a Christian man has a right to marry any unconverted woman. I do not believe any woman has a right to marry any unconverted man. I imagine you will, many of you, go out of this building after you have heard this, and laugh about it, and ridicule the whole idea. Nevertheless, here is the Word of God for it. I never knew any one to go against it that did not suffer for it. Let him that takes off the harness laugh, not him that puts it on. It is not for you, young people, that have not seen as much of life and the world as some others, to say that you can go right on and dispute this thing. You can see it is plain. There is not a mother here that would not feel badly to have a daughter marry a man that could not bear her, but would only make her wretched and abuse her. There is no father here who would not be made miserable by such a possibility. Do you suppose God does not feel it to have his sons and daughters marry an unregenerate and unconverted person that hated God, and would doubt him and misrepresent him and abuse him? That is what the world is doing. You say: "Yes, but I will have influence over this person if I marry him." Well, get influence over him before you marry him. You may say some Christians are already married to unbelievers. Well, you have passages of scripture about that to tell you what to do. You are not then to be separated. If you are not already married, if you are not yoked, you had better take the advice given here in the Word of God. Do not be yoked up with unbelievers. Some of you say, perhaps: "If you take that ground, some people will leave the church." Well, of course; but a great many more will come who will be worth hundreds of such. Is it not a good deal better to have these false professors go back? We say go back; but that they could not do, because they

have never really gone forward. It is the church shaking off these pretenders that are hanging on to it. God says, he will walk with us and adopt us as his children. I would rather have the smile of heaven than the applause of the unconverted world. We have been trying too long to call upon the sons of Belial to help on the church. We can get on without them. It will wake up the converted pretenders to feel that the church can do without them. You say we need their money. We can get along well enough without it. God's people have money enough. God is rich; the cattle on a thousand hills are his; he can take care of us; he has money enough.

A man came to me some time ago in some trouble, because having formed a partnership some time before with two men in business, he found his partners wanted him to do something that would compromise his Christian principles. He was greatly excited. I asked, "When did you form this partnership?" "Three years ago." "When did you become a Christian?" "Fifteen years ago." "Oh," said I, "there is the trouble. Why did you go and yoke yourself up with these unbelievers?" He said: "I thought I could make more money, and could give it to the Lord." That is the way with a good many; but the Lord can do without your money. Be right with God, and let the money take care of itself. I cannot, with an open Bible before me, see what right any child of God has to go and yoke himself up with unbelievers, in business, or in secret societies, or any other society. If you say it is to do good, you can do more good without them than you can possibly do by identifying yourself with them. Abraham had more influence over Sodom away up in heaven than Lot had there in Sodom. You say you must go into the world, and go to theatres and the opera, and be hand and glove with the world, in order to lift the world up, and get an influence over the world. I am sure that in the twenty-one years that I have been in the Church of God, it has been my experience that these worldly Christians never lifted up the world yet. Some one said: "You might as well try to make the ocean fresh by throwing a piece of fresh meat into it, as expect to help up the world by becoming a part of it."

We have been redeemed out of this world and transplanted into another world. We are children of the light; let us walk with children of the light, and not with children of darkness. I have noticed that when a Christian man goes into the world to get an influence over the world, and does as the world does, he suffers more than the world does. Oh, my friends if you want power with God and man, be separate from the world! You say if you take that stand you will have to go alone! Well, you can go alone, if you have God with you. Some one said, "If you take that course, the whole world is against you." Well, then, be against the whole world. Stand alone with God, and God will bless you. Joseph in Egypt, walking

with God, had more power than all the men in Egypt apart from him. When they locked him into prison, they had to lock the Almighty in with him. You may suffer in the sight of the world, for a while; they may abuse you and say that you are a Pharisee. Never mind. Know that you are right, and be able to look up and see God smiling upon you. Oh, that God's dear people may learn the sweet lesson of separation! Be not unequally yoked with unbelievers. Come out from them. "I will be your God, and I will walk with you," says Jehovah. I believe in my soul that the reason why so few of us have power with God and with man is because we are so near the world, and we are so much like it. Oh! that the Spirit may show us what it is to be separate, to-day, that we may know what it is to have God walk with us!

In the 8th chapter of John, it tells about a great many Christians that are groping in darkness; and I hear a great many persons say they feel just so. I will tell you the reason. You have got away from Christ. I contend that it is utterly impossible for any child of God to walk in the darkness who is following him. Why? Because he is the Light of the World. If you just get near him, you will have the light all around you. It is because people have got away from the light that they are groping in darkness. It is the privilege of every child of God to walk in an unclouded sun. If people would stop looking down at themselves, and would look up at Christ and keep looking at him, they would have peace and light and joy all the while. That is where you get those things. There is no light in ourselves; or if there is, it is borrowed light that comes from God. Christ is the Light of the World. He says: "If any man follow me, he shall not walk in darkness; he shall have the light of life."

When I was a little boy I used to try to catch my own shadow. I don't know whether any of you have been so foolish as that or not. I could not see why the shadow always kept ahead of me. Once I happened to be racing with my face to the sun, and I looked over my head and saw my shadow coming back of me; and it kept behind me all the way. It is the same with the Sun of Righteousness. Peace and joy will go with you while you go with your face toward him.

Once I was trying to walk across the field after a fresh fall of snow. I would try and see how straight a line I could make with my footprints in the snow. When I looked around to see how straight I was going, I always walked crooked; but if I kept my eye on the mark ahead of me, and did not take it off, I could walk straight enough. So if Christians only kept their eyes on the mark—on Christ Jesus, and followed in his footsteps, not turning around to see what kind of a path they made—they would walk straighter. He is our model. If, instead of asking, Why can't I do this and that? Why can't I dance? Why can't I go to the theatre? Why

can't I read *The New York Ledger?* I don't see why I can't do it! Can you? Then put it in this way, What is the use of it? "Will it make me a better Christian?" If it won't, then I won't do them. Instead of asking, What is the use? and Why can't I? ask if it will be for the honor and glory of Jesus; and if it won't, say, I won't do it.

I do not see that we can have any better example than Christ himself. Just consult the Word of God, and see what Christ would do. You will find that God never makes a man do wrong. Who ever heard of a man backsliding who walked with God? God never backslides. If we are going to keep company with God, we have got to walk. God does not stand still, and does not run. You must grow in grace, or else in worldliness. Enoch walked with God. He found the right way, back there in that dim age. He was the most unpopular man in that time. If they had had him up for office, I don't think he would have got to be even so much as constable. God and he agreed very well, so that at last God said to him, "Come up here and walk with me." Old Dr. Bonner said, "Enoch started on a very long walk one day—he has not got back yet." It is sweet to walk with God. We walk the wilderness to-day, and the promised land to-morrow. Oh, that we all could say, "Father, take my hand," and put our hands in his to-day. There is a difference between our having hold of God and his having hold of us. If God has hold of me, I cannot fall, can I? If the great God who created heaven and earth held us by the hand, what have we to fear? When my little girl was about three or four years old her mother got her a new muff, and then she wanted to go right out and take a walk with that muff. She teased me to go out walking with her. I told her I was tired, but after a while I got up and went with her. I said, "Emma, you had better let me take hold of your hand." She said, "No, I want to put my hands in my muff like mamma does." She was as proud as a peacock with the muff, and went strutting down the street. So a great many people start out with the idea that they are saved and can get along without the Word of God, but they find they need to have God hold them all the time. My little girl went alone for a minute, and by-and-by down she went. When she got up she said, "Papa, I wish you would let me take hold of your little finger;" but I said, "If you do, when your feet go from under you, you will let go and go down." She insisted on having my little finger, so I gave it to her. Pretty soon her little feet slipped from under her, and down she went again. Then when she got up she said, "Papa, I wish you would take my hand." So I took her little hand, and held it by the wrist. Her feet went out from under her a number of times after that; but she did not fall, because I held her. Oh, my friends let us learn the lesson to-day of separation from the world. Enoch walked with God, and God saved him. Abraham walked with God,

and God became his friend. Let us to-day put our hands in his as a friend, and take hold and walk with him.

LOVE.

"But if any man love God, the same is known of him." 1 CORINTHIANS 8: 3.

A few weeks ago we had for our subject, Love. I did not say upon that occasion all I wanted to upon that subject; and to-day I would like to continue it. Some one has said that the fruit of the Spirit is all in one word—"love." It speaks in Galatians about love, the fruit of the Spirit being love, joy, peace, gentleness, long-suffering, meekness and temperance. The way this writer has put it—and I think it is very beautiful—is that joy is love exultant, peace is love in repose, and long-suffering is love enduring. It is all love, you see, and gentleness is love is society, and goodness is love in action, and faith is love on the battle-field, and meekness is love at school, and temperance is love in training. Now there are a great many that have got love, and they hold the truth. I should have said they have got truth but they don't hold it in love; and they are very unsuccessful in working for God. They are very harsh, and God cannot use them. Now let us hold the truth, but let us hold it in love. People will stand almost any kind of plain talk, if you only do it in love. If you do it in harshnes it bounds back, and they won't receive it. So what we want is to have the truth, and at the same time hold it in love.

Then there is another class of people in the world that have got the truth; but they love so much that they give up the truth, because they are afraid it will hurt some one's feelings. That is wrong. We want the whole truth any way. We don't want to give it up but hold it in love; and I believe one reason why people think God don't love them is, because they have not this love. I met a lady in the inquiry-room to-day, and I could not convince her that God loved her; for she said if he did love her, he would not treat her as he had. And I believe people are all the time measuring God with their own rule, as I said the other day; and we are not sincere in our love, and we very often profess something we don't really possess. Very often we profess to have love for a person when we do not; and we think God is like us. Now God is just what he says he is, and he

wants his children to be sincere in love; not to love just merely in word and in tongue, but to love in earnest. That is what God does. You ask me why God loves. You might as well ask me why the sun shines. It can't help shining, and neither can he help loving, because he is love himself; and any one that says that he is not love, does not know anything about love himself. If we have got the true love of God shed abroad in our hearts, we will show it in our life. We will not have to go up and down the earth proclaiming it; we will show it in everything we say or do.

There is a good deal of what you might call sham love. People profess to love you very much, when you find it is all on the surface. It is not heart love. Very often you are in a person's house, and the servant comes in and says such a person is in the front room; and she says: "Oh, dear, I am so sorry he has come; I can't bear the sight of him;" and she'll get right up and go into the other room, and say, "Why, how do you do? I am very glad to see you!" [Laughter.] There is a good deal of that sort of thing in the world. I remember, too, I was talking with a man one day, and an acquaintance of his came in; and he jumped up at once and shook him by the hand—why, I thought he was going to shake his hand out of joint, he shook so hard, and he seemed to be so glad to see him, and wanted him to stay, but the man was in a great hurry and could not stay, and he coaxed and urged him to stay, but the man said no, he would come another time; and after that man went out my companion turned to me and said, "Well, he is an awful bore; and I am glad he's gone." Well, I began to feel that I was a bore, too; and I got out as quick as I could. [Laughter.] That is not real love; that is love with the tongue, while the heart is not true. Now, let us not love in word and in tongue, but in deed and in truth. That is the kind of love God gives us, and he wants the same in return.

Now there is another side to this truth. A man was talking to me, out here the other day, that he didn't believe there was any love at all; that Christians professed to have love, but he didn't believe men could have two coats; and I think he reflected on me, because I had on my overcoat at the time, and he hadn't got any. I looked at him and said: "Suppose I should give you one of my coats, you would drink it up before sundown. I love you too much to give you my coat and have you drink it up." A good many people are complaining now that Christians don't have the love they ought to have; but I tell you it is no sign of want of love that we don't love the lazy man. I have no sympathy with those men that are just begging twelve months of the year. It would be a good thing, I believe, to have them die off. They are of no good. I admit that there are some that are not real, and sincere, and true; but there are many that would give the last penny they had to help a man who really needed help.

But there are a good many sham cases—men that won't work, and the moment they get a penny they spend it in drink. To such men it is no charity to give. A man that won't work should be made to work. I believe there is a great deal more hope of a drunkard, or a murderer, or a gambler, than there is of a lazy man. I never heard of a lazy man being converted yet, though I remember talking once with a minister in the backwoods of Iowa about lazy men. He was all discouraged in his efforts to convert lazy men; and I said to him, "Did you ever know of a lazy man to be converted?" "Yes," said he, "I knew of one, but he was so lazy he did not stay converted but about six weeks." And that is as near as I ever heard of a lazy man being converted; and if there are any here to-day saying they don't love us because we don't give them any money, I say we love them too well. We don't give to them because it is ruin.

Some years ago I picked up several children in Chicago, and thought I would clothe and feed them; and I took special interest in those boys, to see what I could make of them. I don't think it was thirty days before the clothes had all gone to whisky, and the fathers had drank it all up. One day I met one of the little boys, for whom I had bought a pair of boots only the day before. There was a snow-storm coming up, and he was barefooted. "Mike," says I, "how's this? Where are your shoes?" "Father and mother took them away," said he. There is a good deal that we think is charity, that is really doing a great deal of mischief; and the people must not think, because we don't give them money to aid them in their poverty, that we don't love them; for the money would go into their pockets to get whisky with. It is no sign that we are all hypocrites, and insincere in our love, that we don't give money. I believe if the prodigal son could have got all the money he wanted in that foreign country, he would never have come home, and it was a good thing for him that he did get hard up, and had to live on the husks that the swine ate. And it is a good thing that people should suffer. If they get a good living without work, they will never work. We can never make anything of them. God has decreed that man shall earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, and not live on other people.

But I am getting away from the subject. I only wanted to touch upon this subject because a good many are complaining that Christian people don't help them. I have sometimes fifteen or twenty letters a day, coming from Kansas and Europe even, asking us to take up a collection. They say: "Here is a poor woman. Just get the people to give a penny apiece." Suppose we began doing that sort of thing. We should have to have somebody to look up this man or this woman, and find if they are worthy. If we took up one collection we would have to take up five hundred. I never found a person true to Christ but what the Lord would take care of them. I think it is a good thing for people to suffer a little until they come back to

God. They will find that God will take care of them that love him. A great many say, "Oh, I love God." It is easy enough to say this; but if you do love God he knows about it, be assured. He knows how much you love him. You may deceive your neighbors, and think you love God, and assume a good deal of love, when there is really no love in your heart. Now it says in Corinthians viii. 3: "But if any man love God, the same is known of him." God is looking from heaven down into this world just to find that one man. God knows where he lives, the number of his house, and the name of the street he lives in. In fact he has the very hairs of your head numbered; and he will take good care of you. He will not let any of his own children come to want. He will not let any of those who come to want suffer. He will provide for their wants, if they are only sincere; but he don't want any sham work. When the Lord was here, he was all the time stripping those Pharisees of their miserable self-righteousness. They professed great love for him, while their hearts were far from God. Let us not profess to love God with our tongue and lips, while our lives are far from it.

Another class says: "I don't know whether I love God or not; I am really anxious to know whether or not I love God." Now, if you are really anxious, it won't take you long to find out. You cannot love God and the world at the same time, because they abhor each other. They are at enmity, always have been, and always will be. It is the world that crucified God's Son; it was the world that put God's Son to death. Therefore, if we love the world, it is pretty good evidence that the love of the Father is not in us. We may say our prayers and go through some religious performances, but our hearts are not right with God; because we cannot love God and the world at the same time. We have got to get the world under our feet, and the love of God must be first in our hearts, or else we have not got the love of God. The command we have is, that he who loveth God loveth his brother also. Now if we have got our heart full of enmity and jealousy and malice toward any of God's children, it is a sure sign that the love of God is not in our hearts. To love a man that loves me—that don't require any goodness; the greatest infidel can do that; but to love a man that reviles me and lies about me and slanders me—that takes the grace of God. I may not associate with him; but I may love him. I may hate the sin, but love the sinner. And that is one of the tests by which I find out whether you have love in your heart. The first impulse of the young convert is to love every one, and to do all the good he can, and that is the sign that a man has been born from above, born of God, and that he has got real love in his heart; and these tests God gives us that we may know. The question is: Do you love the world? Had you rather go to a theatre than to prayer-meeting? Had you rather go to a dance than to commune with the godly? If so it is, then it is a

good sign that you have not been converted and not born of God. That is a good test. People want to know whether they love God or not; let them turn to that test and they will find out. If your heart is set on the world and you had rather not be with God's people, it is a sure sign that you have not been born of God.

Well, there is another class of people who say: "I don't see, if God really loves me and I love him, why I am called upon to have so many afflictions and troubles." Just turn a moment to the 8th chapter of Romans, the 28th verse: "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them that are called according to his promise." It is not in a few things, not a part of them, but *all* work together for good. Give a man constant prosperity and how quick he turns away from God; and so it is a little trouble here, and a little reverse here, and some prosperity there, and taken all together it is the very thing we need.

If you just take your Bibles, you will find that God loves you. There is no one in this wide world, sinner, that loves you as God loves you. You may think your father loves you, or your mother loves you, or a brother or a sister, but let me tell you, you can multiply it by ten thousand times ten thousand before it can equal God's love. "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." Can you have greater proof of God's love and Christ's love? "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Christ laid down his life for his enemies. Ah, my friends, it will take all eternity for us to find out the height and breadth and length and depth of God's love. I am told that when that Roman Catholic Archbishop in Paris was thrust into prison during the last war, there was a window in the door of his cell in the shape of a cross. He took his pencil and at the top and bottom marked the height and length and depth, and at each end of the arm the length and breadth. Ah, that Catholic bishop had been to Calvary. He could realize the breadth and length and depth and height of God's love, and that Christ gave himself up freely for us all.

How a man with an open Bible can say that God don't love him is more than I can understand. But the devil is deceitful, and puts that into their heads. Let me beg you, go to Calvary, and there you may, just for a moment, catch a glimpse of God's love. There was a man came from Europe to this country, a year or two ago; and he became dissatisfied and went to Cuba in 1867, when they had that great civil war there. Finally, he was arrested for a spy, court-martialed, and condemned to be shot. He sent for the American consul, and the English consul, and went on to prove to them that he was no spy. These two men were thoroughly convinced that the man was no spy; and they went to one of the Spanish officers and said, "This man you have condemned to be shot is an innocent man."

"Well," the Spanish officer says, "the man has been legally tried by our laws and condemned; and the law must take its course, and the man must die." And the next morning the man was led out; the grave was already dug for him, and the black cap was put on him, and the soldiers were there ready to receive the order, "fire," and in a few moments the man would be shot, and be put in the grave, and covered up, when who should rise up but the American consul, who took the American flag and wrapped it around him, and the English consul took the English flag and wrapped it around him, and they said to those soldiers, "Fire on those flags, if you dare!" Not a man dared; there were two great governments behind those flags. And so God says, "Come under my banner, come under the banner of love, come under the banner of heaven." God will take good care of all that comes under his banner. Oh, my friends, come under the banner of heaven to-night. This banner is a banner of love. May it float over every soul here, is the prayer of my heart. God don't will the death of any who will come under his banner of love. It is pure love; and, sinner, may the love of God bring you into the fold, is the prayer of my heart. I read once of a young man who left his father, and at last that father died, and the boy came to the funeral, and there was not a tear that flowed over his cheeks during all the funeral. He saw that father laid down into the grave, and he did not shed a tear. When they came to break the will, and the boy heard that the father had dealt kindly with him, and had given him some property, he began to shed tears. When that boy heard his father's will read, his heart was broken, and he came to his father's God. Oh, sinner, if you want to find out God's love, take this last will and testament of Jesus Christ. He showed his love by going to Calvary; he showed his love by his death agony there. He loves you with an everlasting love; he don't want you to perish. Oh, may you love him in return.

CHRIST AND ADAM

"The first man, Adam, was made a living soul, the last Adam was made a quickening spirit." 1 CORINTHIANS 15 : 45.

I want to speak to-day upon the subject of the two Adams. Every person in this hall to-day is either in the first or second Adam; and I want for a little while just to draw the contrast between the two Adams. In the first chapter of Genesis, 26th verse, we find the Lord made the first Adam lord over everything, over creation. They have in the old country a great many titled men, and a good many that they call lords. You might say that Adam was the first lord; he was the first man that was lord over creation. God had made him lord, or you might say king; and the whole world was his kingdom. He was the father of all. The second Adam you will find if you turn to the first of Mark. You will see that when Christ commenced his ministry, after he had been baptized by John, he went off into the wilderness; and there he was among the wild beasts for forty days. He was not made lord over everything. He came not as the first Adam did, but he that was rich became poor for our sakes. Then in the second chapter of Genesis, the 17th verse, you will find the first Adam introduces sin into the world. I used to stumble over that verse more than any other verse in the whole Bible. I could not understand how God said Adam should die the day he ate that fruit and yet he lived a thousand years. I didn't understand then, as I do now, that the life of the body is not anything in comparison with the death of the soul. Adam died in his soul right there and then. Death is just being banished from God's sight; for God is the author of life, and the moment the commmnication was cut between Adam and God, that was the end of life. It was then "Eat and die." Thank God! it is now Eat and live. If we eat of the bread of heaven, we shall live forever.

Then in the 3d chapter of the 6th verse, God told him not to do it; and when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eye, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat. Now, there is the first sin that came into the world. The second man, instead of yielding to sin—he that knew no sin—became sin for us. The first man brought sin upon us and brought sin into the world; but the second man, who was without sin, became sin for us. A great many complain because Adam's sin comes down upon the human race all these 6000

years. They seem to think it is unjust in God that Adam's sin should be visited upon the whole human race; but they forget that the very day Adam fell God gave us a Savior and a way of escape; so that, instead of complaining about God being unjust, it seems to me every one of us ought to look on the other side and see what a God of grace and love we have. God was under no obligation to do that. If it had been any one of us, we would have come down and pulled the rebel from the face of the earth. We would have created another man, it might have been; but God made a way for Adam and all his posterity to be saved. He gave us another man from heaven, and through him all of us could be saved, just by accepting life. Through the disobedience of one, many were made sinners; but, thank God, through the obedience of another, many are made heirs of eternal life. I want every one in this hall to just turn away from this first Adam. He has brought all the misery into this world. It came by Adam's disobedience and transgression. He disobeyed, and sin came, and death came by sin. God's word must be kept, but you turn to the 11th chapter of John, and you find Christ is the Resurrection and the Life. One brought death, and the other brought immortality to life. If it were not for Christ, we should know nothing about resurrection. I pity the poor man that ignores Christ, who rejects the Son of God. What has he got to do at the resurrection? In the 3d chapter of Genesis the first Adam lost life. In the first chapter of John, the second Adam gives it back to us, if we will only take it. The gift of God is eternal life, and all we have to do is just to take it. All the pain and sickness in this world came by the first Adam; but, thank God, the second Adam came to bear away our griefs and sorrows. "Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows." And you will find in the 17th chapter of Matthew, that he cures our sicknesses. Now, when the first Adam had done this, had sinned and brought death upon the world, had brought a curse upon it, he ran away and hid in the bushes. But when the second Adam came to take his place and suffer his guilt, instead of hiding away in the bushes of Gethsemane, he came out and said to these men who were seeking for him, "Whom seek ye?" and they said, "Jesus of Nazareth;" and he answered and said, "Here am I." He delivered himself up. The first man was disobedient unto death, but the second man was obedient unto death. Through the obedience of one many shall be made alive, many shall live forever. Turn back to Corinthians, 15th chapter, 45th verse. That is the most wonderful chapter, almost, in the whole Word of God. You ought to be well acquainted with the 15th chapter. "And so it is written, the first man, Adam, was made a living soul, the last Adam was made a quickening spirit." Now, there is a difference between a living soul and a quickening spirit. The first was made a living soul; but he could not impart life to a

dead body. He could hand life down through his own family and his own line. He was made a living soul, and he could have lived forever, if he had not sinned; but the second Adam was made a quickening spirit; therefore he could raise others from the dead. All he had to do was to speak to a dead body, and it would live. That is the difference between the first Adam and the second. The first was made a living soul, and he lost life; and the second was made a quickening spirit, and all he had to do was to speak to dead bodies and they lived. He was the conqueror over death; he bound death hand and foot, and overcame it, and was a quickening spirit.

Now the first Adam was of earth, earthly. God promised him the earth; God gave him Eden, and he was all of this earth, earthly. The second man is the Lord from heaven. That is the difference between the two Adams. One is all of earth, earthly, and the other is from heaven. Now I don't see what people are going to do with these passages in the Bible where they try to ignore Christ's godhead, saying that He did not belong to the godhead. That he was not God-man. "The second man was from heaven," says Paul; and therefore he spoke as a man from heaven. When the first Adam was tempted, he yielded to the first temptation. When the second Adam was tempted, He resisted. Satan gave him a trial. God won't have a Son that He cannot try. He was tried; he was tempted; He took upon him your nature and mine, and withstood the temptation. The first Adam was tempted *by* his bride. The second was tempted *for* His bride. God says, "I will give you the church." He was tempted in this world just for his bride—the Church. He came for his bride, and instead of the bride tempting him, he overcame all that he might win the bride to himself. And you can always tell the difference between the two Adams. When the first Adam sins, he begins to make an excuse. Man must have an excuse always ready for his sins. When God came down and said, "Adam, where art thou? What have you been doing? Have you been eating of that tree?" he hung his head, and had to own up that he had; but he said, "Lord, it is the woman that tempted me." He had to charge it back upon God, you see. Instead of putting the blame where it belonged, on his own shoulders, he tried to blame God for his sins. That is what the first Adam was. We have it right here every day in our inquiry-room—men trying to charge the sin back on God, instead of getting up and confessing their sins. They say: "Why did God tempt me? Why did God do this and that?" That was the spirit of the first Adam. But, thank God, the second Adam made no excuse. He took it upon himself to bear our sins upon the tree. The first Adam looked upon the tree and plucked its fruit, and fell. The second Adam was nailed to the tree. "Cursed is every one that is nailed to the tree." He became a curse for us. The two wonderful events that have taken place in the world are these, that when the first

Adam went up from Eden he left a curse upon the earth; but when the second Adam went up from the Mount of Olives He lifted the curse. The first brought the curse upon the earth, the second as he went up from the Mount of Olives lifted the curse, and so every man that is in Christ can shout Victory! And there is no victory until he is in Christ.

When God turned Adam out of Eden, he put cherubim at the gate with a sword; he could not go back to the tree of life. It would have been a terrible thing if they had gone back and eaten the fruit, and had never died. O my friends, it is a good thing to be able to die, that in the evening of life we may shuffle off this old Adam coil, and be with the Son of God. There is nothing sad about death to a man that is in Jesus Christ. God put a sword there to guard the tree of life. The Son of man went into the garden and plucked up the tree, and transferred it into Paradise. The gates are ajar (that is a poetical expression, but I use it for an illustration); and all we have to do is to walk right in and pluck the fruit and eat. Men complain because Adam was driven out of the Garden of Eden. I would rather be up there, where Satan cannot go, than to be in the old Eden.

Thanks be to God, Satan cannot go up there! The tree is planted by the throne of God, and there is the crystal stream by the river, and the tree is planted beside it. If God put Adam out of this earthly Eden on account of one sin, do you think he will let us into the Paradise above with our tens of thousands of sins upon us? If he punished one sin in that way, and would not allow him to live in the old garden for one sin, will he permit us to go to heaven, with all our many sins upon us? There is no sense in the sacred history of the atonement, unless our sins have been transferred to another and put away. There is no hope unless God's sword has been raised against sin; and if God finds sin on you and I, we must die. All we have to do is to turn our sins over to him who has borne our sins in his own body on the tree. Will you turn to the third chapter of Colossians, 3d verse: "For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God." When Adam was driven out of Eden, all he lost was an earthly garden. God never promised him heaven. He was not a fallen man; he was an earthly man. God gave him Eden. What do we get if we are of the second Adam? The moment that God pronounced his creation good, then evil began to creep in. You could hear the footsteps of Satan coming. Satan said to himself: "Good, is it? I will mar it then;" and he went to work to destroy God's work. But no sooner had Satan left Eden, than God came right down and put man into a higher place than before. Thanks be to him, we have our life hid with Christ in God! You know Satan was once the son of the morning, but God afterward cast him out; and now God takes a man and puts him in Satan's former place beside him on the throne. We have more in the second Adam than we lost in the first Adam.

There is a poor sinner that takes and hides his life in Christ; how will Satan get at him? He is secure. Our life is where Satan cannot get at it. If he could, he would get at it before we could have time to get our dinners to-day, and we could not have the power ourselves to keep him out; but Christ keeps him out, and we are secure. When God said to old Adam, "Where art thou?" Adam went and hid away. When he asked the second Adam, "Where art thou?" he was at the right hand of God. When God asked the first Adam, "What hast thou done?" he said he had sinned. The second Adam said, "I have glorified thee forever." He came for that purpose; that is all that he did when he was down here on earth.

I want to call your attention to the natures of the two men. It is one of the most important truths that can be brought out. I was a Christian for twelve or fifteen years before I understood the two natures. I had a good deal of doubt and uncertainty, because I did not understand one thing. I thought when a man was converted God changed his whole nature. We very often talk about a change of heart. I do not think that is a good way to put it. You cannot find those words in scripture. All through scripture it is a "new birth;" it is a new creation; it is a new life given; "born from above of the Spirit;" "born again." If it is a new birth, it must be a new nature. I believe that every child of God has two natures. Some people say, "Why have you Christians so much conflict? You are always struggling with yourselves, and having conflict. We don't have it. Why is it?" Because we have two natures; and there is a battle always going on between the worlds of light and darkness. Once there was a judge who had a colored man. The colored man was very godly, and the judge used to have him to drive him around in his circuit. The judge often talked with him; and the man would tell the judge about his religious experience, and battles and conflicts. One day the judge said to him: "Sambo, how is it that you Christians are always talking about the conflict you have with Satan? I am better off than you are. I don't have any conflicts or trouble, and yet I am an infidel." That floored the colored man for a while. He didn't know how to meet the old infidel's argument. The judge always carried a gun along with him, for hunting. Pretty soon they came to a lot of ducks. The judge took his gun and blazed away at them, and wounded one and killed another. The judge said quickly, "You jump in and get the wounded duck;" and did not pay any attention to the dead one until the wounded one was safely secured. The colored man then thought he had his illustration. He said to the judge, "I think I can explain to you now how it is that Christians have more conflict than infidels. Don't you know that the moment you wounded that duck, how anxious you was to get him out, and that you didn't care anything about the dead duck until after you had saved the other one?" "Yes," said

the judge. "Well, I am a wounded duck; and I am all the time trying to get away from the devil; but you are a dead duck, and he has you anyhow, and does not bother about you until he gets me for certain." So the devil has no conflict. He can devour the helpless and the widow, and it does not trouble him; he can drive a sharp bargain, and get the advantage of a man and ruin him, and not be troubled about it; and he can heap up such things all the time and have no conflict within. Why? Because the new nature in him is not begun. When a man is born of God, he gets a new life. One is from heaven and comes from Christ, that heavenly manna that comes from the throne of God. The other is of the earth, earthy, and comes of the old Adam. When I was born of my father and mother, I received their nature; when they were born of their parents, they received their nature; and you can trace it back to Eden. We then received God's nature.

There are two natures in man that are as distinct as day and night. With that old Adam in us, if we do not keep him down in the place of death, he brings us into captivity. I do not see how any one can explain the 6th, 7th, and 8th chapters of Romans in any other way. People sometimes tell me they have got out of the 7th chapter of Romans; but I notice they get back there again, always. The fact is, we do not know ourselves. It takes us all our lives to find out who and what we are: and when we think we know, something happens that makes us think we are not much further than we were when we started. The heart is deceitful above all things. In the 6th chapter of Romans, it is written: "Knowing this, that the old man is crucified with him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin. For he that is dead is freed from sin." And in the 11th verse there are just three words to be specially considered: "Reckon yourselves dead." If we were really dead, we would not have to reckon ourselves dead; but if we were dead, as it means there, we would have to think of it and "reckon" about it. Judicially, we are dead; but in reality we are down here fighting the world, the flesh, and the devil. Some people seem to think they have got away from the flesh, and that they are soaring away in a sort of seventh heaven; but they get back again sooner or later. We find them wandering off down here. You cannot make the flesh anything but flesh. It will be flesh all the time; it will bring us into captivity. If we do not put it off and crucify it, and keep it in the place of death, it will keep us there forever. What if a man does yield, and says it is not he, but it is the sin in him? It is but one man after all, not two men; and one man is responsible. If I am led astray by Satan, I may protest against it as much as my accuser does. I say, I know I have been wrong; I was off my guard; I was not watching; but I hate it as much as any one does. That is the reason why, in the 7th chapter of Romans, he calls it, "I pro-

test." But protestation does not excuse us. A man went into court having been arrested for something. He said he did not do it; and when it was proved on him, he said he did not do it—it was the old man in him. The judge said: "Well, I will send the old man to prison; the other may do what he can." If we yield and sin, we have to suffer.

And at the very time that we are doing good, Satan comes along and says, "That is a good action;" and goes on and gets us all puffed up. There are a good many that have been ruined by spiritual pride. This very time we are trying to do good, the devil is present trying to get us to do it with some impure motive. We are to put him off; he is no longer our master. We have been redeemed, and we belong to the new man. We must starve out the old man; give him no food at all; not let him speak. The more we put him down, the weaker he gets, and the more the new man speaks through us, the more power he has and stronger he gets. As the house of Saul grew weaker and weaker, the house of David grew stronger. If you feed the old Adam it will go right on growing. If you go on with the world, and go to the theaters and to dancing-halls in preference to prayer-meetings, the old man will get stronger and stronger.

A friend of mine said that when he was converted and began preaching, he talked a good deal about himself. He said one day he saw in one of the hymn books left by a godly woman who had a seat in the church, a fly leaf on which was written these words: "Dear Harry; not I, but Christ; not flesh, but spirit; not sight, but faith." These words my friend pasted in his Bible, and never preached or thought any more about himself. He kept himself out of the way. That is just what the old man does not do. With him it is self, self, self. If it is the new man, it is not I, but Christ. If it is the new man, it is not flesh, but spirit. If it is the new man, it is not sight but faith. In the old Adam, it is death; in the new Adam, it is eternal life. We all come under the two heads. Which, my friend, do you belong to, the old creation or the new? Let us pray that we may stand by the throne of God, clothed in the righteousness of the second Adam.

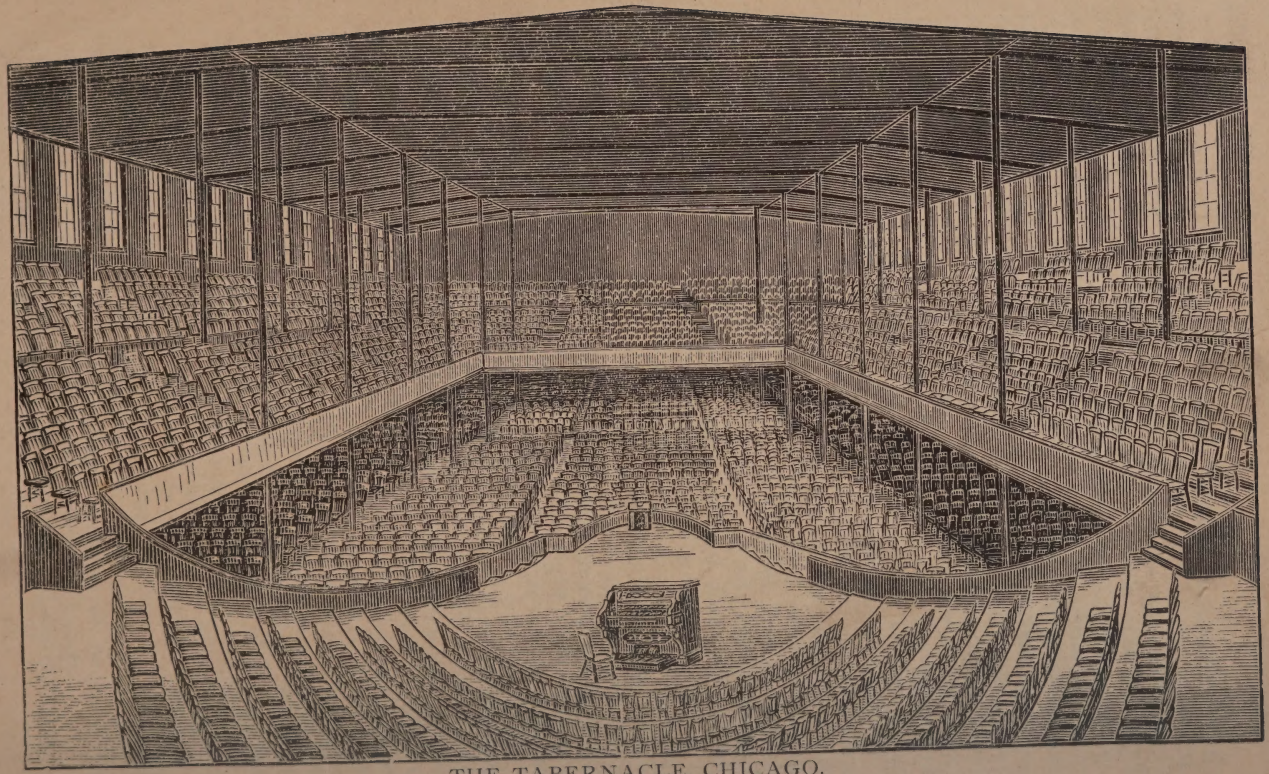
that God can do a great work here; and that practical belief will make us work as we ought to. It will be a hard work, but with this lever of faith it can be done, and in short order. There must be honest work, a lifting up of one's self first as far as may be, and then a leaving of the rest to God, whose word will completely roll the stone away and raise the dead. And what a need there is for this resurrection in all our souls. How dead our sense of sin! How forgetful that iniquity cannot live in our heart and word and act! How careless and indifferent even to have things anywise different than they are! Is the fault God's? No; the only trouble is with ourselves; we will not ask him that he will help us to do better things. We do not want to do them. How lukewarm the love of God in our hearts, and how selfish and cold, in consequence, our thoughts toward our neighbor! It is a wonder to me how long our standard can fly, and yet we can profess to be Christians. Do we not need to cry that God will revive us? Yes; it is we ourselves that must first be quickened! Our own hearts—those of us who profess to be Christians—must feel anew the joys of sins forgiven, and a re-kindling of the early fires of faith and holy living. Only thus can good influences be made effectual on those outside. I have heard many complain of the answer of prayer being withheld, when the secret lay just here. A woman, though a professing Christian, need not pray for her husband's conversion if she be governed by an evil temper. She need not talk, even to God, about her husband until she gets command of her railing tongue and wicked looks. If you are not Christ-like in your behavior, you need not expect to be taken for an example by your godless neighbor. He will not imitate you, even if he does not despire you for your hollow professions. I recall an illustration used by my dear friend Morehouse, when he was in this city. The Apostle Paul stood with the gathering crowd about the fire, warming himself after the shipwreck, when, as they piled the wood on the fire, a viper sprang from the flame and fastened itself on his hand. Immediately the gaping crowd cried out that he was a reprobate, whom, though he had escaped the waves, vengeance would not let live. But presently Paul shook the viper from his hand into the fire, when they, seeing he did not die, changed their opinion entirely, and Paul preached to them the saving word of life. The apostle shook off the viper, and the confidence of men flowed out to him. Let us Christians all imitate this grand example; let us shake off, with God's help, the vipers of evil temper, and all the evil things that make our Christianity a nullity, and too often a reproach in the eyes of those we would call to a like name and inheritance with ourselves. And, as a community as well, we must shake off the venomous beast, whose poison not only repels others, but kills and enfeebles ourselves.

The vipers of London are different from those of New York; and,

again, our own are unlike either of these. Covetousness, the inordinate greed for gain, has fastened on the hand of Chicago, along with many another Western city; and the sting will be worse and worse unless a remedy is found for us. We talk with an appetite much too keen about getting gain and the chances of money-making. And yet this very trait, confessedly an evil, is an argument to our hand. There is a cry in commercial circles, loud and prolonged, for a revival in business—all classes of business. In this country, during the past twenty years, I never heard any one crying out against it. But if you talk about getting a revival in God's business, there is a class of people who at once shake their heads. They do not know about it; they are afraid it won't work. A strange inconsistency; a thing is all right in their own concerns, but all wrong in God's. The two things are not different at all, for the purposes of this comparison. God's work, like man's work, may have stages of activity; and the Christian just as much as the merchant, should seek earnestly for a revival in trade. Oh, let us roll away this stone of unbelief and indifference, and we will soon hear a voice from the place of the stone crying, "Lazarus, come forth." Let us only cry as earnestly and loud for a revival as our business men have done and are now doing; and the powers and affections of our souls will spring up and bloom to eternal life. Our quickened souls and those of our friends will be made glad thereat, and rejoice together in time and eternity Should no right time come in God's fields, when can the farmer have his harvest time? How active the farmers are in getting hands to help them through the rush. The right time does come periodically in the kingdom of heaven upon earth—a ripening time, when God calls his reapers to put in their sickles.

The three stones I will especially refer to this morning, or mountains, if you prefer—for that is what they are—to be rolled from our caves before the dead Lazarus, quickened to life, can come forth. A great stone to be rolled away is unbelief, already spoken of. If I ask the Christian man in Chicago, Do you believe God can revive this work? I do not want him to say: "I do not believe he can; I have been here about fifteen years, and during all that time there has not been a successful attempt at reviving his work." Well, it may be so that the work has not got on well. What was the trouble? Well, I believe it was simply because people did not believe the work could really be done. But surely there is no person in the town but knows that everything is possible with God. Let us take this stand, to believe that God is actually going to do something. There is no drunkard who should despair, for I believe that God is going to save hundreds of them. He can and he will destroy his love of strong drink, root and branch, and I believe there is to be a cleansing thunderstorm in this atmosphere here before many days.

When in Glasgow, a skeptic insisted that all my converts were



THE TABERNACLE, CHICAGO.

women and old men verging on the grave. At the next meeting in that city there were present in the hall thirty-three hundred men, and of these twenty-seven hundred were young men. The skeptic next insisted that not a wild or reckless or drunken man came under God's reviving influence. At the next meeting a gambler, and a short time afterwards the most notorious drunkard in town, experienced saving grace. And so let it be here. We want to see thieves, gamblers, and harlots saved. Let us have faith, for according to our faith shall it be done to us; just as Martha saw Lazarus alive through trust in Jesus' words. If we believe, we are told that we may order mountains to be removed and they will be cast into the sea. Oh, may God strike down our unbelief, to the resurrection to life of even the vilest sinners in this city.

The next terrible stone to be rolled away is prejudice. Oh, how came that in among the churches against revivals? How many men you hear say: "Well, I am prejudiced against revivals. I do not believe in them." They believe in revivals in everything else. They say: "Agitate politics and trade, and let us have a revival in everything else but religion." So, many whom I have addressed here on this subject have inveighed against revivals in religion, shaking their heads and saying no good can come out of revivals. Well, my dear friends, when Philip, the sage deacon, went to Nathaniel to tell him about Jesus, and Nathaniel objected, could any good come out of Nazareth, he just answered, "Come and see." So I answer you, Come and see. Spend a week waiting on God, and see if the work is not to be a power of God to the saving of many. "Oh," but some one may say, "I cannot countenance these unhealthy excitements. I know far too much bad about them for that." My friend, I know far more of the possible evils you would shun, and know them to be sometimes real ones; but what of it? Because some revivals turn out to be useless, or in some developments positively bad, must the system be thrown aside? No. The Democrat does not desert his politics for some minor flaw about them; and the Republican does not either, if some of his standard-bearers have done corruptly. Professional and business men are not degraded by the shortcomings of individuals, and all through and through there is seen to be no limit in this principle. God's mighty engine in revivals is not to be thrown aside for even considerable defects. Under its operations time was when 3,000 men were added to the church in one day. We cannot speak against these special meetings, finally, for they are planned in Scripture. The Bible is full of chronicles of their workings. They are developments of the Christian idea, no innovation whatever, and the best possible agencies for work for sinners, which is work for God.

And then this miserable sectarian spirit that once held despotic hold on men. There was a time when its grasp was that of iron;

but, blessed be God, the time is past. I remember, fifteen years ago, the Methodist insisted that he was a Methodist, although lending a hand to the revival then in progress; the Congregationalist was nothing else, through and through, though, he, too, co-operated in the good work; and the Presbyterian and the Baptist, and all, were first of all their denominational selves, though condescending for a few days to work in yoke in a common cause. Yet it was really and necessarily condescension; and there was enough of it in those meetings to kill them, and it nearly did it. And this sectarian stone is a real stone, though nothing like the boulder it used to be. The rolling-away process must be pushed vigorously; let us heave it away altogether out of sight. Let us have none of that spirit in this meeting. Talk not of this sect and that sect, this party and that party; but solely and exclusively of the great, comprehensive cause of Jesus Christ. When Christ came into the world, had he allied himself with the Sadducees, they would have warmly upheld him, if he had joined the Pharisees, they would not have let him be crucified; but he kept clear of them; and just so we should do in this glorious work opening before us. In this ideal brotherhood there should be one faith, one mind, one spirit; and in this city let us starve it out for a season, to actualize this glorious truth. You remember how, in the Old Testament, Eldad and Medad took upon themselves priestly duties, and how excited for once in his life Joshua became at the irregularity, and ran and told the scandal to Moses; but you also remember how Moses reproved his informant, who was then engaged in perhaps the only small business of his life, and told him to rebuke them not: they prophesied well, however irregularly. It was just so with Christ; when word was carried by over-serviceable followers that men were casting out devils, who "were not of us," he rebuked, not those who were thus benefiting their kind, but the talebearers. Oh, yes; let us sink this party feeling and contend for Christ only. Oh that God may so fill us with his love and the love of souls, that no thought of minor sectarian parties can come in; that there may be no room for them in our atmosphere whatever; and that the Spirit of God may give us one mind and one spirit here to glorify his holy name.

THE LORD'S SERVICE PAYS.

"And he that reapeth *receiveth* wages and gathereth fruit unto eternal life."—JOHN 4: 36.

I want to call your attention to the 4th chapter Gospel of St. John, and part of the 36th verse: "And he that reapeth receiveth wages and gathereth fruit unto life eternal." I want you to get the text into your hearts. We have a thousand texts to every sermon; but they slip over the hearts of men and women. If I can get this text into your hearts to-day, with the Spirit of God, these meetings will be the brightest and most glorious ever held in Chicago; for it is the word of the Lord, and his word is worth more than ten thousand sermons. "He that reapeth receiveth wages." I can speak from experience. I have been in the Lord's service for twenty-one years, and I want to testify that he is a good paymaster—that he pays promptly. Oh, I think I see faces before me light up at these words. You have been out in the harvest fields of the Lord, and you know this to be true. To go out and labor for him is a thing to be proud of—to guide a poor, weary soul to the way of life, and turn his face towards the golden gates of Zion. The Lord's wages are better than silver and gold, because he says that the loyal soul shall receive a crown of glory. If the Mayor of Chicago gave out a proclamation stating that he had work for men, women, and children of the city, and he would give them a dollar a day, people would say this was very good of the mayor. This money, however, would fade away in a short time. But here is a proclamation, coming directly from the throne of grace, to every man, woman, and child in the wide world to gather into God's vineyard, where they will find treasures that will never fade, and these treasures will be crowns of everlasting life; and the laborer will find treasures laid up in his Father's house, and then, after serving faithfully here, he will be greeted by friends assembled there. Work for tens of thousands of men, women, and children! Think of it, and the reward! These little children, my friends, are apt to be overlooked; but they must be led to Christ. Children have done a great deal in the vineyard. They have led parents to Jesus. It was a little girl that led Naaman to Christ. Christ can find useful work for these little ones. He can see little things, and we ought to pay great attention to them.

As I was coming along the street to-day, I thought that if I could only impress upon you all that we have come here as to a vineyard, to reap and to gather, we shall have a glorious harvest. And we

want every class to assist us. The first class we want is the ministers. There was one thing that pleased me this morning, and that was the eight thousand people who came to this building, and the large number of ministers who seized me by the hand, with the tears trickling down their cheeks, and who gave me a "God bless you!" It gave me a light heart. There are some ministers who get behind the posts, as if they were ashamed of being seen in our company and of our meetings. They come to criticise the sermon and to pick it to pieces. No effort is required to do this. We don't want the ministers to criticise but to help us, and tell us when we are wrong. There was one minister in this city who did me a great deal of good when I first started out. When I commenced to teach the word of God, I made very many blunders. I have learned that in acquiring anything a man must make blunders. If a man is going to learn any kind of trade—carpenter's, plumber's, painter's—he will make any amount of mistakes. Well, this minister, an old man, used to take me aside and tell me my errors. So we want the ministers to come to us and tell us of our blunders; and if we get them to do this and join hands with us, a spiritual fountain will break over every church in the city. Many ministers have said to me, "What do you want us to do?" The Lord must teach us what our work shall be. Let every child of God come up to these meetings, and say: "Teach me, O God, what I can do to help these men and women who are inquiring the way to be saved," and at the close of the meetings, draw near to them and point out the way. If men and women are to be converted in great meetings, it is by personal dealings with them. What we want is personal contact with them. If a number of people were sick, and a doctor prescribed one kind of medicine for them all, you would think this was wrong. This audience is spiritually diseased, and what we want is that Christian workers will go to them and find out their trouble. Five minutes' private consultation will teach them. What we want is to get at the people. Every one has his own particular burden; every family has a different story to tell. Take the gospel of the Lord to them and show its application; tell them what to do with it, so as to answer their own cases; let the minister come into the inquiry room.

An old man—a minister in Glasgow, Scotland—was one of the most active in our meetings. When he would be preaching elsewhere he would drive up in a cab with his Bible in his hand. It made no difference what part of Glasgow he was preaching in, he managed to attend nearly every one of our services. The old man would come in and tenderly speak to those assembled, and let one soul after another see the light. His congregation was comparatively small when we got there; but, by his painstaking efforts to minister to those in search of the Word, when we left Glasgow his church could not hold the people who sought admission, and I do

not know of any man who helped us like Dr. Andrew Bonar. He was always ready to give the weak counsel, and point the way out to the soul seeking Christ. If we have not ministers enough, let those we have come forward, and their elders and deacons will follow them.

The next class we want to help us to reach the people is the Sunday-school teachers; and I value their experience next to that of the ministers. In the cities where we have been, teachers have come to me and said, "Mr. Moody, pray for my Sunday-school scholars; and I just took them aside and pointed out their duties, and showed of how they themselves ought to be able to pray for their pupils. Next meeting very often they would come and the prayer would go up from them, "God bless my scholars."

In one city we went to, a Sunday-school superintendent came to his minister and said: "I am not fit to gather sinners to life eternal; I cannot be superintendent any longer." The minister asked, "What is the reason?" and the man said, "I am not right with God." Then the minister advised him that the best thing, instead of resigning, was to get right with God. So he prayed with that teacher that the truth would shine upon him; and God lit up his soul with the word. Before I left that town, the minister told me all doubt had fled from that superintendent's mind; and he had gone earnestly to work and gathered, from the time of his conversion, over six hundred scholars into the school of his church. The Lord can bless, of course, in spite of schools and teachers, but they are the channels of salvation. Bring your classes together, and pray to God to convert them. We have from three thousand to five thousand teachers here. Suppose they said: "I will try to bring my children to Christ," what a reformation we should have! Don't say that that boy is too small, or that girl is too puny or insignificant. Every one is valuable to the Lord. A teacher whom I found at our services when she ought to have been attending to her class, upon my asking why she was at our meeting, said: "Well, I have a very small class—only five little boys." "What," said I, "you have come here and neglected these litt'e ones! Why, in that little tow-head may be the seeds of a reformation. There may be a Luther, a Wheaton, a Wesley, or a Bunyan among them. You may be neglecting a chance for them, the effects of which will follow them through life." If you do not look to those things, teachers, some one will step into your vineyard and gather the riches you would have.

Look what that teacher did in Southern Illinois. She had taught a little girl to love the Savior, and the teacher said to her, "Can't you get your father to come to the Sunday-school?" This father was a swearing, drinking man, and the love of God was not in his heart. But under the tuition of that teacher, the little girl went to her father, and told him of Jesus' love, and led him to that Sunday-school. What was the result? I heard, before leaving for Europe, that he

had been instrumental in founding over seven hundred and eighty Sabbath-schools in Southern Illinois. And what a privilege a teacher has—a privilege of leading souls to Christ. Let every Sabbath-school teacher say: "By the help of God, I will try to lead my scholars to Christ."

It seems to me that we have more help in our revivals from young men, except from mothers, than from any other class. The young men are pushing, energetic workers. Old men are good for counsel; and they should help, by their good words, the young men in making Christianity aggressive. These billiard halls have been open long enough. There is many a gem in those places, that only needs the way pointed out to fill their souls with love of him. Let the young men go plead with them, bring them to the Tabernacle, and don't let them go out without presenting the claims of Christ, and show them his never-dying love. Take them by the hand and say, "I want you to become a Christian." What we want is a hand-to-hand conflict with the billiard saloons and drinking halls. Do not fear, but enter them and ask the young men to come. I know that some of you say, in a scornful way: "We will never be allowed to enter; the people who go there will cast us out." This is a mistake. I know that I have gone to them and remonstrated, and have never been unkindly treated. And some of the best workers have been men who have been proprietors of these places, and men who have been constant frequenters. There are young men there breaking their mother's hearts, and losing themselves for all eternity. The spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ asks you to seek them out. If we cannot get them to come here, let the building be thrown aside, and let us go down and hunt them up, and tell them of Christ and heaven. If we cannot get a multitude to preach to, let us preach, even if it be to one person. Christ preached one of his most wonderful sermons to that woman at the well; and shall we not be willing to go to one, as he did, and tell that one of salvation? And let us preach to men, even if they are under the influence of liquor.

I may relate a little experience. In Philadelphia, at one of our meetings, a drunken man rose up. Till that time I had no faith that a drunken man could be converted. When any one approached, he was generally taken out. This man got up and shouted, "I want to be prayed for." The friends who were with him tried to draw him away, but he shouted only louder; and for three times he repeated his request. His call was attended to, and he was converted. God has power to convert a man even if he is drunk.

I have still another lesson. I met a man in New York, who was an earnest worker, and I asked him to tell me his experiences. He said he had been a drunkard for over twenty years. His parents had forsaken him; and his wife had cast him off, and married some one else. He went into a lawyer's office in Poughkeepsie, mad with

drink. This lawyer proved a good Samaritan, and reasoned with him, and told him he could be saved. The man scouted the idea. He said: "I must be pretty low when my father and mother, my wife and kindred, cast me off; and there is no hope for me, here or hereafter." But this good Samaritan showed him how it was possible to secure salvation; got him on his feet, got him on his beast, like the good Samaritan of old, and guided his face toward Zion. And this man said to me, "I have not drank a glass of liquor since." He is now leader of a young men's meeting in New York. I asked him to come up last Saturday night to Northfield, my native town, where there are a good many drunkards, thinking he might encourage them to seek salvation. He came, and brought a young man with him. They held a meeting, and it seemed as if the power of God rested upon that meeting when these two men went on telling what God had done for them—how he had destroyed the works of the devil in their hearts, and brought peace and unalloyed happiness to their souls. These grog shops here are the works of the devil—they are ruining men's souls every hour. Let us fight against them, and let our prayers go up in our battle, "Lord, manifest thy power in Chicago this coming month." It may seem a very difficult thing for us, but it is very easy for God to convert rumsellers.

A young man in New York got up and thrilled the meeting with his experience. "I want to tell you," he said, "that nine months ago a Christian came to my house and said he wanted me to become a Christian. He talked to me kindly and encouragingly, pointing out the error of my ways, and I became converted. I had been a hard drinker; but since that time I have not touched a drop of liquor. If any one had asked who the most hopeless man in that town was, they would have pointed to me." To-day this young man is the superintendent of a Sabbath-school. Eleven years ago, when I went to Boston, I had a cousin who wanted a little of my experience. I gave him all the help I could, and he became a Christian. He did not know how near death was to him. He wrote to his brother and said: "I am very anxious to get your soul to Jesus." The letter somehow went to another city, and lay from the 28th of February to the 28th of March—just one month. He saw it was in his brother's handwriting, and tore it open and read the above words. It struck a chord in his heart, and was the means of converting him. And this was the Christian who led this drunken young man to Christ. This young man had a neighbor who drank for forty years, and he went to that neighbor and told him what God had done for him, and the result was another conversion. I tell you these things to encourage you to believe that the drunkards and saloon-keepers can be saved. There is work for you to do; and by and by the harvest shall be gathered, and what a scene will be on the shore when we hear the Master on the throne shout, "Well done! Well done!"

Let me say a word to you, mothers. We depend a good deal upon you. It seems to me that there is not a father and mother in all Chicago who should not be in sympathy with this work. You have daughters and sons; and if work is done now, they will be able to steer clear of many temptations, and will be able to lead better lives here. It seems to me selfishness if they sit down inactive and say: "There is no use in this. We are safe ourselves; what is the use of troubling?" If the mothers and the fathers of the whole community would unite their prayers, and send up appeals to God to manifest his power, in answer to them there would be mighty work.

I remember in Philadelphia we wanted to see certain results, and we called a meeting of mothers. There were from five to eight thousand mothers present, and each of them had a particular burden upon her heart. There was a mother who had a wayward daughter, another a reckless son, and another a bad husband. We spoke to them confidently, and we bared our hearts to one another. They prayed for aid from the Lord, and that grace might be shown to these sons and daughters and husbands; and the result was that our inquiry-rooms were soon filled with anxious and earnest inquirers.

Let me tell about a mother in Philadelphia. She had two wayward sons. They were wild, dissipated youths. They were to meet on a certain night and join in dissipation. The rendezvous was at the corner of Market and Thirteenth streets, were our meetings were held. One of the young men entered the large meeting, and when it was over went to the young men's meeting near at hand, and was quickened, and there prayed that the Lord might save him. His mother had gone to the meeting that night, and, arriving too late found the door closed. When that young man went home, he found his mother praying for him; and the two mingled their prayers together. While they were praying together the other brother came from the other meeting, and brought tidings of being converted; and at the next meeting the three got up and told their experience, and I never heard an audience so thrilled before or since.

Another incident. A wayward boy in London, whose mother was very anxious for his salvation, said to her: "I am not going to be bothered with your prayers any longer; Iwill go to America, and be rid of them." "But, my boy," she said, "God is on the sea, and in America; and he hears my prayers for you." Well, he came to this country; and as they sailed into the port of New York some of the sailors told him that Moody and Sankey were holding their meetings in the Hippodrome. The moment he landed he started for our place of meeting, and there he found Christ. He became a most earnest worker, and he wrote to his mother and told her that her prayers had been answered; that he had been saved, and that he had found his mother's God.

Mothers and fathers, lift up your hearts in prayer, that there may be hundreds of thousands saved in this city.

When I was in London, there was one lady dressed in black up in the gallery. All the rest were ministers. I wondered who that lady could be. At the close of the meeting I stepped up to her, and she asked me if I did not remember her. I did not; but she told me who she was, and her story came to my mind. When we were preaching in Dundee, Scotland, a mother came up with her two sons, 16 and 17 years old. She said to me, "Will you talk to my boys?" I asked her if she would talk to the inquirers, and told her there were more inquirers than workers. She said she was not a good enough Christian—was not prepared enough. I told her I could not talk to her then. Next night she came to me and asked me again; and the following night she repeated her request. Five hundred miles she journeyed to get God's blessing for her boys. Would to God we had more mothers like her. She came to London; and the first night I was there, I saw her in the Agricultural Hall. She was accompanied by only one of her boys—the other had died. Towards the close of the meetings I received this letter from her:

"DEAR MR. MOODY: For months I have never considered the day's work ended unless you and your work had been specially prayed for. Now it appears before us more and more. What in our little measure we have found has no doubt been the happy experience of many others in London. My husband and I have sought as our greatest privilege to take our unconverted friends one by one to the Agricultural Hall; and I thank God that, with a single exception, those brought under the preaching from your lips have accepted Christ as their Savior, and are rejoicing in his love."

That lady was a lady of wealth and position. She lived a little way out of London; gave up her beautiful home and took lodgings near the Agricultural Hall, so as to be useful in the inquiry-room. When we went down to the Opera House, she was there; when we went down to the east end, there she was again; and when I left London, she had the names of 150 who had accepted Christ from her. Some said that our work in London was a failure. Ask her if the work was a failure, and she will tell you. If we had a thousand such mothers in Chicago, we would lift it. Go and bring your friends here to the meetings. Think of the privilege, my friends, of saving a soul. If we are going to work for good we must be up and about it. Men say, "I have not the time." Take it. Ten minutes every day for Christ will give you good wages. There is many a man who is working for you; take them by the hand. Some of you with silver locks, I think I hear you saying: "I wish I was young; how I would rush into the battle." Well, if you cannot be a fighter, you can pray and lead on the others. There are two kinds of old people in the world. One grows chilled and sour; and there are others who light up every meeting with their genial presence, and cheer on the workers. Draw near, old age, and cheer on the

others, and take them by the hand and encourage them. There was a building on fire. The flames leaped around the staircase, and from a three-story window a little child was seen who cried for help. The only way to reach it was by a ladder. One was obtained and a fireman ascended; but when he had almost reached the child, the flames broke from the window and leaped around him. He faltered, and seemed afraid to go further. Suddenly some one in the crowd shouted, "Give him a cheer;" and cheer after cheer went up. The fireman was nerved with new energy, and rescued the child. Just so with our young men. Whenever you see them wavering, cheer them on. If you cannot work yourself, give them cheers to nerve them on in their glorious work. May the blessing of God fall upon us this afternoon, and let every man and woman be up and doing.

CHARITY.

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." 1 CORINTHIANS 13: 1.

You will find the text in the 1st verse of the chapter I read this evening—1st Corinthians, 13th chapter: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." You, I have no doubt, wondered how it is that you have not met with more success. I think if I have asked myself this question once, I have a thousand times: "Why is it that I have not had greater success?" But I never read this chapter without finding it out. It is a chapter that every Christian ought to read at least once a week, I think, with a great deal of profit. A man may be a preacher and have all the eloquence of a Demosthenes—he may be the greatest pulpit orator that ever lived; but if love is not the motive power, "it is as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." A good many churches have eloquent ministers. The people go there, and listen critically and closely; but there are no converts. They have wondered why? The cause has been the lack of love. If a minister has not got love deep in his heart, you may as well put a boy in the pulpit and make him beat a big drum. His talking is like the "sounding of brass."

Failures to make converts in those churches are common; and the reason so many preachers have failed is, because love has not been

the motive power. The prophet may understand prophecy, and interpret it in such a clear way as to astonish you. I have met men and sat down beside them, and they would dig out the most wonderful truths out of prophecy, which I could not see. I have sat at their feet and wondered at their power in this respect, and wondered also why it was that they were not blessed with more converts. I have sought the cause, and invariably found it was want of love. A man, though he is deep in learning and in theology, if he has no love in his heart he will do no good. A man may understand all the mysteries of life, may be wonderful in seeking out truths, yet may not be blessed by winning men. Paul says that though a man understand all mysteries, if he have no love his understanding goes for nothing; and he goes a step further and says that a man may give large sums to feed the poor, but if love does not accompany the gift it goes for naught in the sight of God. The only fruit on the tree of life worth the having is love. Love must be the motive power. A man may give his thousands to the poor and get the gift written about in the paper, where you will see that he is a good philanthropic man; yet if love does not prompt the deed, it goes for nothing in God's sight. Many a man here is very liberal to the poor. If you ask him for a donation to a charitable purpose, he draws his purse and puts down $1,000; if you come to him for a subscription for this or that theological seminary, he will draw his check instantly; but God looks down into that man's heart; and if he has no love it goes for nothing. Some men would give everything they have—would give their body for what they think is a good cause—for some truth they've got hold of; yet there is no love in the act.

The main teaching of this chapter is, that love must be the motive power in all our actions. If our actions are merely performed out of a sense of duty, God will not accept us. I've heard this word *duty* in connection with Christian work till I am tired of it. I have come down to a meeting, and some one has got up and asked a brother to get up and speak. After considerable persuasion, he has got up on his feet and said: "Well, I did not intend to speak when I came down to-night; but I suppose it is my duty to say something." And it is the same with the Sunday-school; many teachers take up classes from a sense of duty. There is no love in them, and their services go for nothing. Let us strike for a higher plane—let us throw a little love into our actions; and then our services will be accepted by God, if love will be the motive power.

I have an old mother, away down in the Connecticut mountains and I have been in the habit of going to see her every year for twenty years. Suppose I go there and say: "Mother, you were very kind to me when I was young—you were very good to me; when father died, you worked hard for us all to keep us together, and so I have come to see you because it is my duty." I went, then, only be-

cause it was my duty. Then she should say to me: "Well, my son, if you only come to see me because it is your duty, you need not come again." And that is the way with a great many of the servants of God. They work for him because it is their duty —not for love. Let us abolish this word duty, and feel that it is only a privilege to work for God; and let us try to remember that what is done merely from a sense of duty is not acceptable to God.

One night, when I had been speaking in this way in London, a minister said to me after services: "Now, Moody, you are all wrong. If you take this word *duty* out from its connection with your works, you will soon have all the churches and Sunday-schools empty." "Well," said I, "I will try and convince you that I am all right. You are married?" "Yes." "Well, suppose this was your wife's birthday, and you bought a present of a book for her, and you went home and said: 'Now, my wife, this is your birthday; I have felt it my duty to buy something for you—here's a book; take it.' Would your wife not be justified in refusing it?" "Well, I think you are correct; she would be right in refusing it." That wife would want a present given her through love, not duty. What Christ wants is, that we will work for him because we love him. The first impulse of a young convert is to love; and if a young man attempts to talk to people without he has been won to Christ by love—without he has been converted by the true spirit of the Holy Ghost—his efforts fall short of their mark. If he has been touched to the heart with the love of Jesus, the first thing he does is to shout out that love, which is waiting for all hearts. Paul, in the fifth chapter of Galatians, tells you that the fruit of the Spirit is "love, joy, peace, long-suffering." That is the fruit of the Spirit. He commences this line with love at the head of the list; and if love is not the motive, we have not been born of the Spirit.

Let us ask ourselves the question: "Is love the motive power that urges us to go out and work for God?" This is the first question that we ought to ask ourselves. Without it a great deal of work will go for naught. The work will be swept away like chaff without it. Christ looks down and examines our hearts and actions; and although our deeds may be great in the eyes of the world, they may not be in his eyes.

Look at that woman in Jerusalem. All the rich people were casting in their treasures to the Lord. I can see the women and men come into the temple, some giving $100, others giving $300, and others putting in $500; and if there had been newspapers in Jerusalem in those days, there would have been notices of these contributions. It would have sounded very well in print. But by and by a poor widow woman comes along and puts in a humble two mites. I can see the Lord sitting at the treasury when that woman comes with her little all, and hear him saying: "That woman hath given more than

all of them." Why? Not owing to the large amount—no; but simply because it was love that prompted that woman.

The one great thing that the church lacks at the present day, and if you ask me to put it into as small space as possible I can put it into four letters—and that is, "Love." Show me a church in which the members love one another, and I will show you a church that is on fire in the cause of Christ. In it there is a revival every day for the twelve months of the year—the 365 days of the year are filled with continual manifestations of Christ's love. That is the lack to-day. There is lukewarmness—coldness one toward another. In 2d Titus Paul tells what Christians' lives should be—sound in faith, sound in love, and sound in patience. If a man is not sound in faith, we would draw his head right off; if he is not sound in faith, put him out. But let him be ever so unsound in love, he will be kept in. How many men are here in Chicago who are in churches, and who are continually picking to pieces and slandering their brothers. He is continually going about finding fault with some one; he has no love. Those who do not love in the way stated in this chapter, ponder well its meaning. Let the question go home to every heart here to-night, "Is there any one I do not love?" If you are treasuring up in your heart any feeling of hatred toward any man or woman, God will not love you. You must be ready to forgive and love. I do not know that we could put up anything better on the platform than that motto that "God is Love;" and may it be burned into your heart. You say you love them who love you. Any black-hearted hypocrite can love those who love him. But what Christ wants to teach us is, to love them that hate us and slight us. If you can only convince men that you love them, you can influence them. That is what we want to do, in order to touch the hearts of those we come in contact with the coming month. If one of us went to a bad man and said to him, "You are the worst man in Chicago," that would not touch him; it would only harden his heart the more. We want to go to him lovingly, and show him the love that Christ offers him. When the Son of man came into the world, it was love that moved him; and we will never do any good with anybody till our own hearts are touched with that same love. If we are not loving toward others, they will not like us; and instead of trying to talk for Christ, we had better keep away. A worker must win the hearts and affections of the people before he can do any effective work.

When in London Dr. Arnott came down from Edinburgh to one of our meetings, and he told those people something—I don't think the Londoners understood him; but if they knew of farm life as I did, they would have known what he meant. He said: "When I was on my father's farm, when they wanted to teach a calf to drink, they would bring it to the pail and a man would dip his fingers into the milk and put it into the calf's mouth, drawing his hand slowly away,

and before you knew it the calf was drinking itself. And so," he said, "if you want to win people to Christ, you have to go lovingly to them and lead them gradually to him." If you do not make people love you, you need not talk to them. Oh, that God may show you this truth to-night, that the great lever of the Christian is love! If a Sabbath-school teacher does not love his scholars—if he goes to them as if it was a lesson he wished to get over, it will not be long before they find it out. They will see it in his eyes, in his face, in his actions. And so, let us see to-night the necessity of having the love of God in our hearts; and so, when we approach that drunkard or that gambler, we can win him to Christ; and so that, when you show him the gospel and tell him you want him to be saved, he will receive you with a welcome. If you go to him from a sense of duty, you will make no progress with him, but if you go to him and talk of the love of Christ, and show kindness in your actions, he will hear you.

A minister in London said to me one night: "Mr. Moody, I want you to pray for a lot of people who will be at the meeting to-night;" and when I went there, I saw in one corner a father, mother, and four or five children. And I prayed for them. When I got home I asked the minister about that family, and he said they had been won to Jesus by a smile. He said he was passing by a house in that city one day, at the window of which a little child was standing. He liked children, and he smiled to it and bowed. This minister was in the habit of passing the house every day; and the second time he noticed the child again, and he smiled again. The next time there were several children there, and he smiled and bowed again. When he came again he saw the same children standing there, but he saw a lady standing with them. He thought it would not be right to bow to the lady, but he smiled at the children; and the lady said, when she saw him looking so pleasant, "That man must be a minister." My friends, it would be a good thing if all ministers had a smile on their faces. There are more men driven away from churches by sour looks than by anything else. A minister ought to have a clear conscience, and he would wear a pleasant smile. Some of you will say: "Well, Christ was melancholy, and wept over sinners." Ah, but it was love. There is such a thing as a man weeping in his love. Well, the lady said to her little ones: "I want you to follow that gentleman, for I am sure he is a minister." And when he came round again the children went after him, shadowing him through several streets, until by-and-by he turned into an Independent church. The children followed him right in and they brought home a good report. They said they never had heard such a preacher, although probably they did not understand a word he said. But you know a little pat on the head and a kindly look goes a long way with children. Well, the result was that the mother came and she brought

the father. They became converted, and thus a whole family were brought to Christ by a smile.

We want to believe that the love of Christ is the best thing we can have. If a man wants to buy a horse, he goes around till he finds the best horse for his money. You women, if you want to buy a dress, go from one store to another and search till you find the best dress. And it is the universal law the world over. So if we can show the sinners, by love, that the religion of Jesus Christ is the best thing to have, we can win the world to us. If we can only show that we are full of love, and not full of envy and malice and bitterness, every one can be won to Christ. If the spirit of love can come upon all of us, so that we can talk to every one kindly, it will not be long before salvation shall break over us through Christ.

You go into a church that is all aglow with love, and into another where there is a lack, and mark the difference. In the latter, the people get as far away from the pulpit as possible; and mark the coldness, and see how quick they get out of the church. Their hearts are cold to one another, and they have no sympathy. But when their hearts are all aglow, they crowd round and are genial toward one another; and "God bless the sermon," however poor the minister who preaches. The reason that we have so many poor ministers is, because we have so few praying people. Look at Joshua, while he was fighting for the Lord Moses was up on the mountain praying. So we want every one to pray for their ministers while they are fighting for the Lord. When a man comes to me and grumbles and complains about his minister, I ask him, "Do you ever pray for your minister?" He runs away. It spikes his guns. They do not work with the minister: never think of praying for him. We want to see every man red-hot for the Savior, and he will wake up the church. If he has got his heart red-hot, sparks will kindle in the little circle, and the whole church will be ablaze. Every soul will be filled with the glory of Christ. There is not a man in all Chicago—I do not care what he is; he may be an Atheist, a Pantheist, a drunkard, or a gambler—I do not believe that a man's heart is so hard but that God can break it.

Mr. Warner, superintendent of probably one of the largest Sunday schools in the world, had a theory that he would never put a boy out of his school for bad conduct. He argued that, if a boy misbehaved himself, it was through bad training at home; and that if he put him out of the school; no one would take care of him. Well, this theory was put to the test one day. A teacher came to him and said: "I have got a boy in my class that must be taken out; he breaks the rules continually, he swears and uses obscene language, and I cannot do anything with him." Mr. Warner did not care about putting the boy out, so he sent the teacher back to his class. But he came again, and said that unless the boy was taken from his class he

must leave it. Well, he left, and a second teacher was appointed. The second teacher came with the same story, and met with the same reply from Mr. Warner. And he resigned. A third teacher was appointed, and he came with the same story as the others. Mr. Warner then thought he would be compelled to turn the boy out at last. One day a few teachers were standing about, and Mr. Warner said: "I will bring this boy up and read his name out in the school, and publicly excommunicate him." Well, a young lady came up and said to him: "I am not doing what I might for Christ; let me have the boy; I will try and save him." But Mr. Warner said: "If these young men cannot do it, you will not." But she begged to have him, and Mr. Warner consented. She was a wealthy young lady, and surrounded with all the luxuries of life. The boy went to her class, and for several Sundays he behaved himself—and broke no rule. But one Sunday he broke loose, and in reply to something she said, spat in her face. She took out her pocket-handkerchief and wiped her face, but said nothing. Well, she thought upon a plan, and she said to him, "John"—we will call him John—"John, come home with me." "No," says he, "I won't; I won't be seen on the streets with you." She was fearful of losing him altogether if he went out of the school that day, and she said to him, "Will you let me walk home with you?" "No, I won't," said he; "I won't be seen on the streets with you." Then she thought upon another plan. She thought of the "Old Curiosity Shop," and she said: "I won't be at home to-morrow or Tuesday; but if you will come round to the front door on Wednesday morning, there will be a little bundle for you." "I don't want it; you may keep your old bundle." She went home, but made the bundle up. She thought that curiosity might make him come.

Wednesday morning arrived, and he got over his mad fit; and he thought he would just like to see what was in this bundle. The little fellow knocked at the door, which was opened, and he told his story. She said, "Yes; here is the bundle." The boy opened it, and found a vest and a coat and other clothing; and a little note written by the young lady, which read something like this:

"DEAR JOHNNIE: Ever since you have been in my class I have prayed for you every morning and evening, that you might be a good boy, and I want you to stop in my class. Do not leave me."

The next morning, before she was up, the servant came to her and said there was a little boy below who wished to see her. She dressed hastily, and went down stairs, and found Johnnie on the sofa, weeping. She put her arms around his neck, and he said to her: "My dear teacher, I have not had any peace since I got this note from you. I want you to forgive me. Won't you pray for me to come to Jesus?" And she went down on her knees and prayed. And now Mr. Warner said, that boy was the best boy in Sunday school.

And so it was love that broke that boy's heart. May the Lord give us that love in abundance! May we be so full of love that every one may see that it only prompts us to bring them to heaven!

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

"And who is my neighbor?"—LUKE 10: 29

You will find my text in part of the 29th verse of the 10th chapter of Luke: "And who is my neighbor?" We are told that as Christ stood with his disciples a man, a lawyer, stood up and tempted him, and said: "Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" He asked what he could do to inherit eternal life, what he could do to buy salvation. And the Lord answered his question, "What is written in the law? How readest thou?" To which the lawyer answered: "Thou shalt love the Lord God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself." "Thou hast answered right." But, "Who is my neighbor?" And he drew a vivid picture, which has been told for the last eighteen hundred years; and I do not know anything that brings out more truthfully the wonderful power of the gospel than this story, which we have heard read to-night—the story of the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and who fell among thieves. Jerusalem was called the city of peace. Jericho and the road leading to it were infested with thieves. Probably it had been taken possession of by the worst of Adam's sons. I do not know how far the man got from Jerusalem to Jericho; but the thieves had come out and fallen upon him, and had taken all his money, and stripped him of his clothes, and left him wounded—left him, I suppose, for dead. By and by, a priest came down the road from Jerusalem. We are told that he came by chance. Perhaps he was going down to dedicate some synagogue, or preach a sermon on some important subject, and had the manuscript in his pocket. As he was going along on the other side, he heard a groan; and he turned around and saw the poor fellow lying bleeding on the ground, and pitied him. He went up close, took a look at him, and said: "Why, that man's a Jew; he belongs to the seed of Abraham. If I remember aright, I saw him in the synagogue last Sunday. I pity him. But I have too much business, and I cannot attend to him."

He felt a pity for him, and looked on him, and probably wondered why God allowed such men as those thieves to come into the world, and passed by. There are a good many men just like him. They stop to discuss and wonder why sin came into the world, and look upon a wounded man, but do not stop to pick up a poor sinner, forgetting the fact that sin is in the world already, and it has to be rooted out. But another man came along, a Levite, and he heard the groans: he turned and looked on him with pity, too. He felt compassion for him. He was one of those men that, if we had here, we should probably make him an elder or a deacon. He looked at him and said: "Poor fellow! he's all covered with blood, he has been badly hurt, he is nearly dead; and they have taken all his money, and stripped him naked. Ah, well, I pity him!" He would like to help him; but he, too, has pressing business, and passes by on the other side. But he has scarcely got out of sight, when another comes along, riding on a beast. He heard the groans of the wounded man, went over and took a good look at him. The traveler was a Samaritan. When he looked down, he saw the man was a Jew. Ah, how the Jews looked down upon the Samaritans. There was a great, high partition wall between the Jews and the Samaritans. The Jews would not allow them in the temple; they would not have any dealings with them; they would not associate with them. I can see him coming along that road, with his good, benevolent face; and as he passes, he hears a groan from this poor fellow. He draws in his beast and pauses to listen. "And he came to where he was." This is the sweetest thing to my mind in the whole story. A good many people would like to help a poor man if he was on the platform, if it cost them no trouble. They want him to come to them. They are afraid to touch the wounded man; he is all blood, and they will get their hands soiled. And that was just the way with the priest and the Levite. This poor man, perhaps, had paid half of all his means to help the service of the Temple, and might have been a constant worshiper; but they only felt pity for him. This good Samaritan "came to where was;" and after he saw him, he had compassion on him. That word "compassion"—how sweet it sounds! The first thing he did on hearing him cry for water—the hot sun had been pouring down on his head—was to go and get it from a brook. Then he goes and gets a bag, that he had with him—what we might call a carpet-bag or a saddle-bag, in the West—and pours in oil on his wounds. Then he thinks, "The poor fellow is weak;" and he goes and gets a little wine. He has been lying so long in the burning sun that he is nearly dead now—he was left half dead—and the wine revives him. He looks him over, and he sees his wounds that want to be bound up; but he has nothing to do this with. I can see him now tearing the lining out of his coat, and with it binding up his wounds. Then he takes him up

and lays him on his bosom till he revives; and, when the poor fellow gets strength enough, the good Samaritan puts him on his own beast. If the Jew had not been half dead, he would never have allowed him to put his hands on him. He would have treated him with scorn. But he is half dead, and he cannot prevent the good Samaritan treating him kindly and putting him on his beast.

Did you ever stop to think what a strong picture it would have been if the Samaritan had not been able himself to get the man on the beast—if he had to call any assistance? Perhaps a man would have come along, and he would have asked him to help him with the wounded man. "What are you?" he might have said. "I am a Samaritan." "You are a Samaritan, are you? I cannot help you; I am a Jew." There is a good deal of that spirit now, just as strong as it was then. When we are trying to get a poor man on the right way, when we are tugging at him to get his face toward Zion, we ask some one to help us; and he says, "I am a Roman Catholic." "Well," you say. "I am a Protestant." So they give no assistance to one another. The same party spirit of old is present to-day. The Protestants will have nothing to do with the Catholics; the Jews will have nothing to do with the Gentiles. And there was a time—but, thank God, we are getting over it—when a Methodist would not touch a Baptist (a voice—"Amen"), or a Presbyterian a Congregationalist; and if we saw a Methodist taking a man out of a ditch, a Baptist would say, "Well, what are you going to do with him?" "Take him to a Methodist church." "Well, I'll have nothing to do with him." A great deal of this has gone by; and the time is coming when, if we are trying to get a man out of the ditch, and they see us tugging at him, and we are so weak that we cannot get him on the beast, they will help him. And that is what Christ wants.

Well, the Samaritan gets him on his beast, and says to him: "You are very weak; my beast is sure-footed, he will take you to the inn, and I will hold you." He held him firmly; and God is able to hold every one he takes out of the pit. I see them going along that road, he holds him on, and he gets him to the inn. He gets him there, and he says to the innkeeper: "Here is a wounded man; the thieves have been after him; give him the best attention you can; nothing is too good for him." And I can imagine the good Samaritan as stopping there all night, sitting up with him, and attending to his wants. And the next morning he gets up, and says to the landlord, "I must be off," leaving a little money to pay for what the man has had; "and if that is not enough, I will pay what is necessary when I return from my business in Jericho." This good Samaritan gave this landlord twopence to pay for what he had got, and promised to come again and repay whatever had been spent to take care of the man; and he had given him, besides, all his sympathy and compassion. And Christ tells this story in answer to the lawyer who came to

tempt him, and showed that the Samaritan was the neighbor. Now this story is brought out here to teach the church-goers this thing: that it is not creeds or doctrines that we want, so much as compassion and sympathy. I have been talking about the qualifications which we require in working for Christ. First night I took "Courage," then "Love," and last night "Faith;" and now it is "Compassion and Sympathy."

If we have not compassion and sympathy, our efforts will go for naught. There are hundreds of Christians who work here who do very little because they have not sympathy. If they go to lift up a man, they must put themselves into his place. If you place yourself in sympathy with a man you are trying to do good to, you will soon lift him up.

When at the Hippodrome in New York, a young man came up to me; he looked very sad, his face was troubled. I asked him what was the matter, and he said: "I am a fugitive from justice. When in England, when I was young, my father used to take me into the public-house with him, and I learned the habit of drinking; and liquor has become to me like water. A few months ago I was in England, where I was head clerk in a large firm. I was doing well; I had $50 a week. Well, one night I was out, and I had some money of my employers with me, and I got to gambling and lost it. I ran away from England, and left a wife and two lovely children. Here I am; I cannot get anything to do; I have no letters of recommendation; and what shall I do?" "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ," said I. "I cannot become a Christian with that record behind me; there is no hope for me," he replied. "There is hope; seek Jesus, and leave everything behind," I told him. "Well," said he, "I cannot do that until I make restitution." But I keep him to that one thing. He wrote me a letter, and said that the sermon "You must be born again," had made a great impression on him. He could not sleep that night, and he finally passed from darkness into light. He came to me, and he said: "I am willing to go back to England and surrender myself, and go into prison, if Christ wants it." I said to him: "Don't do that; but write to your employers, and say that if Christ helps you you will make restitution. Live as economically as you can, and be industrious, and you will soon find all well." The man wrote to his employers, and I got a letter from him shortly afterward, and he told me that his wife was coming out to New York. When I was last there I made inquiry about him, and found that he was doing well. He only wanted sympathy—some one to take him by the hand and help him. I believe that there are not less than 10,000 young men in Chicago who are just waiting for some one to come to them with sympathy. You do not know how far a loving word will go. When I came to this city twenty years ago, I remember I walked up and down the streets trying to find a situation;

and I recollect how, when they roughly answered me, their treatment would chill my soul. But when some one would say: "I feel for you; I would like to help you, but I can't; but you will be all right soon," I went away happy and light-hearted. That man's sympathy did me good.

When I first went away from home, and to a place some thirteen miles away, it seemed as if I could never be any further away. My brother had gone to live at that town a year and a half before. I recollect as I walked down the street with him, I was very homesick, and could hardly keep down the tears. My brother said to me: "There's a man here will give you a cent; he gives a cent to every new boy that comes here." I thought that he would be the best man I had ever met. By and by he came along, and I thought he was going to pass me. My brother stopped him, thinking, I suppose, I was going to lose the cent, and the old gentleman—he was an old gentleman—looked at me and said: "Why, I have never seen you before: you must be a new boy." "Yes," said my brother; "he has just come." The old man put his trembling hand upon my head, and patted it and told me that I had a Father in heaven, although my earthly father was dead, and he gave me a new cent. I don't know where that cent went to; but the kindly touch of that old man's hand upon my head has been felt by me all these years. What we want is sympathy from men. There are hundreds of men with hearts full of love, who, if they received but words of sympathy, their hearts would be won to a higher life. But I can imagine men saying: "How are you going to reach them? How are you going to do it? How are you going to get into sympathy with these people?" It is very easy done. Put yourself into their places. There is a young man, a great drunkard; perhaps his father was a drunkard. If you had been surrounded with influences like this, perhaps you would have been a worse drunkard than he is. Well, just put yourself into his place, and go and speak to him lovingly and kindly.

I want to tell you a lesson taught me in Chicago, a few years ago. In the months of July and August a great many deaths occur among children, you all know. I remember I attended a great many funerals; sometimes I would go to two or three funerals a day. I got so used to it that it did not trouble me to see a mother take the last kiss and the last look at her child, and see the coffin-lid closed. I got accustomed to it, as in the war we got accustomed to the great battles, and to see the wounded and the dead never troubled us. When I got home one night, I heard that one of my Sunday-school pupils was dead; and her mother wanted me to come to the house. I went to the poor home, and saw the father drunk. Adelaide had been brought from the river. The mother told me she washed for a living; the father earned no money, and poor Adelaide's work was to get wood for the fire. She had gone to the river that day and seen a

piece floating on the water, had stretched out for it, had lost her balance and fallen in. The poor woman was very much distressed. "I would like you to help me, Mr. Moody," she said, to bury my child. I have no lot, I have no money." Well, I took the measure for the coffin and came away. I had my little girl with me, and she said: "Papa, suppose we were very, very poor, and mamma had to work for a living; and I had to get sticks for the fire, and was to fall into the river, would you be very sorry?" This question reached my heart. "Why, my child, it would break my heart to lose you," I said, and I drew her to my bosom. "Papa, do you feel bad for that mother?" she said, and this word woke my sympathy for the woman; and I started and went back to the house, and prayed that the Lord might bind up that wounded heart. When the day came for the funeral, I went to Graceland. I had always thought my time too precious to go out there; but I went. The drunken father was there, and the poor mother. I bought a lot, the grave was dug, and the child laid among strangers. There was another funeral coming up, and the corpse was laid near the grave of little Adelaide. And I thought how I would feel if it had been my little girl that I had been laying there among strangers. I went to my Sabbath-school thinking this, and suggested that the children should contribute and buy a lot in which we might bury a hundred poor little children. We soon got it, and the papers had scarcely been made out when a lady came and said: "Mr. Moody, my little girl died this morning, let me bury her in the lot you have got for the Sunday-school children." The request was granted, and she asked me to go to the lot and say prayers over her child. I went to the grave—it was a beautiful day in June, and I remember asking her what the name of her child was. She said Emma. That was the name of my little girl; and I thought, What if it had been my own child. We should put ourselves in the places of others. I could not help shedding a tear. Another woman came shortly after and wanted to put another one into the grave. I asked his name. It was Willie, and it happened to be the name of my little boy—the first two laid there were called by the same names as my two children, and I felt sympathy and compassion for those two women.

If you want to get into sympathy, put yourself into a man's place. Chicago needs Christians whose hearts are full of compassion and sympathy. If we haven't got it, pray that we may have it, so that we may be able to reach those men and women that need kindly words and kindly actions far more than sermons. The mistake is that we have been preaching too much and sympathizing too little. The gospel of Jesus Christ is a gospel of deeds and not of words. May the Spirit of the Lord come upon us this night. May we remember that Christ was moved in compassion for us, and may we, if we find some poor man going down among thieves, or lying wounded and

bleeding, look upon him with sympathy, and get below him and raise him up.

"HIS OWN BROTHER."

"He first findeth his own brother, and brought him to Jesus." JOHN 1: 41.

I want to call your attention this morning to a text you will find in the 1st chapter according to John, part of the 41st verse: "He first findeth his own brother, and brought him to Jesus."

I thought this morning I would just like to take a leaf out of my own life in the past, that it may help some of those present in this hall who have brothers that are very dear to them, but who are out of Christ. Twenty-one years ago last March, when God converted me, the very first thing that came into my mind was my six brothers. Then and there, I began to pray for them. I had never prayed for them before; and I began to cry to God that these six brothers and two sisters might be led home to peace. And for twenty-one years that has been my prayer; that has been my cry to God. I remember the first time I went home after my conversion. I thought I could tell them what God had done for me. I thought I had only to explain it, to have them all see the light. How disappointed I was when I left home that first time, after remaining for a few days, to find they did not see it. I was not very experienced in pleading for souls then. Perhaps I did not go at it in the right way. But I kept on, as best I could. And a few years after, when I was in this city—three years after, I was in a store on Lake street, a postman came one day and brought a letter that told me my youngest brother was given up by the physician to die. That day he was dying; I went into the fifth story of that building, and if ever I prayed earnestly in my life I did then, that my brother might be spared. He was the Benjamin of the family. He was born after my father died. I thought I could give him up then, if he only was a Christian. But I had not any hope. The thought that my brother, who was very dear to me, dearer to me than my life, it seemed, should die thus in his sins, was too much for me to stand; and I wrestled with God in prayer. It seemed God answered my prayer. The next letter said he was better. He had a run of typhoid fever that lasted forty-two days. And when he got off that bed, I felt, in answer to prayer,

the boy was much dearer to me than ever before. But he never was well during sixteen or eighteen years. I remember fourteen years ago he came to me, to this city. I have that dear boy in my heart now. I thought then my oppprtunity had surely come, and I could lead him to Christ. But he was taken sick again; I could not keep him here. The doctor said he might live a number of years, but could not be cured. Naturally very ambitious and proud-spirited, he did not want to go back home. But the doctor said it was the best I could do, and I took him back to Massachusetts. I took him home from Chicago to Northfield, all the way preaching Christ to him. But he took no interest in my speech. Everything I said failed to influence him, although he seemed to love me very much. And for fourteen years I kept that dear boy on my heart; I just kept on praying for him. Year after year, I went back to the old home just to spend a few days with him, that I might win him to Christ. He knew I wanted him to be a Christian; but it seemed he would not comply. He took no interest in the Bible, no interest in Christianity. He would talk politics, he would talk everything else; but you could not get him to talk of Christ or Christianity. I went back home a year ago, with a heart just burdened for the salvation of my family. My heart burned to draw them to Christ. I went to preaching in that town. In the last month, my heart going out to that dear boy, I asked all those present in the church willing to become Christians to rise; and he, my long-sought brother, rose for prayers. What a precious relief for my heart! He became an earnest Christian. He turned his face toward heaven that very night. He became an active Christian. And when they soon after decided to have a Young Men's Christian Association for that town, the young men wanted a president; and they elected him for president. Oh, that was a blessed day for me, when my brother, converted to God, after twenty years' prayer, took charge of that little band! I heard him make his first speech, and that seemed the happiest day of my life. He was a young man of great talents; he was the star of the family, the most promising one of the family. No one of us could have done as much for Christ, had he gone to him in his earliest manhood. And he went to work. He took a leading part in religious meetings. He went and talked with weak brothers, and set them on their feet again. He searched for souls on both sides of the Connecticut River, in both sides of the valley. More conversions took place after I left than when I was there. Every Sunday afternoon he would go out into the country and take charge of meetings; and as I used to stand in the pulpit sometimes, and look down on that young brother in his zealous work, no one but God knows how I loved him and rejoiced with great joy. And when God took him, he was in the midst of his work, bringing others to Christ. Oh, I want to tell you my thoughts after I left you suddenly! The first

thought as I went toward my home—Oh, how deep the sorrow! The dear boy was gone forever; and in the first moments grief will have its way. The text in scripture, the expression that David used when he lost Jonathan, kept coming into my mind: "I am very much distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy soul to me was wonderful." Yes, thy soul to me was wonderful. For these twenty years, I always knew he was going to meet me at the depot. I always found him waiting for me there; I never missed him. Sometimes, I was there three or four trains behind; but he was always watching and waiting for me. And that sadly beautiful hymn also kept coming into my mind: "We shall meet but we shall miss him; there will be one vacant chair." But over and above all these, the voice from heaven at last made itself heard to my heart, "Thy brother shall rise again." The cloud was lifted; and for about five hundred miles on my way to my home that verse rung in my ears. It seemed to echo and re-echo throughout all the journey, "Thy brother shall rise again." Oh, the precious Bible! It never seemed to me so precious as it did that day. My call to mourning was the deepest I have ever known; for next perhaps to my wife, my two children, and my aged mother, I loved none so dearly as this youngest brother. But that precious promise gives the heart cause to rejoice, even in the sorrow of death. And again, in the fifteenth chapter of Corinthians what divine sustaining words I took to my soul.

"But some men will say, how are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come? Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die. And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain; it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain. But God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body. So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption. It is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory. It is sown in weakness; it is raised in power."

Dishonor! Oh, as we laid him down in the cold grave, I thought as we laid him away of the worms that would come to his body, and of the dishonor. But with what power the Word of God came to my soul then in these words, "It is raised in glory." We sowed it in weakness; but it shall be raised in power. It seemed there was victory even in that trying hour. It was sown in corruption; but it shall be raised incorruptible. It was sown mortal; but it shall be raised immortal. It was sown a natural body; it shall be raised a spiritual body. And, as it had borne the image of the earthly, it shall also bear the image of the heavenly. I shall see that brother, by and by; then shall he be glorified. Yes, my friends, I could even rejoice as I read these blessed assurances of Scripture. The Word of God came to my soul as never before. Blessed Bible! how dark it would have been but for that blessed book. But by its beams all darkness was driven away. It seemed I could even thank God for

the triumphant death of my dear brother, and almost envied him. No, I would not have God call him back from heaven into this dark world. Yon happy home beyond the grave is far better. What joy to tell of good deeds done. A minister down home told me that he did not know, a short time back, of a solitary young man in his neighborhood who would offer prayer; but now a numerous and zealous band of praying Christians were the fruits of my brother's life. And that text came forcibly to my mind: "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord; even so saith the Spirit, and their works do follow them." There were these dear young Christian converts following him to his grave; his works did follow him. In the graveyard of the church that funeral day, I saw fifty of these young men, converted mostly in the past year. I shouted even there by the grave —I could not help it: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" And I seemed to hear a voice, as from the bosom of the Son of God: "Because I live, ye shall live also."

And on my way back from Northfield to Chicago, this has been my thought: If you, my dear Christian friend, have a brother out of Christ, go bring him in. You will, by and by, have to stand by the open grave of some dear brother; and to be without Christ, how can you bear it? And so, my friends, let me urge upon you, first of all, to go and find your own brother. If you have a brother out of Christ, go to him to-day; tell him how you love him, how you want him to be a Christian, how you are burdened and weighed down for his salvation. And then go to your sister, to your cousin, to your friend. Oh, do you each one of you write to some absent friend to-day, beseeching that Christ may be accepted just now! I thank God, from the bottom of my heart that my dear brother took a stand for Christ, and went to work. I thank God that now his works do follow him. The young Christian men met immediately after he died; a hundred of them came together to choose some one to take his place. And how it rejoiced my heart that George Moody took the place of Samuel, and has set himself earnestly to the work. He said, "From now I will try to follow more faithfully after Christ." And when we met Wednesday night—it was Tuesday we laid him away—another brother was harnessed to the work in place of the dear buried one. Oh, dear friends, if souls weigh on our hearts, let us go and bring them to Jesus. Let us write to them beseeching letters, if our lips cannot reach them. Let us not rest day or night. Let us this morning go out and bring our friends to Christ. Let us commence with our own families; let us find our brothers. If our brothers have yielded, let us go to our friends. If they are strangers to Christ, oh, go bring them now while you may. Exhort by word of mouth; exhort by fervent and repeated letters. Begin at once your mission, lest it be too late forever, and praise God for the dear privilege of bringing others to him.

WHERE ART THOU?

"Where art thou?" GENESIS 3: 9.

I want to direct your attention to the 3d chapter of Genesis, part of the 9th verse: "Where art thou?" You see I have got a very personal text this afternoon. All those ministers in this audience will bear me out in this statement, that it is the hardest kind of work to get their congregations to apply this text to themselves. When they hear it, one man passes it on to another; and away it goes, text and sermon. This afternoon I want you to understand that it means me, you, and every one of us—that it points to us; that it applies to us personally—that it ought to come home to every soul here—to these merchants, to these ministers, to these reporters, to these great-hearted men, to these women, to these little boys and girls, as a personal question. It was the first question God put to man after his fall; and in the 6,000 years that have rolled away, all of Adam's children have heard it. It has come to them all. In the silent watches of the night, in the busy hours of the day, it has come upon us many a time—the question "Where am I? Whither am I going?" And I want you to look at it now as a personal question. So let us be solemn for a few minutes, while we try to answer it. Some men look with great anxiety as to how they appear in the sight of their fellowmen. It is of very little account what the world thinks of us. The world is not worth heeding; public opinion is of very little account. We should not pay any attention to its opinion. "Where art thou going?" is the question that ought to trouble. "What is to be your hereafter?" May the question strike home to us, and may a heart-searching take place in us, and the Holy Spirit search us, so that we may know before we sleep to-night where we are now in the sight of God, and where we are going in eternity.

I remember when preaching in New York City, at the Hippodrome, a man coming up to me and telling me a story that thrilled my soul. One night, he said, he had been gambling; had gambled all the money away he had. When he went home to the hotel that night, he did not sleep much—half drunk, and with a sort of remorse for what he had done. The next morning happened to be Sunday. He got up, felt bad, couldn't eat anything, didn't touch his breakfast, was miserable, and thought about putting an end to his existence. That afternoon he took a walk up Broadway; and when he came to the Hippodrome, he saw great crowds going in and thought of entering too. But a policeman at the door told him he couldn't come in,

as it was a women's meeting. He turned from it and strolled on; came back to his hotel and had dinner. At night he walked up the street until he reached the Hippodrome again; and this time he saw a lot of men going in. When inside he listened to the singing and heard the text, "Where art thou?" and he thought he would go out. He rose to go out and the text came upon his ears again, "Where art thou?" This was too personal, he thought; it was disagreeable, and he made for the door; but as he got to the third row from the entrance, the words came to him again, "Where art thou?" He stood still; for the question had come to him with irresistible force, and God had found him right there. He went to his hotel and prayed all that night; and now he is a bright and shining light. And this young man, who is a commercial traveler, went back to the village in which he had been reared, and in which he had been one of the fastest young men—went back there, and went around among his friends and acquaintances and testified for Christ, as earnestly and beneficially for him as his conduct had been against him. I hope the text will find out some young man here who has strayed away from God, and come upon him with such force personally as will turn him from his present course to take the offers of salvation. Won't you believe we are here for you; won't you believe we are preaching for you; won't you believe that this enterprise has been carried out for you, and that this assembly has been drawn together for you; and may you ask your heart, solemnly and candidly this question, "Where art thou?"

I am going to divide this audience into three classes. Don't let this startle you; I am not going to make three divisions among you. The first class is the class who professes to be Christians. I don't know who you are, or whether you are sincere. It rests between you and God. The other class are the backsliders—those who have been good children, but who have turned their backs upon him, and have gone into the regions of sin. And the other class is that one that has never been saved, who have never been born of the Spirit, who have never sought to reach Christ.

And now, my friends, as to you who profess to be Christians. We who profess to be Christians, are we living up to what we preach? God forgive me! I feel I am not doing as much as I should for him. I don't except myself. You who profess to be Christians, this question is personal to you, "Where art thou?" Do you believe what you are preaching; do you live the life you ought to be living as professed Christians? If you were doing this, tens of thousands of people would be converted in Chicago within thirty days. By your neglect to practice what you preach, men have got sick of you; the world has become tired of you. They say if we really feel what we talk about and profess, we would be more earnest about their salvation. And I say, they are right. If Christians felt as they should,

every church in Chicago, every church in the Northwest, would be on fire for the salvation of souls. They are lukewarm. Is the Church to-day in its right position; is it true to its teachings? Are we not mingling with the world in our professed Christian lives, so that the world has become tired of our shamming professions? If the world does not see us act according to our professions, they say Christianity is not real. Why, a young man some time ago, a professed Christian, spoke to another young man upon the subject, and the Christian was answered with the words: "I don't believe a word of your Christianity; I don't believe a word of what you talk about; I don't believe your Bible." "You don't mean that?" asked the Christian. "Yes I do," said the young man; "It's all a sham; you are all hypocrites." The Christian said to him, knowing he had a mother who was a professed Christian: "You don't mean to say that your mother is a hypocrite?" "Well, no," said the young fellow, not willing to admit his mother was one; "she is not exactly a hypocrite; but she don't believe what she professes. If she did, she would have talked to me about my soul long ago." That young man, my friends, had the best of it. And this is the condition of nine-tenths of us—we don't practice what we profess to believe. We have not really taken the cross of Christ; we have not put off the old man and taken on the new; we are not living truly in Christ Jesus; and the world is sick of us, and goes stumbling over us. If we don't practice in every particular the professions we make, and try to influence the lives of others, and lead the lives of Christians according to Christian precept, the world will go on stumbling over us. A few years ago, in a town somewhere in this State, a merchant died; and while he was lying a corpse, I was told a story I will never forget. When the physician that attended him saw there was no chance for him here, he thought it would be time to talk about Christ to the dying man. And there are a great many Christians just like this physician. They wait till a man is just entering the other world, just till he is about nearing the throne, till the sands of life is about run out, till the death-rattle is in his throat, before they commence to speak of Christ. The physician stepped up to the dying merchant and began to speak of Jesus, the beauties of Christianity, and the salvation he had offered to all the world. The merchant listened quietly to him, and then asked him, "How long have you known of these things?" "I have been a Christian since I came from the East," he replied. "You have been a Christian so long and have known all this, and have been in my store every day. You have been in my home, and have associated with me; you knew all these things, and why didn't you tell me before?" The doctor went home and retired to rest, but could not sleep. The question of the dying man rang in his ears. He could not explain why he had not spoken before; but he saw he had neglected his duty to his principles. He went back to his dying friend,

intending to urge upon him acceptance of Christ's salvation; but when he began to speak to him, the merchant only replied in a sad whisper, "Oh, why didn't you tell me before?" Oh, my friends, how many of us act like this physician. You must go to your neighbor, and tell him who does not know Christ of what He has done for us. If you do not tell the glad tidings, they are listening to the promptings of the devil; and we make people believe that Christianity is hypocrisy, and that Christ is not the Savior of the world. If we believe it, shall we not publish it, and speak out the glorious truth to all for Christ—that He is the Redeemer of the world. Some time ago, I read a little account that went through the press; and it burned into my soul. A father took his little child into the fields one day. He lay down while the child was amusing itself, picking up little blades of grass and flowers. While the child was thus engaged, the father fell asleep; and when he awoke the first thought that occurred to him was, "Where is my child?" He looked around everywhere, but nowhere could he see the child. He looked all around the fields, over the mountains, but could not see her, and finally came to a precipice and looked down among the stones and rocks; and there he saw his little child lying down at the bottom, and ran down, took the child up, and kissed it tenderly. But it was dead. He was filled with remorse, and accused himself of being the murderer of his child. And this story applies to Christians, in their watchful care of their fellow-creatures.

It was not long ago that I heard of a mother making all sorts of fun and jeering at our preaching; not in Chicago, but in another town. She was laughing and scoffing at the meetings, she was scorning the preachers; and yet she had a drunken son. It might have been, if she had helped to support the meetings, the meetings would have been the means of saving that son from a drunkard's grave; and mothers and fathers here to-day, you have the responsibility upon you of turning the faces of your children toward Zion. Ah, my friends, it is a solemn question to you to-day; and may you ask yourself where you are in the sight of God.

The next class I want to speak to, for a few moments; for I cannot help believing that in this assembly there must be a number of backsliders, who have gone away from the wayside. You have probably come from an Eastern town to this one, and you have come to some church with a letter—to some Presbyterian, or Methodist, or Episcopalian church. And when you came to that church, you did not find the love you expected; you didn't find the cordiality you looked for, and you did not go near it again. So you kept the letter in your pocket for weeks, for years; it might have been thrown in your trunk, might have been burned up in the Chicago fire; and you have forgot all about your church life, and the letter has disappeared. You lead an ungodly life; but you are not happy. I have traveled about a

good deal in the last five years, and I never knew a man who had turned away from religion to be a happy man. That man's conscience is always troubling him. He may come to Chicago and become prosperous and wealthy, but his wealth and position in the world cannot fill his heart. If there is a poor backslider in this building to-day, let him come back. Hear the voice that calls you to come back. There is nothing you have done which God is not ready and able to forgive. If there is a poor wanderer on the mountains of sin, turn right round and face him. He will hear your transgressions, and forgive your backsliding, and take you to his loving bosom; and this will be a happy night to you. Look at the home of the backslider. No prayers, no family altar there. As in the days of Elijah, they have put up the image of Baal in the place of their God. They have no peace; their conscience troubles them, they know they are not bringing their family up as they should. Is not that the condition of a good many here to-day? Oh, backslider, you know what your life is; but what will be your eternity if you fight against the Lord, who is only waiting to do you good?

I heard of a young man who came to Chicago to sell his father's grain. His father was a minister somewhere down here. The boy arrived in Chicago and sold the grain; and when the time came for him to return home, the boy did not come. The father and mother were up all night expecting to hear the sound of the wagon every minute; but they waited and waited, and still he did not come. The father became so uneasy that he went into the stable and saddled his horse, and came to Chicago. When he reached here he found that his son had sold the grain, but had not been seen since the sale; and he concluded that he was murdered. After making investigation, however, he found that the boy had gone into a gambling house and lost all his money. After they had taken all his money from him, they told him to sell his horse and wagon, and he would recover his money, which he did. He was like the poor man who came down from Jericho to Jerusalem, and who fell among thieves, and after they had stripped him of everything cast him off. And a great many of you think as this young man thought. You think that rum-sellers and gamblers are your best friends, when they will take from you your peace, your health, your soul, your money—everything you have, and then run away. Well, the father, after looking about for him fruitlessly, went home and told his wife what he had learned. But he did not settle down, but just took his carpet-bag in his hand and went from one place to another, getting ministers to let him preach for them; and he always told the congregation that he had a boy dearer to him than life, and left his address with them, and urged them, if ever they heard anything about his boy, to let him know. At last, after going around a good deal, he got on his track, and learned that he had gone to California. He went home, but did not

write a letter to him. No; he just arranged his business affairs and started for the Pacific coast, to find his boy. This is but an illustration of what God has been doing for you. There has not been a day, an hour, a moment, but God has been searching for you. When the father got to San Francisco, he got permission to preach; and he had a notice put in the papers, in the hope that it might reach the mining districts, trusting that if his son were there it might reach him. He preached a sermon on the Sunday, and when he pronounced the benediction, the audience went away. But he saw in a corner one who remained. He went up to him, and found that it was his boy. He did not reprimand him, he did not deliver judgment upon him, but put his loving arms around him, drew him to his bosom, and took him back to his home. This is an illustration of what God wants to do to us, what he wants to do to-day. He offers us his love, and his forgiveness.

There is one peculiarity about a backslider, you must get back to him as you went away. It is you who have gone away by turning, by leaving him, not he by leaving you. And the way to get back to him is, to turn your face toward him; and he will receive you with joy and forgiveness. There will be joy in your heart, and there will be joy in heaven this afternoon, if you return to him. If you treated God as a personal friend, there would not be a backslider. A rule I have had for years is, to treat the Lord Jesus Christ as a personal friend. His is not a creed, a mere empty doctrine; but it is he himself we have. The moment we have received Christ, we should receive him as a friend. When I go away from home, I bid my wife and children good-by, I bid my friends and acquaintances good-by; but I never heard of a poor backslider going down on his knees and saying: "I have been near you for ten years; your service has become tedious and monotonous; I have come to bid you farewell; good-by, Lord Jesus Christ." I never heard of one doing this. I will tell you how they go away—they just run away. Where are you, you backslider? Just look upon your condition during the past ten years. Have they been years of happiness? Have they been years of peace? Echo answers ten thousand times, "No," Return to him at once; never mind what your past has been, he will give you salvation.

But I must hasten on to the next class—the unsaved. I will admit that professed Christians have got their failings; we are far from being what we ought to be. But is that any reason why you should not come to him? We do not preach ourselves—we do not set ourselves up as the Savior; if we did, you might make this an excuse. But we preach Christ. Now, you who are unsaved, won't you come? I do not know who you are in this audience; but if the Spirit of God is not born in you, and does not tell you you are the children of God, this is an evidence that you have not been born of God. Do

you love your enemies? Do you love those who slander you? Do you love those who hate you? Have you joy, peace, long-suffering, courage, charity? If you have got the fruit of the Spirit, you have those qualities; if you have not, you have not been born of the Spirit. Now, friends, just ask yourselves this question. "Where am I?" Here in this hall to-day, surrounded with praying friends. It seemed, sometimes, to me, as if the words came to me and fell to the floor: and at other times, the words fell on the heart. We can feel it in this hall to-day, in the atmosphere; we feel its influence all around. It may be that that mother is praying for the return of an erring son; it may be that that brother has been praying all the afternoon, "O my God, may the Spirit come to my brother!" Dear friends, let us ask each other to-day, "Where art thou?" Resisting earnest, trembling prayers of some loving mother, of some loving wife—trampling them under foot! Now, be honest. Have I not been talking to many in this audience who made promises five, ten, fifteen, twenty years ago—who made a promise to serve him? Those promises have faded away; and those five, ten, fifteen, twenty years have rolled on, and you are no nearer. O sinner, where art thou? Are you making light of all offers of mercy? Are you turning your back and ridiculing him and laughing at him? If you are, may he, the God of mercy, arrest you, and have mercy on your soul and save you. The last three years have been the most solemn years of my life. A man's life is just like going up and down a hill. If I live the allotted time, I am going down the hill. Many of you are on the top of the hill, and are not saved. Suppose you pause a moment, and look down the hill on the road from whence you came—look back toward the cradle. Don't you remember that the sermons you heard ten or fifteen years ago moved you? You say: "When you look back at those times, we used to have good sermons, better and more earnest ministers than now." Don't you make any mistake. The gospel is the same as it was then, as powerful to-day as ever. The fault is not with the ministers of the gospel; it is with yourself—your heart has become hard. Then, as you look down into the valley, don't you see a little mound and a tombstone? It marks the resting-place of a loving father, or a loving mother. Ten years ago, you had a praying mother. Every morning and evening, she went down on her knees in her closet and prayed for you. Her prayers are ended now—and yet you are not saved. It may be, as you look down the stream of time, you see a little grave that marks the resting-place of your child. It may be that child took you by the hand, and asked you, "Will you meet me in that land?" And you promised her that you would meet her there. As you looked down into that little grave, and heard the damp, cold earth falling down, you repeated that promise. Five, ten, fifteen years ago you promised this; have you kept it? Some of you are far down the

hill, and hastening to judgment. May God open your eyes to-day, as you look back upon your lives, and look into the future. It may be that you will live the allotted time; but the end is soon to come. The average age is thirty-three years. There are a number of you in this hall this afternoon who will be in eternity inside of thirty days. Ask yourselves where you are—resisting the offer of mercy, turning back the offer of God. May the loving God show you the Savior standing at the door of your heart, and knocking, and telling you he wants to come in and save you.

In London, when I was there in 1867, I was told a story which made a very deep impression upon me. A young French nobleman came there to see a doctor, bringing letters from the French Emperor. The Emperor Napoleon III. had a great regard for this young man, and the doctor wanted to save him. He examined the young man, and saw there was something upon his mind. "Have you lost any property? What is troubling you? You have something weighing upon your mind," said the doctor. "Oh, there is nothing particular." "I know better; have you lost any relations?" asked the doctor. "No, none within the last three years." "Have you lost any reputation in your country?" "No." The doctor studied for a few minutes, and then said: "I must know what is on your mind; I must know what is troubling you." And the young man said: "My father was an infidel; my grandfather was an infidel, and I was brought up an infidel; and for the last three years these words have haunted me, 'Eternity! and where shall it find me?'" "Ah," said the doctor; "you have come to the wrong physician." "Is there no hope for me?" cried the young man. "I walk about in the daytime; I lie down at night, and it comes upon me continually—'Eternity! and where shall I spend it?' Tell me, is there any hope for me." The doctor said: "Now, just sit down and be quiet. A few years ago I was an infidel. I did not believe in God, and was in the same condition in which you now are." The doctor took down his Bible, and turned to the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, and read: "He was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed." And he read on through this chapter. When he had finished, the young man said: "Do you believe this, that he voluntarily left heaven, came down to this earth, and suffered and died that we might be saved?" "Yes, I believe it. That brought me out of infidelity, out of darkness into light." and he preached Christ and his salvation and told him of heaven, and then suggested that they get down on their knees and pray. And when I went there in 1867, a letter had been received from that young nobleman, who wrote to Dr. Winslow, in London, telling him that the question of "Eternity, and where he should spend it," was settled, and troubling him no more. My friends, this question of eternity and where we

are going to spend it, forces itself upon every one of us. We are staying here for a little day. Our life is but a fibre, and it will soon be snapped. I may be preaching my last sermon. To-night may find me in eternity. By the grace of God, say that you will spend it in heaven. All the hosts of hell cannot hinder you, if you make up your mind to come to heaven; because if God says; "Let him come," Who can resist you? If that little child sitting yonder says it will enter heaven, all the hosts of hell cannot keep it out. May God help you to spend your eternity in heaven; and may you say: "By the grace of God, I accept Jesus as my Redeemer.

TO THE BROKEN-HEARTED.

"He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted." LUKE 4:19.

If I were to ask this audience what Christ came into this world for, every one of you would say to save sinners; and then you would stop. A great many think that is all Christ came to do—to save sinners. Now, we are told that he came, to be sure, to "seek and save that which was lost;" but then he came to do more. He came "to heal the broken-hearted." In that 18th verse of the 4th chapter of Luke, which I read to you last night, he said that the Spirit of the Lord was upon him, and that he was "anointed to preach the gospel to the poor," and in the next sentence he tells us, he is "sent to heal the broken-hearted." In another place we are told, he came into the world to declare who the Father was, and reveal him to the sons of men.

To-night I want to take up this one thought—that Christ was sent into the world "to heal the broken-hearted." When the Prince of Wales came to this country, a few years ago, the whole country was excited as to his purpose. What was his object in coming here? Had he come to look into our republican form of government, or our institutions; or was it simply to see and be seen? He came and he went, without telling us what he came for. When the Prince of Peace came into this dark world, he did not come in any private way. He tells us that he came, not to see and be seen, but to "seek and save that which was lost," and also "to heal the broken-hearted." And in the face of this announcement, it is a mystery to me why those who have broken hearts will rather carry them year in and

year out, than just bring them to this great physician. How many men in Chicago are just going down to their graves with a broken heart? They have carried their hearts weighted with trouble for years and years; and yet, when they open the Scriptures, they can see the passage telling us that he came here for the purpose of healing the broken-hearted. He left heaven and all its glory to come to the world—sent by the Father, he tells us, for the purpose of healing the broken-hearted.

You will find, my friends, that there is no class of people exempt from broken hearts. The rich and the poor suffer alike. There was a time, when I used to visit the poor, that I thought all the broken hearts were to be found among them; but within the last few years I have found there are as many broken hearts among the learned as the unlearned, the cultured as the uncultured, the rich as the poor. If you could but go up one of our avenues and down another, and reach the hearts of the people, and get them to turn out their whole story, you would be astonished at the wonderful history of every family. I remember, a few years ago, I had been out of the city for some weeks. When I returned, I started out to make some calls. The first place I went to I found a mother, her eyes red with weeping. I tried to find out what was troubling her, and she reluctantly opened her heart and told me all. She said: "Last night, my only boy came home about midnight, drunk. I didn't know that he was addicted to drunkenness; but this morning I found out that he has been drinking for weeks; and," she continued, "I would rather have seen him laid in the grave, than have him brought home in the condition I saw him in last night." I tried to comfort her as best I could, when she told me her sad story. When I went away from that house, I didn't want to go into any other house where there was family trouble. The very next house I went to, however, where some of the children who attended my Sunday-school resided, I found that death had been there and laid his hand on one of them. The mother spoke to me of her afflictions, and brought to me the playthings and the little shoes of the child; and the tears trickled down that mother's cheeks, as she related to me her sorrow. I got out as soon as possible, and I hoped I should see no more family trouble that day. The next visit I made was to a home where I found a wife with a bitter story. Her husband had been neglecting her for a long time; "and now," she said, "he has left me, and I don't know where he has gone. Winter is coming on, and I don't know what is going to become of my family." I tried to comfort her, and prayed with her, and endeavored to get her to lay all her sorrows on Christ. The next home I entered, I found a woman crushed and broken-hearted. She told me her boy had forsaken her, and she had no idea where he had gone. That afternoon, I made five calls; and in every home I found a broken heart. Every one had a sad tale to tell; and if you visited

any home in Chicago you would find the truth of the saying, that "there is a skeleton in every house." I suppose, while I am talking, you are thinking of the great sorrow in your own bosom. I do not know anything about you; but if I came round to every one of you, and you were to tell me the truth, I would hear a tale of sorrow. The very last man I spoke to, last night, was a young mercantile man, who told me his load of sorrow had been so great that, many times during the last few weeks, he had gone down to the lake and had been tempted to plunge in and end his existence. His burden seemed too much for him. Think of the broken hearts in Chicago, to-night! They could be numbered by hundreds—yea, by thousands. All over this city are broken hearts. If all the sorrow represented in this great city was written in a book, this building couldn't hold that book; and you couldn't read it in a long life-time. This earth is not a stranger to tears, neither is the present the only time when they could be found in abundance. From Adam's days to ours, tears have been shed; and a wail has been going up to heaven from the broken-hearted. And I say it again, it is a mystery to me how all those broken hearts can keep away from him who has come to heal them. For six thousand years, that cry of sorrow has been going up to God. We find the tears of Jacob put on record, when he was told that his own son was no more. His sons and daughters tried to give him comfort; but he refused to be comforted. We are also told of the tears of King David. I can see him, as the messenger brings the news of the death of his son, exclaiming in anguish: "O, Absalom, my son, would that I had died for thee!" And when Christ came into the world, the first sound he heard was woe—the wail of those mothers in Bethlehem; and from the manger to the cross, he was surrounded with sorrow. We are told that he often looked up to heaven and sighed. I believe it was because of so much suffering around him. It was on his right hand and on his left—everywhere on earth; and the thought that he had come to relieve the people of the earth of their burdens, and so few would accept him, made him sorrowful. He came for that purpose. Let the hundreds of thousands just cast their burdens on him. He has come to bear them, as well as our sins. He will bear our griefs and carry our sorrows. There is not a burdened son of Adam in Chicago who cannot but be freed, if he will only come to him.

Let me call your attention to this little word "sent," "He hath *sent* me." Take your Bibles and read about those who have been sent by God, and one thought will come to you—that no man who has ever been sent by God to do his work has ever failed. No matter how great the work, how mighty the undertaking; no matter how many difficulties had to be encountered, when they were sent from God they were sure to succeed. God sent Moses down to Egypt, to bring 3,000,000 people out of bondage, The idea would have

seemed absurd to most people. Fancy a man with an impediment in his speech, without an army, without generals, with no record, bringing 3,000,000 people from the power of a great nation like that of the Egyptians. But God sent him; and what was the result? Pharaoh said they should not go; and the great king and all his army were going to prevent them. But did he succeed? God sent Moses, and he didn't fail. We find that God sent Joshua to the walls of Jericho, and he marched around the walls; and at the proper time those walls came tumbling down, and the city fell into his hands. God sent Elijah to stand before Ahab, and we read the result. Samson and Gideon were sent by God, and we are told in the scriptures what they accomplished; and so all through the Word, we find that when God sent men they have never failed. Now, do you think for a moment that God's own Son, sent to us, is going to fail? If Moses, Elijah, Joshua, Gideon, Samson, and all these mighty men sent by God succeeded in doing their work, do you think the Son of man is going to fail? Do you think, if he has come to heal broken hearts, he is going to fail. Do you think there is a heart so bruised and broken that it can't be healed by him? He can heal them all; but the great trouble is that men won't come. If there is a broken heart here to-night, just bring it to the Great Physician. If you break an arm or a leg, you run off and get the best physician. If you have a broken heart, you needn't go to a doctor or a minister with it; the best physician is the Great Physician. In the days of Christ, they didn't have hospitals or physicians, as we have now. When a man was sick, he was taken to the door; and the passer-by prescribed for him. If a man came along who had had the same disease as the sufferer, he just told him what he had done to get cured. I remember I had a disease for a few months; and when I recovered, if I met a man with the same disease, I had to tell him what cured me. I could not keep the prescription all to myself. When he came there and found the sick at their cottage door, the sufferers found more medicine in his words than there was in all the prescriptions of that country. He is a mighty physician, who has come to heal every wounded heart in this building and in Chicago, to-night. You needn't run to any other physician. The great difficulty is that people try to get some other physician—they go to this creed and that creed, to this doctor of divinity and that one; instead of coming direct to the Master. He has told us that his mission is to heal the broken hearts, and if he has said this, let us take him at his word and just ask him to heal.

I was thinking, to-day, of the difference between those who knew Christ, when trouble comes upon them, and those who know him not. I know several members of families in this city who are just stumbling into their graves over trouble. I know two widows in Chicago, who are weeping and moaning over the death of their husbands;

and their grief is just taking them to their graves. Instead of bringing their burdens to Christ, they mourn day and night; and the result will be, that, in a few weeks or years at most, their sorrow will take them to their graves, when they ought to take it all to the Great Physician. Three years ago, a father took his wife and family on board that ill-fated French steamer. They were going to Europe, and when out on the ocean another vessel ran into her, and she went down. That mother, when I was preaching in Chicago, used to bring her two children to the meetings every night. It was one of the most beautiful sights I ever looked on, to see how those little children used to sit and listen, and to see the tears trickling down their cheeks when the Savior was preached. It seemed as if noboby else in that meeting drank in the truth as eagerly as those little ones. One night, when an invitation had been extended to all to go into the inquiry-room, one of these little children said, "Mamma, why can't I go in, too?" The mother allowed them to come into the room, and some friend spoke to them: and to all appearances, they seemed to understand the plan of salvation as well as their elders. When that memorable night came, that mother went down, and came up without her two children. Upon reading the news, I said, "It will kill her;" and I quitted my post in Edinburgh—the only time I left my post on the other side—and went down to Liverpool, to try and comfort her. But when I got there, I found that the Son of God had been there before me; and instead of me comforting her, she comforted me. She told me she could not think of those children as being in the sea; it seemed as if Christ had permitted her to take those children on that vessel only that they might be wafted to him, and had saved her life only that she might come back and work a little longer for him. When she got up the other day at a mothers' meeting in Farwell hall, and told her story, I thought I would tell the mothers of it the first chance I got. So if any of you have some great affliction; if any of you have lost a loved and loving father, mother, brother, husband, or wife, come to Christ; because God has sent him to heal the broken-hearted.

Some of you, I can imagine, will say: "Ah, I could stand that affliction; I have something harder than that." I remember a mother coming to me, and saying: "It is easy enough for you to speak in that way; if you had the burden that I've got, you couldn't cast it on the Lord." "Why, is your burden so great that Christ can't carry it?" I asked. "No, it isn't too great for him to carry; but I can't put it on him." "That is your fault," I replied; and I find a great many people with burdens, who, rather than just come to him with them, strap them tighter on their backs and go away staggering under their load. I asked her the nature of her trouble, and she told me: "I have an only boy who is a wanderer on the face of the earth; I don't know where he is. If I only knew where he was, I

would go round the world to find him. You don't know how I love that boy; this sorrow is killing me." "Why can't you take him to Christ? You can reach him at the throne, even though he be at the uttermost part of the world. Go tell God all about your trouble, and he will take away this; and not only that, but if yyu never see him on earth, God can give you faith that you will see your boy in heaven." And then I told her of a mother who lived down in the southern part of Indiana. Some years ago her boy came up to this city. He was a moralist. My friends, a man has to have more than morality to lean upon in this great city. He hadn't been here long before he was led astray. A neighbor happened to come up here, and found him one night in the streets drunk. When that neighbor went home, at first he thought he wouldn't say anything about it to the boy's father; but afterwards he thought it was his duty to tell. So, in a crowd in the street of that little town, he just took that father aside, and told him what he had seen in Chicago. It was a terrible blow. When the children had been put to bed that night he said to his wife: "Wife, I have bad news; I have heard from Chicago to-day." The mother dropped her work in an instant, and said, "Tell me what it is." "Well, our son has been seen on the streets of Chicago drunk." Neither of them slept that night; but they took their burden to Christ. About daylight, the mother said: "I don't know how, I don't know when or where, but God has given me faith to believe that our son will be saved and will never come to a drunkard's grave." One week after, that boy left Chicago. He couldn't tell why—an unseen power seemed to lead him to his mother's home; and the first thing he said on coming over the threshold was, "Mother, I have come home to ask you to pray for me;" and soon after he came back to Chicago, a bright and shining light. If you have got a burden like this, fathers, mothers, bring it to him and cast it on him, and he, the Great Physician, will heal your broken hearts.

I can imagine, again, some of you saying, "How am I to do it?" My friends, go to him as personal friend. He is not a myth. What we want to do is, to treat Christ as we would treat an earthly friend. If you have sins, just go and tell him all about them; if you have some great burden, "Go bury thy sorrow"—bury it in his bosom. If you go to people and tell them of your cares, your sorrows, they will tell you they haven't time to listen. But he will not only hear your story, however long it be, but will bind your broken heart up. Oh, if there is a broken heart here to-night, bring it to Jesus; and I tell you upon authority, he will heal you. He has said, he will bind your wounds up; not only that, he will heal them.

During the war I remember of a young man not twenty, who was court-martialled down in the front and sentenced to be shot. The story was this: The young fellow had enlisted; he was not obliged to, but he went off with another young man, and they were what we

would call "chums." One night this companion was ordered out on picket duty, and he asked the young man to go for him. The next night, he was ordered out himself; and having been awake two nights, and not being used to it, fell asleep at his post, and for the offense he was tried and sentenced to death. It was right after the order issued by the President, that no interference should be allowed in cases of this kind. This sort of thing had become too frequent, and it must be stopped. When the news reached the father and mother in Vermont, it nearly broke their hearts. The thought that their son should be shot, was too great for them. They had no hope that he would be saved by anything they could do. But they had a little daughter, who had read the life of Abraham Lincoln and knew how he loved his own children, and she said: "If Abraham Lincoln knew how my father and mother loved my brother, he wouldn't let him be shot." That little girl thought this over, and made up her mind to go and see the President. She went to the White House, and the sentinel, when he saw her imploring looks, passed her in, and when she came to the door and told the private secretary that she wanted to see the President, he could not refuse her. She came into the chamber, and found Abraham Lincoln surrounded by his generals and counselors; and when he saw the little country girl, he asked her what she wanted. The little maid told her plain, simple story—how her brother, whom her father and mother loved very dearly, had been sentenced to be shot; how they were mourning for him, and if he was to die in that way it would break their hearts. The President's heart was touched with compassion, and he immediately sent a dispatch canceling the sentence and giving the boy a parol, so that he could come home and see that father and mother. I just tell you this to show you how Abraham Lincoln's heart was moved by compassion for the sorrow of that father and mother; and if he showed so much, do you think the Son of God will not have compassion upon you, sinner, if you only take that crushed, bruised heart to him? He will heal it. Have you got a drunken husband? Go tell him. He can make him a blessing to the church and to the world. Have you a profligate son? Go take your story to him, and he will comfort you, and bind up and heal your sorrow. What a blessing it is to have such a Savior. He has been sent "to heal the broken-hearted." May the text, if the sermon doesn't, reach every one here to-night; and may every crushed, broken, and bruised heart be brought to that Savior, and they will hear his comforting words. He will comfort you, as a mother comforts her child, if you will only come in prayer and lay all your burdens before him.

SPIRITUAL BLINDNESS.

"But if our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost; in whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them." 2 CORINTHIANS 4; 3, 4.

You who have been here during the week have heard me speaking on the 4th chapter of Luke and 18th verse. I spoke on the first three clauses of that verse, and we have now come to the next clause, in which he tells us he came to give sight to the blind—for the recovery of sight to the blind. Paul tells us, in his Epistle to the Corinthians, 4th chapter and 3d verse: "But if our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost; in whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, shall shine unto them." "If the gospel be hid"—"In whom the god of this world hath blinded." Now you may see this world is just one large blind asylum—it is full of blind people. Last Wednesday night, I tried to tell you that the world was full of broken hearts; last night, I tried to tell you that the world was full of captives, bound hand and foot in sin; and to-night I tell you that it is full of blind people. Not only blind people, but they are bound and broken-hearted. You might say that nearly all those in the world come under the three heads. Now just look at the contrast between Satan and Christ. Satan breaks men's hearts; but Christ binds them up. Satan binds the people of this earth, hand and foot; but Christ breaks the fetters and sets them free. Satan makes us blind; but Christ opens our eyes. He came to do this; and just see how he was received. He went into that synagogue at Nazareth and preached this glorious gospel, and commenced by telling them that the Spirit of the Lord was upon him, and went on to tell them that he had come to save them; and what did they do? They thrust him out of the city, and took him to the brow of the hill; and would have hurled him into hell, if they could. And men have been as bitter toward the gospel all along these eighteen hundred years. Why, some men would tear the preacher of it limb from limb, if it wasn't for the law. Then we find when he goes to Bethany, and raises up the brother of Martha and Mary and binds up broken hearts as he went along and preaches mercy; and they want to kill him. We find him, in the 3d chapter of Mark, setting the captive free. Here we find a man possessed of demons, whom no one could cure, set at liberty by the Son of man; and in the healing, because they lost a few swine, they told him to depart from their coasts. Then we find him, just a few days before his death, almost on his way to Calvary, giving sight to that blind man.

And for all this they take him to that mount and nail him to a cross. Oh, what blindness!

We are told that there are 3,000,000 people in the world who are called blind. Every one calls them blind because they haven't their natural sight. But do you ever think how many are spiritually blind in this world? Why, if there are 3,000,000 people in the world who have not their natural sight, how many do you suppose are spiritually blind? We sympathize with those who have lost their sight. Nothing appeals to our sympathy so readily. I believe I could raise thousands of dollars among you by telling you about some blind one who is suffering for the necessities of life, through that affliction. How many of you wouldn't put your hand in your pockets and give liberally? How it moves our compassion—how it moves our hearts, as we see the blind men, women or children in the streets. How your heart goes out to those poor unfortunates. I was at a meeting in London when I was there, and I heard a man speaking with wonderful power and earnestness. "Who is that man?" I asked, my curiosity being excited. "Why, that is Dr.——; he is blind." I felt some interest in this man, and at the close of the meeting I sought an interview; and he told me that he had been stricken blind when very young. His mother took him to a doctor, and asked him about his sight. "You must give up all hope," the doctor said, "your boy is blind, and will be forever." "What, do you think my boy will never see?" asked his mother. "Never again." The mother took her boy to her bosom and cried: "Oh, my boy, who will take care of you when I am gone—who will look to you!" forgetting the faithfulness of that God she had learned him to love. He became a servant of the Lord, and was permitted to print the Bible in twelve different languages, printed in the raised letters, so that all the blind people could read the scriptures themselves. He had a congregation, my friends, of 3,000,000 people; and I think the blind man was one of the happiest beings in all London. He was naturally blind; but he had eyes to his soul, and could see a bright eternity in the future. He had built his foundation upon the living God. We pity those who have not their natural sight; but how you should pity yourself if you are spiritually blind. If we could get all the blind, spiritually, in this city! You talk about those great political meetings; they would be nothing to the crowd you would collect. Why, just look at all the men in this city who are blind; and many of them are in the churches. This has been the trouble with men always; Christ couldn't get men to understand they were blind. He couldn't even get his disciples to open their eyes until after he went up to heaven; and then they received the spiritual truth. How many are the professed children of God we read of in the book of Revelations?

I think to-night I might pick up some of the different classes who

are blind. I am somewhat acquainted with the rich men of this city; and I don't think it would take long to prove that the leading men of this city are blind—blind to their own interests. Take a man just spending all his strength and energies to get money. He is money blind; he is so blind in his pursuit that he cannot see the God of heaven. Money is his god. His cry is continually "Money, money;" and it is the cry of many here in Chicago. They don't care about God, don't care about salvation, don't heed their eternal condition, so long as they get money, *money*, MONEY. And a great many of them have got it; but how lean their souls are. God has given them the desire of their heart; but he has given them leanness of soul. I heard of a man who had accumulated great wealth, and death came upon him suddenly; and he realized, as the saying is, that "there was no bank in the shroud," that he couldn't take anything away with him. We may have all the money on earth, but we must leave it behind us. He called a lawyer in and commenced to will away his property, before he went away. His little girl couldn't understand exactly where he was going, and she said, "Father, have you got a home in that land you are going to?" The arrow went down to his soul. "Got a home there?" The rich man had hurled away God, and neglected to secure a home there for the sake of his money; and he found it was now too late. He was money mad, and he was money blind. It wouldn't be right for me to give names; but I could tell you a good many here in Chicago who are going on in this way—just spending all their lives in the accumulation of what they cannot take with them. This is going on, while how many poor people are suffering for the necessaries of life. These men don't know they are blind—money is their god.

There is another class who don't care so much for money. We might call them business blind. It is business, business, business with them all the time. In the morning, they haven't time to worship. They must attend to business; must get down to the store. Down they run, and haven't time to get home to dinner. They mustn't let anyone get ahead of them; and they get home late at night, and their families have gone to bed. They scarcely ever see their children. It is all business with them. A man told me not long ago: "I must attend to my business, that is my first consideration, and see that none gets ahead of me." That is his god. I don't care if he is an elder or a deacon in the church. That is his god; the god of business has blinded him. Look at the merchant prince who died the other day. Men call him a clever, shrewd man. Call that shrewdness—to pile up wealth for a lifetime, and leave no record behind so that we know he has gone to heaven? He rose above men in his business; he devoted his whole soul to it, and the world called him a power among men; the world called him great. But let the Son of God write his obituary; let him put an epitaph on his

tombstone, and it would be, "Thou fool." Man says, "I must attend to business first;" God says, "Seek first the kingdom of God." I don't care what your business may be; it may be honorable legitimate, and all that, and you think you must attend to it first. Bear in mind that God tells every man to seek his kingdom first.

There is another class of people who are blind. They don't care so much about riches; they are not very ambitious to become rich; they don't spend their lives in business matters. They are politically blind. They are mad over politics; they are bound up in the subject. There will be a great many broken hearts in a week hence. They have got their favorite candidate to attend to, and they cannot find time to worship God. How little prayer there has been about the election. There has been a good deal of work; but how much praying has been done? We want prayer to go up all over our land, that high and honest men may rule over us. But they are so excited over this election that they have no time to pray to the God of heaven. They are politically blind. How many men within our recollection, who have set their hearts upon the Presidential chair, have gone down to the grave with disappointment? They were poor, blind men; and the world called them great. Oh, how foolish; how blind. They didn't seek God; they only sought one thing—greatness—position and office. They were great, brilliant, clever men; but when they were summoned into the presence of their God, what a wreck. Men so brilliant might have wielded an influence for the Son of God that would have lived in the hearts of the people for generations to come; and the streams of their goodness might have flowed long after they went to heaven. But they lived for the world, and their works went to dust.

But a greater number of people don't care for business or politics; they only want a little money, so as to get pleasure. How many men have been blinded by pleasure. A lady told me in the inquiry-room she would like to become a Christian; but there was a ball coming on, and she didn't want to become a Christian until after the ball. The ball was worth more to her than the kingdom of God. For this ball she would put off the kingdom of God until it was over, forgetting that death might come to her in the meantime and usher her into the presence of God. How blind she was; and many are just like her. The kingdom of God is offered to them without money and without price; and yet for a few days of pleasure they forfeit heaven, and everything dear to their eternity. I was talking to a lady who, with the tears running down her cheeks upon my speaking to her, said: "The fact is, if I become a Christian I have to give up all pleasure. I cannot go to a theatre; I cannot read any novels; I cannot play cards. I have nothing else to do." Oh, what blindness! Look at the pleasure of being taken into the Lord's vineyard, and the joy and luxury of working for him and leading souls to Christ.

And people, with their eyes wide open, would rather bend down to the god of pleasure than become Christians.

Then there is the god of fashion. How many women just devote their lives to it. They want to see the last bonnet, the last cloak, the last dress; they can't think of anything else. Said a lady to me: "I am always thinking of fashion; it don't matter if I get down on my knees to pray, I am always thinking of a new dress." You may laugh at this, but it is true. Pleasure in the ball-room and fashion is the god of a great many people. Oh, that we may lift our eyes to something nobler. Suppose you don't have so many dresses, and give something to the poor, you will have something then which will give you joy and comfort, that will last you always. I pity the man or woman that lives for the day like the butterfly; those whose minds are fixed upon fashion and pleasure, and have no time to look to their perishing soul. A good many people don't know they are blind. Look at that young man. You call him a fast young man. He has got a salary of $1,000; and it costs him $3,000 to live. Where does he get the money? Where does it come from? His father cannot give it him, because he is poor. His employer begins to get suspicious. "I only give him $1,000 a year; and he is living at the rate of $3,000." By and by, he looks into his account book and finds it overdrawn. Thus he is ruined—character blasted. Oh, how many are of this stamp in Chicago! It is only a question of time. How many young men have we got just living beyond their income—taking money out of their employer's drawer. They say: "Well, I am going to the theatre to-night, and I will just take a dollar; will put it back next week." But when next week comes, he hasn't put it back; and takes another dollar. He has taken two dollars now. He keeps on draw, draw, drawing, when by and by it all comes out. He loses his place, don't get any letters of recommendation, and the poor man is ruined. My friends, this is not the description of an isolated case; this class is all over the country. I wish I could send you the letters I get about just such cases. I got one, the other day, from a young mother with a family of beautiful children. She told me how happy they had lived—husband, wife, and children; and how one night her husband came home excited, his face white with terror, and said: "I've got to fly from justice. Good-bye." He has gone from her, and she said it seemed as if she could die; her husband, disgraced and starving, couldn't get anything to do. Her cry seemed to be, "Help, help me." Is not the country full of such cases? Is it not blindness and madness for men to go on in this way. If any one is here to-night following in the way of these men, I pray God your eyes may be opened before you are led to death and ruin.

You know we had a full meeting to-day, and the subject was Intemperance; How many young men are there who spend their time

in the saloons of the city? I am afraid many will be led astray next Tuesday. I always dread an election day; I generally see so many young men beastly drunk. They are led away; and that is another quick road down to hell. May the young men see the folly of this, and on that day stand firm. May God open your eyes! How many young men are there whose characters have been blasted by strong drink. How many brilliant men in the Chicago bar have gone down to death by it. Some of the noblest statesmen, some of the most brilliant orators and men of all professions, have been borne down to the drunkard's grave. May God open your eyes to show the folly of tampering with strong drink. Now, many men say, "I am not going down to the grave of a drunkard." They think they have strength to stop when they like. When it gets hold, there is nothing within us by which we can save ourselves. He alone can give you power to resist the cup of temptation: he alone can give you power to overcome its influence, if you only will believe him. The god of this world has been trying to make you believe that man can do it himself, and Christ will have nothing to do with him. The god of this world is a liar. I come with authority to tell you—I don't care how far gone you are; don't care how blessed you may be—that the Son of God can and will save you if you only believe him. If there is one here to-night under the power of strong drink, come to-night. We lift up our voice to warn you.

Look at that man in a boat on Niagara River. He is only about a mile from the rapids. A man on the bank shouts to him: "Young man, young man, the rapids are not far away; you'd better pull for the shore." "You attend to your own business; I will take care of myself," he replies. Like a great many people here, and ministers, too, they don't want any evangelist here—don't want any help, however great the danger ahead. On he goes, sitting coolly in his boat. Now he has got a little nearer; and a man from the bank of the river sees his danger, and shouts: "Stranger, you'd better pull for the shore; if you go further you'll be lost. You can be saved now, if you pull in." "Mind your business, and you'll have enough to do; I'll take care of myself." Like a good many men, they are asleep to the danger that's hanging over them, while they are in the current. And I say, drinking young men, don't you think you are standing still. You are in the current; and if you don't pull for a rock of safety, you will go over the precipice. On he goes. I can see him in the boat, laughing at the danger. A man on the bank is looking at him, and he lifts up his voice and cries: "Stranger, stranger, pull for the shore; if you don't you will lose your life." And the young man laughs at him, mocks him. That is the way with hundreds in Chicago. If you go to them and point out their danger, they will jest and joke at you. By and by, he say: "I think I hear the rapids—yes, I hear them roar." And he seizes his oars

and pulls with all his strength; but the current is too great, and nearer and nearer he is drawn on to that abyss, until he gives one unearthly scream, and over he goes. Ah, my friends, this is the case with hundreds in this city. They are in the current of riches, of pleasure, of drink, that will take them to the whirlpool. Satan has got them blindfolded; and they are on their road to the bottomless pit.

We hear some men say, in a jesting way: "Oh, we are sowing our wild oats; we will get over this by and by." I have seen men reap their wild oats. It's all well enough sowing; but when it comes to the reaping, it's a different thing. I remember, I went home one night and found all the people in alarm. They had seen a man come running down the street; and as he approached the house he gave an unearthly roar, and in terror they bolted the door. He came right up to my door, and instead of ringing the bell, just tried to push the door in. They asked him what he wanted, and he told them he wanted to see me. They said I was at the meeting, and away he ran; and they could hear him groan as he disappeared. I was coming along North Clark street, and he shot past me like an arrow. But he had seen me, and turned and seized me by the arm, saying eagerly: "Can I be saved to-night? The devil is coming to take me to hell at one o'clock to-night." "My friend, you are mistaken." I thought the man was sick. But he persisted, that the devil had come and laid his hand upon him, and told him he might have till one o'clock; and said, "Won't you go up to my room and sit with me?" I got some men up to his room, to see to him. At one o'clock, the devils came into that room; and all the men in that room could not hold him. He was reaping what he had sown. When the Angel of Death came and laid his cold hand on him, oh, how he cried for mercy—how he beseeched for pardon. Ah, yes, young men, you may say in a laughing and jesting way, you are sowing your wild oats; but the reaping time is coming. May God show you to-night what folly it is—what a miserable life you are leading. May we lift our heart here to the God of all grace, so that we may see our lost and ruined condition if we do not come to him. Christ stands ready and willing to save—to save to-night all those who are willing to be saved.

TRUE REPENTANCE.

"And now commandeth all men everywhere to repent." Acts 17: 30.

You will find my text to-night in the 17th chapter of Acts, part of the 30th verse: "And now commandeth all men everywhere to repent." I have heard a number of complaints about the preaching in the Tabernacle, that repentance has not been touched upon. The fact is, that I have never had very great success in preaching upon repentance. When I have preached it, people haven't repented. I've had far more success when I've preached Christ's goodness. But to-night I will preach about repentance; so you will have no more cause of complaint. I believe in repentance, just as much as I believe in the Word of God. When John the Baptist came to preach to that Jewish nation, his one cry was, "Repent! repent!" But when Christ came he changed it to, "The blood of the Lamb taketh away the sin of the world." I would rather cry, "The blood of the Lamb taketh away the sin of the world," than talk about repentance. And when Christ came, we find him saying, "Repent ye;" but he soon pointed them to something higher—he told them about the goodness of God. It is the goodness of God that produces repentance. When, upon the Day of Pentecost, they asked what to do to be saved, we find him telling men, "Repent, every one of you." When Christ sent his disciples out to preach, two by two, we find the message he gave them to deliver was, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." It is clearly preached throughout the Scriptures. There is a good deal of trouble among people about what repentance really is. If you ask people what it is, they will tell you "It is feeling sorry." If you ask a man if he repents, he will tell you: "Oh, yes; I generally feel sorry for my sins." That is not repentance. It is something more than feeling sorry. Repentance is turning right about, and forsaking sin. I wanted to speak on Sunday about that verse in Isaiah, which says: "Let the guilty forsake his way, and the unrighteousnes man his thoughts." That is what it is. If a man don't turn from his sin, he won't be accepted of God; and if righteousness don't produce a turning about —a turning from bad to good—it isn't true righteousness.

Unconverted people have got an idea that God is their enemy. Now, let me impress this, and I told you the same the other night, God hates sin with a perfect hatred. He will punish sin wherever he finds it; yet he, at the same time, loves the sinner, and wants him to repent and turn to him. If men will only turn, they will

find mercy; and find it just the moment they turn to him. You will find men sorry for their misdeeds. Cain, no doubt, was sorry; but that was not true repentance. There is no cry recorded in the Scriptures as coming from him, "O my God, O my God, forgive me." There was no repentance in his only feeling sorry. Look at Judas. There is no sign that he turned to God—no sign that he came to Christ asking forgiveness. Yet, probably, he felt sorry. He was, very likely, filled with remorse and despair; but he didn't repent. Repentance is turning to him who loved us and gave himself for us. Look at king Saul, and see the difference between him and king David. David fell as low as Saul, and a good deal lower—he fell from a higher pinnacle; but what was the difference between the two? David turned back to God and confessed his sin, and got forgiven. But look at king Saul. There was no repentance there; and God couldn't save him till he repented. You will find, all through the Scriptures, where men have repented, God has forgiven them. Look at that publican, when he went up to pray; he felt his sin so great that he couldn't look up to heaven—all he could do was to smite his heart and cry, "God forgive me, a sinner." There was turning to God—repentance; and the man went down to his home forgiven. Look at that prodigal. His father couldn't forgive him while he was still in a foreign land, and squandering his money in riotous living; but the moment he came home repentant, how soon that father forgave him—how quick he came to meet him with the word of forgiveness. It wouldn't have done any good to forgive the boy while he was in that foreign country, unrepentant. He would have despised all favors and blessings from his father. That is the position the sinner stands toward God. He cannot be forgiven and get his blessing, until he comes to God, repenting of all his sins and asking the blessing.

Now, we read in scripture that God deals with us as a father deals with a son. Fathers and mothers, you who have children, let me ask, by way of illustration: Suppose you go home, and you find that, while you have been here, your boy has gone to your private drawer and stolen five dollars of your money. You go to him and say, "John, did you take that money?" "Yes, father; I took that money," he replies. When you hear him saying this without any apparent regret, you won't forgive him. You want to get at his conscience; you know it would do him an injury to forgive him, unless he confesses his wrong. Suppose he won't do it. "Yes," he says, "I stole your money; but I don't think I've done wrong." The mother cannot, the father cannot, forgive him; unless he sees he has done wrong, and wants forgiveness. That's the trouble with the sinners in Chicago. They've turned against God, broken his commandments, trampled his law under their feet, and their sins hang upon them; until they show signs of repentance, their sin will remain.

But the moment they see their iniquity and come to God, forgiveness will be given then, and their iniquity will be taken out of their way. Said a person to me the other day: "It is my sin that stands between me and Christ." "It isn't, I replied; "it's your own will." That's what stands between the sinner and forgiveness. Christ will take all your iniquities away, if you will. Men are so proud that they won't acknowledge and confess before God. Don't you see on the face of it, if your boy won't repent you cannot forgive him; and how is God going to forgive a sinner, if he don't repent? If he was allowing an unrepentant sinner into his kingdom, there would be war in heaven in twenty-four hours. You cannot live in a house with a boy who steals everything he can lay his hands on. You would have to banish him from your house. Look at King David with his son Absalom. After he had been sent away, he gets his friends to intercede for him, to get him back to Jerusalem. They succeeded in getting him back to the city; but some one told the king that he hadn't repented, and his father would not see him. After he had been in Jerusalem some time, trying his best to get into favor and position again without repentance, he sent a friend, Joab, to the king, and told him to say to his father: "Examine me, and if you find no iniquity in me, take me in." He was forgiven; but the most foolish thing King David ever did was to forgive that young prince. What was the result? He drove him from the throne. That's what the sinner would do, if he got into heaven unrepentant. He would just drive God from the throne—tear the crown from him. No unrepentant sinner can get into the kingdom of heaven.

Ah, some people say; "I believe in the mercy of God; I don't believe God will allow one to perish; I believe everyone will get to heaven." Look at those antediluvians. Do you think he swept all those sinners, all those men and women who were too wicked to live on earth—do you believe he swept them all into heaven, and left the only righteous man to wade through the flood? Do you think he would do this. And yet many men believe all will go into heaven. The day will come when you will wake up, and know that you have been deceived by the devil. No unrepentant sinner will ever get into heaven. Unless they forsake their sin, they cannot enter there. The law of God is very plain on this point, "Except a man repent." That's the language of scripture. And when this is so plainly set down, why is it that men fold their arms and say, "God will take me into heaven anyway." Suppose a governor, elected to-day, comes into office in a few months; and he finds a great number of criminals in prison, and he goes and says: "I feel for those prisoners. They cannot stay in jail any longer." Suppose some murders have been committed, and he says: "I am tender hearted; I can't punish those men;" and he opens the prison doors, and lets them all

out. How long would that governor be in his position? These very men, who are depending on the mercy of God, would be the first to raise their voice against that governor. These men would say: "These murderers must be punished or society will be imperiled; life will not be safe." And yet they believe in the mercy of God, whether they repent or not. My dear friends, don't go on under that delusion; it is a snare of the devil. I tell you the word of God is true; and it tells us, "Except a man repent," there is not one ray of hope held out. May the Spirit of God open your eyes to-night, and show you the truth—let it go into your hearts. "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous his thoughts."

Now, my friends, repentance is not fear. A great many people say, I don't preach up the terrors of religion. I don't want to—don't want to scare men into the kingdom of God. I don't believe in preaching that way. If I did get some in that way, they would soon get out. If I wanted to scare men into heaven, I would just hold the terror of hell over their heads and say, "Go right in." But that's not the way to win men. They don't have any slaves in heaven. They are all sons; and they must accept salvation voluntarily. Terror never brought a man in yet. Look at a vessel tossed upon the billows; and the sailors think it is going to the bottom, and death is upon them. They fall down on their knees, and you would think they were all converted. They ain't converted; they're only scared. There's no repentance there; and as soon as the storm is over and they get on shore, they are the same as ever. All their terror has left them; they've forgotten it, and they fall into their old habits. How many men have, while lying on a sick bed, and they thought they saw the terrors of death gathering around them, made resolutions to live a new life if they only get well again; but the moment they get better, they forget all about their resolutions. It was only scare with them; that's not what we want to feel. Fear is one thing and repentance is another. True repentance is the Holy Ghost showing sinners their sin. That's what we want. May the Holy Ghost reveal to each one here to-night out of Christ their lost condition, unless they repent.

If God threw Adam out of Eden on account of one sin, how can you expect to get into the heavenly paradise with ten thousand? I can imagine some one saying, "I haven't got anything to repent of." If you are one of those Pharisees, I can tell you that this sermon will not reach your heart. I would like to find one man who could come up here and say, "I have no sin." If I was one of those who thought I had no sin to repent of, I'd never go to church; I would certainly not come up to the Tabernacle. But could you find a man walking the streets of Chicago, who could say this honestly? I don't believe there has a day passed over my head during the last twenty years but, when night came, I found I had some sin to repent of. It is impos-

sible for a man to live without sinning; there are so many things to draw away the heart and affections of men from God. I feel as if I ought to be repenting all the time. Is there a man here who can say honestly: "I have not got a sin that I need ask forgiveness for? I haven't one thing to repent of?" Some men seem to think that God has got ten different laws for each of those ten commandments; but if you have been guilty of breaking one, you are guilty of breaking all. If a man steals five dollars and another steals five hundred dollars, the one is as guilty of theft as the other. A man who has broken one commandment of God is as guilty as he who has broken ten. If a man don't feel this, and come to him repentant, and turn his face from sin toward God, there is not a ray of hope. Nowhere can you find one ray from Genesis to Revelation. Don't go out of this Tabernacle saying, "I have nothing to repent of." I heard of a man who said he had been converted. A friend asked him if he had repented. "No," said he; "I never trouble my head about it." My friends, when a man becomes converted the work has to be a little deeper than that. He has to become repentant, and try to atone for what he has done. If he is at war with any one, he has to go and be reconciled to his enemy. If he doesn't, his conversion is the work of Satan. When a man turns to God, he is made a new creature—a new man. His impulses all the time are guided by love. He loves his enemies, and tries to repair all wrong he has done. This is a true sign of conversion. If this sign is not apparent, his conversion has never got from his head to his heart. We must be born of the Spirit; our hearts must be regenerated—born again. When a man repents, and turns to the God of heaven, then the work is deep and thorough. I hope that every one here to-night will see the necessity of true repentance, when they come to God for a blessing; and may the Spirit move you to ask it to-night.

I can imagine some of you saying, "How am I to repent to-night?" My friends, there are only two parties in the world. There has been a great political contest here to-day; and there have been two sides. We will not know before forty-eight hours which side has triumphed. There is great interest now to know which side has been the stronger. Now, there are two parties in this world—those for Christ and those against him; and to change to Christ's party is only moving from the old party to the new. You know that the old party is bad, and the new one is good, and yet you don't change. Suppose I was called to New York to-night, and went down to the Illinois Central Depot to catch the ten o'clock train. I go on the train, and a friend should see me and say: "You are on the wrong train for New York; you are on the Burlington train." "Oh, no," I say, "you are wrong; I asked some one, and he told me this was the right train." "Why," this friend replies, "I've been in Chicago for twenty years, and know that you are on the wrong train;" and the man talks, and at last con-

vinces me; but I sit still, although I believe I am in the wrong train for New York, and I go on to Burlington. If you don't get off the wrong train and get on the right one, you will not reach heaven. If you have not repented, seize your baggage to-night and go to the other train.

If a man is not repentant, his face is turned away from God; and the moment his face is turned toward God, peace and joy follow. There are a great many people hunting after joy, after peace. Dear friends, if you want to find it to-night, just turn to God; and you will get it. You need not hunt for it any longer; only come and get it. When I was a little boy, I remember I tried to catch my shadow. I don't know if you were ever so foolish: but I remember running after it, and trying to get ahead of it. I could not see why the shadow always kept ahead of me. Once I happened to be racing with my face to the sun; and I looked over my head and saw my shadow coming back of me, and it kept behind me all the way. It is the same with the Sun of Righteousness; peace and joy will go with you while you go with your face toward him; and these people who are walking with the back to the sun, are in darkness all the time. Turn to the light of God, and the reflection will flash in your heart. Don't say that God will not forgive you. It is only your will which keeps his forgiveness from you.

My sister, I remember, told me her little boy said something naughty one morning. When his father said to him, "Sammy, go and ask your mother's forgiveness." "I won't," replied the child. "If you don't ask your mother's forgiveness, I will put you to bed." It was early in the morning—before he went to business; and the boy didn't think he would do it. He said, "I won't," again. They undressed him, and put him to bed. The father came home at noon, expecting to find his boy playing about the house. He didn't see him about, and asked his wife where he was. "In bed still." So he went up to the room, and sat down by the bed, and said, "Sammy, I want you to ask your mother's forgiveness." But the answer was, "No." The father coaxed and begged, but could not induce the child to ask forgiveness. The father went away, expecting certainly that, when he came home at night, the child would have got all over it. At night, however, when he got home he found the little fellow still in bed. He had lain there all day. He went to him and tried to get him to go to his mother; but it was no use. His mother went, and was equally unsuccessful. That father and mother could not sleep any that night. They expected every moment to hear the knock at their door by their little son. Now, they wanted to forgive the boy. My sister told me it was just as if death had come into their home. She never passed through such a night. In the morning, she went to him and said: "Now, Sammy, you are going to ask my forgiveness;" but the boy turned his face to the wall and wouldd't

speak. The father came home at noon, and the boy was as stubborn as ever. It looked as though the child was going to conquer. It was for the good of the boy that they didn't want to give him his own way. It is a great deal better for us to submit to God than have our own way. Our own way will lead us to ruin; God's way leads to life everlasting. The father went off to his office; and that afternoon my sister went in to her son, about four o'clock, and began to reason with him. And, after talking for some time, she said: "Now, Sammy, say 'mother.'" "Mother," said the boy. "Now say 'for.'" "For." "Now just say 'give.'" And the boy repeated "Give." "Me," said the mother. "Me," and the little fellow fairly leaped out of bed. "I have said it," he cried; "take me down to papa, so that I can say it to him." Oh, sinner, go to him and ask his forgiveness. This is repentance. It is coming in with a broken heart, and asking the King of heaven to forgive you. Don't say you can't. It is a lie. It is your stubborn will—it is your stubborn heart.

Now let me say here, to-night, you are in a position to be reconciled to God now. You are not in a position to delay this reconciliation a week, a day, an hour. God tells you now. Look at that beautiful steamer Atlantic. There she is in the bay, groping her way along a rocky coast. The captain don't know, as his vessel plows through that ocean, that in a few moments it will strike a rock, and hundreds of those on board will perish in a watery grave. If he knew, in a minute he could strike a bell; and the steamer would be turned from the rock, and the people would be saved. The vessel has struck, but he knows now too late. You have time now. In five minutes, for all you and I know, you may be in eternity. God hangs a mist over our eyes as to our summons. So now God calls. Now, everyone repent, and all your sins will be taken from you. I have come in the name of the Master, to ask you to turn to God now. May God help you to turn and live.

WHAT CHRIST IS TO US?

Now I am not going to take a text to-night. I am going to take a subject, and that subject will be "What Christ is to us." And if you say when I get through, that Christ is not what I try to make him out to be, it will be your own fault and no one else's; because he is a thousand times more to every soul here than I can make him out to be to-night. A man cannot tell what Christ is in a few moments—cannot begin to express what Christ is to us. I remember talking on the same subject, at a meeting in the north of England. I felt that I had not said enough about him, when I got through. When I went home I went with a Scotchman, and I was complaining and groaning over the meeting, and told him that I had only got half through with my subject; when the Scotchman turned to me and said, "Ye dinna expect to tell a' about Christ in one hour, d'ye? Why, 'twould tak a' eternity to do it, mon." I thought I could get through in an hour; but, my friends, it cannot be done. I'm not going to talk to you an hour to-night, however. And now I would like to call your attention to the 2d chapter of Luke and 11th verse: "For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord." That's what Christ offers to be to every soul that comes into this world. God gives him to the world, "Unto you is born this day a Savior." God gave him to free us from our sins; that is what Christ came into the world to do. To get him, we must first meet him at Calvary as our Jesus, our purifier, our sanctification, our Redemption. We must first pass Calvary, before we can see him as our Savior. And he wants you to come there; he wants to be a Savior to every soul in Chicago. He is not only a Savior, who takes us from the pit of hell, but he delivers us from sin. A great many people have a wrong idea of Christ. They think he only saves us from hell; but he keeps us from sin, day by day. God knew a great deal better what the world needed than ourselves. Therefore he gave us Christ; not only to save us from death, but to free us from sin. He is not only a Savior; he is a Redeemer. Redemption is more real than salvation. I asked a man, some time ago, why he thought so much about a certain man. I noticed that he could not speak of him but tears came into his eyes; and so I asked him: "Why is it that you love that man as you do?" "Why, Mr. Moody," he said, "that man saved me." He told me in confidence how he got involved; he took what did not belong to him, thinking he could replace it in a few weeks; but when the

time came found he could not. In a week or two exposure would come; and it would be sure ruin to him, wife and family. How he went to a friend and poured out his heart, and how that friend advanced the money and paid the debt; and, he added, "I would be willing to lay down my life for that friend. He saved me." It was out of gratitude to that man that he was willing to give his life for him. When we appreciate what redemption is, and what Christ has done for us, we are willing to lay down our life for him—sacrifice everything for his sake.

Redemption is more. It is buying back, for we are told in Galations, "He hath redeemed us from the curse." The curse of the law rests upon every son of Adam—"He hath redeemed us from the curse of the law." Redemption is buying back. He has bought us back from sentence of justice. We belong to him—"He hath redeemed us by his blood." I remember, I was going from my home to preach in a neighboring village. My brother was with me, and I saw a young man driving before us. I said to my brother: "Who is that young man; I've never seen him before." "Do you see that farm, those beautiful buildings, do you see all these fields, and the pasture? That is his farm. His father was a drunkard and squandered his money, buried his home in debt, and died. His mother had to go to the poor-house. That young man went away, earned money, came back and redeemed the farm, and took his mother from the poor-house; and he is looked upon as one of the noblest young men in the country." That's what Christ is doing for us. Adam sold us very cheap; and Christ comes and redeems us—does it without any cost. He is more than a Savior and a Redeemer—he is a Deliverer. A great many people go to Calvary, and believe he is their Redeemer; but they forget that he came to deliver us from all temptation, from all appetite, from all lust. Now, when God put the children of Israel behind the blood of Goshen, they were safe. When they came to the Red Sea, and they heard the king of Egypt with his mighty army, his horsemen, and his chariots came rolling on to their destruction, it was then that the God of heaven showed his power as a deliverer. He said to Moses, "Stretch out thy rod;" and the sea opened, and his chosen people passed over in safety. God is a deliverer of all his children, whatever you may be. He is a great physician to us all; and he will deliver you from all your difficulties.

In the 5th chapter of Mark, we see him as a deliverer. I do not think that God ever found harder cases in Chicago, than those were there. We have got hospitals for the incurables; and if they had had them in those days, these cases would have been put there. First look at that man who had his dwelling in the tombs. They tried to tame him; but he snapped the chains, as Samson did the pillars. They tried to bind him; they tried to keep him clothed; but

he tore his garments into shreds. There he was, a wild man and a terror to everybody. The children were afraid of him; and the women and men hearing his cries at night, dreaded to go near the spot. There he was, a slave of the devils. But Christ came to that part of the country. See how they tried to chain him, to bind him, to tame him; but they all failed. But Christ came, and with one word delivered him. One word, and those devils forsook him. And his countrymen, hearing of the incident, came out. They did not go out to see what Christ had been doing; but they came out to look for their swine. A good many men here in Chicago value swine more than they do the salvation of souls. Let pork go up or down, and see what a commotion there would be. But if there are souls to save here to-night, they would never trouble themselves. They came out to see the swine, and they found the wild man sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind. When the man found himself delivered, he wanted to go with the Savior. That was gratitude. Christ had saved him, had redeemed him; he had delivered him from the hand of the enemy. And this man cried: "let me follow you round the world; where you go I will go." But the Lord said: "You go home, and tell your friends what good things the Lord has done for you." And he started home. I would like to have been in that house when he came there. I can imagine how the children would look when they saw him, and say, "Father is coming." "Shut the door," the mother would cry; "look out; fasten the windows; bolt every door in the house." Many times, he very likely had come home and abused his family, and broken the chairs and tables, and turned the mother into the street, and alarmed all the neighbors. They see him now, coming down the street. Down he comes till he gets to the door, and then gently knocks. You don't hear a sound, as he stands there. At last he sees his wife at the window, and he says, "Mary!" "Why," she says, "why he speaks as he did when I first married him; I wonder if he has got well?" So she looks out and says, "John, is that you?" "Yes, Mary," he replies; "I'ts me. Don't be afraid any more; I'm well now." I see that mother; how she pulls back the bolts of that door, and looks at him. The first look is sufficient, and she springs into his arms, and clings about his neck. She takes him in and asks him a hundred questions—how it all happened—all about it. "Well, just take a chair, and I'll tell you how I got cured." The children hang back, and look amazed. He says: "I was there in the tombs, you know, cutting myself with stones, and running about in my nakedness, when Jesus of Nazareth came that way. Mary, did you ever hear of him? He is the most wonderful man. I've never seen a man like him. He just ran in and told those devils to leave me, and they left me. When he had cured me, I wanted to follow him; but he told me to come home, and tell you all about it." The children, by-

and-by, gather about his knee; and the elder ones run to tell their playmates what wonderful things Jesus has done for their father.

Ah, my friends, we have got a mighty deliverer. Don't care what affliction you have, he will deliver you from it. The Son of God, who cast out those devils, can deliver you from your besetting sin. A man told me last night, in speaking about drunkards, the trouble is that the passion for drink becomes a disease; and when it does there is no hope. That man didn't know the gospel, my friend. Christ is the physician who has never lost a case yet. We've got a great many fine physicians; how many of them can say: "I have never lost a case." Christ has never failed; and he has had some pretty hard cases.

Just look at that woman, suffering for years from an issue of blood. Probably she had visited all the physicians round—had gone clear up to Damascus, and down to Egypt. Perhaps she had spent all her money in trying to get better, but instead had only grown worse. That's just the case with Christians, to-day. Instead of her coming to Christ, she went to the physicians around. I can imagine one of her friends coming in and saying, "Have you ever heard of Jesus of Nazareth?" "No." "Well, he is a great prophet. I have never seen him myself; but they tell me he is in Jerusalem, doing wonderful things. I heard of a man who was troubled with leprosy, and another with palsy; and they went to him, and in a moment were cured. They say, too, he gives sight to blind men." As her friend tells her these things, a ray of hope breaks upon the poor woman's soul; and she questions the friend further. "Yes, and I heard of another cure of a poor cripple who had been lame for years, so lame that he had to be carried to the prophet. When they got there, they found such a crowd that they had to cut a hole in the roof and let him down; and as soon as he saw him, he just touched him, and he was healed." "He must be a great physician. How much does he charge?" "Don't charge you anything." And this is the trouble with a great many people to-day. They think they have something to do for the Lord—something to give him in return for the salvation he offers. "Do you mean to tell me he don't charge anything?" "Yes; I tell you, he cures all the people who come to him for nothing!" "I never heard of such a thing in my life. Whenever he comes here, I am going to see him." By-and-by, she hears that he is passing through her town, and she prepares to go. Her children probably come to her and urge her not to go. "Don't go to any more physicians. You've been running after too many, and they've only made you worse." But she gives them a deaf ear. She wants to be blessed. I don't know what they called the women's garments in those days; but we will come down to the present. She gets down her old shawl. The doctor took all her money, and she can't afford to buy a new one. When she gets to where he is, she

finds a crowd around him, perhaps four or five times as many people as we have here. I can see that woman elbowing her way through the crowd, as she says to herself: "If I can only get near that man, I know by his look he can bless me." There she goes, pushing her way through the crowd of able-bodied men standing between her and the Savior. "Why don't you go away, or stand still?" they say to her; "there are plenty more besides you who want to get near him." But she keeps on; and by-and-by she is just about to touch him, when some one is thrust in between her and the Savior, and she is driven back. But she works her way on, and comes near enough again; and I can see that thin, pale hand as it comes from under that shawl, and it creeps to his garment—lo! in a moment, she is well. Some one has said that he has got more medicine in this garment than there is in all the apothecaries' stores of the world. A mighty physician!

If you have a sick soul come up to him. There is no case too bad for him. I don't care if you have some sin to which you are a slave —he can heal you of it. Yes, my friends; he is a mighty physician, and can save all who come and seek his aid. I can imagine some of you say: "I am a good deal worse than any you have spoken of. I am dead to everything that is pure and holy. I come here night after night, and those remarks never touch me. Those sweet songs never thrill me. I am dead." Well, right here we find the story of one who was dead, Jairus' daughter. When he came to the house, they said he was too late. You and I have been too late, but Christ never. They forgot he was the resurrection and the life. When he went into that room with Peter and John, among the weeping mourners, he just said to that dead girl, "Damsel, I say unto thee, arise;" and she was awakened from the sleep of death. If there is a dead soul here to-night, he can save you. He said at the creation, "Let there be light;" and lo! the light appeared. If he commands your dead souls to live, they will surely live. Let your prayers be going up to God, that your dead souls may be filled with the light of his presence. He said to that woman's son, "Young man, arise." Why, he could raise men out of the stones in the street. There is no limit to the power of the Lord God of Israel. If there is a dead soul here, he can fill it with purity. Our Savior, our Redeemer, our Deliverer, our Physician, is able to do this. He can quicken dead souls; he can make them alive.

You know, when he took the children of Israel through the Red Sea and into the wilderness, he became their *way*. You hear people sometimes saying: "If I become a Christian, I don't know what church I will join. I find the Roman Catholic church saying that they are the only true church—the only Apostolic church; and unless I join it, they say I cannot enter heaven. Then the Baptists tell me, I cannot get into heaven unless I become immersed; the

Episcopalian church claims to be the only true church. So with the Presbyterians, and the Methodists; and I don't know really what way to take." Thank God, we need not be in darkness about that. He tells us, "I am the way." The greatest mistake of the present day is, the following of this creed and that one, this church and that church; and a great many listen to the voice of the church, instead of the voice of God. The Catholic church, or any other, never saved a soul. The Son of God is the Savior of the world. The very name of Jesus can save his people from their sins. He is a real personal Savior; and if a man wants to become a Christian, let him put his eyes on that Savior, and he will be saved. You know that the children of Israel had a cloud going ahead of them. When the cloud moved they moved; when it stopped they stopped; and when it started they followed it. So, my friends, it is Jesus that is our way; and if we follow his footseps, we will be in the right church. Who could have led those chosen people through that wilderness better than God Almighty? He knew of all dangers and difficulties. When they wanted bread, he opened his hand and gave it them; when they wanted water, he commanded Moses to strike a rock, and, lo, the crystal stream gushed forth. Who could better lead them through the wilderness; and who could better lead us to heaven than Jesus? A great many people don't like the old way our fathers taught. Well, the people in the days of Jeremiah didn't like the old way; they hated it, and so he put them in slavery for seventy years. The good old way our fathers taught is better than our own way.

People say this Bible was good enough for ancient days; but we have men of culture, of science, of literature now, and its value has decreased to the people of our day. Now, give me a better book, and I will throw it away. Has the world ever offered us a better book? These men want us to give up the Bible. What are you going to give us in its place? Oh, how cruel infidelity is to tell us to give up all the hope we have—to throw away the only book which tells us the story of the resurrection. They try to tell us it is all a fiction, so that, when we lay our loved ones in the grave, we bid them farewell for time and eternity. Away with this terrible doctrine. The Bible of our fathers and mothers is true; and the good old way is true. When man comes and tries to draw us from the old to the new way, it is the work of the devil. But men say we have outgrown this way. Why don't men outgrow the light of the sun? They shouldn't let the light of the sun come into their buildings—should have gas; the sun is old, and gas is a new light. There is just as much sense in this as to take away the Bible. How much we owe the blessed Bible! Why, I don't think human life would be safe in this city, if it wasn't for it. Look at the history of the nations where the Bible has been trampled under foot. Only a few years

ago, France and England were pretty nearly equal. England threw the Bible open to the world; and France tried to trample it. Now the English language is spoken around the world, and its prosperity has increased, while it stands foremost among nations. But look at France. It has gone down and down, with anarchy and revolution. Let us not forsake the old way. The Chief Shepherd has gone in through the gates, and tells us to come in through him. When I was in Dublin, I heard of a little boy who, while being taught in one of the mission schools, had found Christ. When he got home he tried to talk to his father and mother about his Redeemer. The little fellow sickened and died; and when I was there, four years after the death of that boy, the father might have been seen night after night reading his Bible. If you had asked him what he was looking for, he would have told you he was looking for the way his little son had taken to get into heaven. He was trying to find the way. My friends, our elder brother has gone before us, and has taken his seat at the right hand of his God, and he won't leave us in darkness.

I remember, a number of years ago, I went out of Chicago to try to preach. I went down to a little town, where was being held a Sunday-school convention. I was a perfect stranger in the place; and on my arrival, a man stepped up to me and asked me if my name was Moody. I told him it was, and he invited me to his house. When I arrived, he said he had to go to the convention, and asked me to excuse his wife, as she, not having a servant, had to attend to her household duties. He put me into the parlor, and told me to amuse myself as best I could till he came back. I sat there, but the room was dark and I could not read; and I got tired. So I thought I would try and get the children and play with them. I listened for some sound of childhood in the house, but could not hear a single evidence of the presence of little ones. When my friend came back I said, "Haven't you any children?" "Yes," he replied, "I have one, but she's in heaven; and I am glad she is there, Moody." "Are you glad that your child is dead?" I inquired. He went on to tell me how he had worshiped that child; how his whole life he had been bound up in her, to the neglect of his Savior. One day he had come home and found her dying. Upon her death, he accused God of being unjust. He saw some of his neighbors with their children around them. Why hadn't he taken some of them away? He was rebellious. After he came home from her funeral, he said: "All at once I thought I heard her little voice calling me, but the truth came to my heart that she was gone. Then I thought I heard her feet upon the stairs; but I knew she was lying in the grave. The thought of her loss made me almost mad. I threw myself on my bed, and wept bitterly. I fell asleep, and while I slept I had a dream; but it almost seems to me like a vision. I thought I was going over a barren field, and I came to a river so dark and chill-looking that I

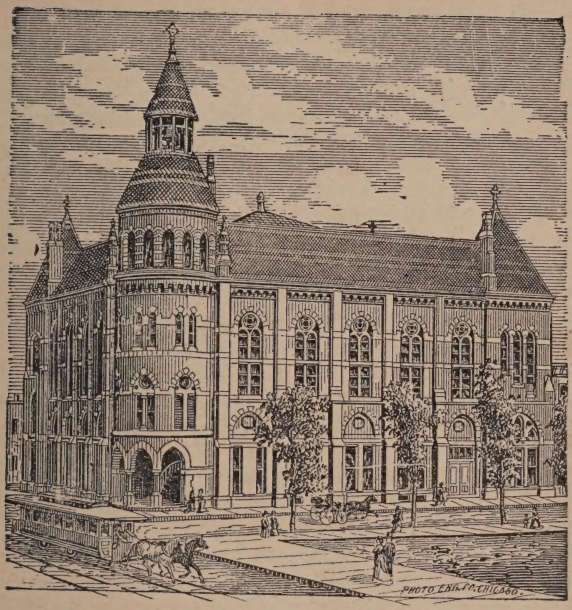
was going to turn away; when, at once, I saw, on the opposite bank, the most beautiful sight I ever looked at. I thought death and sorrow could never enter into that lovely region. Then I began to see beings all so happy looking, and among them I saw my little child. She waved her little angel hand at me and cried, 'Father, father, come this way.' I thought her voice sounded much sweeter than it did on earth. In my dream, I thought I went to the water and tried to cross it; but found it deep, and the current so rapid that I thought if I entered, it would carry me away from her for ever. I tried to find a boatman to take me over, but couldn't; and I walked up and down the river trying to find a crossing, and still she cried: 'Come this way.' All at once, I heard a voice come rolling down: 'I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me.' The voice awoke me from my sleep; and I knew it was my Savior calling me, and pointing the way for me to reach my darling child. I am now superintendent of a Sabbath-school; I have made many converts; my wife has been converted, and we will, through Jesus as the way, see one day our child."

Am I not speaking to some father to-night, who has some loved one in yonder land? Am I not speaking to some mother, who has a little one in that happy land? And if you could but hear their voice, would they not say: "Come right this way?" Am I not speaking to some here who have representatives there? There's not a son here, if he could hear his mother's voice, but who would be told to come right that way. Thank God, we have all our Elder Brother there. Nearly one thousand nine hundred years have passed since he went there; but he is as constant to us now as he was when first he went there. Dear friends, as he calls us up to him, let us turn our backs to this world. Let us take Christ as our Redeemer, as our Deliverer, as our Physician, as our Way, as our Truth, and as our Light. May the blessing of heaven fall upon us all to-night; and may every man and woman here who is out of the kingdom, accept him and press into his dominions.

CHRIST OUR KEEPER.

You that were here last night may remember that I was talking about what Christ was to us. I did not finish that subject, and want to take it up again. I want to speak of Christ now as our keeper. Many people in the inquiry rooms complained that they could not hold out; they commenced all right, but could not hold out. Of course they could not, if they tried to do so of themselves. But, thank God, they had a keeper. A man, when asked what persuasion he was, replied that he was of the same as St. Paul was, and he said: "I believe that he is able to keep that which is committed to him." That is a good denomination, and I recommend it to your attention. What is this keeping; what does it consist of? If one of you had $100,000 in your pocket, and knew that fifteen or twenty thieves had their eyes on you, and wanted to rob you, what would you do? You would find a safe bank, and put it in there and feel safe. Now, every one of you has a precious soul, which the devil is striving to rob you of, and you cannot be safe until you have given it into Christ's keeping. The lion of the tribe of Judah is the only one that can safely keep us.

What does the Word say? "I am the light of the world; if any man follow me he shall have the light of life." Why are so many of us in darkness? Because we will not follow the light—will not follow Christ. It does not matter who it is; a man of talent and intellect is no better than any one else, if he does not walk in the light. I remember, during the second year of the war, when things looked very bad for the country, they had a meeting, and every one spoke gloomily and hung their heads like so many bulrushes. One old man, though gray-bearded and with a face that literally shone—he was a man who looked like Moses—and he commenced to upbraid them that they did not look toward the Light; that they should remember that if it was dark around them it was light higher up, where their Elder Brother was, and it only rested with them to climb higher. There is no darkness where Jesus is. Let us ask ourselves, let each one ask, "Am I a light in my family, among my companions?" The Word said: "Ye are the light of the world." Are you, brethren? Just consider over it. Let us keep our loins girded and our lamps burning, or people will stumble over us. Oh, my friends, if the light in us be darkness, how great is that darkness. If we would light the world up, we must borrow the light; we must take no glory to



D. L. MOODY'S CHURCH.

Corner Chicago Avenue and La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

This edifice, recently completed, had more helping hands in its erection, than perhaps any other similar building in the world. After the great fire, which laid in ashes Moody's Illinois Street Mission, he at once called upon the Sunday-school scholars of Christendom to contribute each "a brick" only, in this good cause. The response was hearty and general. In came the money, and up went the new church structure, which stands to-day a noble monument of child-love and liberality. It is 120x100 feet, with nine rooms below, and a large auditorium and galleries above seating 2,500 persons. The entire cost was about $100,000. The Society now has a membership of 400 and a Sunday-school of 1,000 scholars.

ourselves, but merely reflect the light of Jesus Christ. The Bible does not say, "Make your light shine before all men;" but, "Let your light shine." Let it shine. What a concession to them, such sinners as they were. God supplies us with it, for the asking. Oh, my friends, will you not ask for it? And when you once have it, hundreds of thousands of others will see it, and want it as well. Keep your lower lights burning, as Mr. Sankey has sung to you.

Now I also like to think of Christ as a shepherd. The duty of a shepherd is to take care of his sheep. When a bear attacked David's flock, he seized his spear and slew the intruder; and your Shepherd will take as much care of you. Oh, what joy in the news to those who can say, "The Lord is my shepherd." Think of the shepherd carefully counting his sheep at the close of the day; one is missing; what does he do? Is he content with his ninety and nine, to leave the missing? No; he safely houses the others, and then goes in search of the one which is missing. Can you not see him hunting for the lost one; going over mountains and rocks and crossing brooks, and what joy there is when the wanderer is found. Oh what a shepherd is that. He wants to be a shepherd to all you here to-night. Will you not accept him? The man who saw a shepherd calling his sheep by name, wondered if he could tell one from another, they all looked so much alike. When he inquired on the matter, he was pointed to several little defects on the sheep; one had a black spot, another a torn ear, another a bad toe; one was cross-eyed, and so on. You see the shepherd knew his sheep by their defects; and I think it is so with our heavenly Father. He knows us all by our defects; and yet with all our faults He loves us. You may ask, If he loves me, why does he afflict me? Well, now, I once saw a drove of sheep looking very tired and weary, being hurried on by a shepherd and his dogs; and when they wanted to stop and drink at a brook by the wayside they were not allowed to, but driven on. I felt that it was very unkind of that shepherd; but by-and-by they stopped before a pair of handsome gates, and the flocks were turned into beautiful green pastures, with a clear stream running through them. Then I knew that I had been hasty; that the shepherd had not been unkind, but kind, in not allowing his sheep to drink from that muddy stream in the road, for he had been saving them and taking them on to something better. So with our heavenly Father, our Shepherd; He is compelled to afflict us sometimes, while leading us into green pastures. Oh, brethren, let us give thanks that we have such a good Shepherd to guide and protect us; and though these afflictions may come upon us and seem hard at the time, let us remember his great mercy and loving kindness, and bow and kiss the rod. Let us look to God for his blessing.

THE GOSPEL GIFT.

"And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature: and he that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." MARK 16: 15, 16.

You'll find my text to-night in the 16th chapter of Mark, 15th and 16th verses: "And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature; and he that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." I like these kinds of texts—they've got such a sweep in them; they take in everybody. You know the great difficulty is to make all people believe that you are preaching to them *individually*. A text like this to-night takes in everyone. It says: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." Don't leave out one. When he delivered this command to his followers, he was on his way home—to the land where all knew him, and all loved him. Gethsemane, with its hours of agony and blood, was over. He could now look beyond it. He had been brought before Pilate and also before the Sanhedrim, and had been tried and condemned. All that was past. Calvary, with all its horrors, was over, and the empty sepulchre lay behind him; and he stood with a little body of believers around him, with a little handful of men, who had stood by him in his conflict with the Pharisees and priests; and now he was giving them his parting words—a mission, as it were. It was the Captain of our salvation, telling his warriors what to do after he was gone. In a few minutes he was to be caught up into heaven. They were the words of the resurrected man—a man who had gone down and sounded the depths of the grave; a man who had gone down and conquered the lion of hell, and now stood on resurrection ground as he said: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned."

Now, I want to ask you the question: Do you believe he would send those men out to preach the gospel to every creature *unless* he wanted every creature to be saved? Do you believe he would tell them to preach it to people, without giving people the power to accept it? Do you believe that the God of heaven is mocking men by offering them this gospel; and not giving them the power to take hold of it? Do you believe he will not give men power to accept this salvation, as a gift. Man might do that; but God never mocks men. And when he says, "Preach the gospel to every creature;"

every creature can be saved, if he will. For 1800 years, the heralds of the Cross have been crossing seas and fording rivers, have been enduring hardships and persecution, in testifying to the people these glorious truths of the gospel. Their spirits have gone up amid flames and tortures; and they have died in prison, because of their preaching of the gospel. To-day, we live in an open land, where the gospel is as free as the air. Remember that it cost all God had to give it; and every poor, miserable sinner on the earth can be savedf or nothing. It is free to all; but don't forget that it cost God the Son of his love, the Son of his bosom, to redeem a rebellious world. If you are saved, bear this in mind, that it is a free gift; but it cost God everything. Its reading is that whosoever believes it, within the sound of my voice, can have it. Some people come to me and say: "Mr. Moody, don't you feel a great responsibility when you come before an audience like this; don't you feel a great weight upon your shoulders?" "Well," I say, "no; I cannot convert men; I can only proclaim the gospel." Not only that, but I tell you that God gives me a mission to preach it to every creature—I don't care to what nationality you belong, what has been your early training, how far you are sunk in iniquity—I don't care who or what you may be; I tell you to-night you have either to receive the gospel and be saved, or reject it and be damned. There's the scripture. I was talking to a man this morning, and I asked him, "Would you like to become a Christian?" "No, sir." "You would rather be damned, eh?" "Well, I wouldn't exactly like to put it that way," he replied. "Well," I said, "that's the way you're putting it." My friends, let's put it in plain English, so that we can get hold of it. Are there any here to-night who are willing to say coolly and calmly and deliberately: "I don't want salvation as a gift; I don't want to be saved"? Would you rather go down fighting God and the Son of his love, than accept them and be saved? Now, the invitation is to every one. "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." It is so hard to make people believe it is for them—to make them take it right home. Mr. Spurgeon told me that he once went to his orphanage on a visit. He said that a great many of those orphans had uncles and aunts, and cousins and sisters, who brought them Christmas presents. While he was on this visit a little boy came to him and said, "Mr. Spurgeon, will you let me talk to you a minute?" "Yes, my boy; what is it you want?" "Well," said he, "Mr. Spurgeon, suppose you were a poor little boy and had no aunts or cousins, or sisters or brothers, and had nobody to bring you any presents; and you saw others who had uncles and aunts, and cousins and sisters, and who brought presents to them, wouldn't you feel bad?" "Why, yes," replied Mr. Spurgeon. "That's me; that's me," said the boy. He got Mr. Spurgeon right down to the point; and so, if men would just say: "This gospel is for us; I believe it is for myself," there would

be hope for them being saved. Now, I don't see how you can get away from this text to-night; it is put so plain. Don't reject it any longer, my friends. Every time you hear it, your heart is getting harder and harder; and you will, the longer you keep away, have more difficulty in bending your will to its acceptance. I tell you, you will have to do either of two things to-night—reject it, or receive it. I remember a man, upon hearing this, getting up in a furious passion, and stamping up and down. "The idea of anyone saying we've got to receive it or reject it." He didn't like the plain statement. Well, my friends, can we tell you anything else? The audience must be divided into two classes; those who will receive it, and those who will reject it. It is for you to decide on which side you will be. As many as receive it, he will give power to become the sons and daughters of men.

The question is, What are you going to do with God's gift to-night? The question comes home to every one within this building. What are you going to do with the gift of God's love? You must either trample him under your feet, and make light of what he has offered us; or you must receive him as our way, our truth, our light. I was down at the Ohio Penitentiary a few years ago, and the chaplain said to me: "I want to tell you a scene that occurred some time ago. Our Commissioner went to the Governor of the State, and asked him if he wouldn't pardon out five men at the end of six months who stood highest on the list for good behavior. The Governor consented, and the record was to be kept secret; the men were not to know anything about. The six months rolled away, and the prisoners were all brought up—1,100 of them; and the President of the commission came up and said: 'I hold in my hand pardons for five men.' I never witnessed anything like it. Every man held his breath; and you could almost hear the throbbing of every man's heart. 'Pardons for five men!' and the Commissioner went on to tell the men how they had got these pardons—how the Governor had given them; but the chaplain said the suspense was so great that he told the Commissioner to read the names first, and tell the reason afterward. The first name was called—'Reuben Johnson'—and he held out the pardon; but not a man moved. He looked all around, expecting to see a man spring to his feet at once; but no one moved. The Commissioner turned to the officer of the prison, and inquired: 'Are all the convicts here?' 'Yes,' was the reply. 'Reuben Johnson, come forward and get your pardon; you are no longer a criminal.' Still no one moved. The real Reuben Johnson was looking all the time behind him, and around him, to see where Reuben was. The chaplain saw him standing right in front of the Commissioner, and beckoned to him; but he only turned and looked around him, thinking that the chaplain must mean some other Reuben. A second time he beckoned to Reuben, and called to him; and

a second time the man looked around. At last the chaplain said to him: 'You are the Reuben.' He had been there for nineteen years, having been placed there for life: and he could not conceive it would be for him. At last it began to dawn upon him; and he took the pardon from the Commissioner's hand, saw his name attached to it, and wept like a child." This is the way that men make out pardons for men; but, thank God! we have not to come to-night and say we have pardons for only five men—for those who behaved themselves. We have assurance of pardon for every man. 'Whosoever will, let him drink of the water of life." It is offered to every thief and harlot, to every gambler and drunkard; salvation for every one. Salvation is offered to every man, woman, and child.

I can just imagine the scene, as those warriors of the cross stood around Christ, the tears trickling down the cheeks of Peter as he says, upon hearing the command: "You don't mean, when you command us to preach to every creature, that we are to tell the gospel to those unbelievers—those murderers in Jerusalem?" "Yes; go first to those Jerusalem sinners." And at that scene of Pentecost, I can imagine a man coming up and saying: "Peter, I am the man that spat in his face; you don't mean to say I can be saved?" "Yes, every one of you; for he told me before he left, preach the gospel to every creature." Another man comes up and says: "Peter, I am he who made the crown of thorns; do you think I can be saved?" "Yes; he will give you in return the crown of life." "I am the man," says another, "who drove the spear into his side." "Yes, I know it," replies Peter; "for I saw you doing it; but even you can be saved." My friends, if those Jerusalem sinners can be saved, there is hope for the sinners of Chicago. One man, in drawing that scene, said he could fancy Peter saying: "Surely, you don't mean that we are to go back to Jerusalem and preach to those men who sacrificed you—who spat in your face?" "Yes, hunt them up; hunt up the man who drove the spear into my side, and tell him in its place I will put a sceptre in his hand, if he will accept salvation from me; unto that man who made a crown of thorns for my head, say I will give a crown of glory; tell them there is forgiveness for all." Oh, my friend, the gospel is for every creature. Take salvation as a gift. It is for you. God says plainly, he does not will any one to death, he wants all to be saved.

When I was East, a few years ago, Mr. Geo. H. Stuart told me of a scene that occurred in a Pennsylvania prison when Governor Pollock, a Christian man, was Governor of that State. A man was tried for murder, and the judge had pronounced sentence upon him. His friends had tried every means in their power to procure his pardon. They had sent deputation after deputation to the Governor; but he had told them all that the law must take its course. When they began to give up all hope, the Governor went down to the

prison and asked the sheriff to take him to the cell of the condemned man. The Governor was conducted into the presence of the criminal; and he sat down by the side of his bed and began to talk to him kindly—spoke to him of Christ and heaven, and showed him that, although he was condemned to die on the morrow by earthly judges, he would receive eternal life from the Divine Judge, if he would accept salvation. He explained the plan of salvation; and when he left him, he committed him to God. When he was gone the sheriff was called to the cell by the condemned man. "Who was that man," asked the criminal, "who was in here and talked so kindly to me?" "Why," said the sheriff, "that was Governor Pollock." "Was that Governor Pollock? O sheriff, why didn't you tell me who it was? If I had known that was him, I wouldn't have let him go out till he had given me pardon. The Governor has been here—in my cell—and I didn't know it;" and the man wrung his hands, and wept bitterly. My friends, there is one greater than a Governor here to-night, to tell you he is here. You haven't got to go to heaven to bring him down. He is here now, waiting for your acceptance. You can be saved for time and eternity, if you will. My friends, what will you do? Accept him and receive the crown of glory; or reject him, and be lost? It rests with you to decide.

CONVERSION OF SAUL.

"Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me." Acts 9 : 4.

You who were here last night know that I was speaking on the Prodigal Son. To-night, I want to take up another man for my text —the one we have been speaking about; a much harder case than the prodigal, because he didn't think he needed a Savior. You needn't have talked a great while to that prodigal before you could have convinced him that he needed a Savior. It is easy to reach a prodigal's heart, when he reaches the end of his rope. This man stood high in the estimation of the people; he stood, as it were, at the top round of the ladder, while the prodigal was at the bottom. This man was full of self-righteousness; and if you had tried to pick out a man in Jerusalem as a hopeless case, so far as accepting Jesus of Nazareth as a Savior, you would have picked out Saul. He

was the most utterly hopeless case you could have found. I would sooner have thought of the conversion of Pilate than of this man. When they were putting to death the martyrs to the Cross, he had cheered on the murderers; but, in spite of all this, we find the Son of God coming and knocking at his heart, and it was not long before he received him as his Savior. You can see him as he goes to the chief priests of Jerusalem, getting the necessary documents that he might go to Damascus, that he might go to the synagogue there and get all who were calling upon the Lord Jesus Christ cast into prison. He was going to stamp out the teachers of the new gospel. One thing that made him so mad probably was, that when the disciples were turned out of Jerusalem, instead of stopping they went all around and preached. Phillip went down to Samaria, and probably there was a great revival there; and the news had come from Damascus that the preachers had actually reached that place. This man was full of zeal, and full of religion. He was a religious man; and no doubt he could say a prayer as long as any one in Jerusalem. He had kept the laws faithfully, and been an honest and upright man. The people then would never have dreamed of him requiring a Savior. A good many people right here in Chicago would say: "He is good enough. To be sure, he don't believe in Jesus Christ; but he is a good man." And there's a good many in Chicago who don't believe in him. They think if they pay their debts, and live a moral life, they don't need to be converted. They don't want to call upon him; they want to get Christ and all his teaching out of the way, as this man did. That's what they have been trying to do, for eighteen centuries. He just wanted to stamp it out, with one swoop. So he got the necessary papers, and away he went down to Damascus. Suppose, as he rode out of the gate of Jerusalem on his mission, any one had said to him, "You are going down to prosecute the preachers of Christ; but you'll come back a preacher yourself." If a man said this, he would not have had his head on his shoulders five minutes. He would have said, "I hate him; I abhor him; that's me." He wants to get Christ and his disciples out of the way. He was no stranger to Christ; he knew his working; for, as Paul said to Agrippa, "This thing was not done in a corner." He knew all about Christ's death. Probably he was acquainted with Nicodemus, and the members of the Sanhedrim who were against Christ. Perhaps he was acquainted with Christ's disciples, and with all their good deeds. Yet he had a perfect hatred for the gospel and its teachers; and he was going down to Damascus, just to have all those Christians put in prison. You see him as he rides out of Jerusalem with his brilliant escort; and away he goes through Samaria, where Philip was. He wouldn't speak to a Samaritan, however. The Jews detested the Samaritans. The idea of him speaking to an adulterous Samaritan would have been ridiculous to him. So

he rode proudly through the nation, with his head raised. breathing slaughter to the children of God. Damascus was about one hundred and thirty-eight miles from Jerusalem; but we are not told how long he took for that journey. Little did he think that nineteen hundred years after, in this country, then wild, there would be thousands of people gathered just to hear the story of his journey down to Damascus. He has arrived at the gates of the city, and he has not got cooled off, as we say. He is still breathing revenge. See him as he stands before that beautiful city. Some one has said that this is the most beautiful city in the world; and we are told that when Mohammed came to it he turned his head away from it, lest the beauty of it would take him from his God. So this young man comes to the city; and he tells us the hour when he reached it. He never forgets the hour, for it was then that Christ met him. He says he "saw in the way a light from heaven above the brightness of the sun;" he saw the light of heaven, and a glimpse of that light struck him to the ground. And when God speaks to the sinner, that's where he ought to be. Every man ought to fall on his face. From that light a voice called, "Saul, Saul." Yes, the Son of God knows his name. Sinner, God knows your name. He knows all about you. He knows the street you live in, the number of your house, because he told Ananias where Saul lived when he went there. "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" How the words must have gone down to his soul. He stopped; the words went to his heart. And I find preaching is not attended with much good till men just stop and take the gospel to themselves. May every sinner here to-night hear Christ calling him by name. We want a personal Christ. Well, when the question was put to him, "Why persecutest thou me?" could he give a reason? Is there any sinner can give a reason for persecuting Christ? Oh, why do you persecute Christ? I can imagine some of you saying: "I never persecuted Christ. I have a great many sins; I swear sometimes, sometimes drink; but I always speak respectfully of Christ." Do you? Do you never speak disrespectfully of his disciples and God's children? Remember, if you speak disrespectfully of them, you treat him with disrespect. When Christ asked him this question, "Why persecutest thou me?" He might have added: "I lived on the earth thirty years, and I never did you any hurt: I never did you any injury; I never even injured your friends: I came into the world to bless you. Why persecutest thou me?" Why, my friends, all the blessings you ever got came from him, why can't you live for him; why do you go on hating Christ? Is there a man in this assembly who can give a reason why he don't love him? Is there any reason to be found, in the wide wide world, why men and women should not love Christ?

I remember hearing of a Sabbath-school teacher who had led every

one of her children to Christ. She was a faithful teacher. Then she tried to get her children to go out and bring other children into the school. One day, one of them came and said she had been trysng to get the children of a family to come to the school; but the father was an infidel, and he wouldn't allow it. "What is an infidel?" asked the child. She had never heard of an infidel before. The teacher went on to tell her what an infidel was; and she was perfectly shocked. A few mornings after the girl happened to be going past a postoffice on her way to school; and she saw the infidel father coming out. She went up to him and said, "Why don't you love Jesus?" If it had been a man who had said that to him, probably he would have knocked him down. He looked at her, and walked on. A second time she put the question "Why don't you love Jesus?" He put out his hand and put her gently away from him, when, on looking down, he saw her tears. "Please, sir, tell me why you don't love Jesus?" He pushed her aside, and away he went. When he got to his office, he couldn't get this question out of his mind. All the letters seemed to read, "Why don't you love Jesus?" All the men in his place of business seemed to say, "Why don't you love Jesus?" When he tried to write, his pen seemed to shape the word, "Why don't you love Jesus?" He couldn't rest, and on the street he went to mingle with the business men; but he seemed to hear a voice continually asking him, "Why don't you love Jesus?" He thought, when night came and he got home with his family, he would forget it; but he couldn't. He complained that he wasn't well, and went to bed. But when he laid his head on the pillow that voice kept whispering, "Why don't you love Jesus?" He couldn't sleep. By and by, about midnight, he got up and said: "I will get a Bible, and find where Christ contradicts himself; and then I'll have a reason." And he turned to the book of John. My friends, if you want a reason for not loving Christ, don't turn to John. He knew him too long. I don't believe a man can read the gospel of John without being turned to Christ. Well, he read it through, and found no reason why he shouldn't love him; but he found many reasons why he should. He read this book, and before morning he was on his knees; and the question put by that little child led to his conversion. My friends, if you make up your minds not to go to sleep to-night without a good reason why you shouldn't love him, you will love him. There is no reason, as I said before, in the wide, wide world, why you shouldn't love Christ. Go down to the dark corners of the earth—even to hell; and ask them there if they can give you any reason for not loving Christ. My friends, the lost spirits can give you no reason. Neither in earth, nor in hell, can any reason be found for not loving him. To-night, but this question to yourselves, "What keeps me from coming to Christ?" "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" Oh, may the question go down to our

hearts to-night, and may you not sleep till you can look up and say: "Christ is my Savior; he is my Redeemer;" and until you can see your title clear, for one of those mansions he has gone to prepare.

When this question was put to Saul, "Why persecutest thou me?" He supplemented it by saying, "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." The thought I want to call attention to is this, "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." You and I would not have had any compassion upon Saul, if we had been in Christ's place. We would have said, the hardship is upon the poor Christians in Damascus. But the Lord saw differently. He said, "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." In those days, when they didn't drive their camels with whips, they had a piece of stick with a sharp piece of steel at the end called a prick, and it was applied to the animal. A lady said to me some time ago, "It is easy to sin, but it is hard to do right;" or, in other words, it is hard to serve God, and easy to serve the devil. I think you will find hundreds of people in Chicago who think this way. There is not a lie which ever came from hell so deceptive as this. It is as false as any lie the devil ever uttered. We want to drive that lie back where it came from. My friends, it is not true, God is not a hard master; he is a lenient one. What did Christ say to Saul? "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." There is a period at which the sinner arrives when he sees the truth of this. How many men have said to me, "Mr. Moody, the way of the transgressor is pretty hard." It is a common expression. I have been with men in court and in prison, who have said this. It is not a hard thing to serve God, if you are born of God; but, my friends, it is a hard thing to serve Satan. The way of sin grows darker and harder to a man, the longer he is in it. Before I came down, I took up a paper, and the first thing I saw was an account of a Boston man who had forged, and it closed by saying his path was a hard, flinty one.

Now, take up any class of sinners in Chicago. We've representatives here to-night. Take the harlot. Do you think her life is an easy one? It is very short. The average one is seven years. Just look at her as she comes up to the city from the home where she has left sisters and a mother, as pure as the morning air. She came down to the city, and is now in a low brothel. Sometimes her mind goes back to the pure home where her mother prayed for her; where she used to lay down her head on that mother's bosom, and she used to press the sweet face of her child to her own. She remembers when she went to Sunday-school; remembers when her mother tried to teach her to serve God, and now she is an exile. She don't want to go home. She is full of shame. She looks into the future, and sees darkness before her. In a few short years, she dies the death of a harlot; and she is laid away in an unknown grave. All the flattery of her lovers, is hollow and false. Is her life a happy one? Ask a

harlot to-night, and she will tell you the way of the transgressor is hard; and then ask the pure and virtuous if Christ is a hard master.

Go ask that drunkard if his way is an easy one. Why, there was a man whom I knew who was an inveterate drinker. He had a wife and children. He thought he could stop whenever he felt inclined; but he went the ways of most moderate drinkers. I had not been gone more than three years; and when I returned, I found that the mother had gone down to her grave with a broken heart, and that man was the murderer of the wife of his bosom. Those children have all been taken away from him; and he is now walking up and down those streets homeless. But four years ago he had a beautiful and a happy home, with his wife and children around him. They are gone; probably he will never see them again. Perhaps he has come in here to-night. If he has, I ask him: Is not the way of the transgressor hard? Is it not hard to fight against Him? Do not go against your Maker. Don't believe the devil's lies; don't think God is a hard master. If you persist in wrong-doing, you will find out the truth of what was said to Saul, "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks."

Look again at that rum-seller. When we talk to him he laughs at us. He tells us there is no hell, no future; there is no retribution. I've got one man in my mind now, who ruined nearly all the sons in his neighborhood. Mothers and fathers went to him, and begged him not to sell their children liquor. He told them it was his business to sell liquor; and he was going to sell liquor to every one who came. The place was a blot upon the place, as dark as hell. But that man had a father's heart. He had a son; he didn't worship God, but he worshiped that boy. He didn't remember that whatsoever a man soweth so shall he reap. My friends, they generally reap what they sow. It may not come soon; but the retribution will come. If you ruin other men's sons, some other man will ruin yours. Bear in mind, God is a God of equity; God is a God of justice. He is not going to allow you to ruin men, and then escape yourself. If we go against his laws, we suffer. Time rolled on, and that young man became a slave to drink; and his life became such a burden to him that he put a revolver to his head and blew his brains out. The father lived a few years; but his life was as bitter as gall, and then he went down to his grave in sorrow. Ah, my friends, "It is hard to kick against the pricks." You may go out of the Tabernacle laughing at everything I say; but it is true as the God in heaven, that the day of retribution will come. It is only a question of time.

See that false-hearted libertine! The day is coming when he will reap what he is sowing. He may not be called to reap it in this world; but he will be brought up before the bar of heaven, and there the harvest will be seen. These men, who have got smooth, oily tongues, go into society and play their part, and still walk around

If a poor woman falls, she's ruled out; but these false-hearted libertines still go up and down the world. The eyes of justice may not find them out. They think themselves secure; but they are deceiving themselves. By and by, the God of heaven will summon them to give an account. They say then that God will not punish them; but the decree of heaven has gone forth, "Whatsoever a man soweth so shall he reap."

One week ago, I preached on the text, "Christ came to heal the broken-hearted." I told you, just before I came down, that I had received a letter from a broken-hearted wife. Her husband one night came in, to her surprise, and said he was a defaulter and must fly; and he went, she knew not where. He forsook her and two children. It was a pitiful letter; and the wail of that poor woman seems to ring in my ears yet. That night, up in that gallery, was a man whose heart began to beat when I told the story, thinking it was him I meant, till I came to the two children. When I got through, I found that he had taken money which did not belong to him, intending to replace it; but he failed to do so, and fled. He Said: "I have a beautiful wife and three children; but I had to leave her and come to Chicago, where I have been hiding. The Governor of the State has offered a reward for me." My friends, a week ago this poor fellow found out the truth of this text. He was in great agony. He felt as if he could not carry the burden; and he said: "Mr. Moody, I want you to pray with me. Ask God for mercy for me." And down we went on our knees. I don't know if ever I felt so deeply for a man in my life. He asked me if I thought he should go back. I told him to ask the Lord; and we prayed over it. That was Sunday evening, and I asked him to meet me on the Monday evening. He told me how hard it was to go back to that town and give himself up, and disgrace his wife and children. They would give him ten years. Monday came, and he met me, and said: "Mr. Moody, I have prayed over this matter, and I think that Christ has forgiven me; but I don't belong to myself. I must go back and give myself up. I expect to be sent to the penitentiary; but I must go." He asked me to pray for his wife and children, and he went off. He will be there now, in the hands of justice. My friends, don't say the way of the transgressor is not hard. It is hard to fight against sin; but it is a thousand times harder to die without hope. Will you not just accept Christ? Take Christ as your hope, your life, your truth.

NAAMAN, THE LEPER.

"Go and wash in Jordan seven times." 2 KINGS 5: 10.

We have for our subject this evening, "Naaman." We are told in this chapter that we have just read, that he was a great man; but he was a leper, and that spoiled him. He was a successful man, yet he was a leper; he was a very valiant man, but he was a leper; he was a very noble man, yet he was a leper. What a blight that must have cast on his path. It must have haunted him day and night. He was a leper, and there was no physician in Syria that could help him. It was an incurable disease; and I suppose he thought he would have to go down to the grave with that loathsome disease. We read that several companies had gone down to the land of Israel, and brought down to Syria some poor captives; and among them was a little girl, who was sent to wait on Naaman's wife. I can imagine that little maid had a praying mother, who had taught her to love the Lord; and when she got down there she was not ashamed to own her religion—she was not ashamed to acknowledge her Lord. One day, while waiting on her mistress, I can think of her saying: "Would to God your husband was in Samaria. There is a prophet there who would cure him." I can imagine her looking at the girl, when she said this: "What! a man in Israel can cure my husband; you must be dreaming. Did you ever hear of a man being cured of the leprosy?" "No," the girl might have said; "but that is nothing. Why, the prophet in Samaria has cured many persons worse than your husband." And perhaps she told her about the poor woman who had such an increase of oil, and how her two boys were saved from slavery by the prophet; and how he had raised the child of that poor woman from the dead; and, "if the prophet can raise anybody from the dead, he can cure your husband." This girl must have had something about her to make those people listen to her; she must have shown her religion in her life; her life must have been consistent with her religion, to make them believe her. We read that Naaman had faith in her word; and he goes to the king and tells him what he intends to do. And the king says: "I will tell you what I will do. I will give you letters to the king of Israel; and, of course, if any cure is to be effected, the king will know how to obtain it." Like a great many men now-a-days, they think, if there is anything to be got, it is to be got from the king and not from his subjects. And so you see this man startng out to the king of Israel, with all his letters and a very long purse. I cannot find just now

how much it was; but it must have been something like $500,000. The sum was a very large one, likely. He was going to be liberal; he was not going to be small. Well, he got all his money and letters together, and started. There was no small stir as Naaman swept through the gates of Syria that day, with his escort. He reached Samaria, and sends a messenger to the king announcing his arrival. The messenger delivers the letter to the king; and the first thing he does is to open the letter, and begin to read it. I can see his brow knit, as he goes on. "What is this?" he exclaims. "What does this mean? This man means war. This Assyrian king means to have a war with me. Who ever heard of such a thing as a man cured of leprosy?" and he rent his mantle.

Everyone knew something was wrong when the king rent his mantle; and the news spread through the streets that they were on the eve of a war. The air was filled with war; everybody was talking about it. No doubt the news had gone abroad that the great general of Assyria was in the city, and he was the cause of the rumors; and by and by it reached the prophet Elisha that he (the king) had rent his mantle, and he wanted to know the cause. When he had heard what it was, he just told the king to send Naaman to him. Now you see the major-general riding up in grand style to the prophet's house. He probably lived in a small and obscure dwelling. Perhaps Naaman thought he was doing Elisha a great favor by calling on him. He had an idea that he was honoring this man, who had no influence or position. So he rides up. A messenger is sent in to announce Major-General Naaman, of Damascus. But the prophet doesn't even see him. He simply tells the servant to say to him, "Go and wash in Jordan seven times." When the messenger comes to Naaman and tells him this, he is as mad as anything. He considers it a reflection upon him—as if he hadn't kept his person clean. "Does the man mean to insinuate that I haven't kept my body clean—can't I wash myself in the waters of Damascus? We've much better water than they have here. Why, if we had the Jordan in Syria we'd look upon it as a ditch. The idea—wash in that contemptible river." He's full of rage as he can be; and he said, "Behold, I thought." That's the way with sinners; they always say, they thought. In this expression, we can see he had thought of some plan, had marked out a way for the Lord to heal him. That is the way with nearly every man and woman in Chicago. They've got a plan drawn out; and because God does not come and save them according to their plan, they don't take him. Keep this in mind: "My ways are not your ways, nor my thoughts your thoughts." If you look for him to come in that direction, he will come the other way. "My ways are not your ways." He thought—My friends, no man gets into the kingdom of God till he gives up his thoughts. God never saved a man till he gave up his own thoughts, and takes up

God's. Yes, Naaman thought that the moment the prophet knew he was outside he would come out and bow and scrape, and say he was glad to see such a great and honorable man from Syria. Instead of that he merely sent out a messenger to tell him to go and wash in Jordan seven times.

When we were in Glasgow, we had an employer converted, and he wanted to get a man in his employ to come to our meetings, but he wouldn't come. If he was going to be converted, he wouldn't be converted by those meetings. You know when a Scotchman gets an idea into his head, he is the most stubborn man you can find. He was determined not to be converted by Moody and Sankey. Like a good many here, they say: "If I am going to be converted, I ain't going to be converted down in that old tabernacle." The employer talked and talked to this man, but he couldn't get him to come. Well, we left Glasgow, and got away up to the north of Scotland—in Inverness; and he sent this man up there on business, thinking he might be induced to go into the meetings. One night we were singing "On the banks of that beautiful river," and he happened to be passing, and wondered where the sweet sounds were coming from. He came up finally; and I happened to be preaching that night on the very text, "I thought." He listened, and soon did not know exactly where he was. He was convicted; he was converted, and became a Christian. "I thought," how many people have said, "I'd never be converted by these meetings;" "I'll never be converted in the Baptist Church;" "I'll never be converted in the Presbyterian Church." A man makes up his mind not to go there, and he goes. A man must yield his own way to that of God. Now, you can see all along that Naaman's thoughts were altogether different from those of God. He was going to get the grace of God by showing favors; and a good many men now think, they can buy their way into the kingdom of God. My friends, we cannot buy the favor of heaven with money. If you get a seat in the kingdom of heaven, you have to accept salvation as a gift.

Then another thing he thought. He thought he could get what he wanted by taking letters to the king, not the prophet. The little maid told him of the prophet; yet he was going to pass the prophet by. How many people would go into the kingdom of God, if it wasn't for pride! He was too proud to go to the prophet. But pride, if you will allow me the expression, got a knock on the head on this occasion. It was a terrible thing for him to think of obeying—going down to the Jordan, and dipping seven times. He had got better rivers in Damascus, in his own wisdom, and says, "Can I not wash there, and be clean?" He was angry; but when he got over it, he listened to his servants. I would rather see people angry than see them go to sleep. I would rather see a man get as angry as possible at anything that I may say, than send him to sleep.

When a man's asleep, there's no chance of reaching him; but if he is angry, we may get at him. It is a good thing for a man to get angry, sometimes; for when he cools off, he generally listens to reason. So his servant came to him and said: "Suppose he had bid thee do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it?" Probably had he told him to take cod liver oil for ten years, he would have done it. If he had told him that he wanted as much money as Naaman had brought up, that would have been all right. But the idea of literally doing nothing—just to go down to Jordan and wash himself—it was so far below his calculations, that he thought he was being imposed upon. It is so in our days. How many people expect to get salvation by some sudden shock, some great event happening to them, or some sudden flash of light to break upon them. Some think that God's plan of salvation requires months to find out. They go on stumbling over its simplicity. And so his servant said: "If the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it? hadn't you just better go down and wash in Jordan?" Perhaps he said: "If I go down to Jordan and am not cured, what will my enemies say when I go back to Damascus?" But he was influenced by the servant, and he went. That was one good thing in Naaman's character: he was influenced by a humble messenger. A good many people won't accept a messenger, because he is not refined and cultured and educated. My friends, never mind who brings the message. It is the message you want, not the messenger. If a boy was to bring me a telegraphic message with good news, I wouldn't notice the boy, wouldn't look to see whether he was white or black. It would be the message I would want. And so it was with Naaman. It was a little Hebrew girl who first told him to come to Samaria; and now he was told to wash by his servant.

So he goes down, and dips into the waters. The first time he rose he said: "I'd just like to see how much my leprosy has gone." And he looks, but not a bit has left him. "Well, I'm not going to get rid of my leprosy in this way; this is absurd." "Well, said the servant, "do just as the man of God tells you; obey him." And this is just what we are told to do in the Scriptures, to obey Him. The first thing we have to learn is *obedience*. Disobedience was the pit Adam fell into; and we have to get out of it by obedience. Well, he goes into the water a second time. If some Chicago Christians had been there, they would have asked, sneeringly, "Well, how do you feel now?" He didn't see that he was any better, and down he went a third time; but when he looked at himself, he had just as much leprosy as ever. Down he goes a fourth, fifth and sixth time. He looks at himself, but not a speck of it is removed. "I told you this," he says to his servant; "look here; I'm just the same as ever." "But," says the servant, "you must just do what the man of God tells you to do—go down seven times." He takes the seventh plunge, and

comes out. He looks at himself; and behold, his flesh is as that of a little child. He says to his servant: "Why, I never felt as good as I do to-day. I feel better than if I had won a great battle. Look! I am cleansed. Oh, what a great day this is for me! The leprosy has gone." The waters to him had been as death and judgment; and he had come out resurrected—his flesh as that of a little child. I suppose he got into his chariot, and away he went to the man of God. He had lost his temper; he had lost his pride, and he had lost his leprosy. That is the way now. If a man will only lose his pride, he will soon see his leprosy disappear—the leprosy will go away with his pride. I believe the greatest enemies of men in this world are unbelief and pride. I believe hundreds and thousands in Chicago would press into the kingdom of God, if it were not for their pride. He goes back to the man of God, and takes his silver and gold. He offers him money. "I don't want your money," replies the prophet. If he had taken money, it would have spoiled the beautiful story. Naaman had to take back everything he brought from Damascus, but his leprosy. The only thing that the sinner has that God wants is his sins; and if you let him take them to-night, he will. Get rid of your leprosy; He will take it. Never mind your feelings. No soul in this audience will go down to the dark caverns, if he is willing to obey God. And now the question comes to you all to-night, will you obey him? You haven't got to go a thousand miles away and dip into a Jordan; but just believe where you sit—believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Is there anything to hinder you from obeying God now? He will give you power to accept him. Do you believe He would offer you salvation without giving you the power to obey him? Don't go from this hall with any such delusion, my friends. Don't go home from this Tabernacle with this leprosy, thinking that you cannot get rid of it. If sin is better to you, then, of course, hold on to it; if leprosy is worth more to you than to be purified, then keep it. Naaman would have gone back with his leprosy, if he hadn't met that prophet and gone down to Jordan. If you go out of the Tabernacle to-night without accepting him, you go out as a sinner; and if death comes, as it may, suddenly upon you, there is no assurance in the Bible that you can pass through the pearly gates. There is no leprosy there; you must leave it here. If a leper was to get into the kingdom of heaven, all heaven would be affected by him. There is a fountain opened in the house of David for the lepers. This night you can be saved, if you will. The door is open—on the hinge; the battle is fought on this fact, if you will—not because you can't.

Oh, but you say, "I have tried." Naaman might have said, "I have tried," too. Probably he had tried all the physicians in his country; but Naaman couldn't be cured. He couldn't cure him-

self. When Christ said to that man who had a withered hand hanging at his side, "Stretch out thy hand," he might have said: "I've tried to stretch it out for twenty years, and I can't do it." But when the command was given him, the power came also. All that was wanted was the will of the man. My friends, if you don't accept the Gospel and obey it, and you go down to death, there is not a ray of hope that you will escape the punishment held out in the Bible. There is not a word in the Bible to lead you to believe that you will escape condemnation, if you go down to the grave with that leprosy. Do you think, I ask again, that He will ask you to repent and accept eternal life without giving you the power? The moment you obey, that moment the blessing comes. Who will accept him to-night? I wish I could believe for you all; but I cannot. I would have you all come into the kingdom of God to-night. One of two things you have got to do—either accept the remedy He offers you, and be saved; or spurn the remedy, as Naaman was going to do, and go home with your sins. May God open your eyes to see the necessity of being saved by this great remedy.

HOW TO HELP INQUIRERS.

I've chosen as my subject this morning: "How to hold an Inquiry Meeting; or, what are the best adapted Texts of Scripture to be dwelt upon at these meetings?" Of course, I am not going to quote all the texts that could be used, and to good advantage; I am just going to bring to mind some few of the best ones. And what I want first to call your attention to, if you are going to be successful in winning souls to Christ, is the need for discrimination in finding out people's differences. People are not the same in their wants spiritual more than temporal. What is good for one is rank poison for another. You can't treat all alike. I've a friend that always, when he is sick, drinks a lot of hot water, and goes to bed. Another says to me, Just take this dose and you will get well. It don't make any difference what's the matter with you, this friend has one single remedy. So, many a man has just one verse of Scripture; he's always quoting it. It fits his case, and he thinks it does everybody else's. A man I knew up in Wisconsin was converted under a railway bridge; and to this day he keeps urging people to go right down

under that bridge, if they want to get converted sure. But God never repeats himself. No two thoughts are just alike; no two needs are just alike; no two sinners are going to come to Christ in the same precise way. Instead of looking for others' experiences, look for one for yourself. So, when talking to persons in the inquiry-room, you must find out just these differences. Now, I am going to divide inquirers into classes or divisions this morning, and point out a few passages suitable for each.

The first class, I think, in point of numbers, is that of the doubters—those who are always in Doubting Castle. And these generally are among professing Christians. Oh, I think we shall make a different start with these when we get to Boston, from what we did here. I'm convinced we made a mistake here, in not opening the inquiry-rooms for professing Christians first. For twenty or thirty years they have been living on, making empty professions. Now, they just want to get off their crutches, and get to walking and running for Christ. I don't believe they can accomplish much; I know they can't, if they continue in this half-dead state. If Christians haven't assurance, they are just stumbling blocks; they are in the way of the work. How many hurts these professing Christians give, who show no sign of their faith! They have no joy in serving the Lord; and their children, with reason, say, "I don't want that kind of a religion." And here I want to call your attention to a proper remedy for this class, to be found in the book of John. That whole book was written for this one thing, to help people out of Doubting Castle, and teach them that they may know they are saved. Only Friday last I met a woman, a prominent member of a prominent church, who said it was presumption to say with certainty that we are saved. I said it was presumption to say that we are not saved, when we have the very word of the Lord Jesus Christ for it. Oh, if you will just read those precious words: "He that heareth my words, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life;" and then turn to those other divine words: "These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God, that ye may know that ye have eternal life, and that ye may believe on the name of the Son of God:" if you will just read these sure words of God, you will not talk about having no assurance as to your salvation. Just believe in the words of the Son of God, and you know right now that you are saved. You know right now, I say, and don't have to put it off till you are going to die. Therefore, I would talk to these doubting citizens about the Epistle of John. I would say to you, persuade them to take these words of Jesus: "They have passed from death to life." Oh, yes, it is the privilege of every child of God to know that he is saved.

The next class are the backsliding. They do not want so much

assurance as reviving. I know a lady who has a homœpathic doctor's book, and whenever she is at all out of sorts she goes right to it. In spiritual things there is a good remedy for all sorts, and for the backsliders as well. Though they have left God, he makes a way for them to return. I have just turned down the leaves of my Bible at the 2d and 3d chapters of Jermiah. I don't think any one can feel this way with that Bible in hand. "Thus saith the Lord, What iniquity have your fathers found in me that they are gone far from me, and have walked after vanity and are become vain?" Now, what did Christ ever do against you? Did he ever lie to you? Did he ever abuse you? Did he ever deceive you? Only one man ever said that, and he was out of his head, and any one would know he was. No man can accuse Christ of any bias or offense. "What iniquity have you found in me?" None at all. The trouble has been with ourselves. It was he that brought the early Church through the wilderness, through all the dangers of the way, and into the promised land. It is he that gives you power and lifts you up. Oh, say, then, what evil or iniquity have you found in him? The trouble is with you, O backsliders, who "have forsaken the fountains of living waters, and hewed out cisterns, broken cisterns that can hold no water." The 19th verse says: "Thine own wickedness shall convict thee, and thy backslidings shall reprove thee; know, therefore, and see that it is an evil thing and bitter, that thou hast forsaken the Lord thy God, and that my fear is not in thee, saith the Lord of Hosts." Enforce the miseries of this text, and then use the exhortation of the 3rd chapter, 22nd verse: "Return, ye backsliding children, and I will heal your backsliding. Behold, we come unto thee, for thou art the Lord our God." And then the 14th verse: "Only acknowledge thine iniquity, that thou hast transgressed against the Lord thy God." I remember repeating these promises to a backslider; and he couldn't believe them at first, for joy. How tender these words of Scripture to the backslider! Bring these words right to bear on them, and tell how God pleads with them. Read to them the opening words of Hosea, 14th chapter: "Return unto the Lord thy God, for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity; say unto him, take away all iniquity and receive us graciously. * * I (God) will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely; for mine anger is turned away." Then bring up the story of the Prodigal for illustration; also the apostle Peter, how he was drawn to God after grievously backsliding, and how he was even admitted to the blessings of Pentecost. Then say: "You, too, can be restored if you only believe, and God will yet make you a blessing to believers."

The third class are those who are not stricken by their sins; who have no deep conviction of guilt. Just bring the law of God to bear on these, and show them themselves in their true light. Repeat Romans, 3d chapter, 10th verse: "There is none righteous, no,

not one;" also the succeeding verses; and then repeat from Isaiah: "The whole head is sick and the whole heart faint; from the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness, but wounds and bruises and putrefying sores." And then bring in that verse, "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." Don't try to heal the wound before the hurt is felt. You may, perhaps, get but few satisfactory inquirers in this way; but what you do get are worth something. If a man don't see his guilt, he won't be a valuable or true convert. Read him the first chapter of 1 John, 10th verse: "If we say that we have not sinned, we make him a liar, and his word is not in us;" and hold him right to it. Don't attempt to give the consolations of the gospel until your converts see they have sinned—see it, and feel it. I met a man who expressed doubts about his being much of a sinner. "Well," said I, "let's find out if you have sinned. Do you swear?" "Well, as a general rule, I only swear when I got mad," "Yes, yes; but what does the Lord say about not holding a man guiltless that swears? Believe me, he will hold you responsible for that; bear that in mind. You must be able to hold your temper, but if not, beware to take the name of God in vain. Are you not now a sinner?" And the man was convinced. Sometimes, too, I've found a merchant this way; and yet one openly confessed to me that he did cheat sometimes. "You lie, then, don't you?" said I. He didn't want to put it quite so plainly, but pretty soon saw it in my light. Oh yes; enforce this truth kindly but firmly, that our natural hearts are black and deceitful as hell. Man must say from his heart, "I have sinned, and come short of the glory of God."

The fourth class are those completely broken down by a sense of sin; those who have too much conviction of sin distinguished from the preceding inquirers, who haven't enough. One of these tells you that God can't save such as he. Then you have to prove his mistake, and show that God can save to the uttermost. Take the 1st chapter of Isaiah, 18th verse: "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Just turn your Bible right over to that passage, and many such passages in Isaiah; they will all help in the inquiry-room. The 43d chapter, 25th verse, says: "I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins." And the 22d verse of the next chapter is stronger: "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and as a cloud, thy sins; return unto me, for I have redeemed thee." Make the anxious soul believe that God has blotted out his sins as a thick cloud; make him see the dense cloud vanishing, as it were, from the face of the sun, vanishing forever; that cloud can never come up again; others may, but that old cloud of the past guilt is dissolved forever; the Lord

himself has blotted it out. Use the two verses, John i., 11, 12: "He came unto his own and his own received him not. But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name." The idea is, that those fearing ones cannot serve God until they receive Christ fully as their salvation; it won't do for them to merely take up with some minister, or church, or creed. The minister dies or moves away; the only lasting resource is in Christ at the right hand of God, where he will never forsake his own. Yes, press Jesus upon these anxious souls. Tell them "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son," etc. "So loved the world;" that includes them. If they inhabited some other land they might tremble; but they are on this earth, for all the sons and daughters of which Christ died, the just for the unjust. Use, also, the text: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my words and believeth on him that sent me shall not come into condemnation, but has passed from death unto life." Now, some people do not just understand believing in Christ. They believe Christ came as an historical being, as Moses and Elijah came. They believe the Cunard line of steamers will take them to Liverpool in twelve or fourteen days. But these beliefs don't make men good; they are head beliefs only. They are not what your inquirers want. What you and they want is heart belief; or, in other words, to just trust Christ to save you. Sometimes people can't digest the word "belief;" then let them take this sweet word "trust." From Isaiah 26: 3, 4, read to them: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee; because he trusteth in thee. Trust ye in the Lord forever; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." By trusting in him, you see we have everlasting strength. You must get them to trust and believe entirely in Christ, and not try to save themselves. They cannot save themselves by their feelings; assure them of that. There is not a word of warrant for such a thought, from the first of Genesis to the last of Revelation. Oh, it is much better to trust in the precious, changeless Word of God than in our own changing feelings. Thank God, that this is also our duty!

Then you hear some inquirers say, "I haven't got strength sufficient." But Christ died to be their strength. A loving hand will support them in the Christian journey, and "His strength will be made perfect in weakness." Bid such be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might.

And then another class, that cannot be saved in this way, they think, because doubting instantaneous conversion. Read to such from Romans,—the 6th chapter, 23d verse: "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life." Salvation is a gift, and so must have a definite point in time. I say, "Will you take this Bible?" You must first make up your mind to take it, and then

reach out and—the work of an instant—grasp the gift. Just so with God's best gift, salvation; to take it is the work of an instant, and your inquirer may have it for the asking. "Let him that heareth say come;" "Whosoever will, let him come and drink of the water of life freely." With the gift, God gives the power to take it. When we get before the tribunal of the great white throne, we will have to answer for it if we refuse to take it. This is the richest jewel that heaven has; God gives up his Son to be our Savior.

Another class say to you and me, when, in the inquiry-room, we press them to openly confess Christ, "We're afraid we won't hold out." Say to these repeatedly that blessed text, "Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling." Think, and tell them to think, of the thousands who never fall. The idea that it is necessary to fall into sin is wrong. Then take those passages: "I, the Lord thy God, will take thy right hand;" "Fear not, I will lead thee;" and, "I am persuaded that he will be able to keep them that are committed unto him against that day." Let a man just trust the Lord to keep him from falling, and he will do it. Suppose I have a hundred thousand dollars with me; it's all I have in the world; thieves are after it, and I'm quaking every minute lest they get it. I find my banker here, and I say: "Here, take it quick; I can't keep my money but by your help; I wish you would hurry and put it in the vault; when it's deposited there, and not before, I shall be safe." Is not this the way to give our all into God's keeping? Is not this the way to live secure from temptation and backsliding? In God's keeping, we are safe. "Our life is hid with Christ in God?" Oh, let us each make this deposit of our personal trust this morning; trust him entirely, and then we can the better lead inquirers in the same way. Jesus can hold us close to himself. "Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." If you just take up the words of Christ in the book of Romans, love and peace and joy flow out. One verse tells of love; the next of joy; the next and next of the peace that comes from believing, Romans, 4th chapter and 28th verse, and all those verses along there, might be read. The result of believing is joy, rest, and peace. John 15: 11—that is joy; Matthew 11: 28—that is rest; John 14: 27—that is peace. Never, however, tell a man he is converted. Never tell him he is saved. Let him find that out from heaven. You can't afford to deceive one about this great question. But you can help his faith and trust, and lead him right. I find that those in the inquiry-room do best who do not run about from one to another, offering words of encouragement everywhere. They would better go to but one or two of an afternoon, or evening. We are building for eternity, and can take time. The work will not then be superficial. If it is so, it will not be the fault of the workers or preachers. And then, to do all our duty; we must

talk more of restitution. I don't think we preach enough the need of our making good to one another injuries to person, property, or feeling. If you have done one a detriment, you must go and pay it back or make it up, if it is a tangible loss; and if it is a wound to the feelings, fully apologize. It is a good deal better to go up and do the fair thing, whatever the result. It may be that some will refuse such amends; but it is our duty to offer them. But in the end, a complete reconciliation from such a course is almost sure to result. The antipathy supposed to exist on the other side is often only imagined. You need not expect that God is going to forgive you, if you don't forgive others. We say daily, "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors;" and we must show that we understand this conditional request. What if God should take us at our word, and just forgive us to the extent to which our small grievances are forgiven! And this he surely will do; so let us be wise. A young lady in Michigan, at a recent revival service, was troubled greatly, and to kind inquiries at last confessed that her unwillingness to confess Christ resulted from a school-room quarrel, which was still unsettled. She felt she couldn't forgive her enemy, but at last told her trouble and asked for advice. "Must she forgive her mate?" "Certainly, if you want God's forgiveness," was the answer of the minister, and immediately she ran with all her might to her old friend; and, instead of meeting a cold reception, they were soon crying on each other's necks. And so it always should be; and most always there will be the same prompt half-way meeting between those aggrieved. My wife was laboring in the inquiry-room, the other evening, with a lady who was in just this state of mind, and very soon reparation and complete reconciliation was effected; and two old friends walked off arm in arm, happier than ever before this little misunderstanding. And one of these ladies felt so strong in her new-found charity for all, that she won over her husband; and last Sunday he openly in the Tabernacle confessed Christ, remembering that "With the mouth confession is made unto salvation." Many more texts, did time allow, might be cited, all applicable to anxious inquirers.

But one word more. Do not let a man go out of the inquiry-room without praying with him. Fear not, but do the work boldly. There was a man the other day who said, "I don't believe there's any God." The resolute Christian worker, to whom he spoke, answered impetuously, "I will just ask God to shake you—to just shake this demon out of you." And down he fell on his knees by the poor infidel, and prayed with loud earnestness. The man began to shake from head to foot; it was God shaking him. And by just these means, more than any others, skeptics and infidels will know there is a God. Let me say a word to those ministers that have not gone, and do not go, into the inquiry-room. Many in your flocks, never seeing you there, think you are not in sympathy with this work, and

then begin to think you don't care anything about their salvation. They feel in bondage, and do not go to help them. Well, there was a minister in a city we visited who did not "condescend" to be seen in our humble Tabernacle. He would have nothing to do with us. One day he was at a dinner party where they were discussing our work. Said he: "That sort of thing is good enough for those people; but it would never do for me." "Well," said another clergyman of the same belief, "fifty-seven of your congregation stood up in the tabernacle for prayers to-day, and all of them afterward went into the inquiry room." The cultured and popular pastor of those Christians could not kill the humane promptings to be charitable to all professing the name of Christ and to worship along with such, even in perhaps irregular modes. But with the cordial co-operation of every Christian pastor in the Tabernacle and inquiry-room, what limit would there be to the Christian inroads on the citadels of sin? Oh, make it a duty, all of you, to talk to some soul at every meeting in these blessed inquiry rooms. Don't take those in a position in life above your own, but take those on the same footing. Bend all your endeavors to answer for poor, struggling souls that question of all importance to them, "What must I do to be saved?" Yes, this is the question. What else but to answer it brought out these thousands at this early hour! My friends, God is with you in this work. Go on more diligently and implicitly trusting in him; go on to a more and more glorious harvest.

ADDRESS TO PARENTS.

"Oh that there were such an heart in them, that they would fear me, and keep all my commandments always, that it might be well with them, and with their children for ever." DEUTERONOMY 5: 29.

I want to call your attention to Deuteronomy 5: 29. "Oh that there were such a heart in them, that they would fear me, and keep all my commandments always, that it might be well with them, and with their children for ever." And also the 6th chapter and 7th verse: "And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." I used to think, when I was superintendent on the North

Side, when I was laboring among the children and trying to get the parents interested to save their children, that if I ever did become a preacher I would have but one text and one sermon, and that should be addressed to parents; because when we get them interested, their interest will be apparent in the children. We used to say, if we get the lambs in, the old sheep will follow; but I didn't find that to be the case. When we got the children interested on one Sunday, the parents would be sometimes pulling the other way all the week, and before Sunday came again the impression that had been made would be gone; and I came to the conclusion that, unless we can get the parents interested, or could get some kind Christian to look after those children, it would almost be a sin to bring them to Christ. If there is no one to nurse them, to care for them and just to water the seed, why they are liable to be drawn away, and when they grow up, to be far more difficult to reach. I wish to say to-night that I am as strong as ever upon sudden conversion, and there are a great many ministers, a great many parents, who scoff and laugh when they hear of children who have been brought unto Christ at these meetings. Now, in many of the churches the sermons go over their heads; they don't do the young any good; they don't understand the preaching; and if they are impressed here, we ought not to discourage them. My friends, the best thing we can do is to bring them early to Christ. These earliest impressions never, never leave them; and I do not know why they should not grow up in the service of Christ. I contend that those who are converted early are the best Christians. Take the man who is converted at fifty. He has continually to fight against his old habits; but take a young man or a young girl, and they get a character to form and a whole long life to give to Christ. An old man unconverted got up in an inquiry meeting recently, and said he thought we were very hard-hearted down in the Tabernacle; we went right by when we saw some young person. He thought, as he was old, he might be snatched away before these young people; but with us it seemed as if Christ was of more importance to the young than the old. I confess truly that I have that feeling. If a young man is converted, he perhaps has a long life of fifty years to devote to Christ; but an old man is not worth much, Of course, his soul is worth much; but he is not worth much for labor.

While down at a convention in Illinois, an old man got up, past seventy years; he said he remembered but one thing about his father, and that one thing followed him all through life. He could not remember his death, he had no recollection of his funeral; but he recollected his father one winter night, taking a little chip, and with his pocket-knife whittling out a cross, and with the tears in his eyes he held up that cross and told how God in his infinite love sent his Son down here to redeem us, how he had died on the cross for us. The

story of the cross followed him through life; and I tell you, if you teach these children truths, they will follow them through life. We have got so much unbelief among us, like those disciples when they rebuked the people for bringing the children to Christ; but he said: "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." I heard of a Sunday-school concert at which a little child of eight was going to recite. Her mother had taught her, and when the night came the little thing was trembling so she could hardly speak. She commenced, "Jesus said," and completely broke down. Again she tried it, "Jesus said, suffer," but she stopped once more. A third attempt was made by her, "Suffer little children—and don't anybody stop them, for he wants them all to come;" and that is the truth. There is not a child who has parents in the Tabernacle but He wants, and if you bring them in the arms of your faith, and ask the Son of God to bless them and train them in the knowledge of God, and teach them as you walk your way, as you lie down at night, as you rise up in the morning, they will be blessed. But I can imagine some skeptic in yonder gallery saying, "That's well enough, but it is all talk. Why I have known children of ministers and Christian people who have turned out worse than others. I've heard that all my life; but I tell you that is one of the devil's lies. I will admit I've heard of many Christian people having bad children, but they are not the worst children. That was tested once. A whole territory was taken in which fathers and mothers were Christians, and it was found that two-thirds of the children were members of churches; but they took a portion of country where all the fathers and mothers were not Christians, and it was found that not one in twelve of the children attended churches. That was the proportion. Look at a good man who has had a bad son. Do you want to know the reason? In the first place, children do not inherit grace. Because fathers and mothers are good, that is no reason why their children should be good. Children are not born good. Men may talk of natural goodness, but I don't find it. Goodness must come down from the Father of Light. To have a good nature, a man must be born of God. There is another reason—a father may be a very good man, but the mother may be pulling in another way. She may be ambitious, and may want her children to occupy a high worldly position. She has some high ambition, and trains the child for the world. Again, it may be the reverse—a holy, pious mother and a worldly father; and it is pretty hard when father and mother do not pull together. Another reason is, and you will excuse me the expression, but a great many people have got very little sense about bringing up children. Now, I've known mothers punish their children by making them read the Bible. Do not be guilty of such a thing. If you want children not to hate the Bible, do not punish them by making them read it. It is the most attract-

ive book in the world. But that is the way to spoil its attractiveness, and make them hate it with a perfect hate. There is another reason. A great many people are engaged in looking after other people's children and neglecting their own. No father or mother has a right to do this, whatever may be the position they hold in the world. The father may be a statesman, or a great business man; but he is responsible for his children. If they do not look after their children, they will have to answer for it some day. There will be a blight in their paths, and their last days will be very bitter.

There are a great many reasons which I might bring forward, if I had time, why good people's children turn out bad; but let me say one word about bringing up these children, how to train them in Christian ways. The Word is very plain, "Teach them diligently." In the street cars, as we go about our business night and morning, talk of Christ and heavenly things. It seems to me as if these things were the last things many of us think about, and as if Christ was banished from our homes. A great many people have a good name as Christians. They talk about ministers and Sunday-schools, and will come down and give a dinner to the bootblacks, and seem to be strong patrons of the cause of Christ; but when it comes to talking to children personally about Christ, that is another thing. The Word is very plain, "Teach them diligently;" and if we want them to grow up a blessing to the Church of God and to the world, we must teach them. I can imagine some of you saying: "It may be very well for Mr. Moody to lay down theories, but there are a great many difficulties in the way." I heard of a minister who said he had the grandest theory upon the bringing up of children. God gave him seven children, and he found that his theory was all wrong. They were all differently constituted. I will admit that this is one difficulty; but if our heart is set upon this one thing—to have our children in glory—God will give us all the light we need. He is not going to leave us in darkness. If that is not the aim of your heart, make it this very night. I would rather, if I went to-night, leave my children in the hope of Christ than leave them millions of money. It seems to me as if we were too ambitious to have them make a name, instead of to train them up for the life they are to lead forever. And another thing about government. Never teach them revenge. If a baby falls down on the floor, don't give it a book with which to strike the floor. They have enough of revenge in them without being taught it. Then don't teach them to lie. You don't like that; but how many parents have told their children to go to the door, when they did not want to see the visitor, and say, "Mother is not in." That is a lie. Children are very keen to detect. They very soon see those lies, and this lays the foundation for a good deal of trouble afterward. "Ah," some of you say, "I never do this." Well, suppose some person comes in that you don't want

to see. You give him a welcome, and when he goes you entreat him to stay; but the moment he is out of the door you say, "What a bore!" The children wonder at first; but they very soon begin to imitate the father and mother. Children are very good imitators. A father and mother never ought do a thing that they don't want their children to do. If you don't want them to smoke, don't you smoke; if you don't want them to chew, don't you chew; if you don't want them to play billiards, don't you play billiards; if you don't want them to drink, don't you drink, because children are grand imitators. A lady once told me that she was in her pantry on one occasion, and she was surprised by the ringing of the bell. As she whirled round to see who it was, she broke a tumbler. Her little child was standing there, and she thought her mother was doing a very correct thing, and the moment the lady left the pantry, the child commenced to break all the tumblers she could get hold of. You may laugh, but children are very good imitators. If you don't want them to break the Sabbath day, keep it holy yourself; if you want them to go to church, go to church yourself. It is very often by imitation that they utter their first oath, that they tell their first lie, and then this act grows upon them; and when they try to quit the habit it has grown so strong upon them that they cannot do it.

"Ah," some say, "we do not believe in children being converted. Let them grow up to manhood and womanhood, and then talk of converting them." They forget that in the meantime their characters are formed, and perhaps they have commenced to enter the dens of infamy; and when they have arrived at manhood and womanhood, we find it is too late to alter their character. How unfaithful we are. "Teach them diligently." How many parents in this vast assembly know where their sons are. Their sons may be in the halls of vice. Where does your son spend his evenings? You don't care enough for him to ascertain what kind of company he keeps, what kind of books he reads; you don't care whether he is reading those miserable, trashy novels or not, and getting false ideas of life. You don't know till it is too late. Oh, may God wake us up and teach us the responsibility devolving upon us in training our children. While in London, an officer in the Indian army, hearing of us being over there, said: "Lord, now is the time for my son to be saved." He got a furlough and left India, and came to London. When he came there for that purpose, of course God was not going to let him go away without the blessing. How many men are interested in their sons enough to do as this man did? How many men are sufficiently interested in them to bring them here? How many parents stand in the way of the salvation of their children? I don't know anything that discouraged me more, when I was superintendent on the North Side, than when, after begging with parents to allow their children to come to Sunday-school—and how few of them came—whenever

spring arrived those parents would take those children from the school, and lead them into those German gardens. And now a great many are reaping the consequences. I remember one mother who heard that her boy was impressed at our meeting. She said her son was a good enough boy, and he didn't need to be converted. I pleaded with that mother, but all my pleading was of no account. I tried my influence with the boy; but while I was pulling one way she was pulling the other. Her influence prevailed. Naturally it would. Well, to make a long story short, some time after I happened to be in the County Jail, and I saw him there. "How did you come here?" I asked; "does your mother know where you are?" "No, don't tell her; I came here under an assumed name, and I am going to Joliet for four years. Do not let my mother know of this," he pleaded; "she thinks I am in the army." I used to call on that mother, but I had promised her boy I would not tell her, and for four years she mourned over that boy. She thought he had died on the battle-field, or in a Southern hospital. What a blessing he might have been to that mother, if she had only helped us to bring him to Christ. But that mother is only a specimen of hundreds and thousands of parents in Chicago. If we would have more family altars in our homes and train them to follow Christ, why the Son of God would lead them into "green pastures;" and instead of having sons who curse the mothers who gave them birth, they would bless their fathers and mothers. In the Indiana Penitentary, I was told of a man who had come there under an assumed name. His mother heard where he was. She was too poor to ride there, and she footed it. Upon her arrival at the prison, she at first did not recognize her son in his prison suit and short hair; but when she did see who it was, that mother threw her arms around that boy and said: "I am to blame for this; if I had only taught you to obey God and keep the Sabbath, you would not have been here." How many mothers, if they were honest, could attribute the ruination of their children to their early training. God has said, if we don't teach them those blessed commandments he will destroy us; and the law of God never changes. It does not only apply to those callous men who make no profession of religion, but to those who stand high in the church, if they make the same mistake. Look at that high priest Eli. He was a good man and a kind one, but one thing he neglected to do—to train his children for God. The Lord gave him warning, and at last destruction came upon his house. Look at that old man ninety-eight years old, with his white hair, like some of the men on the platform, sitting in the town of Shiloh, waiting to hear the result of the battle. The people of Israel came into the town and took out the ark of God, and when it came into the camp a great shout went up to heaven, for they had the ark of their God among them. They thought they were going to succeed; but they had disobeyed God.

When the battle came on they fought manfully, but no less than 30,000 of the Israelites fell by the swords of their enemies; and a messenger came running from the field through the streets of Shiloh to where Eli was, crying: "Israel is defeated, the ark is taken, and Hophni and Phineas have been slain in battle." And the old priest, when he heard it, fell backward by the side of the gate, and his neck broke and he died. Oh, what a sad ending to that man; and when his daughter-in-law heard the news, there was another death in that family recorded. In that house destruction was complete. My friends, God is true; and if we do not obey him in this respect, he will punish us. It is only a question of time. Look at king David. See him waiting for the tidings of the battle. He had been driven from his throne by his own son, whom he loved; but when the news came that he was slain, see how he cried: "O my son Absalom! would to God I had died for thee!" It was worse than death to him; but God had to punish him, because he did not train his son to love the Lord. My friends, if he punished Eli and David, he will punish you and me. May God forgive us for the past, and may we commence a new record to-night. My friends, if you have not a family altar, erect one to-night. Let us labor that our children may be brought to glory. Don't say children are too young. Mothers and fathers, if you hear your children have been impressed with religion, don't stand in the way of their conversion, but encourage them all you can.

While I was attending a meeting in a certain city some time ago, a lady came to me and said: "I want you to go home with me; I have something to say to you." When we reached her home, there were some friends there. After they had retired, she put her arms on the table, and tears began to come into her eyes, but with an effort she repressed her emotion. After a struggle, she went on to say that she was going to tell me something which she had never told any other living person. I should not tell it now, but she has gone to another world. She said she had a son in Chicago, and she was very anxious about him. When he was young, he got interested in religion at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association. He used to go out in the street and circulate tracts. He was her only son, and she was very ambitious he should make a name in the world, and wanted to get him into the very highest circles. Oh, what a mistake people make about these highest circles. Society is false; it is a sham. She was deceived, like a good many more votaries of fashion and hunters after wealth at the present time. She thought it was beneath her son to go down and associate with those young men who hadn't much money. She tried to get him away from them, but they had more influence than she had; and, finally, to break off this old association, she packed him off to a boarding-school. He went soon to Yale College, and she supposed he got

into one of those miserable secret societies there that have ruined so many young men; and the next thing she heard was that the boy had gone astray. She began to write letters urging him to come into the kingdom of God; but she heard that he tore the letters up without reading them. She went to him, to try and regain whatever influence she possessed over him; but her efforts were useless, and she came home with a broken heart. He left New Haven, and for two years they heard nothing of him. At last they heard he was in Chicago; and his father found him, and gave him thirty thousand dollars to start in business. They thought it would change him; but it didn't. They asked me when I went back to Chicago, to try and use my influence with him. I got a friend to invite him to his house one night, where I intended to meet him; but he heard I was to be there, and did not come near. Like a good many other young men, who seem to be afraid of me, I tried many times to reach him, but could not. While I was traveling one day on the New Haven railroad, I bought a New York paper, and in it I saw a dispatch saying he had been drowned in Lake Michigan. His father came on to find his body, and after considerable searching, he discovered it. All the clothes and his body were covered with sand. The body was taken home to that broken-hearted mother. She said, "If I thought he was in heaven, I would have peace." Her disobedience of God's law came back upon her. So, my friends, if you have a boy impressed with the gospel, help him to come to Christ. Bring him in the arms of your faith, and he will unite you closer to him. Let us have faith in him, and let us pray day and night that our children may be born of the Spirit.

ADDRESS TO YOUNG MEN.

"And Elijah came unto all the people and said, How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him. And the people answered him not a word." 1 KINGS 13:21.

I want to call your attention to-night to a text which you will find in the 18th chapter of 1st Kings, 21st verse: "And Elijah came unto all the people and said, How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him. And the people answered him not a word." We find in this portion of the Word of God that Elijah was calling the people of Israel back, or he

was calling them to a decision as to whether they were for God or Baal, and a great many were wavering, just halting between two opinions, like the people of Chicago at the present time.

During the last eight weeks, a great deal has been said upon the subject of religion. Men have talked about it all over the city. A great many are talking, a great many are taking their stand for, and a great many against him. Now, what will you do to-night? I will just divide this audience into two portions—one against and one for him. It seems to me a practical question to ask an audience like this: "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him." A man who is undecided about any question of any magnitude never has any comfort, never has any peace. Not only that, but we don't like a man who cannot decide upon a question. I like men of decision, and firmly believe that more men are lost by indecision than by anything else. It is a question whether I am not talking to many men to-night who intend some day to settle this question. Probably every one here intends to make heaven his home; but Satan is trying to get you to put off the settlement of the question till it will be too late. If he can only get men to put off till the to-morrow, which never comes, he has accomplished all he wants. How many in this audience has promised some friend, years ago, that they would settle this question. May be you said you would do it when you came of age. That time has gone with some of you, and it has not been settled yet. Some have reached thirty, some forty, and others have reached fifty years; their eyes are growing dim, and they are hastening toward eternity, and this is not settled with them yet. Some of you have promised dying brothers that you would meet them in that world; some have promised dying wives that you would see them in that land of light; and again, others have given your word to dying children that you would meet them in heaven. Years have rolled away, and still you have not decided. You have kept putting it off, week by week and year by year. My friends, why not decide to-night? "How long halt ye between two opinions?" If the Lord be God, serve him; if not, turn your back upon him. It seems to me a question every man can settle, if he will. You like those grand old characters in the Bible, who have made a decisive stand. Look at Moses! The turning point in his life was when he decided to give up the gilded court of Pharaoh and cast his lot with God's people. You will find that every man who has left a record in the Bible has been a man of decision. What made Daniel so great? It was because he was a man of decision. What saved the prodigal? It was not that he got into his father's arms; it was not his coming home. The turning point was when he decided the question: "I will arise and go to my father." It was the decision of the young man that saved him. Many a man has been lost because of indecision. Look at Felix; look at Agrippa.

Felix said: "Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season I will call for thee." See what Agrippa said: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." Look at Pilate—all lost; lost because of his indecision. His mind was thoroughly convinced that Jesus was the true Christ. He said, "I find no fault in him;" but he hadn't the courage to take his stand for him. Thousands have gone down to the caverns of death for want of courage.

My friends, let us look this question in the face. If there is anything at all in the religion of Christ, give everything for it. If there is nothing in it; if it is myth; if our mothers, who have prayed over us, have been deceived; if the praying people of the last 1,800 years have been deluded, let us find it out. The quicker, the better. If there is nothing in the religion of Christ, let us throw it over, and eat, drink, and be merry, for time will soon be gone. If there is no devil to deceive us, no hell to receive us; if Christianity is a sham, let us come out like men and say so. I hope to live to see the time when there only be two classes in this world—Christians and infidels; those who take their stand bravely for him, and those who take their stand against him. This idea of men standing still and saying: "Well, I don't know, but I think there must be something in it," is absurd. If there is anything in it, there is everything in it. If the Bible of our mothers is not true, let us burn it. Is there one in this audience willing to say and do this? If it is a myth, why spend so much money in publishing it? Why send out millions of Bibles to the nations of the earth? Let us destroy it, if it is false, and all those institutions giving the gospel to the world. What is the use of all this waste of money? Are we mad, are we lunatics who have been deluded? Let us burn the book, and send up a shout over its ashes: "There is no God; there is no hell; there is no heaven; there is no hereafter. When men die, they die like dogs in the street!" But, my friends, if it is true—if heaven, if the hereafter in the Bible, is true, let us come out boldly, like men, for Christ. Let us take our stand, and not be ashamed of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Why, it seems to me a question that ought to be settled in this nineteenth century easy enough, whether you are for or against him, or not. Why, if Baal be God, follow him; but if the Lord be God, follow him. If there is no truth in the religion of Jesus Christ, you may as well tear down all your churches, destroy your hospitals, your blind asylums. It's a waste of money to build them. Baalites don't build blind asylums; they don't build hospitals or orphan asylums. If there hadn't been any Christians in the world, there would have been no charitable institutions. If it hadn't been for Christianity, you would have had no praying mothers. Is it true that their prayers have exercised a pernicious influence? Is it true that a boy who had a praying father and mother, or a good teacher, is no better off than a boy who has been brought up amid blasphemy

and infamy? Is it true? It must be either one way or the other. Did bad men write that Bible? Certainly not, or they wouldn't have consigned themselves to eternal perdition. The very fact that the Bible has lived and grown during these 1,800 years, is a strong proof that it came from God. Men have tried to put it out of the world; they have tried to burn it out of the world; but they have failed. It has come down to us—down these 1,800 years, amidst persecution; and now we are in a land where it is open to all, and no man need be without one. What put it into the minds of those men to give money liberally to print and circulate this book? Bad men wouldn't do this. This is a question that, it seems to me, could be decided to-night. If it is not good, then take your stand. If the Lord be God, follow him, but if God be Baal, then follow him. Some one asked Alexander how he conquered the world, and he replied, that he conquered it by not delaying. If you want to conquer the devil, you must not delay. Accept eternal life as a gift to-night.

Let us take the surroundings of this text. We are told that Elijah stood before Ahab and told him, because of the evil deeds of Israel and the king, there would no rain come upon the land for three years and a half. After that Elijah went to the brook Cherith, where he was fed by the ravens; then he went to Zarephath, and there dwelt with a poor widow for months and months. Three years and a half rolled away, and not one drop of rain or dew had come from heaven. Probably, when Elijah told the king there would be no rain, he laughed at him. The idea that he should have the key of Heaven! He scouted the very idea, at first. But after a little, it became a very serious matter. The brooks began to dry up; the cattle could not get water; the crops failed the first year; the next year they were worse; the third year they were even a worse failure; and the people began to flee out of his kingdom to get food; and yet they did not call upon Elijah's God. They had 450 prophets of Baal, and 400 prophets of the groves; and yet all their prayers did not bring rain. Why did they not ask God for rain? Baal was not an answerer of prayer. The devil never answers prayer. If prayer has ever been answered, it has been answered by the God of our fathers, by the God of our mothers. After Elijah had been gone three and a half years, he returns and meets Obadiah, the governor of the king's house, to whom Ahab had said: "You go down that way, and I'll go down this way, and see if we can't discover water." They hadn't been separated long when Obadiah meets Elijah, and asks him to come to the king. The prophet tells him to go and say to Ahab, "Elijah is here." But Obadiah don't want to leave him, and says: "If I lose sight of you this time, when the king knows you have stepped through my hands, it may cost me my life. Don't you know I've been a servant of the true God all the time, and I've had a hundred of the prophets of the Lord in a cave. If you don't come I will

lose my life." Elijah tells him to go and bring Ahab; and instead of Elijah going to Ahab, Ahab comes to him. As soon as the king comes he says: "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?" That is the way with men. They bring down the wrath of God upon themselves, and then blame God's people. A great many people are blaming God for these hard times. Look on the millions and millions of money spent for whisky. Why, it is about time for famine to strike the land. If men had millions of money, it wouldn't be long before all the manhood would be struck out of them. Now, the people of Israel had gone over to Baal; they had forgotten the God that brought them out of Egypt—the God of Jacob and Abraham and of their fathers. "Now," says Elijah, "let's have this settled. Let some of your people make an offering to their God on Mount Carmel, and I will make an offering to my God; and the God that answers by fire will be the God."

The king agrees, and the day arrives. You can see a great stir among the people that day. They are moving up to Mount Carmel. By and by Ahab comes up in his royal carriage, and those four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal and four hundred prophets of the groves made a great impression. Dressed in priestly robes, they moved solemnly up that mountain. The king has swept along in his chariot, and perhaps passed by the poor priest Elijah, who comes slowly up, leaning upon his staff, his long white hair streaming about his shoulders. People don't believe in sensations, but that was one of the greatest sensations of their age. What is going to happen? No doubt the whole nation had been talking about this Elijah, and when he came to that mountain, the crowd looked upon him as the man who held the key of heaven. When he came up, he addressed the children of Israel; perhaps there were hundreds of thousands there. "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him; but if he be Baal, then follow him. And the people answered him not a word." Their eight hundred and fifty prophets had made a great impression upon them, and the king was afraid too. These people are just like a great many people now. They are afraid to go into the inquiry room, for what people will say. If they do go in, they get behind a post, so that they can't be seen. They are afraid the people in the store will find it out, and make fun of them. Moral courage is wanted by them, as it was wanted by those people. How many among us have not the moral courage to come out for the God of our mothers! People know these black-hearted hypocrites around them are not to be believed. They know these men who scoff at their religion are not their friends, while their mothers will do everything for them. The truest friends we can have are those who believe in Christ. "And the people answered him not a word. Then said Elijah unto the people, I, even I only, remain a prophet of the Lord; but Baal's prophets are four hundred

and fifty men. Let them, therefore, give us two bullocks; and let them choose one bullock for themselves, and cut it in pieces, and lay it on wood, and put no fire under it; and I will dress the other bullock, and lay it on wood, and put no fire under it. And call ye on the name of your gods, and I will call on the name of the Lord, and the God that answereth by fire let him be God. And all the people answered and said, "It is well spoken."—"Yes, sir, that's right. We'll stand by that decision." They built an altar, and laid their bullock on it, and began to cry to Baal, "O Baal! O Baal! Baal! Baal!" No answer. They cry louder and louder, but no answer comes. They pray from morning till noon, but not a sound. Elijah says: "Louder; you must pray louder. He must be on a journey; he must be asleep. He must be on a journey, or asleep." They cry louder and louder. Some people say it don't matter what a man believes, so long as he is earnest. These men were terribly in earnest. No Methodists shout as they did. They cry as loud as their voices will let them, but no answer. They take their knives and cut themselves, in their earnestness. Look at those four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal and four hundred prophets of the grove, all covered with blood, as they cry out in their agony. They have no God. Young man, who is your master? Whom do you serve? If you are serving Baal, I tell you, if ever you get into trouble, he will not answer you. No answer came. Three o'clock came, the hour for the evening sacrifice; and Elijah prepared his altar. He would have nothing to do with the altar of Baal. He merely took twelve stones, representing the twelve tribes of Israel, and built his altar, and laid his bullock on. No doubt some skeptic said he had some fire concealed in his garment, for he digs a trench all around it to hold water. Then he tells them to bring four barrels of water, and empties them over his sacrifice. Four more barrels are brought and thrown on the bullock, making eight, and then four barrels more are added, making twelve in all. Then, there lies that bullock, dripping with water; and Elijah comes forward. Every ear and eye is open. Those bleeding Baalites look at him. What is going to be the end of it? He comes forward, calm as a summer evening. He prays to the God of Isaac and Abraham—when, behold, look! look! down it comes—fire from the very throne of God, and consumes the wood and the stones and the sacrifice, and the people cry, "The Lord is the God!" The question is decided. The God that answereth by fire is the God of man. My friends, who is your God now? The God who answers prayer? or have you no God?

I can imagine some of you saying: "If I had been on Mount Carmel and seen that, I would have believed it." But I will tell you of a mount on which occurred another scene. That was a wonderful scene; but it does not compare with the scene on Calvary. Look

there! God's own beloved Son hanging between two thieves, and crying; "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." Talk about wonderful things. This has been the wonder of ages. A man once gave me a book of wonderful things. I saw a good many wonders in it; but I did not see anything so wonderful in it as the story of the cross. My friends, see his expiring look. See what happened. The very rocks were rent, and the walls of the temple were rent; and all nature owned its God. The sun veiled its face and darkness fell over the earth, when the Son of man expired on Mount Calvary. Where can you find a more wonderful sight than this? Those Israelites lived on the other side of the cross; we live on this side of it. If a man wants proof of his gospel, look around this assembly. See men who thirty days ago were slaves, bound hand and foot to some hellish passion which was drawing them to hell. What a transformation there is. All things seem changed to them. They have got a new nature. "Is not this the power of God?" said a young convert to me to-day; "It seems as if we were living in the days of miracles, and the Son of God is coming down and giving men complete victory over lusts and passions." That is what the Son of God does for men; and yet, with all the proofs before their eyes, men are undecided.

What is it that keeps you from your decision? I wish I had time to tell you many of the reasons. Hundreds of thousands of men are thoroughly convinced; but they lack moral courage to come out and confess their sins. Others are being led captive by some sin. They have got some darling sin, and as long as they hold on to it there is no hope. A man the other day said he would like to become a Christian, but he had a bet upon the election, and he wanted that settled first. He did not think that he might die before that was decided. Eternity is drawing on. Suppose we die without God, without hope, without everlasting life, it seems to me it would have been better never to have been born. My friends I ask you to-night, why not come out like men? Say, "Cost what it will, I will accept Jesus to-night." Now have moral courage. Come. How many of you are thoroughly convinced in your minds that you ought to be Christians to-night? Now just ask yourselves the question: "What hinders me, what stands in my way?" I can imagine some of you looking behind you, to see how the one sitting there looks. If he seems serious, you look serious; if he laughs, you will laugh, and come to the conclusion that you will not accept him to-night. You think of your companions, and you say you cannot stand their jeers. Is not that so? Come. Trample the world under your feet and take the Lord to-night, cost what it will. Say, "By the grace of God, I will serve him from this hour." Turn your backs upon hell, and set your faces toward heaven; and it will be the best night of your lives. Have you ever seen a man who accepted Christ regret it?

You cannot find a man who has changed masters and gone over to Christ who has regretted it. This is one of the strongest proofs of Christianity. Those who have never followed him only regret it. I have seen hundreds dying, when in the army and when a missionary, and I never saw a man who died conscious but who regretted that he had not lived a Christian life. My friends, if you accept him to-night, it will be the best hour of your life. Let this night be the best night of your lives. Let me bring this to your mind. If you are lost, it will be because you do not decide. "How long halt ye between two opinions. If the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him." How many men in this assembly want to be on the Lord's side? Those who want to take their stand on the side of the true God, rise.

Upon this request by Mr. Moody, nearly 2,000 men instantly arose.

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCES.

"Tekel; Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting." DANIEL 5: 27.

You will find my text to-night in one short word, "Tekel," meaning: "Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting." In the 5th chapter of Daniel we read the history of the King Belshazzar. It is very short. Only one chapter tells us all we know about him. One short sight of his career is all we see. He just seems to burst upon the stage, and then disappears. We are told that he gave a great feast, and at this feast he had a thousand of his lords; and they were drinking and praising the gods of silver, of gold, of brass, of iron, and of wood, out of the vessels which had been brought from the temple at Jerusalem. As they were drinking out of these vessels of gold and silver from the house of God,—I don't know but what it was at the midnight hour, all at once came forth the fingers of a man's hand and began to write upon the wall of the hall. The king turns deathly pale; his knees shake together, and he trembles from head to foot. Perhaps if some had told him the time was coming when he would be put into the balance and weighed, he would have laughed at him. But he knows the vital hour has come; and that hand has written his doom in the words, "Mene, mene, tekel upharsin." He calls the wise men of his kingdom; and the

man who can interpret this will be made the third ruler of his kingdom, and be clothed in scarlet, and have a chain about his neck. One after another tried, but no uncircumcised eye could make it out. He was greatly troubled. At last one was spoken of who had been able to interpret the dream of his father Nebuchadnezzar. He was told if he would send for Daniel, he might interpret the writing. And now the prophet came in and looked upon the handwriting, and told him how his father had gone against God, and now he, Belshazzar, had gone against the Lord of heaven, and how his reign was finished. And this was the writing: "Mene: God hath numbered the kingdom and finished it; tekel: Thou art weighed in the balance, and art found wanting: peres: thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and the Persians." The trial is over, the verdict is rendered, and the sentence brought out. That very night the king was hurled from his throne. That very night the army of Darius came tearing down the streets, and you might have heard the clash of arms, shouts of war, and have seen the king's blood mingling with the wine in that banquet hall.

Now I want to call your attention to the word "tekel." We are weighed in the balance. Now you cavil at the Word of God; you make light when all is going well in the hour of your prosperity. But when the time of trial comes, and we are called into judgment, it will be altogether different. Suppose the sentence should come down from heaven, upon every man and woman in this tabernacle, to be weighed in the balance to-night, how would it be with you? Come, my friends, are you ready to be weighed to-night? Not in our own scales, but in God's balance. Suppose the scales were dropped now from the kingdom of God; are you ready to step into the balance and be weighed. Are you willing to be weighed by the law? I can imagine some of you saying, "I wouldn't be weighed by that law (meaning the decalogue); I don't believe it." Some men think we are away beyond the Mosaic law; we have got out of it. Why, Christ said in the 5th chapter of Matthew: "Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets; I am not come to destroy but to fulfill. Heaven and earth may pass away, but my law shall never pass away;" but not until heaven and earth shall be removed will the Word of God be removed. Now the commandments that I read to you to-night are as binding as ever they have been. Many men say that we have no need of the commandments, only of the sermon on the Mount. "Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets; I am not come to destroy but to fulfill." Now, my friends, are you ready to be weighed by the law of God—by that magic law? What is the first commandment? "Thou shalt have no other Gods but me." Are you ready to be weighed by this commandment? Now, the question is, have you fulfilled, or are you ready to fulfill, all the requirements of this law?

A great many people say, if they keep the commandments they don't need Christ. But have you kept them? I will admit if you keep the commandments you can be saved by them; but is there a man in this audience who can truly say that he has done this? Young lady, can you say, "I am ready to be weighed by the law to-night?" Can you, young man? Now, suppose we have these commandments written upon pieces of iron. You know, when you go into a grocery store, you see them taking a weight and putting it into the scales against what you have bought. Now, suppose the pieces of iron as weights, and the law of God written on them. Take this first commandment, "Thou shalt have no other God but me," upon one of the weights. Put it in one of the scales and just step on the other. "Thou art weighed in the balance." Is your heart set upon God to-night? Have you no other idol? Do you love him above father or mother, the wife of your bosom, your children, home or land, wealth or pleasure? Have you got another God before him? If you have, surely you are not ready to step in and be weighed against that commandment, "Thou shalt have no other God before me." That is the commandment of God, and it is binding to-night. Then take another. You will say there is no trouble about this one. We might go off to other ages or other lands, and we can find people who worship idols; but we have none here. But how many idols have we in our hearts? Many a man says: "Give me money, and I will give you heaven; what care I for all the glories and treasures of heaven; give me treasures here. I don't care for heaven; I want to be a successful business man." They make money and business their god. Although they don't make gods of silver and gold, they bow before them. There are more men who worship silver and gold in Chicago than any other god. But take another one: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." Is there a swearing man ready to put the weight into the scales and step in? Young man, have you been taking the name of the Lord in vain to-day? What does he say? "The Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain." I don't believe men would ever have been guilty of swearing unless God had told them not to. They don't swear by their friends, by their fathers and mothers, by their wives, by their children. But because God has forbidden it, man wants to show how he despises his law. "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." Blasphemer, go into the scales and see how quick you will fly out. You will be like a feather in the balance. A great many men think there is nothing very serious in swearing; they don't think there's much wrong in it. Bear in mind that he sees something in it when he says: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." You cannot trifle with God. Some men say they never swear except when they get angry. Suppose you swear only once in six months, or a year—suppose you

swear once in ten years, do you think God will hold you guiltless for that one act? A man that swears once shows that his heart is rebellious to God. What are you going to do, blasphemer? If the balances were here to-night, and God told you to step in, what would you do?

But take the fourth commandment: "Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy." Suppose you could see the law written over these walls, "Remember to keep the Sabbath day, to keep it holy," could you say that you had observed it? Are you ready to be weighed by the weight, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy"? Some of us may be professed Christians, but do we observe the Sabbath? If this country falls into neglect of the observance of the Sabbath, it will go the way of France, Mexico, and Spain. Every nation that gives up the Sabbath must go down. It is only a question of time with them. Look when the children of Israel refused to obey the injunction of the Lord in regard to the cultivation of their land, how he took them into bondage and kept them for seventy years, to let them know that God's land was not to be trampled under their feet. Are you guilty or not, guilty or innocent, in regard to this law: "Thou shalt keep the Sabbath day holy?" When I was in France in 1867, I could not tell one day from another. On Sunday stores were open, buildings were being erected, the same as on other days. See how quick that country went down. Only a few years ago it stood breast to breast with other nations; it stood side by side almost with England. But it didn't have any respect for the Sabbath; it trampled God's message under foot; and when the hour of battle came, God left it alone. My friends, every nation that tramples the Sabbath under its feet must go to ruin. Are you innocent or guilty? Do you keep the Sabbath day holy, or not? I have been talking to those car conductors—and if there's any class of men I pity more than another it is them; and they have to work on the Sabbath. Some of you are breaking this law by coming down here on Sunday in the cars. What will you do? Foot it. It will be better for you. I make a point of never allowing myself to break the Sabbath of any man. When I was in London, and it's a pretty big city, you know, in my ignorance I made arrangements to preach four times in different places one Sunday. After I had made the appointment, I found I had to walk sixteen miles; and I walked it, and I slept that night with a clear conscience. I want no hackman to rise up in judgment against me. My friends, if we want to help the Sabbath, let business men and Christians never patronize cars on the Sabbath. I would hate to own stock in those horse-car companies, to be the means of taking the Sabbath from these men, and have to answer for it at the day of judgment. No man can work seven days a week and save his soul. And the very best thing we have is being taken from these men by us Christians. Are you willing to step

into the balance and be weighed against "Thou shalt keep the Sabbath day holy"?

Well, there is the fifth: "Honor thy father and mother." Are you ready to be weighed against this? Have you honored them? Is there anyone here to-night who is dishonoring father or mother? Now, I've lived nearly forty years, and I've learned one thing, if I've learned nothing else, that no man or woman who treats disrespectfully father or mother ever prospers. How many young ladies have married against their father's wishes, and gone off and just made their own ruin. I never knew one case that did not turn out bad. They brought ruin upon themselves. This is a commandment from heaven: "Honor thy father and mother." In the last days, men shall be disobedient to parents, void of natural affection; and it seems as if we were living in those days now. How many sons treat their mothers with contempt, make light of their entreaties. God says, "Honor thy father and mother." If the balances were placed in this hall would you be ready to step into them against this commandment? You may make light of it and laugh at it; but young men, remember that God will hedge your way. No man shall succeed that disobeys his commandment. But bear in mind you are not going to be weighed only against this solitary commandment—every weight will be put in.

"Thou shalt not kill." Most of you say, "That don't touch me at all; I never killed anyone; I'm no murderer." Look at that sermon on the Mount, which men think so much of. Look at it. Did you never in your heart wish a man dead who had done you an injury? That's murder. How are you? Innocent or guilty? If you have, you are a murderer at heart. Now come, my friends, are you ready to be weighed against the law? Ah, if most of us were weighed to-night we would find this word written against us: "*Tekel*, Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting."

But let us take another, "Thou shalt not commit adultery." I don't know any sin that afflicts us like this. It is a very delicate subject to approach; but I never preach without being compelled to touch upon it. Young men among us are being bound hand and foot with this evil. Young men, hear this law to-night: "Thou shalt not commit adultery." Are you guilty even in thought? How many would come into the Tabernacle but that they are tied hand and foot, as one who has been in the halls of vice, and some harlot, whose feet are fastened in hell, clings to him and says: "If you give me up, I will expose you." Can you step on the scales and take that harlot with you? "Thou shalt not commit adultery." You may think that no one knows your doings; you may think that they are all concealed; but God knows it. "He that covers his sins shall not prosper." Out with it, to-night. Confess it to your God. Ask him to snap the fetters that bind you to this sin; ask him to give you victory over

your passions. Shake yourself like Samson and say: "By the grace of God, I will not go down to hell with a harlot;" and God will give you power. "Thou shalt not commit adultery." As I said the other night, I don't know a quicker way to hell. How many men have, by their lecherous life, broken their mothers' heart and gone down to their grave rotten, leaving the effect of their sin to their posterity?

Well, let us take up the next. "Thou shalt not steal." How many have been stealing to day! I may be speaking to some clerk, who, perhaps to-day, took five cents out of his employer's drawer to buy a cigar; perhaps he took ten cents to get a shave, and thinks he will put it back to-morrow—no one will ever know it. If you have taken a penny, you are a thief. Do you ever think how those little stealings may bring you to ruin? Let an employer find it out. If he don't take you into the courts, he will discharge you. Your hopes will be blasted, and it will be hard work to get up again. Whatever condition you are in, do not take a cent that does not belong to you. Rather than steal, go up to heaven in poverty—go up to heaven from the poor house; and be honest rather than go through the world in a gilded chariot of stolen riches. A man who takes money that does not belong to him never gets any comfort. He never has any pleasure, for he has a guilty conscience. "Thou shalt not steal." Are you ready to be weighed to-night in the balances?

Then let us take the ninth commandment: "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor;" or, in other words, thou shalt not be guilty of lying. If you had a chance to make $200 or $3 0, are you not willing to go into a court and lie to get it? "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." Are you ready to step into the balances against this? Then take another. "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods." Are you innocent or guilty? How many times I used to covet that which belonged to other people, before I was converted. I believe that is one of the greatest sins among us. My friends, how is it? innocent or guilty? But suppose you are innocent of all these ten commandments; let us take that eleventh commandment of Christ's: "A new commandment I give unto you; thou shalt love one another." My friends, how is it to-night? Is love reigning in your hearts? Do you love your neighbors? Do you try to do them good; or are you living a life of selfishness, merely for yourself?

Now I can imagine that nearly every man or woman is saying to himself or herself: "If we are to be judged by these laws, how are we going to be saved?" Every one of them has been broken by all people. The moral man is just as guilty as the rest. There is not a moralist in Chicago who, if he steps into those scales, can be saved. "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." "Except ye repent, ye shall all perish." That is on one side of the

scales, and he will see on the other, "Except ye be converted, ye shall not enter the kingdom of God." I have heard a good many Pharisees saying: "These meetings are reaching the drunkards and gamblers and harlots; they are doing good;" but they don't think they need these meetings. They are all right; they are moral men. "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." I don't care how moral he is. Nicodemus was probably one of the most moral men of his day. He was a teacher of the law; yet Christ said: "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." I would a good deal rather preach to thieves and drunkards and vagabonds, than preach to self-righteous Pharisees. You don't have to preach to those men weeks and months to convince them that they are sinners. When a man learns that he has need of God, and that he is a sinner, it is very easy to reach him. But, my friends, the self-righteous Pharisee needs salvation as much as any drunkard that walks the streets of Chicago.

There is another class I want to speak of. If I had time, I would just like to take up the different classes in the city. That class is the rum-sellers. Put the rum-sellers in the balances. They ignore God's laws; but by and by he will say to them, Tekel: "Woe be to the man that puts the bottle to his neighbor's lips." My friends, I would rather have that right hand cut off before I would give the bottle to a man. I would rather have my right arm cut off than deal out death and damnation to my fellow-men. If any poor drunkard here should be summoned into eternity to-night, and be weighed in the balances, what would he hear? "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God." I can see how he would reel and stagger when he heard that. "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven."

My friends, if you don't repent of your sins and ask him for mercy, there is no hope for you. Let me ask you to-night to take this question home to yourself. If a summons should come at midnight to be weighed in the balances, what will become of your souls, because the law of God must be kept. Now there are many of you only making professions. You belong to the First Methodist Church, or you may be a member of a Baptist church; but are you ready to be weighed—ready to step into these scales to-night? I think a great many would be found like those five foolish virgins. When the hour came, they would be found with no oil in their lamps. If there is a person here to-night who has only an empty lamp, or is living on mere formalism, I beg of you to give it up. Give up that dead, cold, miserable lukewarmness. God will spit it out of his mouth; he will have none of it. Wake up. Some of you have gone almost to sleep while I have been trying to weigh you in the balances. God will weigh you, and then if you have not Christ it will be "Tekel."

I can imagine some of you saying: "I would just like Moody to

put those tests to himself. I wonder what would become of him." My dear friends, if God was to ask me to-night I would tell him, "I am ready." I don't say this in any spirit of egotism, of self-righteousness, remember. If you ask me if I have broken the law of Moses, I would answer, "Yes, sir." Ask me if I have broken the commandments, "Yes, sir." You may ask me, then, how I am ready to be weighed. If I step into the scales to-night, the son of God will step into the scales with me. I would not dare to go into them without him. If I did, how quick the scales would go up! If a man has not got Christ, when the hour comes for him to be weighed, it will be "Tekel, tekel, tekel." How are you to-night, my friend—ready to be weighed? (pointing to one of the audience).

Answer—Yes, sir.

Mr. Moody—Have you got Christ?

Answer—Yes, sir.

Mr. Moody—That's right. Suppose I put the question to every man and woman in this audience. How quick many of them would begin to color up. Oh, my friends, if you haven't got him, get him to-night. May God open your eyes and your minds to receive him before you leave this tabernacle to-night. Christ kept the law; Christ was the end of the law. If he had broken the law, he would have had to die for himself; but he kept it, and we are enabled to be clothed in righteousness. My friends, it is the height of madness to go out of this hall to-night and run the risk of being called by God and have to answer without him. Now is the day and hour to accept salvation; and then he will be with us. Then there will be no alarm with us. I pity those Christian people who are afraid of death. They need not be afraid of death if they have him. When he is with us, it is only a translation. We are absent from the body to be present with the Lord. Here is the gospel of Jesus Christ. Will you be saved to-night? If you do not, when by-and-by God summons you into these scales, it will be written over you: "Tekel, tekel; thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting." My friends, what will you do to-night? Remain as you are and be lost, or accept salvation and be saved?

EIGHT "I WILLS" OF CHRIST.

I want to call your attention to-night to the eight "I wills" of Christ. Now; when we say "I will," very often it don't mean much. My friends, I want you to pay attention to the text; I see some of you looking after Mr. Sankey. (Mr. Sankey moving out.) You may forget the songs which have been sung to-night, you may forget the sermon; but if the text gets down to your heart, you will never forget it. The eight "I will's" of Christ. I was going to say that a man, when he says "I will," may not mean much. We very often say "I will," when we don't mean to fulfill what we say; but when we come to the "I will" of Christ, He means to fulfill it. Everything he has promised to do he is able and willing to accomplish; and he is going to do it. I cannot find any passage in scripture in which he says "I will" do this, or "I will" do that, but it will be done.

The first "I will" I want to call your attention to, occurs in Matthew 11: 28: "Come unto me all ye that labor, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." Now what is it that man wants more than rest? What is it that the world is in pursuit of? What are all the men in Chicago after, if it isn't rest? What do business men toil for, if it isn't for rest? Why do men spend their lives in hunting for wealth, if it is not for rest? But my friends, that is not the way to get rest. A man cannot find it in wealth; he cannot find it in pleasure: Take the pleasure-seekers of Chicago, and ask them if they have rest. They are like the waves of the sea, perpetually troubled. My friends, the men who are away from God never know what rest is. You can see this in their faces, in the wrinkles of their brow. They don't know what rest is. What does Christ say? "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." It isn't in the market for sale. How many men in Chicago would not gladly go up to the Board of Trade to-morrow morning, and give thousands for it, if it was for sale? They would give thousands of dollars for it, if they could buy it. But it ain't for sale. If you get it, you must take it as a gift from him who came from heaven to give it. The moment a man is willing to take it as a gift, it is his. There is one thing I notice: that a man goes in every direction, seeks every means, tries every person for rest, before he comes to the true source. He will try to get rest

in the world; he will try to find honor in pleasure, in politics; but he don't get it. You can't find one of these politicians who knows what rest is; you cannot find one of those business men who knows what rest is, unless he has Christ. Ask any man who is after the things of the world if he really knows what rest is, and he will answer you, "No." If you come to Christ, he tells you: "I will" give it. I like this "I will." He means it; and if you want rest, go to-night and say you are weary and your soul is seeking rest, and he will give it. He will give it without price. Take it. "O man, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in me is thine help." In him is your help and in him will you find rest. If there is a poor, mangled one here, come to Christ to-night and confess to him. Come to Christ and he will take your burden away and put it behind his back, and he will give that weary soul rest. Now just test it to-night. Let every one who is weary and heavy-laden come to him to-night.

The next "I will" is in John, 6th chapter: "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." That is as broad as the world itself. It takes that man in the gallery yonder; it may be there is a poor, afflicted one hidden behind that post, it takes him; it just sweeps around this building, taking rich and poor alike. "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." He is so anxious to save sinners, He will take every one who comes. He will take those who are so full of sin that they are despised by all who know them, who have been rejected by their fathers and mothers, who have been cast oft by the wives of their bosoms. He will take those who sunk so low that upon them no eye of pity is cast. "Him that cometh to me I will in nowise cast out." Now, why not take him at his word? I remember, a few years ago, a man in Farwell Hall was greatly troubled about his soul. "Now," said I, "take that verse; what does the Lord mean when he says, 'Him that cometh to me I will in no-wise cast out," when he says that, he means it. The man replied, "I will just take him at his word." He started home, and while going over the Clark street bridge, something whispered to him: "How do you know but that is a wrong translation?" He was just laying right hold of it, when this was whispered to him. The poor fellow didn't sleep any that night. He was greatly troubled, but at last he made up his mind that he would just believe it, and when he got to the Lamb of God he would tell him of it, and the devil left him. Now, my friends, just take it. Some men say, "I am not worthy to come." I never knew a man yet to go to church that was worthy. Why, he does not profess to save worthy men; he saves sinners. As a man said in the inquiry-room: He didn't come to save make-believe sinners, or painted sinners, but real sinners. A man don't want to draw his filthy rags of self-righteousness about him, when he comes to him. The only thing a sinner has that God wants is his sin. You need not bring your tears, your prayers, your good

works, or deeds; you must come to him as a sinner, and he will clothe you in a garment fit to come before him. Now the kings of this earth call around them the wealthy and influential men of their kingdom; but when Christ came down here, he called the outcasts, the publicans, and sinners around him. And that was the principal fault the people found with him. Those self-righteous Pharisees were not going to associate with harlots and publicans. The principal charge against him was, "This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them." Who would have such a man around him as John Bunyan in his time. He, a Bedford tinker, why, he couldn't get inside one of the princely castles. I was very much amused when I was over on the other side. They had erected a monument to John Bunyan, and it was unveiled by lords and dukes and great men. Why, while he was on earth they wouldn't allow him inside the walls of their castles. Yet he was made one of the mightiest instruments in the spread of the gospel. No book that has ever been written comes so near the Bible as John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." And he was a poor Bedford tinker. So it is with God. He picks up some poor, lost tramp, and makes him an instrument to turn hundreds and thousands to Christ. It is a question whether in all Chicago there is a man who is exercising such an influence for good as this man Sawyer. Four years ago he was a tramp; he had been cast off by his own mother, by his own sisters, by his wife; and he hadn't seen his own son for fifteen years. Then he was a lost man. Cast off by every one; but the Son of God stooped low enough to save him. I doubt, as I said before, whether there is a man who has so much influence as that man has to-day. "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." Is there some poor outcast, some poor tramp, here to-night? I've got a good message for you. May be you are hiding away behind that post; but I've got a good message for you, the best message you ever heard: "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." Come all just as you are; don't wait. He will take you as you sit into his loving bosom; he will make you a champion of the cross, and you will become an instrument in his hand to build up his kingdom. Thank God for such a book; thank God for such a gospel—thank the God of heaven for such a text: "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

The next "I will" is found in Luke. We are told of a man who was full of leprosy; he was just rotten with it. Perhaps his fingers had rotted off; it might have been that his nose was eaten off. That is the way leprosy affects a man. Well, there is a man full of leprosy, and he comes to Christ just as he was. A good many people, if they had been in his place, would have waited till they got a little better before they came before him; but this man wanted to get the leprosy away. If he had waited to see if he got better, there would have been no sense in it. A man might as well, if he had a sick

child, say: "When it gets better, I will send for the doctor." It is because your child is sick that you want the doctor. It is because this man had the leprosy that he wanted Christ. The leper came to him and said: "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." There is faith for you; and the Lord touched him, saying, "I will; be thou clean;" and away went the leprosy, as if it had been struck by lightning. I have often wondered if he ever turned around to see where it had gone: no doubt, like Naaman, his flesh became as the flesh of a little child. He didn't wait to see whether the leprosy would improve; because he was convinced that it was growing worse and worse, every day. So it is with you. You will never have a night so favorable for coming to Christ as this one. If you put off till to-morrow, your sins will have become more numerous. If you wait till Sunday next, a whole week's sins will be built upon those you have already. Therefore, the sooner you come, the fewer sins you will have to be forgiven. Come to him to-night. If you say to him, "Lord, I am full of sin; thou canst make me clean;" "Lord, I have a terrible temper; thou canst make me clean;" "Lord, I have a deceitful heart; cleanse me, O God; give me a new heart. O God, give me the power to overcome the flesh, and the snares of the devil!" if you come to him with a sincere spirit you will hear the voice, "I—will; be thou clean." It will be done. Do you think that the God who created the world out of nothing, who by a breath put life into the world—do you think that if he says, "Thou wilt be clean," you will not? A great many people say, "If I become converted, I am afraid I will not hold out." Why, don't you see that we cannot serve God with our own strength. When we accept him, he gives us strength to serve him. When he has taken away the leprosy of sin, it is easy to live for him. And I want to call your attention to the fact that even if you are bad, he don't care. It may be that some one here has disgraced his or her father or mother; it may be that they have disgraced every friend they ever had, and that they just despise themselves. Come to him, and he will cleanse you. It is to you I am speaking to-night. He can save you to the uttermost.

The next "I will" I want to call your attention to is the "I will" of confession, in Matthew. "Whosoever, therefore, shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven." Let me say, right here, that this is the very verse up to which men in Chicago will have to come. Men come to me and say: "Do you mean to affirm, Mr. Moody, that I've got to make a public confession when I accept Christ; do you mean to say I've got to confess him in my place of business, and in my family? Am I to let the whole world know that I am on his side?" A great many are willing to accept Christ; but they are not willing to publish it, to confess it. A great many are looking at the lions and the bears in the mountains. Now, my friends, the devil's mountains are only

made of smoke. Why, he can throw a straw into your path and make a mountain of it. He says to you: "You cannot confess and pray to your family; why, you'll break down. You cannot tell it to your shopmate; he will laugh at you." But when you accept him you will have power to confess him. He has said: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me." It is the way to heaven—by the way of the cross; and I believe in my soul that more men are stumbling upon this verse than upon any other. They are willing to do everything necessary except take up the cross and follow him. Now, let me read this verse again: "Whosoever, therefore, shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my father, which is in heaven." When I was in London there was a leading doctor in that city, upwards of seventy years of age, who wrote me a note to come and see him privately about his soul. He was living at a country seat, a little way out of London, and he only came into town two or three times a week. He was wealthy, and was nearly retired. I received the note right in the midst of the London work, and told him I could not see him. I received a note a day or two after from a member of his family, urging me to come. The letter said his wife had been praying for him for fifty years, and all the children had become Christians by her prayers. She had prayed for him all those years, but no impression had been made upon him. Upon his desk they had found the letter from me, and they came up to London to see what it meant; and I said I would see him. When we met, I asked him if he wanted to become a Christian, and he seemed every way willing; but when it came to confession to his family, he halted. "I tell you," said he, "I cannot do that; my life has been such that I would not like to confess before my family." "Now there is the point; if you are not willing to confess Christ, he will not confess you; you cannot be his disciple." We talked for some time, and he accepted. I found that, while I had been in one room, the daughter and some friends, anxious for the salvation of that aged parent, were in the other room praying to God; and when he started out, willing to go home and confess Christ, I opened the door of the other room, not knowing the daughter was there. And the first words she said were, "Is my father saved?" "Yes, I think he is," I answered; and ran down to the front door and called him back. "Your daughter is here," I said; "this is the time to commence your confession." The father, with tears trickling down his cheeks, embraced his child. "My dear daughter, I have accepted Christ;" and a great flood of light broke upon him at that confession. A great many here in Chicago are ashamed to come out and take their stand for Christ. If you want peace and joy, my friends, you must be willing to confess. I am told that, in China, the height of a Chinaman's ambition is to have

his name put in the house of Confucius. He must have performed some great act of valor, or done the State some great service, before he can have his name there. That is the highest point of a Chinaman's ambition. It ought to be the height of our ambition to have our name registered in heaven, and have Christ to confess us in the courts of heaven. How excited we used to be during the war when some general did something extraordinary, and some one got up in Congress to confess his exploits; how the papers used to talk about it! If we come out for Christ here, he will confess us in heaven before the throne and the angels. May God help you to confess him to-night.

Another "I will"—to me a very precious "I will"—was given to those early fishermen. He said, "If you will follow me, I will make you fishers of men." That is the "I will" of service. I pity those Christians from the very depth of my heart, who have only made a profession of religion, and stopped there. My friends, they don't have the joy of salvation. I tell you, the only happy Christians are those who are fishers of men. If a man be a true Christian, he wins souls. He cannot help it; for He says: "If you will follow me, I will make you fishers of men. Peter caught more men at Pentecost than he ever caught fish in his nets. I have often thought of the remark one of the disciples made to Him as they were standing together one day: "Lord, we have left all to follow thee." What did they leave? A few old fishing boats and broken nets. They were looking to those things they had left behind; and a great many people here are looking to what they will leave, if they serve him. It is not necessary to leave the things of this life when you follow him. It is not necessary to give up your business, if it's a legitimate one, in order to accept Christ. But you mustn't set your heart on the old nets, by a good deal. Now, my friend, if you want to be a religious Christian, follow him fully. No man follows Christ and ever regrets it; and the nearer we get to him the more useful we become. Then we will save men. It seems to me, after I am dead and gone, I would rather have a man to come to my grave and drop a tear and say: "Here lies the man who converted me, who brought me to the cross of Christ"—it seems to me I would rather have this than a column of pure gold reaching to the skies, built in my honor. If a man wants to be useful, follow Him. You will succeed, if you follow him. Whenever you find a man who follows Christ, that man you will find a successful one. He don't need to be a preacher, he don't need to be an evangelist, to be useful. He may be useful in business. See what power an employer has, if he likes. How he could labor with his employes, and in his business relations. Often a man can be far more useful in a business sphere than he could in another. If we want to spend a life of usefulness, accept him, and He will make you "fishers of men." Young man, don't you want to win souls to

Christ? Well, then, just follow him. "You follow me, and I will make you fishers of men."

The next "I will," a very precious one, is, "I will not leave you comfortless," down here in this dark world. Now, some people think they have a very hard battle before them when they accept him. A lady came to me lately and said: "I am the only one of my family who is a Christian; and I feel lonely." "Why," said I, "Christ is with you; if you have got an elder brother sitting at the right hand of God, what more do you want?" Oh, this precious "I will;" this comfort and joy, "I will be with you to the end of the world;" "I will never forsake you." You may take comfort to-night. He will be with you always. You may not see him with the eye of flesh; but you will see him by the eye of faith.

The next "I will" is found in the 4th chapter of John: "I will raise him up at the last day." These bodies of ours are going down to the grave; but they are not going to lie there long: the Son of God will wake them up. When he was here he raised up three bodies; and let me say to you, young children, that the first one he raised was a little child. Ah, there will be many little children there, "for of such is the kingdom of heaven." He gave us three instances. The first was the little girl. When the people heard he had raised up some one from the dead, they thought it was a mistake. She wasn't dead, but only asleep; it wasn't a real miracle. The next one was a young man. "Oh, no," they thought, "that's no miracle; if they had left him alone, he'd have awoke; he was only asleep." But the next case that came along was that of Lazarus; and Matthew tells us that he had been dead four days; he had been laid away in the sepulcher, and the Son of God merely said, "Lazarus, come forth." Now, I like a religion that gives me such comfort, that when I lay away my loved ones in the grave I know they will by and by hear the voice of the Son of God calling them forth. I used to wonder how Christians had so much comfort in affliction, and used to question whether I could have as much; but I have learned that God gives us comfort when we need it. A few weeks ago I stood at the grave of a man I loved more than any one on earth, except my wife and family. As he was laid down in the narrow bed and the earth dropped upon the coffin-lid, it seemed as if a voice came to me, saying, "He will rise again." I like a religion by which we can go to the grave of our loved ones and feel that they will rise again; I like a religion that tells us, although we sow them in corruption they will rise incorruptible; that although we sow them in weakness they will rise in power and glory, and ascend to the kingdom of light. This is the comfort for Christians. Thank God for this, "I will not leave you comfortless."

"I will that they may be with me" is the sweetest of all. The thought that I will see him in his beauty; the thought that I will

meet him there, that I will spend eternity with him, is the sweetest of them all. This last week we had Thanksgiving day. How many families gathered together, perhaps the first time in many years; and the thought would come stealing over some of them, Who will be the first to break the circle? Perhaps many of these circles of friends will never meet again. Thank God, yonder the circles shall never be broken—when the fathers and mothers and children gather around him in those mansions into which death never enters, where sickness and sorrow never enter through yon pearly gates. Oh, thank God for this blessed religion; thank God for the blessed Christ; thank God for those blessed eight "I wills." "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out;" "Whosoever, therefore, shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven;" "If you will follow me, I will make you fishers of men;" "I will, be thou clean;" "I will not leave you comfortless;" "I will that they may be with me." May God bless every soul in this building to-night, and bring you to the cross.

THE GOSPEL PREACHER.

"And there was delivered unto him the book of the prophet Esaias, and when he had opened the book he found the place where it was written: The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised; to preach the acceptable year of the Lord. And he closed the book, and he gave it again to the minister and sat down. And the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened on him. And he began to say unto them, This day is the Scripture fulfilled in your ears." LUKE 4: 17–21.

I am going to ask our friends if they will please turn in their Bibles to the 4th chapter of Luke, and the 17th verse: "And there was delivered unto him the book of the prophet Isaiah, and when he had opened the book he found the place where it was written: The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovery of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bound; to preach the acceptable year of the Lord. And he closed the book, and he gave it again to the minister and sat down. And the eyes of all of them that were in the synagogue were fastened on him. And he began to say unto them,

This day is the Scripture fulfilled in your ears." I suppose our friends have noticed, in reading the life of the Lord Jesus Christ, that never when he was down on earth do we read about him taking a copy of the Scriptures in his hands except in this synagogue. I have no doubt that the Lord Jesus Christ knew the Scriptures from beginning to end, so that he did not require to take them up to find a passage. Here, for the first and for the last time, do we read about him taking them in his hands. It was a prophecy he took up, and that prophecy was the book of Isaiah. We are told in Luke that the Lord Jesus Christ found a certain place. I suppose that means that he searched for a certain passage of Scripture which declared his mission to the children of men. He might have preached from any single text in that wonderful book. If he had liked, he could have told his message without any reference to that wonderful book; but he turned to the place and read: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised." You know that eighteen hundred years ago books were not printed as they are to-day. These books were written on parchment and put on rollers, and the Lord Jesus Christ had to unroll these parchments before he came to the passage, saying, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me." I have often tried to imagine what thoughts passed through his mind as his blessed eye rested upon passage after passage of that book. He might have pointed to that passage: "I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me. The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib, but Israel doth not know;" but the Lord passed that by. He might have turned to a passage in the same chapter: "From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it, but wounds and bruises and putrefying sores; they have not been closed, neither bound up, neither molified with ointment;" but he passed that by. He might have turned to that wonderful passage in the ninth chapter: "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulder, and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace;" but Jesus passed that by. He did not want to read about the divinity; he came into that synagogue to read about the mission to sinners, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me." He might have read that sweet passage: "Though thou wert angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortest me." Jesus didn't need that—the cross had not yet had its victim. He might have turned to that sweet 32d chapter: And a man shall be as a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest, as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land;" but he just passed that by. He ought to have opened the book at that 35th chapter,

where it speaks about water breaking out in the wilderness and the desert blooming; but the millennium had not come yet. Without Calvary, there could be no millennium. So he turned to the passage which says, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me." I wonder how those men would have felt had he read: "He was despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows." He did not tell them how they treated him; he merely turned to the passage which spoke of his mission.

And in that synagogue, on that Sabbath day, beloved friends, there was not a human heart any different from yours. They loved to hear good news or glad tidings; and I am sure there is not one here to-night, rich or poor, high or low, but likes to hear glad tidings. In Ireland, a man used to live opposite to where I was living, and when a man would come from the market with something that had been ordered he would ring the bell, and stand waiting for five or six minutes before any servant would come to the door. Sometimes ladies and gentlemen would come up and stand waiting for the door to be opened. But I always noticed one thing: whenever the postman would come and give his double knock, that moment three or four of them would come to the door. Sometimes the master and mistress of the house themselves would run to the door, to get what they thought good news. You know you never keep the postman at the door. Everybody is fond of good news, of glad tidings. Previous to my coming across to this great country of yours, I was holding meetings in London. I took my ticket from there to Manchester, to bid some friends good-bye. When I got to the railway carriage, I saw a little group of boys around two little fellows. Their coats were threadbare, with patches here and there carefully covering up the holes. Some good mother, it was evident, too poor to send them away in fine style, was trying to make them as neat as she could. The boys belonged to a Sunday-school in London, and the group around them was their schoolmates, who had come down to bid them good-bye. They shook hands, and then their Sunday-school teacher did the same, and wished them Godspeed. After that their minister came and took them by the hand, and breathed a prayer that they would be blessed. When they all had bade the boys good-bye, a poor widow came up and put her arms around the companion of her son. Perhaps he had no mother, and she kissed him for his mother and wished him good-bye. Then she put her arms around the neck of the other boy, and he put his arms around her, and she began to weep. "Don't cry, mother," said the boy; "don't cry; I'll soon be in America, and I'll save money, and soon send for you to come out to me. I'll have you out with me. Don't cry." He stepped into the carriage, the steam was turned on, and the train was in motion when he put his head out of the window and cried, "Farewell, dear mother;" and the mother's prayer went out: "God bless my boy;

God bless my boy." Don't you think that when they came to America and sent the first letter to England, that mother would run quickly to the door when the postman came with that letter? How quick that mother would take that letter and break the seal. She wants to hear good news. There is not one here to-night who has not a message of good news, of glad tidings; better news than was ever received by a mother in England from a son in America, or from a mother in England by a son in America. It is glad tidings from a loving Savior; glad tidings of great joy. He says, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me," to preach good news. That is what brought the Savior down from glory—to preach glad tidings.

But, mark you, it is to the poor—not the poor in pocket. God never looks into a bank-book; he never looks into your purse, to see whether you are rich or poor; he looks into the sinner's heart, and if that sinner has nothing—no deeds, no prayers, no tears, then the Son of God comes from heaven to that poor soul. "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor." On Friday night, in a certain place where I was, two or three ladies were talking about the Bible. One lady said to another: "I saw some of my friends reading the Bible, and they were looking so glum and melancholy." Turning round to me she said: "I don't think people should be melancholy when they read the Bible; do you, Mr. Moody?" "Well," I replied, "it depends upon the kind of people who read the Bible; if they are unsaved sinners, they will." "But," she asked, "tell me why." "Because that book is the death-warrant of an unsaved sinner; but if a man knows that he is lost, that he is guilty and condemned, and he comes to the Savior, then the Bible is not a death-warrant." It is a reprieve—it is a pardon—it is good news, glad tidings. Every man here to-night who is unsaved, ought to be sad when he reads his death-warrant; and that is the reason why people unsaved do not like to read this book. When we believe, we hear the good news that comes to us in the cry from Calvary, "It is finished!" That is not bad news—that is not our death-warrant—that is my pardon—that is my peace—my justification. Jesus finished that work, and he finished that work for me. It is good news and glad tidings to the sinner; and there is not a little child in this hall to-night but can understand it, if they take it as God gives it in this book. It is not long ago, it just seems the other day, when my dear friend Dr. Mathieson, now in heaven, told me he was preaching the gospel in Scotland, and a minister told him he had in his congregation a little idiot boy. He did not know what to do with him; he had spoken to him many times, but the boy always said: "Ye maun wait till a' come to ye, and when a' come I'll sing ye a sang an' tell ye a story; but ye maun wait till a' come to ye." The minister heard that the boy was dying, and he went to him and said: "Sandy, you promised

me that you would sing me a song and tell me a story before you died; will you tell it now?" "Yes, minister," replied the boy—"Three in ane an' ane in three, an' Jesus Christ he died for me; that's a'." "Three in one and one in three, and Jesus Christ he died for me." I tell you I would rather be a poor idiot and know that, than be one of the mightiest and so-called wisest men in the city of Chicago, and not believe that Jesus took my place and died for me on Calvary's cross. That gospel's very simple; it is very easy to understand. Here am I, a poor sinner, and God has said, "The soul that sinneth shall die;" but God so loved that sinner that he don't want him to die. He had a Son whom he sent from heaven to Calvary to die on the cross, on purpose to put away our sin. Now, I believe; and my sins are put away, and I am saved. Do you want to be saved to-night? Jesus' blood was shed for you; he put away sin by the sacrifice of himself. What must I do to be saved? Believe. How can believing save me? Jesus died to save. It is not my believing that puts away my sin; it is my belief that accepts Christ as my Savior, and the moment I believe on him, I know that eighteen hundred years ago he bled and died on purpose to give me everlasting life. How can I know that I can be saved to-night? That dear young man in the gallery yonder—"Can I know I can be saved to-night?" Yes. That dear mother over there—"Can I know I can be saved to-night?" Yes. That dear father here—"Can I know I can be saved to-night?" Yes, before you leave your seat and go into the inquiry-room, if you believe he took your place and sent the message to you. On Thanksgiving night there was a young lady in the inquiry-room, who came to me, "Oh," said she, "will you tell me what you mean by knowing that you are saved?" She said she was a member of a church and loved the Savior, but didn't know that she was saved. "Will you come and sit down here and open your Bible at the 5th chapter of St. John, and read the 24th verse?" She turned and read: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word and believeth in him that sent me"—"Now, I spell the next word, 'H-a-t-h'—that's not hope," I said; "that's hath." And she turned to me, a smile lighting up her face through her tears, and said: "That is to have everlasting life" "Are you saved now?" I asked. "Yes." "How do you know?" "Because," she replied, "I said so; that is how I know." We tell you to-night, in the Master's name, you can be saved here if you are guilty—if you have nothing to give to God; for he came to preach the gospel to the poor. Some of you say: "Mustn't I repent for a week or two; must I not try and get some of the sin taken from me, and then go to the Lord; and when he sees I desire to be better, it will be easier?" My friends, you can't improve yourselves. He wants to take you just as you are.

When I was holding meetings a little time ago at Wharnecliffe, in

England, a coal district, a great burly collier came up to me and said in his Yorkshire dialect, "Dost know wha was at meetin' t'night?" "No," I answered. "Why," said he, "So-an-so (mentioning name). The name was a familiar one. He was a very bad man, one of the wildest, wickedest men in Yorkshire, according to his own confession, and according to the confession of everybody who knew him. "Weel," said the man, "he cam' into meetin' an' said you didn't preach right; he said thou preached nothin' but love o' Christ, an' that won't do for drunken colliers; ye want t' shake 'em over the pit, and he says he'll ne'er come again." He thought I didn't preach about hell. Mark you, my friends, I believe in eternal damnation; I believe in the pit that burns, in the fire that's never quenched, in the worm that never dies; but I believe that the magnet that goes down to the bottom of the pit is the love of Jesus. I didn't expect to see him again; but he came the next night, without washing his face, right from the pit, with all his working clothes upon him. This drunken collier sat down on one of the seats that were used for the children, and got as near to me as possible. The sermon was love from first to last. He listened, at first attentively; but by-and-by I saw him with the sleeve of his rough coat, wiping his eyes. Soon after, we had an inquiry meeting, when some of those praying colliers got around him, and it wasn't long before he was crying: "O Lord, save me; I am lost; Jesus have mercy upon me;" and that night he left the meeting a new creature. His wife told me herself what occurred when he came home. His little children heard him coming along; they knew the step of his heavy clogs, and ran to their mother in terror, clinging to her skirts. He opened the door as gently as could be. He had had a habit of banging the door. My friends, if a man becomes converted, it will even make a difference in the slamming of doors. When he came into the house and saw the children clinging to their mother, frightened, he just stooped down and picked up the youngest girl in his arms, and looked at her, the tears rolling down his cheeks. "Mary, Mary, God has sent thy father home to thee," and kissed her. He picked up another, "God has sent thy father home;" and from one to another he went, and kissed them all, and then came to his wife and put his arms around his neck; "Don't cry, lass; don't cry. God has sent thy husband home at last; don't cry;" and all she could do was to put her arms around his neck and sob. And then he said: "Have you a Bible in the house, lass?" They hadn't such a thing. "Well, lass, if we haven't we must pray." They got down on their knees, and all he could say was:

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity—

for Jesus Christ's sake, amen." It was a simple prayer, but God

answered it. While I was at Barnet, sometime after that, a friend came to me and said: "I've got good news for you. So-and-so (mentioning the collier's name) is preaching the gospel everywhere he goes—in the pit and out of the pit, and tries to win everybody to the Lord Jesus Christ." O brother and sister, won't you trust the Savior to-night? Dear mother and father, won't you believe the gospel; won't you rest upon that finished work; won't you give up your doings and strivings, and just like a little child rest upon that Savior? Believe the glorious gospel, and have everlasting life. May God bless you all, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

"THEIR ROCK IS NOT AS OUR ROCK."

"For their rock is not as our rock, even our enemies themselves being judges." DEUTERONOMY 32: 31.

I want to call your attention to-night to a text which you will find in the 32d chapter of Deuteronomy and the 31st verse: "For their rock is not as our rock, even our enemies themselves being judges." I wish that this audience for about thirty minutes would just imagine they are sitting in judgment—that each one is sitting upon the case brought up. We want every man, woman and child in this building to decide the question brought before them: "For their rock is not as our rock, even our enemies themselves being judges." This was uttered by Moses, in his farewell address to Israel. He had been with them forty years, day and night. He had been the king, or president, or judge, or whatever you may call it; he had been their leader or instructor; in other words, he had been a god to them. for all the blessings of heaven came through him. And the old man was about leaving them. He had taken them to the borders of the promised land; and all who had left Egypt with him, but Joshua and Caleb, had been laid in that wilderness. Now he is making his farewell address; and young man, if you have never read it, read it to-night. It is the best sermon in print. I do not know any other sermon in the New or Old Testament that compares with it. His natural activity hadn't abated; he had still the vigor of youth. I can see him as he delivers it: his long white hair flowing over his shoulders, and his venerable beard covering his breast, as he gives them the wholesome instruction. Now, I want every one to wake up here. I see one young man over there who has just gone to sleep. All

you young men will help me, if you see any one next you going to sleep, by pinching his elbow. We don't want any one here to sleep. I remember, when I was in Boston, I fell asleep in church; and a man just pinched me, and I rubbed my eyes and woke up. I looked at the minister; and lo, and behold, I thought he was preaching directly at me. It seemed as if he knew all about my faults, and my disposition, and everything about me. I never felt so cheap in my life. All his remarks seemed to be directed to me, and I wondered who had been telling that minister about me. At the conclusion of the sermon, I pulled my coat-collar up and got out as quick as I could. Now bear in mind, you men who have gone to sleep are the very men I want to speak to. But let us go back to the subject. The old man was giving his farewell address, in which he said: "This rock is not as our rock, even our enemies themselves being judges." Now I am not going to call upon Christians to settle this question, but the ungodly, the unconverted, must decide this question; and if you be fair with the argument you will have to admit that "Your rock is not as our rock;" your peace is not as our peace; because we have got our feet on the rock of Jesus.

You know, in the first place, that the atheist does not believe in any God. He denies the existence of a God. Now, I contend that his rock is not as our rock, and will let those atheists be the judges. What does an atheist look forward to? Nothing. He is taking a very crooked path in this world. His life has been dark; it has been full of disappointments. When he was a young man, ambition beckoned him on to a certain height. He has attained to that height; but he is not satisfied. He climbs a little higher, and perhaps he has got as far as he can get; but he is not contented. He is dissatisfied; and if he takes a look into the future, he sees nothing. Man's life is full of trouble. Afflictions are as numerous as the hairs of our head; but when the billows of affliction are rising and rolling over him, he has no God to call upon. Therefore, I contend, his "rock is not as our rock." Look at him. He has a child. That atheist has all the natural affection for that child possible. He has a son, a noble young man, who starts out in life full of promise; but he goes astray. He has not the will-power of his father, and cannot resist the temptations of the world. That father cannot call upon God to save his son. He sees that son go down to ruin, step by step; and by-and-by he plunges into a hopeless, Godless, Christless grave. And as that father looks into that grave, he has no hope. His "rock is not as our rock." Look at him again. He has a child laid low with fever, racked with pain and torture; but the poor atheist cannot offer any consolation to that child. As he stands by the bedside of that child, she says: "Father, I am dying; in a little while I will go into another world. What is going to become of me? Am I going to die like a dumb beast?" "Yes," the poor atheist says, "I

love you, my daughter; but you will soon be in the grave, and eaten up with the worms; and that will be all. There is no heaven, no hereafter; it is all a myth. People have been telling you there is a hereafter; but they have been deluding you." Did you ever hear an atheist going to his dying children and telling them this? My friends, when the hour of affliction comes, they call in a minister to give consolation. Why don't the atheist preach no hereafter, no heaven, no God, in the hour of affliction? This very fact is an admission that "their rock is not as our rock, even our enemies themselves being the judges." But look again. That little child dies, and that atheist father follows the body to the grave, and lays it down in its resting-place, and says: "All that is left of my child is there; it will soon become the companion of worms, who will feed upon it. That is all there is." Why, the poor man's heart is broken, and he will admit his "rock is not as our rock." A prominent atheist went to the grave with the body of his friend. He pronounced a eulogy, and committed all that was left of his friend to the winds, to nature, and bade the remains farewell forever. Oh, my friends, had he any consolation then? His "rock" was "not as our rock."

A good many years ago there was a convention held in France, and those who held it wanted to get the country to deny a God, and to burn the Bible; they wanted to say that a man passed away like a dog, like a dumb animal. What was the result? Not long after, that country was filled with blood. Did you ever think what would take place if we could vote the Bible, and the ministers of the gospel, and God, out from among the people? My friends, the country would be deluged with blood. Your life and mine would not be safe in this city to-night. We could not walk through those streets with safety. We don't know how much we owe God and the influence of his gospel among even ungodly men. I can imagine some of you saying: "Why this talk about atheists? There are none here." Well, I hope there isn't; but I find a great number who come into the inquiry-rooms, just to look on, who confess they don't believe in any God, or any hereafter.

But there is another class called deists, who, you know, don't believe in revelation, who don't believe in Jesus Christ. Ask a deist who is God. "Well," he will say, "He is the beginning; he who caused all things." These deists say there is no use to pray, because nothing can change the degrees of their deity; God never answers prayer. "Their rock is not as our rock." In the hour of affliction, they too send off for some Christian to administer consolation. But there is another class. They say: "I am no deist; I am a pantheist; I believe that God is in the air; he is in the sun, the stars, in the rain, in the water." They say God is in this wood. Why, a pantheist the other night told me God was in that post; he was in the floor. When we come to talk to those pantheists, we find

them no better than the deists and atheists. There was one of that sort that Sir Isaac Newton went to talk to. He used to argue with him, and try to get the pantheist into his belief; but he couldn't. In the hour of his distress, however, he cried out to the God of Sir Isaac Newton. Why don't they cry to their God in the hour of their trouble? When I used to be in this city, I used to be called on to attend a good many funerals. I would inquire what the man was in his belief. If I found out he was an atheist, or a deist, or a pantheist, when I would go to the funeral and in the presence of his friends said one word about that man's doctrine, they would feel insulted. Why is it that, in a trying hour, when they have been talking all the time against God—why is it that, in the darkness of affliction, they call in believers in that God to administer consolation?

The next class I want to call attention to is the infidel. I contend his "rock" is not as our "rock." Look at an infidel. An infidel is one who don't believe in inspiration of the Scripture. These men are very numerous, and they feel insulted when we call them infidels; but the man who don't believe in the inspiration of Scripture is an infidel. A good many of them are in the church, and not a few of them have crept into the pulpit. These men would feel insulted if we called them infidels; but if a man says—I don't care who he is, or where he preaches—if he tries to say that the Bible is not inspired, from back to back, he is an infidel. That is their true name, although they don't like to be called that. Now in that blessed book there are five hundred or six hundred prophecies, and every one of them has been fulfilled to the letter; and yet men say they cannot believe the Bible is inspired. As I said the other night, those who cannot believe it have never read it. I hear a great many infidels talk against the Bible; but I haven't found the first man who ever read the Bible from back to back carefully and remained an infidel. My friends, the Bible of our mothers and fathers is true. How many men have said to me: "Mr. Moody, I would give the world if I had your faith, your consolation, the hope you have from your religion." Is not that a proof that "their rock is not as our rock"? Now look at these prophecies in regard to Nineveh, in regard to Babylon, to Egypt, to the Jewish nation, and see how literally they have been fulfilled to the letter. Every promise God makes, he carries out. But although infidels prefer their disbelief in the inspiration of Scripture, they do not believe in their hearts what they declare, else why, when we talk with them, if they have any children, do they send them out of the room? Now, not long ago, I went into a man's house; and when I commenced to talk about religion he turned to his daughter and said: "You had better go out of the room; I want to say a few words to Mr. Moody." When she had gone, he opened a perfect torrent of infidelity upon

me. "Why," said I, "did you send your daughter out of the room before you said this?" "Well," he replied, "I did not think it would do her any good to hear what I said." My friends, his "rock is not as our rock." Why did he send his daughter out of the room, if he believed what he said? It was because he did not believe it. Why, if I believed in infidelity, I would wish my daughters and my sons, my wife, and all belonging to me, sharers in the same belief. I would preach it wherever I went. But they doubt what they advocate. If they believed it down in their souls, why, when their daughters die, do they send for a true Christian to administer consolation? Why don't they send for some follower of Voltaire, or Hume, or Paine? Why, when they make their last will, do they send for some Christian to carry it out? My friends, it is because their rock has no foundation; it is because in the hour of adversity, in spite of all their boasts of the grandeur of infidelity, they cannot trust their infidel friends. "Their rock is not as our rock, even our enemies themselves being judges."

Now, did you ever hear of a Christian in his dying hour recanting? You never did. Did you ever hear of Christians regretting that they had accepted Christianity, and in their dying hour embracing infidelity? I would like to see the man who could stand and say he had. But how many times have Christians been called to the bedside of an Atheist, or Deist, or Infidel in his dying hours, and heard him crying for mercy? In that hour infidelity is gone; and he wants the God of his father and mother to take the place of his black infidelity. It is said of West, an eminent man, that he was going to take up the doctrine of the resurrection, and show the world what a fraud it was, while Lord Lyttleton was going to take up the conversion of Saul, and just show the folly of it. These men were going to annihilate that doctrine, and that incident of the gospel. They were going to emulate the Frenchman, who said it took twelve fishermen to build up Christ's religion, but one Frenchman pulled it down. From Calvary this doctrine rolled along the stream of time, through the eighteen hundred years, down to us, and West got at it and began to look at the evidence; but, instead of being able to cope with it, he found it perfectly overwhelming—the proof that Christ had risen, that he had come out of the sepulchre, and ascended to heaven and led captivity captive. The light dawned upon him; and he became an expounder of the Word of God, and a champion of Christianity. And Lord Lyttleton, that infidel and skeptic, hadn't been long at the conversion of Saul before the God of Saul broke upon his sight, and he too began to preach. I don't believe there is a man in the audience, who, if he will take his Bible and read it, but will be convinced of its truth.

What does infidelity do for a man? "Why," said a dying infidel, "My principles have lost me my friends; my principles have sent my

wife to her grave with a broken heart; they have made my children beggars; and I go down to my grave without peace or consolation." I never heard of an infidel going down to his grave happily. But not only do they go on without peace, but how many youths do they turn away from God? How many young men are turned away from Christ by these infidels and devils? Let them remember that God will hold them responsible, if they are guilty of turning men away from heaven. A few infidels gathered around a dying friend lately, and they wanted him to hold on to the end, to die like a man. They were trying to cheer him, but the poor infidel turned to them: "Ah," said he, "what have I got to hold on to?" My friends, let me ask you what you have got to hold on to? Every Christian has Christ to hold on to—the resurrected man. "I am he that liveth and was dead; and behold I am alive for evermore." Thank God, we have some one to carry us through all our trials. But what has the Infinel, only the shell. How many men are there in Chicago who are His gods are false gods. They are like the false gods of the Hebrews; they never hear their cry. Whereas, if we have the God of Daniel, of Abraham, he is always ready to succor us when in distress; and we can make him our fortress, and we have a refuge in the storm of adversity. There we can anchor safely, free from danger and disaster.

I was reading to-night almost the last words of Lord Byron, and I want to draw a comparison between the sorrowful words of Byron and those of Saint Paul. He died very young—he was only thirty-six—after leading an ungodly life.

> "My days are in the yellow leaf,
> The flower and fruit of life are gone;
> The worm, the canker and the grief
> Are mine alone."

Compare those words with the words of St. Paul: "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day." What a contrast! What a difference! My friends, there is as much difference between them as there is between heaven and hell, between death and life. Be judges which is the most glorious—atheism, deism, infidelity, or the Christianity of St. Paul. May God take all these isms and sweep them from the world.

I want to read to you a letter which I received some time ago. I read this to you because I am getting letters from infidels, who say that not an infidel has repented during our meetings. Only about ten days ago I got a letter from an infidel, who accused me of being a liar. He said there had not been an infidel converted during our meetings. My friends, go up to the young converts' meeting any Monday night; and you will see there ten or twelve every night, who

have accepted Christ. Why, nearly every night we meet with a poor infidel who accepts Christ. But let me read this letter. We get many letters every day for prayer; and, my friends, you don't know the stories that lie behind those letters. The letter I am about to read was not received here, but while we were in Philadelphia. When I received it, I put it away, intending to use it at a future day:

"DEAR SIR: Allow me the privilege of addressing you with a few words. The cause of writing is indeed a serious one. I am the son of an aristocratic family of Germany—was expensively educated, and at college at Leipsic was ruined by drinking, etc.; was expelled for gambling and dishonesty. My parents were greatly grieved at my conduct, and I did not dare return home, but sailed for America. I went to St. Louis, and remained there for want of money to get away. I finally obtained a situation as bookkeeper in a dry goods house; heard from home and the death of my parents. This made me more sinful than ever before. I heard one of your sermons, which made a deep impression on me. I was taken sick, and the words of your text came to me and troubled me. I have tried to find peace of God, but have not succeeded. My friends, by reasoning with me that there was no God, endeavored to comfort me. The thought of my sinfulness, and approaching the grave, my blasphemy, my bad example, caused me to mourn and weep. I think God is too just to forgive me my sins. My life is drawing to a close. I have not yet received God's favor. Will you not remember me in your prayer, and beseech God to save my soul from eternal destruction? Excuse me for writing this, but it will be the last I shall write this side of the grave."

Ah, my friends, his "rock was not as our rock, even our enemies themselves being judges." I have two more letters I would like to read. I am not accustomed to read so many letters, but on this occasion I will read them to you. Some of you remember me speaking of a man who came in here, who was a fugitive from justice. The Governor of the State from which he came had offered a reward for him, and he came into this tabernacle. He received Christ, and returned to his State. This morning I received the following letter:

"DEAR SIR AND BROTHER: Owing to the law's slow delay, I am yet a prisoner of hope. By Thursday or Friday my case will be reached, and I'll be committed to the penitentiary; how long I do not know. This condition is voluntary, or of my own seeking, because I feel it due the cause of God, or the only evidence I can give of my repentance and desire to do better. My family and friends hope ultimately to obtain a pardon. I desire to thank you for the interest you have taken in me, and I ask your prayers, and those of God's people in Chicago, that I may have strength and grace to live under these calamities, that my poor heart-broken wife and children

may be sustained, and, further, that God's blessing may rest on all efforts being made for my future. After it is all over, and I am in a felon's cell, I'll write you. In your efforts to warn men to do better and lead a new life, bid them beware of ambition to accomplish an undertaking at all hazards. Such is my condition. Had I left off speculation in an invention, I might now be happy. Step by step I yielded, until my forgeries reached over $30,000. My aim was not to defraud, but to succeed, and pay it all back. Oh, pray for me—for all who suffer with me. While in Chicago, I was under an assumed name. Here I am, in my native village, in my father's home, a prisoner, not daring to go out, or even to see my children (we have three, two boys and one girl). I hear their voices, and when they sleep I silently go in their little room and look at them in innocent slumber. My crimes are in another county, whither I go Thursday. May our heavenly father bless your labors. Humbly and repentant I am. * *"

To-morrow probably he will go into the penitentiary to suffer for his crime, but now his rock is our rock.

Last week a beautiful-looking young man came into the inquiry room. He had been brought up in a happy home, with a good father and mother. He had gone astray. When he came into the inquiry room, he said he intended to become a Christian; but he could not, because he knew what it would make him do. He had robbed an express company, and that sin came between him and God. He had been heard, and received a verdict in his favor; but he knew he was guilty. He had gone into the witness box and committed perjury. He turned away, and left the building. Last Friday, however, he was at the noonday meeting; he was in my private room for a while, and I never felt so much pity for a man in my life. He wanted to become a Christian; but he thought of having to go back and tell his father that he was guilty, after his father had paid $2,000 to conduct his trial. After a great struggle, he got down on his knees and cried out: "O, God, help me; forgive me my sin;" and at last he got up and straightened himself, and said, "Well, sir, I will go back." A friend went down to the railway station and saw him off, and shortly after I got this dispatch from him:

"Mr. Moody—God has told me what to do. The future is as clear as crystal. I am happier than ever before."

He went on his way, reached his native village, and I received this letter from him this morning, and I have felt my soul filled with sorrow ever since it came. Let me say here, if there is anyone in this hall who has taken money from his employer, go and tell him of it at once. It is a great deal better for you to confess it than have it on your mind—than to try to cover it up. "He that covereth his sin shall not prosper." If you have taken any money that don't belong to you, make restitution, by confession at least. If

any one here is being tempted to commit a forgery or any crime, let this be a warning to them:

"My Beloved Friend and Brother: I am firm in the cause. I have started, and feel that God is with me in it. And, oh, dear brother, do never cease praying for my dear father and praying mother; and I wish you would some day write them, and tell them that God will make this all for the best. If I live for ages, I will never cease praying for them; and I never can forgive myself for my ungratefulness to my dear broken-hearted sisters and brothers, and dear, good parents. Oh, that link that held the once happy home is severed. O God! may it not be forever. Would that I had been a Christian for life; that I had taken my mother's hand when a child and walked from there, hand in hand, straight to heaven; and then the stains would not have been. But we know, O God, that they can't follow me into heaven, for then I will be washed of all my sins, and the things that are on this earth will stay here.

"Oh, my dear Christian brothers, my heart almost failed me when I was approaching my dear, happy home, and the thought that I was the one out of eight brothers and sisters to break the chain of happiness that surrounded that once happy and beautiful home, which is now shaded with misery, and the beautiful sunshine that once lit that happy, that dearest of homes, is now overshadowed with darkness. Oh, I fear it will take my dear parents; it is more than they can bear. When I reached home, and they all greeted me with a kiss, and I told them I had started for heaven, and God sent me home to tell them, my mother shed tears of happiness, and when I was forced to bring the death stroke upon her the tears ceased to flow, and God only can describe the scene that took place. I called them all around me, and I thought I could not pray if I were to attempt it. But when I knelt with them in prayer, God just told me what to say, and I found it the will of God; and after I had prayed, I kissed them all, and asked their pardon for my ungratefulness, which I received from them all. Then I made my preparation to leave home, for how long God only knows, but I got grace to leave in a cheerful way, and it appeared for a short time; and if God lets me live to return home I will join my mother's side, take her to church and bring my brothers and sisters and father to God. We will all go to heaven together. My beloved brother, I must see you some day, and just tell you what God has done for me; and I know he will never forsake me, when I am shut up in those prison walls receiving the punishment I justly deserve for my crime. When I can't communicate with any one else, I know I will not be shut off from God. Oh, glory!

"I came to Cleveland last night, and was going to get that money and return it to the general superintendent, but my attorney had made that arrangement already. I find there is an indictment at

Akron against me now for perjury, and I am going to take the morning train and go to Akron. Court is in progress now, and I am going to ask the court if there is an indictment against me; and if there is, I will hear it and then plead guilty. I will write you again soon, and give you all the particulars and the length of my sentence."

I want to urge this letter upon your consideration as a warning. Think of the punishment that young man has brought upon himself; think of the agony of that father and mother when he broke the news to them; when he told them of his guilt. His "rock was not as our rock." May God bless every young man here to-night, and may they be brought to the acceptation of salvation. May they turn to the God of their fathers, and of their mothers, so that they can say, "Your rock is our rock—we are servants of God."

THE PHARISEE AND THE PUBLICAN.

"God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are." LUKE 18:11. "God be merciful to me a sinner." LUKE 18:13.

In this first parable, we are told that men ought to pray always and everywhere; that prayer should not be left to a few in the churches, but all men ought to pray. He gives us a picture, so that we may understand in what spirit we ought to pray. Two men went up to the temple—one to pray to himself, and the other to pray to God; and I think it will be safe to divide the audience into two bodies, and put them under these two heads. I think, however, whether we divide the audience or not, we come under these two heads—those who have the spirit of the Publican, and those who have the spirit of the Pharisee. You can find that the whole community may be divided into these two classes. The spirit of the prodigal and the spirit of an elder brother are still in the world; the spirits of Cain and Abel are still in the world, and these two are representative men. One of them trusted in his own righteousness, and the other didn't have any trust in it; and I say I think all men will come under these two heads. They have either given up all their self-righteousnesss—renounced it all and turned their back upon it—or else they are clinging to their own righteousness; and you will find that these self-righteous men, who are always clinging to their own righteousness, are continually measuring themselves by their neighbors. "I thank God that I am not as other men are." That was the spirit of that Phari-

see, and that is the spirit to-day of one class in this community; and the other class comes under the head of this other man.

Now let us look at the man Christ pictured first. It is evident that he was full of egotism, full of conceit, full of pride; and I believe, as I have said before on this platform, that is one of the greatest enemies the Son of God has to-day; and I believe it keeps more men from the kingdom of God than anything else. Pride can grow on any soil, in any climate; no place is too hot for it, and no place is too cold for its growth. How much misery has it caused in this world! How many men here are kept from salvation by pride? Why, it sprung up into heaven, and for it Lucifer was cast out; by pride, Nebuchadnezzar lost his throne. As he walked through Babylon he cried, "Is not this great Babylon which I have built?" and he was hurled from his throne. How many men who have become drunkards, who are all broken up—will gone, health gone—and yet are just as full of pride as the sun is of light. It won't let them come to Christ and be saved.

A great many live like this Pharisee—only in the form of religion; they don't want the wheat, only the husk; they don't want the kernel, only the shell. How many men are there in Chicago who are just living on empty form? They say their prayers, but they don't mean anything. Why this Pharisee said plenty of prayers; but how did he pray? He prayed with himself. He might as well pray to this post. He didn't pray to God, who knew his heart a thousand times better than he did himself. He thought he knew himself. He forgot that he was as a sepulcher, full of dead men's bones; forgot that his heart was rotten, currupt, and vile, and he comes and spreads out his hands and looks up to heaven. Why the very angels in heaven veil their faces before God as they cry, "Holy, holy, holy." But this Pharisee comes into the temple and spreads out his hands, and says: "Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other men are; I fast twice a week." He set before God what he had done in comparison with other men, and was striking a balance and making out God to be his debtor, as thousands in Chicago are doing to-day; and then he says, "I give one-tenth of all I possess." I suppose, if he was living in Chicago now, and we had gone to him and asked him for a donation to put up this Tabernacle, he would have said: "Well, I think it will do good; yes, I think it will—it may reach the vagabonds and outcasts—I don't need it, of course—but if it will reach that class, it will do good. I will give $50, especially if you can get it in the morning papers; if you can have it announced, 'John Jones gave $50 to build the Tabernacle.'" That's the way some of the people give donations to God's cause; they give in a patronizing way; but in this manner God won't accept it. If your heart don't go with your gift, God will not accept it. This Pharisee says: "I give one-tenth of all I have; I keep up the services in the temple; I fast twice a week." He fasted twice a week, although once was only

called for; and he thought because of this he was far above other men. A great many people nowadays think, because they don't eat meat, only fish, on Fridays, they deserve great credit; although they go on sinning all the week. Look at this prayer; there's no confession there. He had got so bad, and the devil had so covered up his sins, that he was above confession. The first thing we have to do, when we come to God, is to confess. If there is any sin clustering around the heart, bear in mind we can have no communion with God. It is because we have sin about our hearts, that our prayers don't go any higher than our head. We cannot get God's favor, if we have any iniquity in our heart. People like the Pharisee, have only been educated to pray. If they didn't pray every night, their conscience would trouble them, and they would get out of bed and say their prayers, but the moment they get off their knees, perhaps you may hear them swearing. A man may just as well get a string of beads and pray to them; it would do him as much good. This Pharisee's prayer showed no spirit of contrition; there was no petition; he didn't ask anything from God. That is a queer kind of prayer. "Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterous, or even as this poor publican." Not a petition in his prayer. It was a prayerless prayer; it was downright mockery. But how many men have just got into that cradle, and been rocked to sleep by the devil. A short time ago I said to a man, "Are you a Christian?" "Of course I am; I say my prayers every night." "But do you ever pray?" "Didn't I tell you I prayed?" he answered. "But do you ever pray?" "Why, of course I do; haven't I said so?" was his reply. I found that he prayed, but he only went through the form, and after a little, I found that he had been in the habit of swearing! "How is this?" I asked; "swearing and praying! Do your prayers ever go any higher than your head?" "Well," he replied, "I have sometimes thought that they didn't." My friends, if you are not in communion with God, your prayers are but forms; you are living in formalism, and your prayers will go no higher than your head. How many people in this assembly just go through the form? They cannot rest unless they say their prayers. How many there are with whom it is only a matter of education.

But this man trusted in his own righteousness; he ignored the mercy of God, the love of Jesus Christ. He was measuring himself by his own rule. Now, if you want to measure yourself, do it by God's law, by God's requirements. A great many people have a rule of their own by which they measure themselves, and by that rule are perfectly ready and willing to forgive themselves. So it was with this Pharisee. The idea of coming to God and asking his forgiveness never enters his mind. While talking to a man—one of those Pharisees—some time ago about God and his need of Christ, he said: "I can do without Christ; I don't want him; I'm ready to

stand before God any time." That man was trusting in his own righteousness. There are a good many in Chicago like this man; They think they can get on without Christ, without a mediator. Now take a good look at this man. You know I have an idea that the Bible is like an album. I go into a man's house, and, while waiting for him, I take up an album from a table and open it. I look at a picture. "Why, that looks like a man I know." I turn over and look at another. "Well, I know that man." By and by I come upon another. "Why, that man looks like my brother." I am getting pretty near home. I keep turning over the leaves. "Well, I declare, there is a man who lives in the street I do; why, he is my next-door neighbor. And then I come upon another, and I see myself. My friends, if you read your Bibles you will find your own pictures there. It will just describe you. Now it may be there is some Pharisee here to-night; if there is, let him turn to the 3d chapter of John, and see what Christ said to the Pharisee: "Except a man be born again, he cannot enter the kingdom of God." Nicodemus, no doubt, was one of the fairest specimens of a man in Jerusalem in those days; yet he had to be born again, else he couldn't see the kingdom of God. But you may say: "I am not a Pharisee; I am a poor, miserable sinner, too bad to come to him." Well, turn to the woman of Samaria, and see what he said to her.

See what a difference there was between that Publican and that Pharisee. There was as great a distance between them as between the sun and the moon. One was in the very highest station, and the other occupied the very worst. One had only himself and his sins to bring to God; and the other was trying to bring in his position and his aristocracy. I tell you, when a man gets a true sight of himself, all his position and station and excellences drop. See this prayer: "I thank God," "I am not," "I fast," "I give," "I possess." Why, if he had delivered a long prayer, and it had been put into the printers' hands, they would have had to send out for some "I's." "I thank God," "I," "I," "I." When a man prays, not with himself, but to God, he does not exalt himself, he don't pass a eulogy upon himself. He falls flat down in the dust before God. In that prayer you don't find him thanking God for what he had done for him. It was a heartless, prayerless prayer—merely a form. I hope the day will come when formal prayers will be a thing of the past. I think the reason why we cannot get more people out to the meetings is, because we have too many formal prayers in the churches. These formal Christians get up like this Pharisee, and thank God they are better than other men; but when a man gets a look at himself, he comes in the spirit of the Publican. You see this man standing praying with himself; but God could not give him anything. He was too full of egotism, too full of himself; there was no religion in it. God could not bless him.

Now, for a moment, take a look at that poor Publican. Just give his prayer your attention. There was no capital "I" there, no exalting of himself—"God be merciful to this Pharisee; God be merciful to the other people who have injured me; God be merciful to the church members, who have not been true to their belief." Was that his prayer? Thank God, he got to himself! "God be merciful to me, a sinner." It was very short. He had got his eye upon himself; he saw that his heart was vile; he could not lift his eyes to heaven; but, thank God, he could lift his heart to heaven. There is not a poor Publican in the audience to-night but can send up this prayer. No matter what your past life has been—no matter if it has been as black as hell—if you but send up the prayer it will be heard. He didn't buy his own righteousness; and God heard his prayer. Spurgeon, speaking of that publican, said he had the soundest theology of any man in all England. He came before God, struck his hand on his heart, and cried: "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

There was a man at one of our meetings in New York City, who was moved by the Spirit of God. He said: "I am going home, and I am not going to sleep to-night till Christ takes away my sin; if I have to stay up all night and pray, I'll do it." He had a good distance to walk, and as he went along he thought: "Why can't I pray now as I go along, instead of waiting to go home?" But he did not know a prayer. His mother had taught him to pray; but it was so long since he had uttered a prayer that he had forgotten. However, the publican's prayer came to his mind. Everybody can say this prayer. That man in the gallery yonder, that young lady over there, "God be merciful to me a sinner." May God write it on your hearts to-night. If you forget the sermon, don't forget that prayer. It is a very short prayer, and it has brought joy—salvation—to many a soul. Well, this prayer came to the man, and he began, "God be merciful to me a—;" but before he got to sinner, God blessed him. He got up in the young converts' meeting, and told us as he said those words the light of eternal truth broke upon his soul—the light from the celestial regions of glory broke upon him; and when we left New York, he was walking in the righteousness of God.

In a meeting recently, a man got up. I didn't know him at first. When I was here, he was a rumseller, and broke up his business and went to the mountains. This is how it happened. When I was here before, he opened a saloon and a grand billiard hall. It was one of the most magnificent billiard halls on the West side, all elegantly gilded and frescoed. For the opening he sent me an invitation to be present, which I accepted, and went around before he opened it. I saw the partners, and asked them if they would allow me to bring a friend. They asked me who it was. "Well, it isn't necessary to tell who it is; but I never go without him." They be-

gan to mistrust me. "Who is it?" they again inquired. "Well, I'll come with him; and if I see anything wrong, I'll ask him to forgive you." "Come," said they, "We don't want any praying." "You've given me an invitation, and I am coming." "But if you come, you needn't pray." "Well," said I, "I'll tell you what we'll do, we'll compromise the matter; and if you don't want me to come and pray for you then, let me pray for both of you now;" which they agreed to. It turned out that one of them had a praying mother; and the prayer touched his heart, and the other had a mother in heaven. I asked God to bless their souls, and just to break their business to pieces. In a few months, their business did go all to pieces. The man who got up in the prayer meeting told me a story that touched my soul. He said with his business he hadn't prospered; he failed, and went away to the Rocky Mountains. Life became a burden to him, and he made up his mind that he would go to some part of the Mountains and put an end to his days. He took a knife with him, which he proposed driving into his heart. He sought a part of the Mountains to kill himself. He had the knife ready to plunge into his heart, when he heard a voice—it was the voice of his mother. He remembered her words when she was dying, even though he was a boy then. He heard her say, "Johnny, if ever you get into trouble, pray to God." That knife dropped from his hand, and he asked God to be merciful to him. He was accepted, and he came back to Chicago and lifted up his voice to him. He may be in this Tabernacle, to-night. Just the moment he cried for mercy, he got it. If you only cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner," he will hear you. Is there anything to hinder you from doing this to-night? Is there anything to hinder any man, woman or child in this hall to-night from sending up this prayer. What a glorious thing it would be if every soul in this hall would but lift up their hearts with the prayer, "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

Now, a man asked me the other day: "How is it that a man who has lived an ungodly life can come in here and be saved all at once?" Why God so loves the sinner that he is willing to give them salvation instantly. He wants to save every one now in Chicago. The trouble is that we don't want God to be merciful; we don't want his forgiveness. God is full of compassion and love. It is the spirit of the devil that makes you believe the sins committed during the past twenty years cannot be forgiven to-night. My friends, won't you try him? But I will take you who believe this way, upon your own ground. Here is a father down here. He is full of self-righteousness; he is a Pharisee. He has a boy, whom he has not seen for twenty years. Well, as he goes home to-night, his servants tell him, "Your absent son has returned." "What!" he exclaims, "my absent boy Johnny here—in this house?" "Yes," he is down in the kitchen; we wanted him to go into the parlor, but he wouldn't; he

said the kitchen was good enough for him." He tells those servants to take him to his son; and for a moment the boy looks at him; "Father, father," he cries, "I have been bad; I haven't done a good act in twenty years; I have been very unkind to you; but, father, won't you forgive me?" Say, father, wouldn't you forgive him? Wouldn't you? I would like to see a man in Chicago who would not. I can give you a little experience of my own family. Before I was four years old, the first thing I remember was the death of my father. He had been unfortunate in business and failed. Soon after his death, the creditors came in and took everything. My mother was left with a large family of children. One calamity after another swept over the entire household. Twins were added to the family, and my mother was taken sick. The eldest boy was fifteen years of age, and to him my mother looked as a stay in her calamity; but all at once that boy became a wanderer. He had been reading some of the trashy novels, and the belief had seized him that he had only to go away and make a fortune. Away he went. I can remember how eagerly she used to look for tidings of that boy; how she used to send us to the post-office to see if there was a letter from him, and recollect how we used to come back with the sad news, "No letter." I remember how in the evenings we would sit beside her in the New England home, and we would talk about our father; but the moment the name of that boy was mentioned, she would hush us into silence. Some nights, when the wind was very high, and the house, which was upon a hill, would tremble at every gust, the voice of my mother was raised in prayer for that wanderer who had treated her so unkindly. I used to think she loved him more than all the rest of us put together; and I believe she did. On a Thanksgiving day—you know that is a family day in New England—she used to set a chair for him, thinking he would return home. Her family grew up, and her boys left home. When I got so that I could write, I sent letters all over the country, but could find no trace of him. One day, while in Boston, the news reached me that he had returned. While in that city I remember how I used to look for him in every store—he had a mark on his face; but I never got any trace. One day while my mother was sitting at the door, a stranger was seen coming toward the house; and when he came to the door, he stopped. My mother didn't know her boy. He stood there with folded arms, and a great beard flowing down his breast, his tears trickling down his face. When my mother saw those tears, she cried, "Oh, it's my lost son," and entreated him to come in. But he stood still. "No, mother," he said, "I will not come in till I hear first you have forgiven me." Do you believe she was not willing to forgive him? Do you think she was likely to keep him long standing there? She rushed to the threshold and threw her arms around him, and breathed forgiveness. Ah, sinner, if you but ask God to be merciful to you, a

sinner; ask him for forgiveness, although your life has been bad; ask him for mercy, and he will not keep you long waiting for an answer. May that be the cry of every lost soul in this Tabernacle to-night. "God be merciful to me, a sinner." Now, do you want to have mercy? Say, young man, will you ask him to-night? Young lady, will this be your cry to-night, "God; be merciful to me, a sinner?" May the love of God break every obdurate heart here to-night, and may this be the cry of every sinner. Don't have so much pride; don't have the spirit of the Pharisee—that's the spirit that keeps you from entering the inquiry-room and coming to the God of love, the God of compassion, the God of mercy, of peace, of joy, of everlasting happiness. Let every man and woman in this assemblage, out of Christ, take the place of this Publican, and go into the inquiry-room.

ADDRESS TO BUSINESS MEN.

"And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much good laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee." LUKE 12: 19, 20.

I want to call your attention, for a few minutes this evening, to this man that the Savior has brought before us, in this portion of Scripture. You will see by reading it that he was what we would call now-a-days a successful business man—a man that many parents would hold up to their sons as a model. I don't think he was a drinking man; there's nothing in the story that would lead us to suppose he was. He hadn't made his money in getting up corners on grain; he didn't get it by any acts of usury, by which he drew twenty per cent.; he didn't get it by making a corner on gold, or getting up a Black Friday; he didn't make his money by betting on election or buying stocks, but he got it lawfully. No doubt he was a moralist; certainly there is nothing in what we have read to-night against his character. That was not his fault. He didn't rent his property for billiard halls, for liquor saloons, or to harlots. He was a farmer. I don't know of a more lawful occupation than that of a farmer. He was a successful man. I don't believe he ever compromised with his creditors by paying fifty cents on the dollar when he could pay one hundred. He didn't get his money that way. He didn't get it by shaving notes, or by taking advantage of the widow and orphan, or those who were poor; but he got it lawfully. He

was an upright man. I presume, if he was here, we would send him to Congress; or if we could not send him to Congress, we would make him mayor. He was a thoroughly good business man, who paid all he promised to pay. He was what we would call a shrewd man—a long-headed man, just deluged with business, and undoubtedly, if you had spoken to him about his soul's welfare, he would have turned to Scripture and said, "Be not slothful in business." Business must be attended to first; that's what Scripture teaches. And I think that Chicago men have got as far as that in Scripture, and there they stop. A man came out here from the East, and a minister asked him to preach in his pulpit, and he picked out the text "Not slothful in business," but went no further. "Why," said the minister to him, "don't you know that all Chicago have got that down in their souls; why don't you preach upon the whole of the text, and not a part?" "Not slothful in business;" Chicago don't want that kind of preaching. He forgot the rest—"fervent in spirit serving the Lord."

This man was earnest with business. He had got off that part of the text. Undoubtedly, he moved in the best society of his time. He had the best turn-out in that part of the country. He had the best farm in that section of the country, and the best horses and cattle. If he had been living to-day, probably he would have had the best short-horn cattle and the very finest wool sheep. He had the very best undoubtedly, in his time, and had been called a great success. No doubt in those days they had revival meetings; of course they had, because one of the greatest revivals that ever took place occurred in those days under John the Baptist. Perhaps it took place near his farm; but he could not leave his business to attend to it. Great multitudes flocked past his house, from early morn till late at night, on their way to the banks of the Jordan to hear the greatest revivalist that ever lived, except Jesus Christ. But he didn't leave his business to go; he probably thought they were fanatics. The idea of a business man turning from his legitimate business, from his merchandise—should waste his time to hear that preacher. No doubt, he belonged to the synagogue. He believed in set doctrines, and walked accordingly. He would not hear of those innovations. The idea of spending his time in going to listen to a man who was clothed with a leather girdle, and fed on locusts and wild honey! No, sir; he wouldn't hear him. Undoubtedly, Jesus and his apostles passed by that way, and he might have one night entertained him. Perhaps he had heard about the dead being raised by this man, as these drunkards are being raised in Chicago to-day—men who are being lifted from sin and degradation and a new song put into their mouth. Like a great many of these business men to-day, perhaps he said: 'Oh, it's only a nine days' wonder; and the excitement will be gone soon." Christ came and went; but he was so pressed with business

that he hadn't time to attend to what that heavenly preacher said He hadn't time to go to those meetings on the banks of the Jordan. So it is with men to-day. They haven't time to look into this great question of Jesus Christ. They have heard of him, but can't stop to see how he came, why he came, or what he has done? Business is so pressing. Undoubtedly, he had the very best wine there was in the land, and it was always on his table, although he wasn't a drunkard. He had the very best fruit, the very best fish and game upon his table. The very best material he wore—perhaps he sent all the way down to Egypt to buy clothing for his wife and daughters. His turn-out was the most stylish—probably he was often seen with a four-in-hand on the highway. Everybody said he was getting along nicely. If a friend came to see him, he would take him all around, and show him his land and his barns, and point to this and that part that he was going to pull down and make larger. Business was increasing. He would show him all through his grand house, and tell how he was once a poor boy, how his father died, and how the creditors came and took everything; how he had commenced life with nothing, and he had made all his friends saw. Just like a great many men here. They will tell how they came to Chicago poor boys, how by hard work, by incessant toiling, they had gained what they have now, taking all the glory to themselves instead of giving it to God. Look at him! If a man cheated him out of five dollars, how he would resent it. A shrewd, practical, business man; and yet the devil was cheating him out of his soul. That is the way to-day. They are just living for time. The great trouble with this man was he was blind—he was just living from the cradle to the grave. He didn't want to take death into his plans. "In every man's garden there is a sepulcher." My friends, in every man's home there is a sepulcher. Death is inevitable; and is not a man mad who does not take it into his plans?

Look at him. One night he is in the drawing-room of this beautiful palatial home and he stands with an architect looking over plans. He is going to have a new barn built. It is going to be the best that money can erect. He don't want any of his neighbors to approach him. It is going to be the very best. The architect has gone away, and he stands there looking over the plans. His family have retired, and all the servants have gone to bed. The doors and windows are all double-locked, double-barred, sealed, chained—fastened securely, but a stranger comes in slowly and lays a cold hand upon him, and says, "Come, I must take thee away." "Who art thou, stranger?" "I am Death." He should not have been any stranger to him. The idea of Death being a stranger to any of us. Why, death is all around us. No doubt he had attended many funerals, and perhaps acted as pall-bearer. Perhaps he was like some people in Chicago; he never heard a sermon except when he attended a funeral. He had heard

a sermon then, and had seen the body laid in the ground, and now his time has come. He wants to bribe Death, and offers him thousands of dollars to give him a little more time; but he cannot bribe Death. You can bribe politicians, you may bribe these business men; but there is an officer that never can be bought, never can be bribed, and when he comes we have to obey his summons. When Death says, "Come, you must go with me," we have to obey him. When Death entered that chamber and said, "Come, I want thee," he might have cried: "Let me live a little longer; let me have these places finished; just a few years longer." "Come," says Death, "come." "Why, what are you going to do with me? Where are you going to take me?" "You have had time enough to see to that; you must come now." The man weeps and cries: "I've got a loving wife; I have loving children; I have got a perfect palace—a beautiful home, which I have been all my life preparing; I've just got it fixed up now; don't summon me away now; oh, Death, spare me a little longer." Like that queen he cries, "Oh for an inch of time!" But says Death, "Come!" and lays his cold hand upon that heart, and it ceases to beat. Perhaps when the servants come in, they find him sitting at his desk dead. The news spreads through the house, and that wife learns she is a widow. I see that widow and those children gathering around the body of that father. The family physician comes. He looks at that body and puts his hand on that pulse; but the pulse, that told the man how fast he was traveling toward eternity, had ceased to beat. There is a stir in that community next morning. "Squire so-and-so is dead; he was a shrewd man; practical, successful man." Perhaps at the funeral the whole community turned out, and probably got a minister, as they get them in our day, to come to the funeral and deliver a eulogy over him, who said he was very benevolent to the poor, he was very philanthropic, and held him up as an example. It appears to me there is more lying at funerals than anywhere else. Men stand up and pronounce a eulogy over men who have lived a churchless, godless life; who have gone down to a Christless, godless grave, and say, because they have been wise and good to the poor, they have gone to a better world. God sees differently. You and I may try to make out this man as a shrewd man, a wise man, a man to be held up as an example; but just see what the Son of Man says about him. He says, such a man is an abomination to God. The Son of Man says, "Thou fool." He wrote his epitaph, and it has been handed down to us as a warning —handed down for 1,800 years.

I can imagine some of you saying: "If I had known that he would have talked about death to-night, I would not have come. Why don't he talk about life, about happiness; why don't he tell us about how to get on in business—how to get through the battle of life? Why does he speak about death only?" I will tell you why it is. It

is because nine out of every ten die unexpectedly; it is because nine out of every ten die wholly unprepared. They may have been warned; death may have come very near. It might have entered their house and taken away a loved wife, loved children, a loved father or mother; death may have come into their homes four, five, six, seven, ten times, and taken away relatives from their midst. Yet they are unprepared. Do you know that six millions of people die annually in the world? Since I came here and began preaching in this Tabernacle, death has thrown its mantle around many a one. Do you remember that death in this cold, dark, bleak night is doing its work? I am speaking to some who may be in eternity to-morrow. I come to tell you to be prepared. Is not it downright folly to spend your lives in piling up wealth and to die as this man died, without hope, without Christ, without eternal life? Let me call your attention to this. The sin of this man was simply neglect. It is clear. We cannot condemn his business. It was honest, legitimate. But the thing we do condemn is, that he neglected to secure his soul's salvation. A great many say: "Am I not kind to the poor; am I not honorable in all my transactions; do I not pay a hundred cents on a dollar always?" But are you honest to your soul's salvation? You may fold your arms and depend upon your deeds; but if you do not seek salvation in this world, you will be lost. You know that there are three steps down the hill; and they are to neglect, to refuse, and to despise. Now, all in this audience are standing on some of the steps of this ladder. You can see how, if a man neglects his salvation, he will be lost. All you men, if you neglect your business and leave it to itself, you know you will soon become bankrupt. And if a man wants to die, all he has to do is not to call in a doctor. Look at a general of an army of 10,000 men. He knows that there is an army of 10,000 coming to meet him, but he goes and takes his glass, and sees in the distance another army of 10,000 men, who are coming up to reinforce his enemy. He knows he cannot delay; if he does, he will soon be overwhelmed by the 20,000 men ahead of him. A man who neglects his soul's salvation does not look at what is ahead of him; and the enemy comes up and overwhelms him. Death comes, as it probably came to this man, at the midnight hour, unexpectedly and unbidden. You know more men die at night than in the day—from twelve to three o'clock in the morning. How many men die unexpectedly. Look at the millions and millions who die unexpectedly. Although we live an allotted time—threescore and ten—when death comes, it comes unexpectedly. This man had provided for his family; he had built up a great business and had provided for his own wants; but he made no provision for his own soul. You might have gone to his house and taken up a pencil and written on everything he possessed, "Thou fool." He spent all his life in accumulating money; and then he had to leave it all. A sailor

was telling a man that his father and his grandfather and his great grandfather, were all drowned at sea, and the man said, "Why don't you get prepared to die, then; you may be drowned any day too?" "Where did your father die?" inquired the sailor. "On land." "And your grandfather?" "On land." "And your great grandfather?" "On land, too." "Are you prepared to die?" "Well, no." "Why don't you get prepared?" asked the sailor. He didn't think he was in danger continually himself, but that the sailor was.

I think the greatest text that is given to us is, "Prepare to meet thy God." Are you ready? Why do you neglect any longer to accept salvation? All the children of Israel had to do to be cured was to look on that brazen serpent; they were healed instantly. If they neglected to look upon that serpent, they died. All you have got to do is, to look upon Christ and receive life. Look at the Indian who is in his canoe. He has gone to sleep. Perhaps he may be dreaming about hunting-grounds; perhaps he may be dreaming of his friends, in the Indian village. Yet he is in the rapids, which are taking him over the cataract. He is not rowing toward it; he is sound asleep; the paddle lies in the bottom of that canoe. Without any effort of his own, the current is taking him toward the fall. By-and-by, the poor man wakes up, and he sees he is on the brink of the cataract. In a few moments he will plunge over. He gives an unearthly cry, and down he goes into the jaws of death. All here to-night are in the current that is carrying them to the cataract—rushing on to judgment. A great many things in this world are not sure. You may buy grain, you may buy land, you are not sure whether the value will go up or down; but there is one thing that you are sure of, and that is death. "For it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment." After that the judgment. You can be sure of that.

Now the question is, Are you ready? I can imagine some of you saying: "I've got time enough; I don't propose to settle this question just yet; there's a good many years before me." Is there a man who can say this? Is there a man who can say, "To-morrow is mine?" We are on the journey toward the judgment. Have you got a hope in the future; have you that which will take you over the grave; have you that power which will carry you through death and judgment? You go to Graceland and summon up the dead. Bring them into this hall in the midst of this audience, with their ghastly winding-sheets, and see how many of them died old. You will find that more of them died young than old. Why, whole populations are swept into eternity before they reach their allotted age. Instead of threescore and ten, the allotted age now-a-days is about thirty years. My friends, we will soon be in eternity. What are you doing? Are you reflecting?

Some of you are on the second round of the ladder. You are re-

fusing. I was talking to a lady last night, and she said calmly, coolly, and deliberately: "I don't want him; I don't want Christ." "Do you really mean this?" I asked. "Yes, I don't want him." I presume a few years ago she would not have said this; but she had got on the second round of the ladder. And some now despise it. If you get a tract upon the streets, you just tear it up. You mock and make light of the God of your father and your mother. You have got on the bottom round of the ladder, and you despise the gift of God. My friends, that is the last round. A man has sunk pretty low when he despises the gift of God—when he hurls it back to God and says, "I will not have it."

Now, I want to ask you this question, "What are you going to do? Will you think a few minutes, young man? Will you stop for a few minutes, and just think? I wish I could wake this audience up for five minutes. Just ask yourselves where you are;" or, to make it more personal, "What am I? Where am I going?" A dying man called a Hindoo priest to his bedside, and asked him where he was going. The priest said he was going into an animal. "Well, after that where am I going?" "Going into another animal." "Where next?" "Into another animal;" and he went on telling the man he would enter into this and that animal, until he stopped. Then the man asked, "Where shall I go after that?" and the poor heathen priest could not tell him. Ah, won't you settle this question to-night? "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Suppose a man has the whole wealth of Chicago rolled at his feet, and then he dies; what has he gained?

A father was on his death-bed lately, and he called in his son. The boy was careless; he would not take death into account. He wanted to enjoy the pleasures of life; and he took no heed of the future. The old man said: "My son, I want to ask you one favor, and that is, when I am dead promise me you will come into this room for five minutes every day for thirty days. You are to come alone, not to bring a book with you; and sit here." The thoughtless young man promised to do it. The father died. The first thing when he went into that room that he thought of was his father's prayer—his father's words, and his father's God; and before the five minutes expired he was crying out, "God be merciful to me." It seems to me if I could get men to always ask themselves, "What is going to be my end?" "Where am I going to spend eternity?" it would not be long before they would come to Christ. You may be moralists; you may be proprietors of a successful business; you may be what the world calls successful business men; yet, "Where are you going to spend eternity?" Can you tell me where you will be next year? Can you tell me where you are going to be ten years hence? Can you tell me? I want to read a little notice on a card which is headed, "I have missed it at last."

A few months ago, in New York, a physician called upon a young man who was ill. He sat for a little by the bedside, examining his patient, and then he honestly told him the sad intelligence that he had but a short time to live. The young man was astonished; he did not expect it would come to that so soon. He forgot that death comes "in such an hour as ye think not." At length he looked up in the face of the doctor, and with a most despairing countenance, repeated the expression, "I have missed it—at last." "What have you missed?" inquired the tender-hearted, sympathizing physician. "I have missed it—at last," again the young man replied. The doctor, not in the least comprehending what the poor young man meant, said: "My dear young man, will you be so good as to tell me what you—" He instantly interrupted, saying, "Oh! doctor, it is a sad story—a sad—sad story that I have to tell. But I have missed it!" "Missed what?" "Doctor, I have missed the salvation of my soul." "Oh! say not so. It is not so. Do you remember the thief on the cross?" "Yes, I remember the thief on the cross. And I remember that *he* never said to the Holy Spirit—Go thy way. But *I did*. And now he is saying to me, Go *your way*." He lay gasping awhile, and looking up with a vacant, staring eye, he said: "I was awakened, and was anxious about my soul a little time ago. But I did not want religion then. Something seemed to say to me, Don't postpone it. I knew I ought not to do it. I knew I was a great sinner and needed a Savior. I resolved, however, to dismiss the subject for the present. Yet I could not get my own consent to do it, until I had promised that I would take it up again, at a time not remote and more favorable. I bargained away, insulted, and grieved away the Holy Spirit. I never thought of coming to this. I meant to have religion, and make my salvation sure. And now I have missed it—at last." "You remember," said the doctor, "that there were some who came at the eleventh hour!' "My eleventh hour," he rejoiced, "was when I had that call of the Spirit. I have had none since—I shall not have. I am given over to be lost." "Not lost," said the doctor, "you may yet be saved." "No—not saved—never. He tells me I may go my way now. I know it—I feel it, feel it here," laying his hand upon his heart. Then he burst out in despairing agony: "Oh, I have missed it! I have sold my soul for nothing—a feather—a straw—undone forever!" This was said with such unutterable, indescribable despondency, that no other words were said in reply. After lying a few moments, he raised his head, and looking all around the room as if for some desired object—turning his eyes in every direction—then burying his face in the pillow, he again exclaimed, in agony and horror: "Oh, I have missed it at last!" and he died.

Dear friends, you may not hear my voice again. I may be speaking to you for the last time. You may never come into this Taber-

nacle again, and I beg of you as a friend, and as a brother, do not go out of this Tabernacle without salvation. Let this night be the night that you will accept everlasting life. Let this be the night on which you will cry from the depth of your heart, "Let me have Christ, let me have salvation." "Though it cost me my right hand or my right eye, I will have Christ to-night." May that be the cry of every one here to-night, and salvation be accepted for time and eternity, by every soul in this building. May God wake up every soul here to-night, and when that summons comes may you go to triumph over the grave, and so enter into a glorious immortality.

ON SAVING CHILDREN.

"Bring him unto me." MARK 9: 19.

I have had a little trouble to find a text for to-night. All last night and this morning I was trying to find one, but could not. This morning, however, in coming out of Farwell Hall prayer-meeting, a mother, whom I have known for a great many years, came to me with tears running down her cheeks, and, with grief, nearly sinking to the floor. "Oh! Mr. Moody," she said, "have these meetings to close and not one of my children saved?" And the thought flashed on my mind, I have got a text; and it is in the ninth chapter of Mark, which we have read: "Bring him unto me." The disciples had failed to cure this man's son. James and John and Peter had been with the Master upon the mount, where they had seen the transfiguration; and when they came down from that scene, they found a great company around his disciples, asking them questions. I suppose the skeptics were laughing and ridiculing the religion of Jesus Christ and its teachers. His disciples had failed; they had not been able to cast out the dumb spirit. And the father said, when asked a question: "I have brought my son to your disciples, and they cannot heal him;" and he said, "Bring him unto me." When he was brought, the devil threw him down. The moment the poor deaf and dumb man came into the presence of Christ, the spirit within began to tear at him. This is often the case now. Sometimes, when there is a good deal of prayer going up for people, they become worse. When the Spirit begins with men, instead of getting better, they sometimes become worse, and it seems as if God

did not answer prayer; but this is only a sign that God is at work. A mother was praying for and giving good council to a loved son lately; and he said, if ever she spoke to him about religion again he would leave the house. Whenever the word was presented to him, he became worse. That mother did not take her son to the preachers, but, thank God, she took him to Christ. She didn't take him to the church, she did not take him to her friends; she knew that if he was to be saved, it was only by Jesus Christ. She took him to the Master; and the result was that within forty-eight hours after saying this to his mother, that wayward boy was brought to the feet of Jesus. So if any have been praying earnestly and faithfully for their sons without success, my dear friends, get your eyes off the church, off friends, off everything else but him, and let your prayer go up day and night; and it will be heard, because we have God s Word for it. An answer is sure. We are not sure whether the sun will rise to-morrow morning; but we are sure that he will answer our prayers. It is sure. If we hold on to God in prayer, and find that we don't get our supplications answered in a month, or in a year; we are to hold on till the blessing comes. Now, it may be that this mother, like a great many mothers, has been looking to the prayers here—looking to what has been going on in these meetings, and has been saying; "There are so many Christian people praying; and surely God will bless my boys, owing to these prayers." Now, we must get our eyes from off multitudes, from sermons, from others' prayers, and let all our expectations be only from him; and a blessing will come. These meetings have been very profitable; and during the weeks past, I have noticed that those fathers and mothers who have gone out after other people's children, have had their own wonderfully blessed. Whatever good you do to other people's children, the reflex will come back upon yours. It may be that that mother was very selfish, and wanted her sons blessed only; she hasn't, perhaps, been trying to bring others under the influence of the Lord Jesus Christ. Every day, fathers and mothers come to me with tears in their eyes—fathers and mothers who have gone out after other people's children—testifying how their children have been blessed. A mother who has been working for him here, told me that her five children—every one of them—had been blessed by these meetings; and I suppose that, if I put it to the vote, many parents here would stand up and testify as to the answers received to prayers and personal efforts for their children. I was very much surprised, lately, to see an old citizen coming into our meetings with a wayward son by his side, night after night. Every evening he was to be seen with him; and last Monday evening he got up and told what God had done for him in answer to personal effort. That father got woke up, and did not rest till he was answered.

Now it seems to me, just as we are leaving this city, that a great

many parents are beginning to wake up to the fact that these meeting are about to be closed, and their children have not been blessed. When we were in Great Britain, in Manchester, a father woke up to the fact that we were going away from that town. Just as we were about closing, he got wonderfully interested in the meetings; and when we had gone to another town, he said to his wife: "I have made a mistake; I should have taken you and the children and the servants to those meetings. Now I'm going to take my son from business, and take you and the children and the servants to the town where they are being held now, and take a house, and have you all attend the meetings." He came and took a house, and sat down determined to remain there till all had been blessed. I remember him coming to me one night, soon after arriving, and saying: "Mr. Moody, my wife has got converted. Thank God for that. If I get nothing else, I am well paid." A few nights after, he came in and said his son had become converted; and then he told me one of the servants had been brought under the influence. And so he went on, until the last day we were to be in that town arrived, and he came to me and said the last one of the family had yielded himself up to Christ; and he went back to his native city rejoicing. When we were in London, the father and son came up and assisted in the work; and I don't know a happier man in all Europe than that one. How many parents, living almost within sight of this building, have felt no interest in these meetings; yet they know their children are hastening down to death and ruin. "Business must be attended to:" "time is very precious." And so they have suffered these precious opportunities to go to waste, by a neglect to bring their sons and daughters under religious influences; and the result will be that many and many a family in this city will see dark days and bitter hours, and many a parent will go down to the grave on account of wayward children. Now, why won't you, even in the closing hours of these meetings—why won't parents wake up and bring their children to Christ; just hold them up in the arms of their faith, and pray: "Lord Jesus, save these children that God has given me. Grant, O God, that they may be with me in glory."

It may be that some father or mother is saying: "I have not been living right myself in God's sight; so how can I talk to my children of him?" It seems to me, the best thing to do under those circumstances is to make a confession. I know a father who, a few days ago, told his children that he had not been living right. The tears rolled down his cheeks as he asked their forgiveness. "Why," said one child, "do you ask us for forgiveness? Why, father, you have always been kind to us?" "I know I have, my child," he answered; "but I have not been doing my whole duty toward you. I've never had a family altar; I have paid more heed to your temporal welfare than to your spiritual: but I am going to have a family altar now."

He took down his Bible, and began there; and it wasn't long before his children were touched. Suppose you haven't been living in accordance with the gospel: why not make an open confession to your wife, and to your children? Set up a family altar, and pray for your children; and it will not be long before you will be blessed. Let us come to him. Let us look straight away from the churches; let us look from every influence to only the Master himself; and let his words ring in the soul of every parent here to-night: "Bring him unto me." Have you got a wayward son? He may be in some distant State, or foreign land; and by the last news you received of him, was rushing headlong down to ruin. My friend, you can reach him; you can reach him by intercession at the throne. A short time after I got here, I received a letter from Scotland. I haven't time to read it. The letter was sent to a minister, and he forwarded it to me. It was the out-gushing of a loving father. He asked us to look out for his boy, whose name was Willie. That name touched my heart, because it was the name of my own boy. I asked Mr. Sawyer to try and get on the track of that boy some weeks ago; but all his efforts were fruitless. But, away off in Scotland, that Christian father was holding that boy up to God in prayer; and last Friday, in yonder room, among those asking for prayer was that Willie. And he told me a story there that thrilled my heart, and testified how the prayers of that father and mother, in that far-off land, had been instrumental in affecting his salvation. Don't you think the heart of that father and mother will rejoice? He said he was rushing madly to destruction; but there was a power in those prayers that saved that boy. Don't you think, my friends, that God hears and answers prayer; and shall we not lift up our voices to him, that he will bless the children he has given us?

You know how Elisha was blessed by the Shunamite woman, and she was blessed in return by a child. You know how the child died, and how she resolved to go at once to the man of God. I can imagine Elisha sitting on Mount Carmel, and seeing that woman afar off, and saying to his servant: "Do you see that woman? I think I know her face. It is the Shunamite, now that I see her face. Go run, and ask her, Is it well with her." Off the servant runs, and when the servant came to her, she said, "It is well." Although her child was dead, she said, "It is well." She knew that the man who gave her the child could raise it up. She runs up to the Master, and falls down, putting her arms about his feet; and the servant tried to put her away. But Elisha wouldn't let him. He says to the servant: "Here, take this staff, and go and lay it upon the face of the dead child;" and tell the servant to go home with her. But she won't leave the man of God. She doesn't want to lean upon the staff, or the servant. It wasn't the servant, or the staff, that she wanted, but the man of God that she wanted with her. "You come

with me," she says; "you can raise it up." She would not leave him till he came to her house. He went in and closed the door, and prayed to God that the child should be restored, and then lay upon the child, mouth to mouth, eyes to eyes, hands to hands; and the child began to sneeze, and there was the child of the Shunamite woman raised up. Bear in mind that it was not the servant nor the staff, but the Master himself that saved the child. My friends, if we lean upon the Master, we shall not be disappointed. The moment that child was brought to the Master, the wish of that woman was granted; and if we, as parents, bring our children to him, we shall not be disappointed.

But there is another thing I want to call your attention to. We don't fast enough. This fasting don't mean fasting from meat, as many people think to be necessary. It seems to me, if I had a wayward boy, I should put myself at the feet of Christ, and fast a little, by keeping away from amusements, from theatres. I find a great many worldly Christians going off into the theatres. They say: "I only go for a little relaxation; of course, I could stop going whenever I like, and needn't be influenced by them; I only go occasionally." A worldly Christian said to me, "I only go once a month." "Well," said I, "how about your boy? He may not have the will-power you have; and your example, in going only once a month, may only be the means of his going there all the time." A man, my friends, may have great will-power; yet his son may have very little. And, therefore, a little fasting in this regard would be good for our children. We should abstain from all pleasures that are liable to be hurtful to our children. If you, fathers and mothers, want your children to keep from evil influences, you ought to keep away from them yourselves. If they see you indulging in these pleasures, they think they are on the right side by doing the same thing. A young man says: "I don't want to be any better than my father; and he goes to the theatres." Now, there are young men who have come into the inquiry-rooms one night, and the next night have gone off to the theatres. I don't know how a man with the Spirit of God could go there. These men may one night be here, and the next night may go off to some amusement, where they hear as a waltz: "What Shall the Harvest Be;" or, "Almost Persuaded." How Christian men and women can go to such places as that, I cannot conceive. If it is not sacrilege, then nothing is. What can those worldly Christians expect from their children, if they frequent such places? I think the time has come for a little fasting. When Christ died, it was to separate his church from the world; and how can a man, who has consecrated himself as a child of God, go back to the world without trampling that blood under his feet? When will the day come when a man of God shall make known by his conversation, by his

actions, by his general appearance, that he has been freed from the curse of the world?

Then another thing. It seem to me that every man should have a family altar in his house. And if we cannot deliver prayers, let us take up each of our children by name; let us ask that Johnny, while playing with his schoolmates, may be kept from temptation. Why, we forget that a little child's temptations are just as much to him as ours are to us. The boy at school has just as heavy trials as we have. And then pray for Mary. If she is in trouble, bring it out, and pray that God may give her power to overcome any besetting sin that she may have in her heart. I believe the day has come when we should have more religion in our families, more family altars. I believe that the want of this is doing more injury to the growth of our children than anything else. Why, long before the church was in a building, it was in the homes of the people. We can make the family altar a source of happiness. By it we can make the home the pleasantest place in the world. Let us, when we get up in the morning, bright and fresh, have some family devotions. If a man runs down town immediately on getting up, and don't get home until five o'clock, and then has family devotions, the children will be tired and so go sound asleep. And it seems to me that we should give a little more time to our children, and call them around the altar in the morning. Or, suppose we ask them to recite a verse, to recite a portion of a hymn—it must not necessarily be a long one; and after that have some singing, if the children can sing. Do not be in a hurry to get it out of the way, as if the service was a nuisance. Take a little time. Let them sing some religious hymns. The singing need not be all psalms, but there should be a few simple religious hymns. Let the little children be free from all restraint. Then pray for each of them.

Another thing. It seems to me that we devote too little time to studying the Sunday-school lesson. You know, now we have a uniform lesson all over the country. That lesson should be taken up by parents, and they should try to explain it to their children. But how many ever think of this? How many parents ever take the trouble to inquire even as to the kind of Sunday-school teachers who instruct their children. And then we should take our children into the churches with us. It seems to me we are retrograding, at the present day. A great many of our children are never seen in the churches at all. Even if the sermon don't touch them, they are getting into good habits. And then, if the minister says a weak thing, don't take it up; don't pick it out or speak of it before the children, because you are bringing your minister into disrespect with your children. If you have got a minister whom you cannot respect, you ought to get out of that church as soon as you can. Encourage them to bring the text home; let the Word be spoken to them at all

times, in season and out of season. If the great Bible truths sink down into their hearts, the fruit will be precious; wisdom will blossom upon them, and they will become useful in the Church, and in the world. Now, how many parents will not take the trouble to explain to the children what the minister preaches. Take your children into the pews, and let them hear the Word of God; and if they do not understand it, show it to them. You know the meat they require is the same as we feed on; but if the pieces are too large for them, we must cut it up for them—cut it finer. If the sermon is a hard one, cut it into thin slices, so that they can take it. There was a time when our little boy did not like to go to church, and would get up in the morning and say to his mother, "What day is to-morrow?" "Tuesday." "Next day?" "Wednesday." "Next day?" "Thursday;" and so on, till he came to the answer, "Sunday." "Dear me," he would moan. I said to his mother: "We cannot have our boy grow up to hate Sunday in that way; that will never do." That is the way I used to feel, when I was a boy. I used to look upon Sunday with a certain amount of dread. Very few kind words were associated with that day. I don't know that the minister ever said a kind thing, or ever even put his hand on my head. I don't know that the minister even noticed me, unless it was when I was asleep in the gallery, and he woke me up. This kind of thing won't do. We must make the Sunday the most attractive day of the week; not a day to be dreaded, but a day of pleasure. Well, the mother took the work up with this boy. Bless those mothers in their work with the children. Sometimes I feel as if I would rather be the mother of John Wesley, or Martin Luther, or John Knox, than have all the glories in the world. Those mothers, who are faithful with the children God has given them, will not go unrewarded. My wife went to work and took those Bible stories, and put those blessed truths in a light that the child could comprehend, and soon the feeling of dread for the Sabbath with the boy was the other way. "What day is to-morrow?" he would ask. "Sunday." "I am so glad." And if we make these Bible truths interesting—break them up, in some shape, so that these children can get at them, then they will begin to enjoy them. Now, there's no influence like a mother's; and if the mothers will give a little time to the children in this way, and read them some Bible story, or tell them it in a simple way, it will not be long before the child knows the Bible, from beginning to end. I know a little boy, eleven years of age, who got up last Monday in the meeting, and told how he found Christ. His father began by telling him Bible stories, and now he knows them as well as I do. The little fellow of eleven years is quite a preacher. Let us pick out the stories that will interest them, from Genesis to Revelation, and that is the way to bring our children to Christ. It will fill them with the gospel—fill them with Christ. They will soon be so full of Jesus

that, when an infidel comes to unseat their faith, he will find no room for infidelity.

Now, the New Year's day is coming on. I haven't much time to speak about that now; but let me ask, What are you going to do when the young men come to your homes on that day? Are you going to set wine before them. Are you going to tempt the sons of others to go astray? Don't offer them, I implore you, that hellish cup; don't be the instruments to lead the children of others away from the God of their fathers. I hope that, in this city, this infernal custom will soon be swept away. The idea of having some of our best young men reeling on the streets beastly drunk, on the first day of the year, is revolting; and yet there are Christians who, when young men visit them on New Year's day, just urge the cup on them—press them to take it. They have got some new kind of wine, and they want them to taste it, and urge the young man just to take a little; and the young man hasn't got will, hasn't got back-bone enough to resist the temptation; hasn't the power to say, No. He goes to another house and the same thing is repeated, and so on, until at night the poor fellow goes home intoxicated, and breaks the heart of some mother. Remember, when you offer the cup, if it is not to your own boy, it is to somebody else's boy. I have a great respect for that old woman who, with ribbons flying, ran into a crowded thoroughfare and rescued a child from under a wagon. Some one asked her, "Is it your child?" "No," she replied, "but it is some one's child." She had a mother's heart; and bear in mind when a young man comes to you, as you put the cup before him —remember, he is some other one's child. God has given us a charge, not only in looking to the salvation of our own children; but we have to see to the salvation of the children of others.

Now, let me say a word to the unfaithful fathers. At the close of this meeting, if you have been unfaithful to the children God has given you, why not stay, and then go home and make an honest confession to your children. If you have a boy who is a reckless young man; if he is a drunkard, ask yourselves: "Have I done all that I could? have I ever set before him the truth of Christ?" Not long ago, a young man went home late. He had been in the habit of going home late, and the father began to mistrust that he had gone astray. He told his wife to go to bed, and dismissed the servants, and said he would sit up till his son came home. The boy came home drunk, and the father in his anger gave him a push into the street and told him never to enter his house again, and shut the door. He went into the parlor and sat down, and began to think: "Well, I may be to blame for that boy's conduct, after all. I have never prayed with him; I have never warned him of the dangers of the world." And the result of his reflections was that he put on his overcoat and hat, and started out to find his boy. The first police-

man he met he asked eagerly, "Have you seen my boy?" "No." On he went till he met another. "Have you seen anything of my son?" He ran from one to another all that night, but not until morning did he find him. He took him by the arm and led him home, and kept him till he was sober. Then he said: "My dear boy, I want you to forgive me. I've never prayed for you; I've never lifted my heart to God for you; I've been the means of leading you astray, and I want your forgiveness." The boy was touched, and what was the result? Within twenty-four hours that son became a convert, and gave up that cup. It may be that some father has had a wayward son. Go to God, and on your knees confess it. Let the voice of Jesus sink down in your heart to-night. "Bring him unto me." A father, whom I have known for many years, said to me this afternoon, with tears trickling down his cheeks: "I want to tell you something that I have never told in public. Forty-three years ago, when I was five years old, I was sick with scarlet fever; and my mother knelt down and prayed to God, if it was his will, that her boy might be spared. My father was a drinking man, and she also prayed that I might be kept safe from the cup. My mother died early; but my mother's prayer has followed me all those years, and I have never touched one drop of liquor." Last night a young man, the son of that man, got up and told his experience. Yes, the mother's prayer for her little boy, five years old, was answered. That prayer was answered. Why shall we not lift up our hearts in prayer for our children? Let us plead, day and night, till God saves them—till he brings them into the ark of safety. May the God of Israel save our children.

I remember being in the camp, and a man came to me and said: "Mr. Moody, when the Mexican war began I wanted to enlist. My mother, seeing I was resolved, said if I became a Christian I might go. She pleaded and prayed that I might become a Christian; but I wouldn't. I said, when the war was over I would become a Christian, but not till then. All her pleading was in vain; and at last, when I was going away, she took out a watch and said: 'My son, your father left this to me when he died. Take it: and I want you to remember that every day, at twelve o'clock, your mother will be praying for you.' Then she gave me her Bible, and marked out passages, and put a few different references in the fly-leaf. I took the watch and it was twelve o'clock. I had been gone four month; but I remembered that my mother at that hour was praying for me. Something prompted me to ask the officer to relieve me for a little; and I stepped behind a tree, away out on those plains of Mexico, and cried to the God of my mother to save me." My friends, God saved him, and he went through the Mexican war: "And now," he said, "I have enlisted again to see if I can do any good for my Master's cause;" and the old man was down among the soldiers there, preaching

Christ. My friends, let us believe that God answers prayer, and let us not cease our supplication till salvation comes to our children, and all our little ones are brought into the ark of safety. Let us all unite in prayer.

SALVATION FOR SINNERS.

"I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." LUKE 5: 32.

I want to call your attention to-night to a text which you will find in the 5th chapter of Luke and the 32d verse. The text is also recorded in Matthew and Mark; and whenever you find a passage recorded by all three of the evangelists, you may know that it is one of those important truths which he wants to impress upon people. "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." It was when he first came down to Capernaum that he uttered these words. He had been cast out of Nazareth; they didn't want him; they wouldn't have salvation. He came down to Capernaum, and there he found Levi sitting at the receipt of customs, and he called him to become one of his disciples. Levi was so full of joy when he found Christ—as all young converts are—that he got up a great feast; and he invited all the publicans and sinners to it. I suppose he wanted to get them all converted; that was the reason he prepared a sumptuous feast; and they came, not to hear Jesus, but just to partake of the feast that Levi had prepared for them. And Jesus was there too, among these publicans and sinners. The Pharisees were there too; and they began to murmur against his disciples, saying: "Why do these men eat with publicans and sinners?" And it was on this occasion that Christ uttered this wonderful text: "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." That is what he came into this world for; he came into the world just for the very purpose of saving sinners. Now a good many men come to Chicago to do a certain work. Some come to practice law, that's their profession; others come to practice medicine, because that's their business; some are business men and some are mechanics: and when Christ came into this world he came for a purpose; He had a profession, if you will allow me the expression—he came to call sinners to repentance. You know when he was going down to the Samaritan town, his disciples went down to see whether they would let him come there. We

find him on his way from Galilee to Jerusalem. You know there was such a hatred between the Jews and the Samaritans that they would have no dealings with each other; and he sent his disciples on to see if he would be allowed to enter. The Samaritans would not allow him there, and his disciples were so incensed that James and John asked Jesus to "command fire to come down from heaven and consume them, even as Elias did." "Why," said the Son of man, "I didn't come to destroy men's lives, but to save them." That's what he came for. He came to bless men; he came to do men good; and there is not a sinner here to-night who cannot be saved—and will be saved to-night, if they wish.

You may call this world a great hospital, and all the people are born sick. A great many people imagine their souls are never diseased, and think they don't need a physician; but when people wake up to the fact that their souls are diseased, then they find the need of a physician. But there is no need for the physician unless you feel you are sick. You know you could not send a physician to a man who was well. Suppose I go on the West Side and ask a celebrated physician to come over and see Mr. White. Suppose he comes round and finds Mr. White sitting in his drawing-room, perfectly well. "Why, how is this? Mr. Moody told me you were sick, and bade me make a professional call." Not only is the physician disgusted, but the patient is too. The world don't send for a physician till sickness comes. When it feels sick, then it sends for a doctor, and the doctor comes. And whenever a man feels his need of Christ and calls, that moment he comes and is healed. There is a physician here to-night for every sinner. I don't care what your sins may be, or how long you have been living in sin; I don't care if your life has been as black as hell, the Great Physician is here. What for? Just to heal every man and woman that wants to be healed.

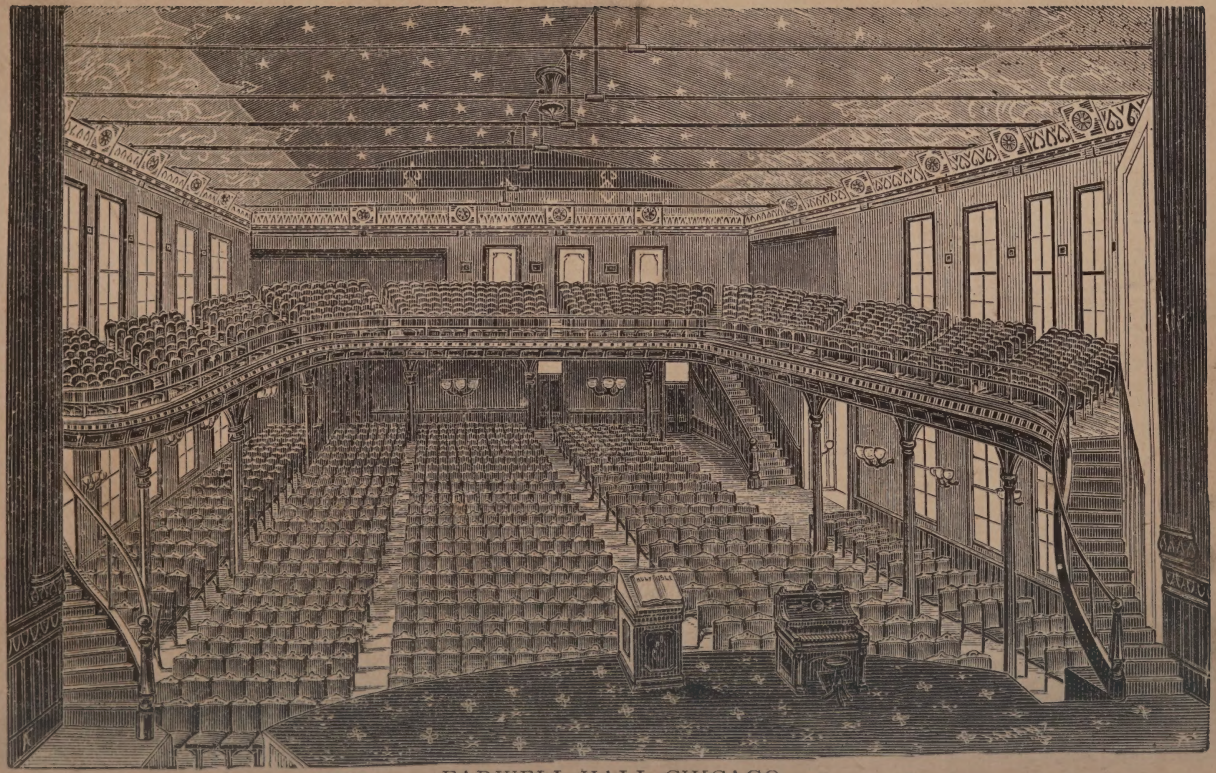
Now, the great trouble is to make people believe they are sick; but the moment you believe that you are, then it is that you are willing to take the remedy. I remember, some years ago, a patent medicine came out, and the whole of Chicago was placarded about it. I could not turn my head but I saw "Paine's Pain Killer." On the walls, on the curb-stones, everywhere was "pain-killer," "pain-killer." I felt disgusted at the sight of these bills, constantly telling me about this patent medicine. But one day I had a terrible headache, so bad that I could hardly see, and was walking down the streets and saw the bills again; and I went and bought some. When I was well, I didn't care for it; but when I got sick, I found it was the very thing I wanted. If there is one here who feels the need of a Savior, remember, the greater the sin the greater the need of a Savior. I remember, when I was coming back from Europe, on the steamer there was a young officer; I felt greatly drawn out toward him, because I could see he was dying. It didn't

seem to him as if he was dying; but, you know, death is very deceitful. He seemed to be joyous and light-hearted. He would talk about his plans, and take out his guns, and tell how he intended to go hunting when he arrived; but it seemed to me that he would not live to see this country. By and by, he was taken down on his bed; and then the truth came to him that death was upon him. He got a friend to write out a telegram, which this friend was to send to his mother when they arrived. It read: "Mother, I am real sick. Charlie." As soon as the boat touched the shore, he was to send it. "But," said some one, "why not tell her in the telegram to come?" "Ah," he replied, "she will come." He knew, whenever she read it and saw that he wanted help, she would come. It was the knowledge of his need that would bring her. So Christ is waiting to hear our need, and man's need brings out the help of God. As I said before, the real trouble is that men don't think they need him. You know that in one place—in the 15th chapter of Luke—they brought this charge against him: "This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them." This charge was brought against him, again and again. I am told by Hebrew scholars that instead of "receiveth" it should be rendered, "He is looking out for them." And that's what he was doing: he was looking for them. He didn't care how black in sin they might be, he was ready to take them.

Now, a great many say, "I am too great a sinner to be saved." That is like a hungry man saying he is too hungry to eat, or a sick man saying he is too sick to send for a doctor, or a beggar saying, "I am too poor to beg; I'll wait till I get some money first." If a man is hungry and perishing, you must relieve him. Now there is not a sinner in Chicago but has his representative in the Bible. Take, for instance, the publicans. You know the Jews thought this class about the lowest in the world. They put them lower than any other kind of sinner; they placed them along with the sinners —"publicans and sinners." The publicans were the tax collectors, and they defrauded the people at every turn. For instance, a man in South Chicago will pay over, perhaps, a hundred thousand dollars for the privilege of just collecting the taxes; and then he goes to work and screws the people out of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. He don't care a straw for justice, or appearances. He comes into the cottage of the widow and taxes half she has. At every house, the tax collector puts the blocks to his victims; and famine often comes in when he goes out. The people detest him; they hate him with a perfect hatred. They always find him a drag on them; and feel he hasn't a bit of sympathy for them. Their money, they find, is taken without warrant; their homes are broken up, and trouble and starvation come on them. And so the publican was hated wherever he turned. He was the agent of the Roman tyrant, and the people were brought up to shun him. He deserved it all,

and even more, by his heartless exactions; and yet Christ forgave even him. And just so rum-sellers can be saved. And another class that Christ had mercy on was the thieves. When on the cross he saved a thief. There may be some thief here to-night. I tell you, my friend, you may be saved if you only will. There may be some one here who is persecuting a good wife, and making her home a perfect hell on earth. But you, too, may be saved. There may be some here persecuting the church, but there's salvation for you. When Saul was persecuting the Christians from city to city, he was stopped short by the voice of God; he was converted. And those high-headed Pharisees, so well versed in the law of Moses, even they were converted. Joseph, of Arimathea, was a Pharisee, and so was Nicodemus.

But to-night I want to talk about another class that Jesus dealt with, and led to a higher life. I want to talk about fallen women. There are some people who believe that these have fallen so low that Christ will pass them by. But, my friends, that thought comes from the Evil One. In all this blessed book, there is not one, not a solitary one of this class mentioned that ever came to him but that he received them. Yes, he even went out of his way and sought her out. Now I want to take three representative cases, where these women had to do with Christ. One is the case of an awakened one. The Spirit of God has dealt with her anxious, wakened soul. The Lord was one day at Jerusalem, and a banquet was given him by Simeon. There was a banquet table in the house, arranged according to the fashion of that day. Instead of chairs for the guests, as was customary, the guests sat reclining on lounges. Well, it was just one of these repasts that our Lord sat down to, along with the wealthy Simeon and his many guests. But no sooner had he entered than this woman followed him into the house, and fell down at his feet, and began to wash them with her tears. It was the custom in those days to wash one's feet on entering a house. Sandals were worn, and the practice was necessary. Well, this woman had got into the house by some means, and once inside had quietly stolen up to the feet of Jesus. And in her hands she brought a box. But her heart, too, was just as full of ointment as the box she carried; and there was the sweetest perfume as she stole to his feet. And her tears started to fall down on those sacred feet, hot, scalding tears that gushed out like water. She said nothing while the tears fell; and then she took down her long black hair, and wiped his feet with the hair of her head. And after that she poured out the ointment on his feet. Then straitway the Pharisees began talking together. How, all through the New Testament, these Pharisees keep whispering and talking together. They said, shaking their heads, "This man receiveth sinners;" and then, "This man, if he were a prophet, would have known who and what manner of woman this is that



FARWELL HALL, CHICAGO.

toucheth him, for she is a sinner." No prophet, they insisted, would allow that kind of a woman near him, but would push her away. And then the Savior read these thoughts and quickly rebuked them. He said, "Simeon, I have something to say to thee." And he said, "Master, say on." And he said: "Seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house, thou gavest me no water to wash my feet; but she has washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest me no kiss; but this woman since I came in hath not ceased to kiss my feet. My head with oil thou didst not anoint; but this woman hath anointed my feet with ointment." Simeon was like a great many Pharisees nowadays, who say: "Oh, well, we will entertain that minister, if we must. We don't want to; he's a dreadful nuisance; but we will have to put up with him; it's our duty to be patronizing." Well, the Master said more to his entertainer. "There was a certain creditor," he said, "which had two debtors; the one owed five hundred pence, and the other fifty, and when he had nothing to pay"—Mark that, sinner; the debtor had nothing to pay. There is no sinner in the world that can pay anything to cancel his debt to God. The great trouble is, that sinners think they can pay—some of them 75 cents on the dollar; some even feel able to pay 99 cents on the dollar, and the one cent that they are short, they think they can make that up some way. That is not the way; it is all wrong; you must throw all the debt on God. Some few, perhaps, will only claim to pay 25 cents on the dollar; but they are not humble enough either, they can't begin to carry out their bargain. Why, sinner, you couldn't pay one-tenth part of a single mill of the debt you are under to Almighty God. Now, it says in this parable, that they could not pay him anything; they had nothing to give, and the creditor frankly forgave them both, "Now, Simeon," the Master asked, "Which should love that man the most?" "I suppose," was the reply, "he that was forgiven the most." "Thou hast rightly judged; this woman loves much because she has been forgiven much." And went on to tell Simeon all about her; I suppose he wanted to make it plainer to Simeon. Then he turned to the poor woman, and said: "Thy sins are forgiven"—all forgiven; not part of them; not half of them, but every sin from the cradle up, every impure desire or thought, is blotted out, for time and eternity. And he said, "Go in peace." Yes, truly; she went out in peace, for she went out in the light of heaven. With what brightness the light must have come down to her from those eternal hills; with what beauty it must have flashed on her soul. Yes, she came to the feet of the Master for a blessing, and she got it; and if there is a poor woman here to-night who wants a blessing, she will get it.

I want to call your attention to a thought right here. You have not got the name of one of those poor women. The three women

who had fallen, who had been guilty of adultery, and had been blessed by him, not one of them has been named. It seems to me as if it had been intended that when they got to heaven we should not know them; they will just mingle with the rest. Their names had not been handed down for eighteen hundred years. They have called Mary Magdalen a fallen woman; but bear in mind there is nothing in Scripture to make us understand that she was a poor, fallen woman, and I believe if she had been, her name would not have been handed down.

Now, the next woman was altogether different from the woman in Luke. She didn't come with an alabaster box, seeking a blessing. She was perfectly indifferent; she was a careless sinner. Perhaps, there are some poor, fallen women who have come to-night in a careless spirit, only out of curiosity; they don't want a Savior; they don't want their sins blotted out; they don't want any forgiveness. Perhaps one had heard that at Moody and Sankey's they were going to preach repentance, and that a great many fallen women were likely to be there, and thought she would just come down to see how they took it. Now you have a representative here. After Christ had that interview with Nicodemus, we are told he went up to Galilee by Samaria. He could have gone up to Galilee without going to Samaria; but he knew there was a fallen women there. He got to the well, and sent off his disciples to get bread. Why did he not keep one with him? Because he knew the woman was coming that way, and she would not probably like to see so many. While he is sitting on the curb-stone of the well, a poor fallen woman of Samaria comes along for water. You know the people in those days used to come out in the morning and evening to get their water, not in the blaze of the noon-day sun. No doubt she was ashamed to come out there to meet the pure and virtuous at the well, and that was the reason why she stole out at that hour. She brought her water-pot to get water; and when she came up the Master stopped her and asked her for a drink, just to draw her out. She saw he was a Jew. We can always tell a Jew; God has put a mark upon them. "How is this? You a Jew, and ask a Samaritan for a drink? The Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans." "Ah, you don't know me," he replied; "if you would have asked me for a drink I would have given you living water." "How could you give me living water; why you have no vessel to draw water with?" "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever shall drink of the water that I shall give him will have a well springing up in his heart into everlasting life." "Well," probably she thought, "that in a good thing. One draught of water will give me a well—one draught of water for the rest of my days." She asked him for this living water, and he told her, "Go, bring thy husband." He was just drawing her out, just to get her up to the point of confes-

sion. "I have no husband," she said. "For thou hast had five husbands, and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband; in that saidst thou truly." I can see that woman's astonishment. She looks all around to see who had told him all about her. Like a man who came up from Michigan lately, who came into the Tabernacle and listened to the sermon which, as he told me, seemed all to be preached at him. He wondered who had told me all about him. He got Christ, and is going back to Michigan to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ. The word of God reached her, and she saw she was detected, "Sir, I perceive thou art a prophet." Then she went on the old religious discussion; but the Lord turned her from that, and told her that the hour had come when the people must worship the Father in spirit and in truth, not in this or that particular mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem. And she said: "When the Messiah cometh, he will tell us all things;" and when she had said this, she was ready for the truth. Then Jesus said, "I am the Messiah." Just then she saw his disciples coming, and probably she thought these men might know who she was; and she got up her pot, and away she went to the city. The moment she got within the gates she shouted: "Come see this man I have met at the well. Is not this the Messiah? Why, he has told me all that ever I did." And you can see all the men, women, and children running out of that city, up to the well. As he stands in the midst of his disciples, and he sees the multitudes coming running toward them, he says, "Look yonder; look at the fields, for they are already white with the harvest; look what that poor fallen woman has done." And he went into that town as an invited guest; and many believed on account of the woman's testimony, and many more believed on account of his own.

Now, my friends, He did not condemn the poor adulteress. The Son of God was not ashamed to talk with her, and tell her of that living water, those who drank of which, he said, would never die. He did not condemn her. He came to save her, came to tell her how to be blessed here and blessed hereafter.

The next case is still much worse. You may say it is like black, blacker, blackest, compared with the other two. I want to speak about this one, that in the 8th chapter of John. One woman I have spoken of was in the house of a Pharisee, at a dinner party; the other by the well of Sychar; and now we come to the Temple porch. They had taken a woman in adultery, had caught her in the very act. They had not got the man; they had held only the poor woman. While he is speaking, the Pharisees are driving this poor fallen woman right into the Temple. What a commotion there would be here to-night, if such a scene would take place in the Tabernacle! She had broken the law of Moses, by which a woman caught in the act of adultery was to be put to death. The woman is brought toward him; and now they are about to put the question of her life or

death before him. He had said that he hadn't come to condemn the world, but to save the world; and they are just going to try and condemn him by his own words. They say to him: "The law of Moses says stone her; what sayest thou?" But not a word did he speak. Jesus stooped down and wrote on the ground, as though he hadn't heard them. We don't know what he wrote. Perhaps, "Grace and truth come by Jesus Christ;" perhaps he wrote that. But while He thus busied himself, they cried out the louder, demanding an answer to their question. So at length he lifted himself up and said: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." Never did an answer so completely serve its purpose. You who never were guilty of an offense, just you cast the first stone. And amid the strangest silence, he again stooped and wrote with his finger on the ground. This time, perhaps, he wrote: "I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." And soon he rose again, but ere he did so he heard the patter of retreating feet on the pavement; and when now he glanced up, he saw none but the woman. One by one they had been convicted by their own conscience, and slunk away; not one of them there could throw the stone. And the Savior looked at the woman. I can imagine the tears coming trickling down her cheeks as Jesus Christ, in kindest tones, asked her: "Woman, where are those thine accusers? Hath no man condemned thee?" And for an instant she could not answer. Who knows how that poor soul had reached her sad plight! One of those very Pharisees who had left her, perhaps, had led her astray. The very man who had clamored loudest to condemn her was likely the guilty one. And there she stood alone. The betrayer was left untouched, as too often he is to-day; a miserable, unjust, untrue sentiment, by which the man, who is equally guilty, is received in society, and the woman is condemned. But at last she gained her voice and said: "No man, Lord." And then, perhaps, she told how her parents had died when she was very young; a stepmother, perhaps, had taken her and treated her harshly, and then had turned her adrift on the world. Or, perhaps, a drunken father had turned home into darkness, and she had been driven from it, almost broken-hearted; and so, in her helplessness, her innocent affections were gained, and then she had been led astray. The Master knew it all; and when he heard her reply, he said: "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more." She had been dragged into the Temple to be stoned; but now Christ had delivered her. She came to be put to death, but she received life everlasting.

My friends, the Son of God will not now condemn any poor fallen woman that leaves off her sins and just casts herself down at his feet. He will take you up, just as you are. When in Philadelphia, a fallen woman came into the inquiry room and threw herself down on the floor. The Christian helpers talked and talked to her, but couldn't

get a word out of her; they couldn't do a thing with her. Then George H. Stewart came to me, and said "We wish you would come, we don't know what to make of her." She was weeping bitterly; and as far off as I was, I could hear her sobs all over the room. So I went and said: "What is the trouble?" At last she spoke, and the bitterness of her despairing voice went to my heart. "I have fallen from everything pure, and God cannot save me; there is no hope." I told her tenderly that God could still lift her up and save her. I said: "Are you only just willing to be forgiven? A merciful Father is waiting and longing to pardon." She said, at last, she could not abandon her course, as no one would give her a home. But that difficulty was got round by my assuring her kind friends would provide for her; and then she yielded, and that same day was given a pleasant place in the home of a Presbyterian minister. But, for forty-eight hours after entering her new home, that poor reclaimed woman cried, day and night; and we went for her mother, and on hearing our story the mother clasped her hands and cried: "Has my daughter really repented? Thank God for his mercy; my heart has just been breaking. I've prayed so long for her without result; take me to her." And that reformed daughter of sin has lived consistently ever since; and when I was last in Philadelphia, she was one of the most esteemed members in that Presbyterian church. And so every one of you can begin anew; and God will help, and man will help you. Oh turn, and do not die. Seven short years is the allotted life of a fallen woman. Oh, escape your early doom, escape your infamy, and hear God's voice calling you to repent. Your resolution to amend will be borne up by hosts of friends; never fear for that. Just take the decisive step, and you will be helped by every good man and woman in the community. Oh, I beseech you to act right now and settle this great question, for time and eternity.

I heard of a mother, whose daughter was led astray; and the poor daughter tried to hide herself, thinking her mother would not forgive her. The mother went to the town where she supposed her child had gone; but she hunted and hunted unsuccessfully. The trouble is, with the most of those girls who go astray, they go under assumed names; and this daughter had done the same thing, and that mother couldn't find her. At last, she found a place where fallen women resorted to; and the mother went to the keeper of that place and begged her to let her hang up her picture in the room, and consent was granted. Hundreds of fallen women came into that room, and carelessly glanced at the picture, and went out. Weeks and months rolled on, until at length, one night, a poor fallen girl came into the room. She was going out as careless as she had entered, when her eye caught the picture; and, gazing at it for a moment, she burst into a flood of tears. "Where did you get it?" she sobbed. They told her how her mother came there, heart-broken,

and asked to have her picture hung up in that room, in the hope of finding her daughter. The girl's memory went back to her days of peace and purity, recalling the acts of kindness of that loved mother; and she then and there resolved to return. See how that mother sought for her, and forgave her. Oh, poor fallen ones, the Son of God is seeking for you to-night. If you haven't got a mother to pray for you, the Son of God wants to be everything to you. He wants to receive you himself. Let me hold him up to you as your best friend. He wants to take you to his loving bosom; and this very night and very hour you can be raised, if you will. There was a woman who was trying to get a poor girl to go back to her home. She said: "Neither my mother, my father, nor my brothers will forgive me. They won't permit me to go back." "Will you give me your address?" the lady asked. The address was obtained, and the very next post brought a letter marked "Immediately;" and it seemed as if the whole hearts of her father and mother and brothers were poured out in that letter. It was filled with kindness, and urged her to come home and all would be forgotten. There is many a poor fallen girl in Chicago whose mother is praying for her, and whose heart is aching because she won't go back. Your mother will forgive you, and all your friends, if you will only show true signs of repentance. They will take you home.

O my friends, let this be the last night you will live in sin—in shame. Let this be your last night in which you will live in sin. Take those sins you have to him, and he will forgive you. He has said: "Let the wicked forsake his ways," and pardon is ready. That is what our Lord will do. He will pardon you and make you pure. Will you let him pardon you to-night?

Just before coming down this evening, I received a letter from a fallen woman. I've received a number during the past few days. Thank God, the spirit is at work among that class! And let me say, right here, if there is any person here who keeps a brothel, if you will allow Christian ladies admittance, they will go gladly and hold meetings. This idea that Christian ladies do not care for your class is false—as false as the blackest lie that ever came out of hell. Why, some of the first ladies of the city have lately been visiting these houses personally, and have been trying to save their erring sisters. A few days ago, several came to me and asked if I couldn't get a list of all the brothels of the city. I went to police head-quarters and got the names of the keepers and addresses, and gave it to these Christian women; and since then, many houses have been visited. These charges that Christian women will not have them in their homes are equally false. The other night, a lady of culture was on her knees with a poor one, who told the lady that she was a fallen girl, and did not know where to go if she didn't go back to her brothel. "Come and stay at my house," said the lady, "I will take

care of you;" and when the girl got up from her knees, the lady saw she was a poor colored girl. That good Christian kept her till she got her a good situation. Another one not long ago received the truth, and one of our ministers wrote to her parents, got a pass, and sent her home to her forgiving parents. Let me ask you not to believe that we are cruel; that we are hard-hearted; that we do not care for the fallen women, but only for the abandoned men. We have a place to shelter you; and if that is not large enough, the business men will put up another. They will do everything for you, if you are only repentant; they will not try to keep you down and cast you off. If you are sincere, there are hundreds and thousands of people in this city whose hearts will go out to you. But I want to read this letter:

CHICAGO, Dec. 14.

"MR. MOODY,—Many fallen women in this city would, in these days, gladly change their mode of life, and seek Christ and restoration to the homes and hearts of parents and friends whom they, weakly, left many, many bitter years and months ago, if only they could see some way to an honorable living, and friendly recognition and help when they should seek these."

Now, let me say here that any young woman who wants reclamation ought not to look into the future, say to yourselves, "I will be saved to-night, come what will."

"You say, 'Seek first the kingdom of Christ;' but, my dear brother (for such you seem even to me), why do this if only returning shame awaits us?"

I wish every fallen woman would think as this one does; why, I would be a brother to you all. Thank God, I've got a brother's heart for all of you. I wish every one of you would feel that I want to do you good—that I only want to lift you up.

"Suppose a hundred fallen women of this city were at the Tabernacle to-night—no doubt more than this number will be there; and that these should seek Christ and find forgiveness, for you assure us there is full forgiveness for even us, so that these scarlet stains should be 'whiter than snow'—where, I ask, will we live? What shall we do?"

"We must return ere the echo of the last prayer in that Tabernacle has died away, to the apartments which have only known our bitter shame, and again meet the devil in his chosen home."

Let me say, again, that no woman in this audience need do that. There will be homes open for you. God will provide for you, if you will trust him. I hope there will be hundreds here to-night who will say: "I will never return to that place. I will never go back to that house of shame; I will never meet the devil in those houses more; I will rather die in the poor-house than do it; I turn my back for ever upon death and hell."

"No home of parent or friend, or praying Christian who joined in your prayer at the Tabernacle for us, would offer our weary bodies shelter there, or our willing hands labor, wherewith honest bread might be earned. No Christian's purse affords to-morrow's bread."

Dear friends, let the morrow take care of itself. Don't be looking at the future. Just walk by faith; that's what every Christian must do.

"The very ones who came here to pray for us go away scorning us; and while, with the virtuous wife and mother and the pure maiden, we would plead a common Savior, they would thrust us from them. What can we do? Who will help us?

"There remains only a life of shame and an unwept death, physical and eternal, for us. Hopelessly,

"ONE OF THEM."

"COME."

"Incline your ear and come unto me. Hear, and your souls shall live." ISAIAH 55-3.

We have for our subject this afternoon the precious little word "Come." I want to call your attention first to the "Come" in the 55th chapter of the prophecies of Isaiah. "Incline your ear, and come unto me. Hear, and your souls shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David."

"Incline your ear and come unto me; hear, and your souls shall live." Now, I find if we get people to listen—to pause and hear the voice of God, it isn't long before they are willing to follow that voice; but it is so hard to get people to stop and listen, for a moment. The din of the world makes such a noise that the people don't hear the voice—that still small voice. He says, "Incline your ear and come unto me." Now, if we could only get all the friends in this audience to incline their ears this afternoon—not only your natural ears, but the ears of your soul, you could be saved to-day. But Satan does not want you to do this; he does all he can to keep your ears from hearing. He makes you think about yourself, about your sons, your homes; but, my friends, let us forget all of those things to-day. Let us forget all our surroundings, and close our eyes to the world, and just try and listen to the word of God, and come and hear what he has to say. "Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your

soul shall live." Now, let us turn to the 10th chapter of Romans, where we see, "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God." Now, it is not my words I want to have you to listen to; it is not my words I want you to hear this afternoon; but I want you to hear the words of this loving King, who calls you to himself. What does he say? In another place he says: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him and sup with him, and he with me;" or "if any woman," or any one; that's what it means, my friends—"hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to her, and will sup with her, and she with me." I heard of a little child, some time ago, who was burned. The mother had gone out and left her three children at home. The eldest left the room, and the remaining two began to play with the fire, and set the place in a blaze. When the youngest of the two saw what she had done, she went into a little cupboard and fastened herself in. The remaining child went to the door and knocked and knocked, crying to her to open the door and let her take her out of the burning building; but she was too frightened to do it. It seems to me as if this was the way with hundreds and thousands in this city. He stands and knocks; but they've got their hearts barred and bolted, because they don't know that he has come only to bless them. May God help you to hear; and if you listen to him and bring your burdens to him he will bless you. He is able to open the ears of every one here if you let him in. I was up here at the hotel the other night, and I had the door locked and bolted, and some one came and rapped. I shouted, "Come in!" The man tried to come in, but he couldn't; I had to get up and unlock the door before he could enter. That's the way with many people to-day. They've got the door bolted and barred; but if you only open it to him, he will come in.

"If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in and sup with him, and he with me." Now, my friends, can you hear it? Can you hear God's voice speaking through his own word? "Incline your ear and come unto me." Just listen. You know sometimes, when you hear a man speaking whose voice you don't hear very well, and you want to hear every word the man says, you put your hand up to your ear to catch the sound clearer. Now listen. God says, "Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your souls shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you." Now, is it not true? Can't you hear that loving voice speaking to you, and won't you obey that voice and let him save you? But I can imagine some of you saying, "I can't hear anything." Take your ears to him and he will make you hear.

Now let me take you to another course. While John and his disciples were standing, Jesus came along and John said, "Behold the Lamb of God!" and Jesus said, "What seek ye?" "Where dwellest

thou?" he asked; to which He replied: "Come and see;" and they just obeyed him, and never left him. My friends, if I could introduce you to Christ—could just get you to catch one glimpse of him; if you could but see the King in all his beauty; if you could but see him in all his loveliness, you would never forsake him, for, "He shall grow up before him as a tender plant and as a root out of a dry ground." Follow him, as your Savior. In order to appreciate him, you have to be brought to him; but if sin has come between you and him, I cannot tell you anything about him. It is just like telling a blind man about the beauties of nature, the loveliness of the flowers, or of the world. That is the way, if sin stands between you and him, and when Christians try to tell you about the beauties of Christianity they fail; but if you come and have an interview with him, you will see that you cannot help but love him; you will see that you cannot but forsake all and follow him. I remember once hearing of a child who was born blind. He grew up to be almost a man, when a skillful physician thought he could give the man his sight. He was put under the doctor's treatment, and for a long time he worked, till at last he succeeded. But he wouldn't let the man see the light of the sun all at once, lest it would strike him blind. It had to be done gradually. So he put a lot of bandages upon his eyes, and removed one after another until the last one was reached; and when it was taken off, the young man began to see. When he saw the beauties of the world, he upbraided his friends for not telling him of the beauties of nature. "Why, we tried to tell you about the beauties of the world, but we could not," they said. And so it is with us. All that we can do is to tell you to come and see; come and see the loveliness of Christ.

I can imagine some of you saying: "I am blind, I cannot see any beauty in him." Bring your blindness to him, as you bring your deafness, and he will give you sight, as he did with the blind Bartimeus; as he did with all the blind men on earth. There was never a blind man who came to him requesting his sight, whose request was not granted; and there is not a blind soul in this assembly but will be healed, if you come to him. He says that's what he came for, to give sight to the blind. If you cannot see any beauty in him pray to God to give you sight.

The next "Come" is in the prophesies of Isaiah. "Come, now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." I find a great many people say their reason stands between them and God. Now, let me say here, the religion of Jesus is a matter of revelation, not of investigation. No one ever found out Christ by reason; it is a matter of revelation. Now see what he says, "Come now"—that means this afternoon—"though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow." Now

he puts a pardon in the sinner's face. "Your sins may be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow." Take the scarlet in that lady's shawl; it is a fast color. You cannot wash it out and make it white; if you tried, you would only destroy the shawl. But he will make your sins white as snow, though they be as scarlet, if you come to him. Just come to him as you are; and instead of reasoning, ask him to take them away. Then, he will reason it out with you. The natural man does not understand spiritual things; but when a man is born of the Spirit, then it is that the spiritual things are brought out to him. A great many people want to investigate—want to reason out the Bible from back to back; but he wants us first to take a pardon. That's God's method of reasoning. He puts a pardon in the face of the sinner: "Come, now." Do you think there is not reason in this? Suppose the whole plan of salvation was reasoned out to you, why death might step in before the end of the reasoning was reached. So God puts a pardon first. If you will be influenced today, you will just bring your reason to him; and ask him to give you wisdom to see divine things; and he will do it. "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him, liberally. The idea that this reason that God hath given man should keep him from Christ! A number of years ago, as I was coming out of a daily prayer meeting in one of our Western cities, a lady came up to me and said: "I want to have you see my husband, and ask him to come to Christ." She said, "I want to have you go and see him." She told me his name, and it was of a man I had heard of before. "Why," said I, "I can't go and see your husband. He is a booked infidel, I can't argue with him. He is a good deal older than I am, and it would be out of place. Then I am not much for infidel argument." "Well, Mr. Moody," she says, "That ain't what he wants, he's got enough of that. Just ask him to come to the Savior." She urged me so hard and so strong, that I consented to go. I went to the office where the Judge was doing business, and told him what I had come for. He laughed at me. "You are very foolish," he said, and began to argue with me. I said: "I don't think it will be profitable for me to hold an argument with you. I have just one favor I want to ask of you; and that is, that when you are converted you will let me know." "Yes," said he, "I will do that. When I am converted, I will let you know"—with a good deal of sarcasm. I went off, and requests for prayers were sent here and to Fulton street, New York; and I thought the prayer there and of that wife would be answered, if mine were not. A year and a half after, I was in that city, and a servant came to the door and said: "There is a man in the front parlor who wishes to see you." I found the Judge there. He said: "I promised I would let you know when I was converted. I've been converted." "Well," said I, "I'm glad to hear it! tell me all

about it." I had heard it from other lips, but I wanted to hear it from his own. He said his wife had gone out to a meeting one night, and he was home alone; and while he was sitting there by the fire, he thought: "Suppose my wife is right, and my children are right; suppose there is a heaven and a hell, and I shall be separated from them." His first thought was, "I don't believe a word of it." The second thought came: "You believe in the God that created you, and the God that created you is able to teach you. You believe that God can give you life." "Yes, the God that created me can give me life. I was too proud to get down on my knees by the fire, and I said, 'O God, teach me.' And as I prayed, I don't understand it, but it began to get very dark, and my heart got very heavy. I was afraid to tell my wife when she came to bed, and I pretended to be asleep. She kneeled down beside that bed, I knew she was praying for me. I kept crying: 'O God, save me; O God, take away this burden;' but it grew darker, and the load grew heavier and heavier. All the way to my office I kept crying 'O God, take away this load of guilt;' I gave my clerks a holiday, and just closed my office and locked the door. I fell down on my face; I cried in agony to the Lord, 'O Lord, for Christ's sake, take away this guilt.' I don't know how it was, but it began to grow very light. I said: 'I wonder if this isn't what they call conversion. I think I will go and ask the minister if I am not converted.' I met my wife at the door and said, 'My dear, I've been converted.' She looked in amazement. 'Oh it's a fact; I've been converted!' We went into that drawing-room and knelt down by the sofa and prayed to God to bless us." The old Judge said to me, the tears trickling down his cheeks: "Mr. Moody, I've enjoyed life more in the last three months than in all the years of my life put together." If there is an infidel here—if there is a skeptical one here, ask God to give you wisdom to come now. Let us reason together; and if you become acquainted with God, the day will not go before you receive light from him.

The next "Come" I want to call your attention to is a very sweet one. He says, "Come and reason," "Come and see;" and now we have, "Come and rest." What this world wants is rest. Every man, every woman, is in pursuit of it; and how many of us have found? How many are bearing burdens about our hearts always; how many have come into this hall to-day with a great burden on their hearts? What does he say: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Now a great many people have an idea that they get rid of their burdens themselves; but they must come to him, if they want to be relieved. That's what Christ came for. Come to him. "He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows." There could not be a sweeter "Come" than this. How many mothers are bearing burdens for their children; how many because of their sons; or, perhaps, you have husbands who

have proved unfaithful; or may be you are widows, who have been without support. The future may look dark to you; but hear the loving voice of the Savior: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." There is not a soul here—I don't care what the burden may be—in this vast audience, but can lay their burden on the Lord Jesus Christ; and he will bear it for you. We can be released; we have found a resting place, and that is in the loving bosom of the Lord Jesus Christ. There is a hymn written by Dr. Andrew Bonar, which can express this much better than I can. Let me read it:

I heard the voice of Jesus say:
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast."

I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say:
"Behold I freely give
The living water—thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink and live!"

I came to Jesus and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived
And now I live in him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say:
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."

I looked at Jesus and I found
In him my Star, my Sun.
And in that light of Life I'll walk
Till traveling days are done.

O, my friends, if you want rest to-day, come to him. He stands with his arms outstretched and says: "Come to me and rest." Does the world satisfy you? Are not the griefs of this world crushing many a heart here? Hear the voice of Jesus, "Come and rest." The world cannot take it from you; the world's crosses and trials will not tear it from you; he will give you peace and comfort and rest, if you but come.

The next "Come" is "Come and drink and eat." You don't have to pay anything. You know it is hard for a man to get a tax on water unless when it has to be brought into the city. But this water

is always without price, and salvation is like a river, flowing at the feet of every one; and all you have to do is to stoop down and drink of this living water, and never die. The world cannot give you comfort—cannot give you water to satisfy your thirst, and every man and woman in this world is thirsty. That's the way our places of amusement are filled. People are constantly thirsting for something. But how are they filled with those amusements? They are as thirsty as ever. But if they drink the waters that he offers, they will have a fountain in them springing up into everlasting life. I remember coming down a river with some wounded soldiers. The water was very muddy; and as we had no filters, they had to drink the dirty water, which did not satisfy their thirst. I remember a soldier saying, "Oh that I had a draught of water from my father's well." If you drink of the living water, your soul will never thirst again. Not only does he say, "Come and drink of that living water," but he says, "Come and eat." In the 55th chapter of Isaiah you are invited to come and eat. You know all that the children of Israel had to do in the wilderness was just to pick up the manna and eat. They didn't have to make it. And people had just to stoop down and pick up the manna and eat, and drink from the flinty rock when the water flowed. And to-day the provision is brought to the door of our hearts. You haven't to go down to the earth for it, or to go up to the skies for it. It is here; and all you've got to do is to eat.

You know almost the last words of Christ after his resurrection, when, having a little fish, he said to his disciples, "Come and dine." Oh, what a sweet invitation—the invitation of the Master to his disciples, "Come and dine." I invite you now to come and dine with him; he will quench that thirst; he will satisfy your hunger, and all youv'e got to do is to take him at his word.

Is there a poor thirsty one here to-day? I bid you come and drink of the fountain of living water; I bid you come and eat of the heavenly bread; yes, the bread made in heaven, the bread that angels feed on. Christ himself is the bread of life.

Now, a many people make a great mistake about accepting Christ. They think they've got something to do; they think they've got to do some work, or that they've got to pray and wrestle before taking him; they think it is a question of performance whether they are saved or not. Now, it is a question of simply taking what God offers you. I remember, when I was out on the Pacific coast, a man took me through his house, out on his lands, and showed me his orchards, and then said: "Mr. Moody, you are a guest of mine, and I want you to feel perfectly at home; do what you like." Well, after this man said this, you don't suppose if I wanted an orange I was going under the tree to pray that it would fall into my pocket? I just went up boldly and plucked what I wanted. And so the bread of

heaven is offered to us; and all we've got to do is to go boldly up and take it. This is what God wants you to do. Everything is prepared for you.

There is a class, too, who say, "But I'm afraid I'll not hold out." How many people are stumbling over this! Now, if you come boldly up to the throne you'll get all the support you need: "Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need." There is a passage for you; that ought to be sufficient. And there is not a woman here to-day but can be kept, from this very day and this very hour, from evil. "For I the Lord thy God will keep you, without spot or wrinkle, and without blemish." Some of the vilest men who have ever trodden this earth have been saved by the grace of God. Some have been kept sixty or seventy years merely by the grace of God, and never wavered. "Come boldly to the throne of grace," and you will get power. That is sufficient. Won't you take him at his word? It seems to me that it is madness not to take the gift offered us by God.

Let me call attention to another "Come." My friends, the Bible is full of them, and you can't say, if you don't come, there have been no invitations. He says. "Come to the marriage." Now, you young ladies like marriages pretty well. Let a marriage come off in a church, and hundreds will be there; and probably next night, at the prayer meeting, there will scarcely be a dozen of you present. Now, here is a marriage; and there is not a lady here whom God does not want to be present at the marriage feast. There is an invitation. And here is another "Come": "Come and inherit the kingdom prepared for you, from the foundation of the world." God has got on inheritance for every one of you. The time will soon come, if you accept Christ and become as his bride, when you shall hear the voice of him saying to you: "Come and inherit the kingdom prepared for you, from the foundation of the world." What a mistake it will be, my friends, if you will not hear that invitation given to you! There is an inheritance incorruptible in the heavens, a building not made with hands, and he wants every one to enter into this inheritance; and so it is your privilege to be present at the marriage feast, and receive the inheritance, if you will.

You know the first "Come" in the Bible is in regard to salvation. It was given to Noah. God said, "Come thou, and all thy house, into the ark;" not a part of them, but "all thy house." That is the first "Come," in the Bible; and all through that blessed book it is repeated. And now we come to the last one. It seems as if the Bible was created by this word "Come." "The Spirit and the bride say "Come; and let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." There is our invitation, as broad as the world itself. And if God says you are to come in there,

no power in heaven, or earth, or hell can stop you! He bids you come. Now, bear in mind, it is your sins God wants, and not your faith. You have nothing about you that he wants except your sins. People are continually trying to come to him by their faith, by their feelings, by their tears, by their good deeds, by their works; but you have to come to him just as you are. There is not a woman present but can roll off every sin and leave them in this Tabernacle.

Now the question comes, What right have you to come? Why, because the King invites you. Suppose Queen Victoria had sent me an invitation to be present at Windsor, at a feast given in honor of the marriage of one of her sons to a princess of Russia! I take the cars to New York, then the boat to Liverpool; then I would run down to London, where I would get the train to Windsor Castle. There is a sentry walking up and down in front of the gate. If I hadn't my invitation, he would refuse me admittance; but there is not a soldier in the British army can keep me out, because I've got the Queen's invitation. But suppose the man looks at me and says: "You can't go into the presence of the Queen with those clothes; you are not fit to stand before the Queen." That is none of his business; that's hers. So the invitation comes from him, and he wants you to come, and he will clothe you in garments fit for his presence. You will be stripped of every rag of self-righteousness, and a robe of spotlessness will be put upon you.

A great many people say, "I want to become clean before I come to Christ." Now, my friends, that is the devil's work. He tries to get people to believe that they can't come without getting rid of their sins; but, as I've said, all through the scriptures he bids you come as you are. We cannot take away our sins; come to him and he will blot them out. A few years ago, in London, there used to be a good many little children stolen to act as chimney-sweeps. A child was stolen from a wealthy family, and a great reward was offered; but it couldn't be found. This child had been kidnapped. One day he was sent up a chimney and came down on the other side, and into a beautiful room. The little fellow was bewildered. A lady was sitting there and recognized him as her son; and although the little fellow was covered with smut, she ran to him, and drew him to her bosom; and that is the way Christ will receive you. You needn't try to get rid of one particle of sin; he wants to save you as you are. "Whosoever will, let him come and drink of the waters of life freely." Will you come to-day? The spirit and the bride invite you this afternoon.

Now I want to ask you what are you going to do with these ten loving invitations to-day—"Come and hear;" "Come and see;" "Come and reason;" "Come and rest;" "Come and eat and drink;" "Come aud dine;" "Come and find grace;" "Come unto the marriage;" "Come and inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the

foundation of the world;" "Whosoever will, let him come." Ask God to help you to come to-day. If I were in your place, I would settle this question before I left this building; I would just press up to the kingdom of God, and take him at his word. Now would you just all lift up your hearts in prayer. Let every Christian pray for every soul here to-day out of Christ. Let us now just unite in this one petition, that every soul in this building may come to Christ to-day.

WORK.

"Faith without works is dead." JAMES 2:20.

I want to speak this morning about work. You know that was the key-note of the meeting when we first commenced here; and we want to have it the key-note of our message as we leave. Faith is an act of the mind, and work is the outward sign of faith. If a man has true faith in Christ, he cannot help working for Christ. You cannot have fire without heat; no more can you have faith without works. "Faith without works," the apostle tells us, "is dead." It is dead, and the quicker buried the better; get it out of the way. The moment that fails in work, that moment it dies. "Show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works." If a man has faith in Christ he cannot help working; it is second nature to him. Those men who are trying to serve Christ without works, are having a pretty hard time of it. They neither enjoy the world nor the church, and have a great deal of contempt for themselves. Now when a man gets outside of himself and goes to work for others, he is trebly blessed; he has floods of love, and peace, and joy the whole of the time. People may get to heaven without works perhaps; but as Job says, it will be "by the skin of their teeth." It'll not be an abundant entrance that will be administered unto them. And what they did do, if not with a right motive, will be swept away in that hour when God comes and tries men's faith.

Faithful Christians are those heeding Christ's words in the gospel according to John, 15th chapter and 4th and 5th verses: "Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except

it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me. I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing." There, in that chapter, it says in the 2nd verse: "And every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." So it is abiding in Christ that bringeth forth much fruit. I think you will find in all the churches those who bring forth scarcely anything; I was going to say nothing. I don't know how you can call them Christians. Again, there are others who bring forth, some thirty-fold, some sixty, and some a hundred; and it is those Christians that abide in Christ that bring forth an hundred-fold: they can't help it. When a branch abideth in the vine, it produces good frui' You have a good apple-tree, and it can't help bearing apples; can't help bringing forth good fruit. So every Christian is to a .de continually in Christ; not through four or five weeks, when there are special services, but through the three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. These special meetings here are about drawing to a close; and some here this morning are perhaps asking, what is going to become of us, what are we going to do? Some perhaps tremble lest they shall go back to their old lukewarmness. Now my friends, if you are going to truly work for Christ, you must carry this revival spirit in your bosom throughout the 365 days, throughout all the year. If a man cannot be used of God, what does he want to live for? It is the privilege of every child of God to be revived all the time. That is what we want to do. Why, in the primitive days, there were added daily to the Lord, such as should be saved. If we abide in the Lord, there will be just such results now. The trouble lies in our going away from the Lord, so that the Lord cannot use us, and we cannot bring forth fruit. How are we to abide in Christ? Study the Word of God. It is the only book that tells about Christ. The Bible is God's word; and if you want to know about Christ, study in its pages about his life, his character, his acts. Find out who he is, and what he is. The man that is abiding with Christ would rather be with him than with the world; he would far rather be an hour with the Word of God, than a year in worldly society.

Look at the 3d chapter of the 2d epistle to Timothy, 15th, 16th, and 17th verses: "And that from a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus. All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." Just listen: "That the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." And with this let me read those words from the 1st chapter of James, 22d verse: "But be ye doers of the Word

and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves." If we had as many doers of the Word as we have hearers, in Chicago, what a mighty work could be done. You have been pretty good, yes, very good hearers; but I have a pretty serious charge to bring against nine out of every ten of you. You have come here, but when the benediction was through, you have just got on your hats, and gathered up your shawls, and got out as quick as you could. You haven't liked to talk to inquirers. Some of you are Christians of thirty or forty years standing. You have listened to sermons all these years, and gone Sunday after Sunday, to the regular services of the sanctuary; but what have you been personally doing? That's the question? Oh, be not only hearers, but doers; that is just the working spirit we want in Chicago now. We have had eleven weeks of these special meetings, and many of you have listened remarkably well. For eleven weeks, you've been listening; and now's the time for action. Now's the time to be doers of the Word; you've been hearers long enough. Let every one put a shoulder to the work, and push it on. These past three months have been spent in getting the army ready and equipped; now let it move ahead. Let all take up and carry on the work. Let Christians wake up and go to work. More conversions may be made in the next three months than in the last three, if you Christians will do your duty.

I have heard some say, "Yes, but I haven't got the ability." God will strengthen you, my friends. God is with you, and all you have to do is to ask of him, wisdom, power, and strength. The God of all power and might is at your side, if you call on him. Don't you see, if each one of you does but a little, how much you will accomplish? Mr. Spurgeon said to some discouraged students, as they were going out to preach: "Well, just go ahead, there's a good many of you; you go into the churches, and you find a great many Christians there; and when all are gathered together, there's a great deal of strength." And then he illustrated by telling about Moses and the frogs: "I'll bring great frogs on you," said Moses to Pharaoh. "Frogs, what do I care for frogs!" "But," said Moses, "there's a good many of them;" and the old king found it out. They swarmed into his bed-chamber, jumped into the kneading trough, sprawled out upon the throne, so he could not sit down; they got onto the royal table, into the royal lap—frogs, frogs, frogs, everywhere; he couldn't step without "squashing" one. Yes, there were a good many of them; and there are a good many Christians. Let them just take a look at the frogs of Egypt; let them just go into every room and corner and attic in Chicago, and bring them the blessed Gospel. Don't you see how much, if you are only united, may be done in the next three months? Oh, be ye doers, and not hearers only. "If any be a hearer of the Word," says James, "And not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass; for he beholdeth himself, and

goeth his way and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was. But whosoever looketh into the perfect law of liberty and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed."

Now what we want, my friends, is to get to work. A great many people are called pillars of the church, because they pay their pew rents. They never go out to Wednesday night meetings; you never think of seeing them there. They will get out every fine Sunday morning; but no one expects they will turn out on Sunday night. But they say they've "the root of the matter in them." Suppose you have a flower garden, and take a friend out to see the flowers; but there isn't one to be seen. Will you say, "Well, it's just all full of roots." You might say so just as properly as the fruitless Christian. The root of the matter is down there, sure enough; but there's never anything crops out. These "do-less" Christians, these drones, doing nothing, are too numerous; there's too many of these "pillars" in the church. We want workers; we want these men to come out, and then help bring others out. The time is coming when, if people will not come and hear the gospel, the churches must go to them. Let workers go and seek them out, and hold cottage prayer-meetings at their houses, and talk with them about Christ and heaven. Be ye doers.

A great many people would be workers, but they are afraid of being called "odd." They want just Christianity enough to make them respectable, but enough of the world to keep them from being considered odd or peculiar. The result is, they're wretched people in the world. They have no spiritual power. They never take a class in the Sunday-school; or, if they do, there are no conversions in it. They forget those words in Titus, 2d chapter, 14th verse, "Who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." Now, I am a poor sailor; I never go on the sea but I get sick; yet I think I would be willing to sail around the whole world to find an entire church—minister, deacons, stewards, all the church officers and members—a "peculiar" people of this sort. I would find a church that would make the world tremble. I don't believe the world ever saw a church all of the members "peculiar." You find in every age, when God wants any work done, he always brings out a peculiar man. I suppose Elijah was the most peculiar man, perhaps, that ever lived. He was the oddest genius that people ever hit upon. Daniel was the most peculiar man in all Babylon. The courtiers of Nebuchadnezzar undoubtedly called him puritanical and a bigot. Yes, in the midst of idolaters, this old Hebrew was a praying man; but how God blessed him. Moses was the most peculiar man in Egypt; but how God blessed him. Always the men and women most used of God have been peculiar; and Christian workers

must be peculiar. But that is just what many don't want; they're afraid people will say they are peculiar. Now let me say, no man or woman is fit to work for God until they become peculiar in this Bible sense,—until they give up sinful, worldly pleasures, and separate themselves, to live and work for God. Then see how God will bless them. God grant that all may become chosen vessels, and meet for the Master's use.

Then in Titus, 3d chapter, 1st verse: "Put them in mind to be subject to principalities and powers, to obey magistrates, and to be ready for every good work." "Ready for all good works;" if all heeded this, what could not be done! How many times I have been down at these meetings, night after night, and have spoken to Christian people who have been here,—some of them professing his name for forty years,—and asked them to speak to some poor inquirer's soul; but the answers come: "O Mr. Moody, don't ask me! don't you ask me." They've been in the church these long years, and can't say a word to dying souls! Shame on the Christianity of the Nineteenth century! May God have mercy on each one of us, and forgive us our shortcomings! These people want to have you talk about their souls, and tell them the way of life. If it is not a good work to talk to a soul burdened with sin, what is a good work? What have these church members been about, all these years? What have they been doing, that they are not ready now, after fifteen, thirty and forty years of professedly Christian life, to talk with anxious souls? When will you be ready? O my friends, will you not get ready at once? What power is there in the greatest army in the world, if it don't know how to use its weapons? An army of five hundred real soldiers could rout them and send them all flying. What each child of God wants is, to get ready. If there is one Christian in this place, this morning, that has not had the joy of bringing a soul to God, I would not go out of this Tabernacle until I had gone into one of the inquiry-rooms, and asked some Christian brother or sister: "Won't you pray for my unprofitable life, my barren life, my life so fruitless, with nothing to show but leaves." O friends, is it not our highest privilege and joy, as well as duty, to bring souls to Jesus? Let us go to work! Let us bring converts to the Savior! Let us bring all men to Christ!

Will you look at the 8th verse of the same chapter: "This is a faithful saying, and these things I will affirm constantly, that they which have believed in God might be careful to maintain good works." Now, you know the charge is sometimes made that evangelical Christians preach salvation by faith alone; that we are justified by faith, and as soon as we believe we are saved. Now, that is not the entire New Testament teaching. To be sure, we are saved by faith; but it is only by a faith that manifests itself in good works. If we believe otherwise, we are staking our faith on some creed,

some church, some particular minister, and not on Christ, who said, even at twelve years of age, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business." The life of Jesus was one succession of good works; and if we would follow his example, we cannot help working.

"Be careful to maintain good works." I suppose that means you are to carefully maintain the church. Let me say to all, maintain the church. Let me say this especially to all young converts. I have heard that of these some say they can be Christians and not unite with the church; and I was told, last night, that one of them said I didn't belong to the church. That is a mistake. I tried, as soon as I was converted, to enter the church; but at first they would not let me; some doubted whether I was converted. But I have been in the bosom of the church ever since, and have never seen the day or the hour that I would be out of it. I believe it is the dearest institution on earth; that there is no institution to be compared with it. It was the church that Christ died for, because he loved it so dearly.

If a man is born of God, he should take shelter in the church, that it may be to him a nursing mother. To do so, ought to be held not only the duty, which it is, but a glorious privilege. I have no sympathy with those people who stay out of the church and simply throw stones at it, and proclaim what it ought to be. If we can make it better, let us go in. Don't expect the Church of God upon earth to be without failings. If the church is cold, go in and warm it up. Let us each do what we can to make it better. And then the Sunday-school—let us make that better. Go out on the streets and get those children, and teach them the words of life; that is the way to maintain good works. Bible societies should be maintained; Bible reading should be maintained. Whatever the good work is, carefully maintain it. If you have wealth, send that money around; use the Lord's money for the Lord. I hope to see the day when men will seek investments for the Lord, as they now seek them out for themselves. If a man has a few thousand dollars to invest for himself, how he seeks out the best investment! On this very ground why should not Christian men seek out investments for the Lord? I don't believe any other investments will bring in better dividends. Yes, I hope the time is coming more and more, when rich men will "carefully maintain good works. And to all I say, see that everything that is good is maintained; cheer these young converts; do not be complaining; be just as careful—every one of you, new converts and all—be just as careful to "maintain good works" as to accept Christ.

Now, look at the 2d Epistle to the Thessalonians, 2d chapter and 17th verse: "Comfort your hearts, and stablish you in every good word and work." Now what we want is to get "stablished," to have a settled plan or method of doing good works. I have been

a superintendent of Sabbath-schools for some years, and noticed this: that teachers who swung around from place to place, who took in Dr. Kittredge's church, then the First Methodist and then this and then that, have always proved failures. Now, I like these men that take hold of classes and don't give them up, and who are in their regular pew every Sunday, and are not drawn away by some eloquent preacher—some preacher from abroad, who happens to be filling a South-side or a North-side pulpit. Fifty-two Sundays in the year they are there; you know where to find them, they're right there at the accustomed post of duty. All the while, their influence increases. But these teachers, and others that are all the time running here and there, never accomplish much.

A good many people are like a bundle of shavings; a spark falls, and quickly the shavings are all gone, and there's left scarcely any ashes even. My friends, ten thousand such Christians are not worth one that makes constancy his motto. We don't want any revival Christians—got enough of them; don't want any Sunday Christians—got enough of them. What's wanted are these men "stablished" in good works, these men that hold on. A man that does one thing is a terrible man. The man who tries a hundred things fails at everything. If it is the Sunday-school, if God calls me there, I will stand by my post. If God calls me to lead a cottage prayer-meeting or read the Bible, I must win success there—I must hold on; and it won't be long before God will bring me success. for God has promised it: "You shall reap, if you faint not." God will try you; you will have some things to discourage you; but you must hold on.

Next, please look at the 17th verse of the 3d chapter of Colossians: "Whatsoever you do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the father by him." Don't work, as your highest motive, to advance the Centenary Methodist church; don't work for the Third Presbyterian church, nor for the First Congregational church. If a man goes to work to exclusively build up the Congregational, the Presbyterian, the Baptist, or the Episcopal church; to build up exclusively any of the denominations, he is on the wrong path. It is not in the name of the church, but in the name of the Lord Jesus, that we are to do all things. If we do and suffer for him, God will bless us. When we come to God and ask a blessing for Christ's sake, don't you see what a power we've secured? For Christ's sake! Jesus as our advocate! In Detroit, at an international convention of the Young Men's Christian Association, Judge Olds was present as a delegate from Columbus. One evening, he was telling about the mighty power that Christians summon to their aid in this petition "for Christ's sake!" "In Jesus' name!" and he told a story that made a great impression on me. When the war came on, he said, his only son left for the army; and he became suddenly interested in soldiers. Every soldier

that passed by brought his son to remembrance; he could see his son in him. He went to work for soldiers. When a sick soldier came there to Columbus one day, so weak he couldn't walk, the Judge took him in a carriage and got him into the Soldiers' Home. Soon he became president of the Soldiers' Home in Columbus, and used to go down every day and spent hours in looking after those soldiers, and seeing that they had every comfort. He spent on them a great deal of time, and a great deal of money. One day he said to his wife: "I'm giving too much time to these soldiers; I've got to stop it. There's an important case coming on in court, and I've got to attend to my own business." He said he went down to the office that morning, resolved in future to let the soldiers alone. He went to his desk, and then to writing. Pretty soon the door opened, and he saw a soldier hobble slowly in. He started at the sight of him. The man was fumbling at something in his breast, and pretty soon he got out an old soiled paper. The father saw it was his own son's writing.

"DEAR FATHER,—This young man belongs to my company. He has lost his leg and his health in defense of his country, and he is going home to his mother to die. If he calls on you, treat him kindly,

"FOR CHARLIE'S SAKE."

"For Charlie's sake." The moment he saw that, a pang went to his heart. He got up for a carriage, lifted the maimed soldier in, drove home, put him into Charlie's room, sent for the family physician, kept him in the family and treated him like his own son. When the young soldier got well enough to go to the train to go home to his mother, he took him to the railway station, put him in the nicest, most comfortable place in the carriage, and sent him on his way home to his mother. "I did it," said the old judge, "for Charley's sake." Now, whatsoever you do, my friends, do it for the Lord Jesus' sake. Do and ask everything in his name, in the name of him "who loved us and gave himself for us."

And then again, lastly, be united. It is the greatest force of all to be of "one mind and one spirit." The boast of infidels has been, "Christianity has been all divided up." "Be," I beseech you, "of one mind and one spirit." If jealousy comes in among you, you cannot do great things. If one minister is used more than others, let us praise God for that; let us thank him that he has given divers gifts to men, all contributing to the glory of his name. This work, then, won't stop, but will go on. How many battles in the last war were lost just through jealousy in the officers? When I was in the South, they told me that they lost many and many a battle because jealousy got in among the generals. Just so, many battles are lost to God's people. All must be willing to do anything, that God's work may go on. When Grant's army lay in front of Richmond, after the battle of the Wilderness, when he was first repulsed, he

called his four leading commanders, one dark night, to consult with him. All advised him to retreat. The next morning early, an orderly came dashing to the four commanders, bringing word to advance in solid column without delay. That attack defeated the Southern column; and what did it was the steady, irresistible advance in solid column. So let the advance be made in the army of Jesus. Be not hearers of the Word any longer, but doers. Let every one do what he can to carry on this work; gird on your armor for the fight. I am told that during Napoleon's great wars, medals were struck off with a scene of battle on one side, and on the other, the simple words, "I was there;" and after Napoleon had died, and years had gone by, those old veterans would bring out their medals, and, talking about the battle, or the prowess of the great general, they would proudly tell how they were in the thickest of the fight—"I was there." Oh, my friends, rush forward to the thickest of the fight; and by-and-by it will be your boast, "I was there, I had a hand in that fight." And by-and-by—still keeping up the warfare, even in your gray hairs and tottering age—shall some one say of you: "He was a true soldier of the cross, and fell from the walls of Zion with the trump of God in his hand, and a shout of victory on his lips." May that be the end of every child of God here, in this Tabernacle, in this city. May we die—not in the wilderness—may we die with the trump of God in our hands, and with shouts of victory on our lips!

ON THE DEATH OF MR. P. P. BLISS.

"Therefore be ye also ready."

I expected to enjoy, this afternoon, coming around here and hearing our friend Mr. Bliss sing the Gospel and our friend Mr. Whittle preach. I was telling my wife, when I got home Friday night, that I was really glad I didn't have to work so hard on this Sabbath. I cannot tell you what a disappointment it has been to me. I have looked forward to those two men of God coming to this city. I had arranged and made my plans to stay over a few days, in order to hear and enjoy their services. Ever since I heard that I would have to take their place this afternoon, there has been just one text running in my mind. I cannot keep it out: "Therefore be ye also ready." You who have heard me preach the past three months, I think I will

bear witness to this, that I haven't said much about death. Perhaps I haven't been faithful in this regard. I'd always rather tell about life; perhaps there's not been warning enough in my preaching. But I feel that, if I should hold my peace this afternoon, and not lift up my voice and warn you to make ready for death, God might lay me aside and put some one else in my place; I must speak and forewarn you.

To-day has been one of the most solemn days in my life. The closing hours of every year, for the past ten or twelve years, have been very solemn to me. I think I never spent such a day as I have to-day. This world never seemed so empty, and men never looked so blind away from God, as they do to-day. It seems, as never before, that I cannot understand how life can go on in madness, how a man can keep away from Christ, when in just a stroke he is gone to eternity, and there is no hope. Those men I mean that really believe, intellectually, that the Bible is true; that if they die without regeneration, without being born again, they cannot see God's kingdom. How it is they can believe, and yet they can still stay away from Christ when such judgments are brought near to them, is a mystery to me. I hope the words of the Lord Jesus will find their way to your hearts, as they have to mine; I hope you will hear him this afternoon saying: "Therefore, be ye also ready." He had been warning them; for in the verse preceding this text he said, "As in the days of Noah, they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the flood came and took them all away." It came suddenly. How often the judgments of God come suddenly upon us. I want to call your attention to a few words we find in the Old Testament, in the 6th chapter of Jeremiah, at the 10th verse: "To whom shall I speak and give warning that they may hear? Behold their ear is uncircumcised, and they cannot hearken; behold the word of the Lord is unto them a reproach; they have no delight in it." Also in the 33d chapter of Ezekiel, 4th, 5th and 6th verses: "Then whosoever hear the sound of the trumpet and taketh not warning, if the sword come and take him away, his blood shall be upon his own head. He heard the sound of the trumpet and took not warning; his blood shall be upon him. But he that taketh warning shall deliver his soul. But if the watchman see the sword come, and blow not the trumpet, and the people be not warned; if the sword come, and take any person from among them, he is taken away in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at the watchman's hands." Do you ask me, now, why I am so anxious to warn you? Because, if I don't, the blood of your soul will be required at my hand.

I want to warn you to-day; I want to plead with you to-day. And it is because I love you that I come to plead with you. I am sure there is nothing else that could induce me to speak this afternoon. I felt rather like going into my room and locking the door,

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and trying to learn what this providence means. I don't expect to find out yet; I'm not sure I'll ever know. But—(the speaker paused in deep emotion), I just felt I'd got to come down here this afternoon and cry out: "Therefore be ye also ready!" Make ready before the close of this sermon! Just ask yourselves this question, "Am I ready to meet God this moment?" If not, when will you be? God would not tell us to be ready, if he did not give us the power, unless it was something within our reach.

The thought is put into some of your minds that I am trying to take advantage of the death of this good man to frighten you and scare you; and I haven't any doubt Satan is doing this work, at this moment. Right here let me notice that some say I'm preaching for effect. That's what I am doing. I want to affect you; I want to rouse you out of your death-sleep, when I warn you to prepare to meet your God; for "in such hour as you think not the Son of man cometh." It is just from pure love, pure friendship to you, that I warn you; the thought that I am trying to frighten you from selfish motives is from the pit of hell. You take a true mother; if she does not warn her child when playiug with fire, you say she's not what she professes to be, not a true mother. If a father sees his boy going to ruin and don't warn him, is he a true father? I say, it is the single power of love that makes me warn you. Suppose I walk by a house on fire, with a man and woman in it, and their seven children. If I don't call out, hammer on the door, smash in the windows if necessary, and cry out, "Escape if you can," what would you say? You would say, I ought not to live. If souls are going down to death and hell all around me—I verily believe such live to-day, and some are in this building—how can I hold my peace, and not cry out at the top of my voice: "Therefore be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."

There is a legend, that I read some time ago, of a man who made a covenant with Death; and the covenant was this: that death should not come on him unawares,—that death was to give warning of his approach. Well, years rolled on, and at last Death stood before his victim. The old man blanched and faltered out: "Why, Death, you have not been true to your promise; you have not kept your covenant. You promised not to come unannounced. You never gave me any warning." "How, how!" came the answer, "every one of those gray hairs is a warning; every one of your teeth is a warning; your eyes growing dim are a warning; your natural power and vigor abated—that is a warning. Aha! I've warned you—I've warned you continually." And Death would not delay, but swept his victim into eternity.

That is a legend; but how many the past year have heard these warning voices. Death has come very near to many of us. What warnings have come to us all. The preacher's calls to repentance, how

again and again they have rung in our ears. We may have but or or two more calls yet, this year, in the next few hours; but I doul it. Then how many of us in the last twelve months have gone t the bedside of some loved friend, and kneeling in silent anguish un able to help, have whispered a promise to meet that dying one i heaven. Oh, why delay any longer! Before these few lingerin hours have gone, and the year rolls away into eternity, I beg of yo see to it that you prepare to make that promise good. Some of yo have kissed the marble brow of a dead parent this year, and th farewell look of those eyes has been, "Make ready to meet thy God. In a few years you will follow, and there may be a reunion in heaven Are you ready, dear friends?

When visiting the body of my brother, just before he was put i the grave, I picked up his Bible, of the size of this in my hand; an there was just one passage of Scripture marked. I looked it up, an I found it read: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with th might." As I read it that night, the hand that wrote it was silent i death. It was written in '76. Little did he think, when he wrot it, that in that same year he would be silent in the grave. Little di he think that the autumn wind and the summer snow would go roar ing over his grave. Thank God, it was a year of jubilee to him That year he found salvation; it was a precious year to his sou That year he met his God. How often have I thanked God for tha brother's triumphant death! It seems as though I could not live t think he had gone down to the grave unprepared to meet his God,— gone without God and hope. Dear friends,—dear unsaved friends —I appeal to you that you will now accept Christ. Seize the clos ing hours of this year; let not this year die till the great question i decided. I plead with you once more to come to the Lord Jesus Oh, hear these blessed words of Christ, as I shout them again in you hearing: "Therefore be ye also ready."

Now death may take us by surprise. That's the way it has taken our dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bliss. Little did they know, as they rode toward Cleveland last Friday night, what was to be the rea end of the journey. About the time I was giving out notice, last Friday night, of their being here this afternoon, they were then struggling with death. That was about the time they passed into glory-land. It was a frightful death, by surprise. But, beautiful salvation! star of hope! in that time of gloom, darkness and death: they both were ready. They were just ripened for the kingdom of God. I do not think I ever saw two persons who have grown more in Christ than these dear friends have in the past four or five years. I do not think a man walks the streets of Chicago to-day who has so few enemies as P. P. Bliss. He was a man we will love in another world. When the summons came, it must have been terrible; it must have brought cruel pain for a few minutes. But it lasted only

few minutes, and—they were in glory. Only a few minutes—and ey were all together in that world of light, perhaps raising the out of praise, "Alleluiah, what a Savior!" I think the heavenly oir has had a great accession to-day. I doubt whether many around e throne of God sing sweeter than P. P. Bliss. I doubt whether any have loved the Son of God more that he. With that golden rp of the glorified, how sweetly shall he sing!

But, my friends, while we are mourning here, are we ready? We nnot call them back. We may mourn for them; we may mourn r the sad misfortune that has befallen ourselves. But what is our ss is their gain. It is better for them there than here; it is better be "absent from the body, and present with the Lord." Shall u join him in that blessed land? Say, are you ready?

Now there are three things which every man should be ready for this world: ready for life, ready for death, and ready for judgent. Judgment after death is as sure as life; judgment is as sure death. There are three sure things. "It is appointed unto man ce to die, and after that the judgment." It is of very little account w we die, or where we die, if we are only prepared, if we are only ady. We don't know what may happen any day. It seems to me, e ought to be ready any hour, any moment; we know not what ay happen any moment. Oh, let us get ready! It seems the eerest folly to delay this matter a single moment. Look at that ain, where great numbers were ushered into eternity unexpectedly. ttle did they think that their time was so near at hand. Little did r friends, Mr. Bliss and wife, think that they were going to be hered into eternity, as they stepped light-hearted on that railway ain. It would seem that people ought to resolve never to step oard a railway train again, until they're ready to meet their God. would seem as though no one would lie down and go to sleep toght, until he knows he is ready to meet the bridegroom.

Dear friends, are you ready? This question this afternoon, it seems me, ought to go down into all our hearts. And then, if we are ady, we can shout over death and the grave; that death is overme, the sting of death is gone, and the grave opens terrorless. ppose we do go on and live thirty or forty years; it is all only a tle moment. Suppose we die in some lone mountain, like Moses Pisgah; or like Jacob, in the midst of our family; or like Joshua, th the leaders of Israel around us; or suppose God lets us die surunded with the comforts and luxuries of home; or suppose death mes on unexpectedly and suddenly, as it did on Stephen; it may be e shall be called to die the death of the martyr, and be put to death nexpectedly; but if we are only ready, what care we just how our mmons comes. If I am ready, I would as soon die like Stephen, Moses on Pisgah. I would as soon die like our friend Mr. Bliss, like Jacob with all his sons around him, if only I am ready for my

glorious inheritance beyond the grave. That is the main question. It is not how we die. It is not where we die. At the worst, it may be but the sudden shock of a few minutes, and all will be over; and we enter upon eternal joy, joy for evermore. Millions and millions and millions of years in this world will not yield the joy of one minute of heaven. O my friends, shall you have a place in that heavenly home? Oh! will you not each one ask this question just now, "Am I ready, am I ready?"

I believe that every man in this Christian land has had some warning; some John the Baptist to warn him as Herod had, some Paul as Agrippa and Felix had, some friend like Nathan, sent to warn him, as David had; some friend to warn him such as Ahab had in Elijah. And, my friends, I think this is a day of warning to you. Are you not coming to God to-day? Will you not hear the Savior's loving voice to-day, "Come unto me"? God will forgive your sins and blot them out, and give you a new heart. Oh, let not the sun go down to-night without being reconciled to God.

Little did those people on that train, as it neared Cleveland Friday night, little did they think the sun was going down for them the last time, and that they should never see it rise again. It is going down to-night,—as I am speaking, the last sun of the year; and some of you in this assemblage may never see it rise again. Dear friends, are you ready for the call, if it comes to you between now and to-morrow morning? This very night you may be called away; your soul may be required by God your Maker. Are you ready to meet the King and Judge of all the earth? Let me put, urgently but kindly, these questions to every soul here to-night. Can you say: "I have Christ; I have eternal life through Jesus Christ my Savior"? If not, dear friends, let me ask you, what will you say when he shall come to judge you? If, this very night, he should summon you to stand before him, what would you say?

Oh, how deceitful death is! Something may fall on us as we walk home to-night, or we may fall down and break some part of our body, and be ushered into eternity. We may be seized by some fit, and we're gone. We may have some disease around the heart, that is hidden from us and that we know nothing about, and this may be our last day on earth. "Boast not thyself of to-morrow;" we don't know what will happen, even before to-morrow. And then, another deception. A great many people, you know, because their parents have outlived the allotted years, because their parents were long-lived people, think that they're going to live long also. How many are deceived in that way. Then there is that lying deception: "Oh it is time enough to be a Christian,—time enough to cry to God—when he calls us." Look at that wreck! Look at those people being dashed down that frightful chasm to frightful deaths! That is no time to get ready; that is not the time! They have all they can

do trying to get out of the wreck,—bleeding, burning, drowning, frozen! How many in eternity in five minutes! How many instantly! No time for prayer in such chaos as that. I would not say God is not merciful; he may have heard even then, the penitent cry; but I would not dare to say, "Put it off till some calamity overtakes you." The word comes, now, at this moment, "Prepare to meet God," "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness." Oh, that is the first duty and pleasure of life, not its last! It is more important that you seek the kingdom of God to-day—just now, this very hour—than anything else, than everything else, in life! It is more important than going home to look after the highest earthly affairs; more important than if you could win the wealth and honors of the universe! Let business be suspended and everything be laid aside, until this greatest question of life—this greatest question of time and eternity—is settled, "Prepare to meet thy God." Oh, prepare!

My friends, I call upon you to come to the Lord Jesus Christ. I call upon you to prepare this day and this hour to meet your God. I lift up my voice, in warning, to all of this assembly. Would you not rather be in the place of Mr. and Mrs. Bliss, and die as they did, in that terrible wreck, by that appalling accident—would you not rather choose that, than to live on twenty-five years, or a hundred years, and die without God, and go down in despair to dark rivers of eternal death! Oh, it was appalling! But I would rather, a thousand times, have been on that train that dark night, and taken that awful leap and met my God as I believe Mr. and Mrs. Bliss have met him, than to have the wealth of worlds and die without God and hope! Oh, if you are not ready, make ready just now! I think a great many tears should be shed for the sins of the past year. If you take my advice, you will not go out of this Tabernacle this night until you have tasted repentance, and the joy of sins forgiven. Go into the inquiry-room and ask some of the Christian people to tell you the way of life, to tell you what to do to be saved. Say, "I want to be ready to meet my God to-night; for I don't know the day or the hour he may summon me."

I may be speaking to some this afternoon who are hearing me for the last time. In a few days, I will be gone. My friends, to you I want to lift up my warning voice once again. I want to speak as to brethren beloved, hastening on to judgment: "Prepare to meet thy God." I beg of you, I beseech of you, this moment, don't let the closing hours, these closing moments of '76, pass, until you are born of God, born of the Spirit, born from death. This day, if you seek God, you shall find him. This day, if you turn from sin and repent, God is ready to receive you. Let me say, he never will be more willing than to-day; and you'll never have more power than to-day. If you are ready, he is ready now to receive and bless you forever!

Oh, may the God of our fathers have compassion upon every soul assembled here! May our eyes be opened; and all flee from the wrath to come! May the divine warnings take hold on every soul! May we profit by this sad calamity, and may many be raised up in eternity to thank God that this meeting was ever held.

"GOD IS ABLE."

"Yea, he shall be holden up; for God is able to make him stand." ROMANS 14: 4.

I want to call your attention to one little word to-night that should be, and will be, of great help to you. That little word is "Able;" and I will try and show you what God is able to do. First, you will find it in the 14th chapter of Romans, part of the 4th verse: "Yea, he shall be holden up; for God is able to make him stand." "For God is able," mark you, "to make him stand." When I first became a Christian, it was predicted by those who knew me that I would not hold out; that I would fall away in a few months. I used to fear and tremble myself; I was afraid I should fall. I knew nothing of the Bible; I was not acquainted with this precious Word. I do not think there were a dozen passages in the whole Word of God that I had committed to memory, and that I could quote. I did not know this blessed truth I have just read to you to-night, that God was able to make me stand. But I have since learned the truth of it; and I tell you to-night, if any of you young converts are full of fear, full of doubt, and at times have actually trembled in view of the temptations surrounding you, if you just lay hold of this precious word "Able," it will hold you up in all your pilgrimage, in all your journey, no matter how rough and hard. "God is able to make you stand." The God that can create a world like this, and can call it from nothing into existence—the God that can create life with a word—he certainly can make a poor sinner like you and me "stand" by his mighty power. He was able to make Moses stand, when exposed to the mighty temptations of Egypt. God enabled that other prophet to stand unterrified before the wicked Ahab. God enabled Daniel to stand in Babylon, when the whole city was against him. There he stood like a rock in the current of the river; the high, angry waves dash up against him, but there he stood; stood upright

in that great city, with all against him. And Paul, I believe, wrote this blessed text out of his own experience; God held him up, and God made him stand. God sent him forth to the Gentiles; but along with him he sent his grace and gave him power from on high, telling him to be strong, to speak against the iniquity of men, and to testify against it.

And so, let me say, the God of Paul still lives; you have the same God Paul had. Oh, put your trust in God; look to him and pray to him; and he will give you strength; and he will make you stand right here in Chicago. Let no one fall; God has power enough; God has grace enough; God has strength enough, to keep every young convert in the straight path, if only you will look to him, if only you will pray to him daily for strength.

Let me warn you to put not your strength in yourself. When you are strong—when you think you are strong—then you are very weak; that is the very time you are weakest. Paul says, "When I am weak, then am I strong." Our strength don't lie in ourselves; it lies in our redeemer. If my strength is in God, he will give me all power. If my strength is in myself, I will be constantly tumbling, constantly falling down. Therefore keep a fast hold on God, who alone is able to make you stand. I do not think a young convert will be able to stand by himself in a few years, or in many years. The stronger he gets, the stronger, too, grows the danger of his falling. The longer I live—the nearer I get to Christ—the more danger I see. The nearer a man gets to God, the more he constantly needs him. Man never becomes independent of God, but the longer he lives the less confidence he should have in himself. I find, in reading my Bible, that some of the most eminent men have fallen. They got self-confident; and when they became strong in themselves, they fell. Let no young convert become spiritually proud and lifted up; he can come to no victory in his own strength. Let him pray, and then the tempter will go from him. You find that men who have stood highest in this world have been men that have fallen, at different times, in their lives; and I think you will find they stumbled on this stone of trusting in their own strength.

Peter—how confident he was. Though all the rest denied their Lord, he never would; but in a few hours he denied his Lord, and swore he never knew him. Oh, how self-confident he was! And so, always when a man is self-confident, satisfied with himself, and lifted up, he cannot hope to stand alone; he is on dangerous ground; look out, he will slip and tumble headlong. We find men failing in their very strongest points. I don't know how it is, unless even in their citadel God wants to show them their weakness—that they cannot stand alone. Thus you remember the meek and humble Moses; and yet it was the very lack of his vaunted humility that kept him from the promised land. Again, take Elisha, the valliant

man. In the Old Testament, you find hardly any one more exalted, unless it was Joshua, Daniel, and Joseph. But you find this very man Elisha getting afraid, and frightened almost out of his life, just at a simple message. He was cast down by alarm, and could not stand before Ahab; in the midst of his strength, he was weak. So men fail in the strongest points of their character; for if men get to thinking they are able to stand alone, their strength becomes sudden weakness. If we put our confidence in character, in habit, in anything but the might of God, our fall is not far off. Now, what the text says is this: God is able to make us stand. You can't stand alone, young convert; but God can and will give you the power, and will keep your feet from falling.

I want to call your attention to the 2d chapter of Hebrews, the 18th verse: "For in that he himself hath suffered, being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted." Oh, blessed thought, that God has himself stood these temptations, and so can realize our needs. I believe these very trials and temptations are sent to us to give us character. Men who never have temptations, never have trials, are not good for much as Christians. I count these things as most of a Christian's discipline; and the more of these thorns in his side he gets, the better and stronger a Christian he becomes. We don't want any hothouse Christians, shut up from the world and never tempted, never tried; but battling bravely with these powers which Christ came down from heaven to fight in his person and to overcome. God himself was touched with a feeling of our infirmities, coming down to this world and being one of us. He took upon him your nature and mine; therefore he can appreciate our frailties and is able—yes, abundantly able—to succor them that are tempted. What we want is not to pray God to deliver us from temptations; that is not it; but we want to pray that we may overcome them. Thus, whenever the great tempter of souls comes down upon us, God will give us the power and the grace to overcome him, and to grow the stonger for the victory. Of himself, a man has not power; but God will give him triumph over all temptations, if he is only asked to do it. Now let me say, right here, that if you are tempted, my friends, don't think that that is a sin. It is not a sin to be tempted; it is only sin when you yield to temptation; it is only sin when you listen to the tempter. He may come—we can't help that; but we want to resist him, and pray God to give us grace to overcome him and trample him under our feet. And every temptation we overcome gives us more strength to overcome the next one. So, little by little, we go on toward the fullness of the Christian character.

A great many temptations will assail you in Chicago, my dear young converts; a great many dangers await you. Should you be overcome, many who should help you may perhaps make sport of

you, and possibly point the finger of ridicule at you, instead of sympathizing with you as they ought. I pray you not to get discouraged. Instead of getting down-hearted, go to God in prayer; go to Jesus, for he is able to succor you in the hour of temptation. He himself has gone through it all. No one was more laughed at, no one was more ridiculed, more scoffed at, more jeered at, than the Son of God was; and he can sympathize with you in all your hours of trial. Just ask of him help, and he will succor you speedily, and give you a glorious victory.

The next text I want to call your attention to is in 2nd Timothy: "For I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." Now bear in mind that you cannot keep your own soul; but He will keep it for us, if we believe the language of this text, and are persuaded that he is able to keep that which we have committed unto him against that day. Some men may come to you and ask you what denomination you belong to—what persuasion you are of. Tell them you are of Paul's persuasion. Say, "I am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." I would advise you to belong to Paul's persuasion. I would rather be of Paul's persuasion than be in the Methodist, Presbyterian, or Baptist churches, and not have the truth of Paul's words sunk down in my heart. Denominations cannot keep you. A man may be a Presbyterian, an Episcopalian, a Methodist, or Congregationalist, and still not be a Christian at heart. Remember, we can't keep ourselves, neither can churches keep us. The Son of God only can keep us. He is able to do it. The Son of God, who stooped from the throne of heaven and came into this world, is able to keep that which is committed unto him. Now, if a man lives in England, he wants to have his money in the bank of England. He thinks that bank is the safest in the land. I know a great many people in this country who send money there; they keep a regular bank account there. They think that that bank is safe, should anything happen. If anything should occur with this government, they are sure their deposits are all right there. The Son of God is better able to keep your souls than the bank of England is able to keep one pound of your money. And if we commit ourselves to him and trust him to keep us, he will keep us. Now, if you go to the Tower of London, you will see the crown of England. Men watch it, day and night. There is not one minute in the hour, nor hour in the twenty-four, but a soldier of the English army has his eye on that crown. Suppose it should be taken to Buckingham Palace, and it was then only under the protection of the Queen. How long would Queen Victoria hold it? Why, some thief would have it in twenty-four hours. That weak woman would not be able to hold it herself. But she could keep it a great deal better than we can keep our souls.

We have three enemies to contend against: the world, the flesh and the devil, who are always striving to obtain the mastery over our souls. What can we do? There is one thing we can do. We can call upon our Elder Brother and he will keep us from all harm. And if you, young converts, just trust him to keep your souls he will keep them.

Then the next text is in the 2nd of Corinthians. 9: 8: "And God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye always having all sufficiency in all things may abound to every good work." Now that brings us into the vineyard. The first tells us he "is able to make us stand;" then he "is able to succor us in the day of temptation;" the next tells us he is able to keep us; and now he tells us we are able to go out and work in his vineyard. Why? Because "God is able to make all grace abound toward you." There is nothing that God calls us to do but that he will give us grace to do it. All we have got to do is to come to the throne of God and get all the grace we need.

I hope you young converts have gone into the church to work. I hope that's what you propose to do; I hope you haven't gone into the church to rest and go to sleep. What you want is to find some work in your churches. Let every young convert cry, "O God, give me a soul." Try to win others to Christ. Suppose you commence to-night, and go right to work. I believe there is not a young convert in this building that cannot win at least one soul to Christ within thirty days, if they will. If they do this every thirty days, that will be twelve souls in twelve months. Suppose every young convert here led twelve souls to Christ in the next year, what would be the state of affairs in Chicago at the end of a year? Why, what a host of new-born souls! What a shout of hallelujahs would be going up to the throne of God. It seems to me an easy thing to do. He has got plenty of grace for you. Lift up your voices for the Son of God. Go into the lanes and alleys of the city, into the garrets and down in the slums, into the places where sin abounds. Find a poor, lost one, and tell him of Christ and heaven. I pity, from the depths of my heart, that Christian who can't help his brother to obtain salvation. He tells us to enter his vineyard and work for him. I remember I had a picture that I thought a good deal of. It was of a woman coming up out of water with both arms around the cross; I thought it was beautiful. But one day, I was going along the street and I saw in a window another picture. It was of a woman coming up from the waters of death. She had one arm around the cross, and with the other she was helping the struggling people around her, up to where she was. I didn't think much of the first picture then. I thought it was like a good many Christians. They had both arms clasped tightly around the cross, and gave no assistance to those struggling around them. If the Son of

God pulls you out of the pit of darkness and puts a new song into your mouth, don't you hold your peace. He said to the man from whom he cast out the devils: "Go home, and tell your friends what great things the Lord has done for you." That man had a mighty power in that little town; and the young converts here have a power as great. I don't know any class that has more power for good in Chicago to-day than those young converts. One of those men who were dead in trespasses and sin by his testimony can do an immense amount of good. I see many young converts in this audience who, by their testimony, have led scores to Christ. I was some months a Christian before I led any one to Christ. I didn't know anybody to tell me how to set about it. But after a while I got led out into the vineyard, and I thanked God I was led out. I say to you, my dear young converts, go out into the world and bear witness of what he has done for you; and your reward in winning souls will be great.

Go to a minister and to a church where you can find something to do. If you don't find it in the first one, go somewhere else; and if it isn't to be found in that church, with that minister, you just go to a third church. Keep going until you find a home where they will put you to work. Don't stand on ceremony, but pitch in. And don't despise doing humble work. Whatever is done for the Lord Jesus is honorable. One of the holiest and most successful missionaries wanted to be sent out to preach. But some objected, thinking ill of his talents. Finally, at his persistent requests, they asked him if he would go out and teach school among the heathen instead of preaching to them. He gladly went, and soon his marvelous talent for winning souls asserted itself, and every one did him honor. Yes, the temple of God is worth working for, in any capacity; if need be, do not despise being hewers of wood and drawers of water, and in due time promotion will come. The trouble is, too many are willing to do only great things. Go out to the streets and take up the dirty little ragged boys, the poor children of some poor mother who has gone down to her grave, perhaps, with a broken heart over a husband's drunkenness. Take the little urchins by the hand, and take them to the Sabbath-school. By and by, if you earn it, God will promote you; or that little boy you have saved may become a Martin Luther, a Sommerfield, a Wesley, who can tell; and so, through your humble effort, the brightest jewels may shine in the Lord's crown as eternal ages roll on. Inconceivable results may reach out from your poor efforts. Millions yet unborn may be brought to the kingdom of God. My friends, labor! Let that be your watchword. We have no higher privilege than to thus toil for others; it saves them, and keeps ourselves true to our God. I do assure you, I have had a new joy since I began working for souls. And the more I work and preach, the more joy and satisfaction come to my soul. Wherefore let us all labor diligently, if we would have the full ben-

efit of our religion; if we would keep alive and bright our own faith and devotion.

The next thing I call your attention to is in the 4th chapter of Romans, and the 20th verse: "He staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief, but was strong in faith, giving glory to God; and being fully persuaded, that what he had promised, he was able also to perform." This is another "Able" I want to impress upon you; and this is, that God is able to do all he has promised. He promised, when he left this world, to send down the Comforter, and told the disciples to wait at Jerusalem for power from on high. And lo, when they had tarried there ten days, the Holy Ghost came as Christ had promised. And he promises still to send the Comforter, to all that pray for that best of gifts. Then think of Joshua, how, when he was going to die, he gathered the elders before him and reviewed the forty years of his life in Egypt, the forty in the desert, and then the thirty in the land of promise: how he lifted up his voice, and testified to the full and complete fulfillment of the promises of God: "Behold, this day I am going the way of all the earth; and ye know in all your hearts and in all your souls that not one good thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spake concerning you; all are come to pass unto you, and ye know that not one thing hath failed thereof." And just as in the days of Joshua, God bringeth to pass all his Word; not one of his promises shall fail, but he is fulfilling them all to-day. Whenever you begin to doubt God's Word, think of all his prophets and their testimony, and then trust in him always. Now, let me say to these young converts, I hope you will rely implicitly on the precious promises of God's Word. Make them your stay and support, in all your warfare.

Then the next time this blessed word comes is in the 3rd chapter of Ephesians, 20th verse: "Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us." When we first came to Chicago we did not dare expect half the good things that God had in store for us; we did not dare to hope for the results which have come about, my friends. The Lord is able and willing, if we work diligently, to give us far beyond what we ask or hope for.

Again, I would call your attention to another text. You will find it in the 24th verse of Jude: "Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling." Let me say, right here, that some young converts have an idea that there is such a thing as worldliness and backsliding in their heart, because they have heard of other men who have been converted drifting back. But it is a privilege of every child of God to know that you can be kept from falling, from this night, from this hour. Our Savior is able to help every one of you. I have taken a motto for the year, and I would like to have

every one of you young converts take it also. It is in Isaiah 41: 13: "For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand." Now, if the God of heaven has got hold of my right hand, how am I going to fall? The thing is impossible. I have a divine power sustaining and leading me through this dark world. May this motto sink deep down into the heart of every young convert here: "For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand." And as you go along, don't you forget where you came from. It does us a great deal of good to look into the pit from whence we came. The text in Deuteronomy 32: 10, will apply to you then: "He found him in a desert land, and in the waste howling wilderness; he led him about, he instructed him, he kept him as the apple of his eye."

There is an institution in London, in connection with which a gentlemen of wealth has done a great deal of good. He went down to to the Seven Dials, one of the worst places in London, and there he used to stay till 2 o'clock in the morning, picking up young street Arabs, and taking them into the house of shelter. That man has spent thousands of pounds in that quarter of London. When I was there, he had upward of 300 young men, whom he had brought from those slums, who were some in China, others in Australia, and some in this country. When he would take them from the horrible pit, he would go and get their photographs taken, in their rags and dirt. Then they were taken to a bath and given new clothes. They were put into an institution, taught a trade, and not only the rules of life, but every one of them was taught to read his Bible. After keeping them a few years and educating them, before they left, they were taken to a photograph gallery and had their picture taken, and both were given them. This was to show them the condition in which the institution found them, and that in which it left them. So, my friends, remember where God found you. Remember that he found some of you as a gambler, a drunkard, some of you standing on the very borders of hell, with all its horrors upon you; remember that some of you were in such a condition that you could see snakes all around you, and that he lifted you from the pit, and placed you on a rock of safety, and put a new song in your mouth. And let there go up from you a song of gratitude, thanking God that he has stooped down and lifted you out from the darkness of hell. Praise God and work for him. I think it is one of the greatest privileges of Christian life that we can go out and work for the Son of God. Let me call your attention to this portion of Scripture, probably the last that will ever be read my me in this hall. You will find it in the 20th chapter of Acts, and it is Paul's farewell:

"And from Miletus he sent to Ephesus, and called the elders of the church. And when they were come to him, he said unto them, Ye know, from the first day that I came into Asia, after what manner I have been with you at all seasons. Serving the Lord with all

humility of mind, and with many tears, and temptations, which befell me by the lying in wait of the Jews: and how I kept back nothing that was profitable *unto you*, but have shewed you, and have taught you publicly and from house to house, testifying both to the Jews, and also to the Greeks, repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ. And now, behold, I go bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there: save that the Holy Ghost witnesseth in every city, saying that bonds and afflictions abide me. But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God. And now, behold, I know that ye all, among whom I have gone preaching the kingdom of God, shall see my face no more. Wherefore I take you to record this day, that I am pure from the blood of all men. For I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God. Take heed therefore unto yourselves, and to all the flock, over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the church of God, which he had purchased with his own blood. For I know this, that after my departure shall grievous wolves enter in among you, not sparing the flock.

"Also of your own selves shall men arise, speaking perverse things to draw away disciples after them. Therefore watch, and remember that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears."

This is a point I want to call attention to.

"I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified."

"I commend you"—and in this connection, I want to tell you how the God of all grace has kept me. For nearly twenty-one years he has watched over me. He has watched over me and stood by me in the hour of temptation and trial; he has brought light to me out of darkness; and he will do the same with you. In leaving you, young converts, I would like to leave with you two "W's—the one is Work and the other is the Word; or, rather, the first is the Word and the other is Work. Go out and work for him, and you will become strong Christians. There are two lives you want to lead. The one is your inner life, that the world knows nothing of, that the wife of your bosom knows nothing of. That life is between yourself and God; and if you don't lead this aright, the outer life will not be long right. Let me say to you, young converts, read your Bibles and you will be strong. If you don't, you will fall; and the men who are now scoffing at this movement will say: "I told you you would fall back again; the meetings have been only an emotional excitement; only a sensation." I pray that Almighty God may keep you.

Just have those two W's before you—the Word and Work; and make that your banner. I would pray the young converts not to bring disgrace to the family of God into which they have entered. Let them be faithful. You are no longer your own, but you have been bought by Christ. If you do anything wrong, go and take it to Christ. In him, we have an advocate with the Father. It does not follow that, because you have committed a sin, you are not a Christian. It is only when you sin and want to remain in sin that you cease to be a Christian. If you see one of those young converts overtaken by sin, go and try to lift him out of it. Don't try to help the devil to keep him down. Try to get that young convert on his feet. If you see one of those saved drunkards falling back again, go and try to wean him from his danger. Go and tell him Christ is full of mercy and love, and wants to take him back again. Peter asked him if he should forgive his brother seven times. I can imagine the expression on his face as he answered: "Seven times, Peter? Why, forgive him seven times seventy times." If the Lord forgives so freely, shan't we forgive every man? If any man among you is led astray, let his brother try to get him back again.

I hate to say farewell. I cannot tell you how I have enjoyed myself here during the past three months. When we came back from Europe, I wanted to come here first; but to be honest with you, I was rather afraid. I was afraid the ministers would not come together, as they did in London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other places we had visited; but since I have been here, I have never had such a band of ministers standing so close by me. The first Sunday morning I had a perfect host come to me and shake me by the hand; and when my brother was taken from me, they gave me the kindest sympathy. I want to thank God for the co-operation of the ministry; for, if we had not had such co-operation, our work would not have been near so great. While in Boston, there will be many a prayer going up for the ministers in Chicago. Let me thank you, dear ministers of God, for your sympathy and prayers. The next class I want to thank is the press. I cannot tell you how grateful I feel toward that body. I have to hear the first unkind word said against me by the daily press. May the blessings of heaven rest upon every member of the press of Chicago. The ushers, for their courtesy, the choir, for their regularity and service, the business men, for what they have done in giving such a building and donating so liberally toward this work, I also sincerely thank.

Twenty-one years ago, I gave myself to work for souls and bring them to the Lord Jesus Christ. And I tell you from experience, do not neglect private or public prayer; only so can you fit yourself for work to become effective Christians. This is my experience. By this power we have done what we have in this city; and by this power we look for a more wonderful work in Boston. I want you

all, in your closets and homes, to lift up your hearts, at least once a day, in prayer for the work in Boston. Every night at 7 o'clock—for it will then be 8 o'clock in Boston, and our meeting will be commencing—call upon God wherever you are, just lift up your hearts to God in prayer. Just ask God that power may be given from heaven, so that there may be a greater work in Boston than has ever been known on this continent. I am looking for great things in Boston; I am expecting a richer manifestation of divine grace than has yet been shown.

Let me say, in closing, go on to higher and higher things; continue to get nearer and nearer to God. I remember a few years ago, a little child died, and just before his soul went home, he asked his father to lift him up; and the father put his hand under the head of his child and raised it up. But the child only said: "That is not enough; that is not what I want; lift me right up." The child was wasted all to skin and bones; but still his father complied, and lifted the dying child out of his bed. But the little fellow kept whispering, fainter and fainter, "Lift me higher, higher, higher!" And the father lifted higher and higher, till he lifted him as far as he could reach. Yet, still the barely audible whisper came, "Higher, father, higher," till at last his head fell back, and his spirit passed up to the eternal King—high at last. So, my dear friends, let your constant cry be higher, higher; more near the cross of the Son of God. Now, as an old gentleman attending a convention in the Western country could not bring himself to say farewell to his beloved hearers—the word seemed to choke him—and could only manage to falter out, "I bid you good night," just so I cannot say good-bye, farewell, to you—and yet we must part. I must leave you; and in his words I merely say to you, "Good night." A dawn will come up yonder; and though never perhaps before that, I expect to meet you in the resurrection hour. So I bid you "Good-night;" and, by the grace of God, we will meet in the morning.

THE RIPENING HARVEST.

"Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh the harvest? Behold, I say unto you, lift up your eyes and look upon the fields; for they are white already for the harvest. And he that reapeth receiveth wages and gathereth fruit unto life eternal: that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together." JOHN 4: 35, 36.

I want to call your attention this morning to the 35th and 36th verses of the 4th chapter of John: "Say not ye, There are yet four months, and *then* cometh the harvest? Behold, I say unto you, lift up your eyes and look upon the fields; for they are white already for the harvest. And he that reapeth receiveth wages and gathereth fruit unto life eternal: that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together."

He that reapeth may also rejoice with those that have been sowing for years in this city. You know that it takes a great many more people to plant and to sow than it does to reap; but when the reaping time comes, the difference is that the reaping must be done at once, and therefore it needs a great many more men for a few days at work to gather the harvest than it did to sow and plant. This planting and sowing has been going on here for years; and I am one of those that firmly believe that the day and the hour has come for us to reap a great harvest. A great many people have asked me, during the past week: "What the signs are in Boston; how is the work opening?" Now I want to say, right here, that we have never had it open any better. The last week is as good a week as we have ever had anywhere; I don't know but better. For the indications are now that the crowds have not come here to hear the singing, or listen to the preaching only, but to pray; and when the services are over, more people have tarried in the inquiry rooms to pray than, for an opening, we have had at any other place we have been to. And I want to tell you that is a sign. It is not when people come here to hear the singing or preaching, but when they come to *pray*, that we have a sure sign of a coming harvest. It is a good sign when they come with their consciences and hearts burdened, and commence to pray. I believe that the time has fully come, if the reapers will but gird on the armor of faith and go forth into these fields already white to harvest. And those that do reap will not be disappointed.

I can tell you now, before the work begins, who are going to be disappointed. There are always three classes of people who come to these meetings. First, the critics come. They don't take any

part in the services. Perhaps they may take a seat upon the platform, if they have obtained tickets, and sit there with arms folded, and remain in a dignified manner, looking about and criticising. And when there is work really to be done, and souls around them anxiously seeking Christ, they won't help them, but turn away and go off and criticise. Anybody can do that. It don't take brains to do it. Most anybody can criticise. I never saw a meeting but what I could find something to criticise; find something that would make it better and better. I can criticise, so can anyone. It don't take much ability to do that. That class will be disappointed by these meetings, and disappointed from the beginning to the end. The meetings won't come up to their expectations. A second class come just to enjoy these meetings. They have the best seats there are every night and noon; but when it comes to performing real work and working to gather in some sheaves for the Master, they say: "Oh, you will have to excuse me; I am not qualified; I come to attend the meetings, of course; but I have very important business at home;" and away they go. That class will enjoy the meetings a little while, but be more or less disappointed.

Then we come to the third class—that is the class we are after—the workers. We don't care for the critics and curiosity-seekers, or if they are disappointed. But the third class, the workers, they are the ones that will not be disappointed. They have gone out in the harvest-field to work. Those people are not going to be disappointed. Now we want to get just as many workers as we can. The object of these morning meetings is to see how many are ready to go out and work in the harvest-field, and work personally for the Master. In other words, lay yourselves out for the work. We want men and women of Boston that will lay themselves out for the work. When we went to Chicago, a few months ago, there was a young man in a Sabbath-school there who had a class of rather wild young men. He was in the habit of taking them into the country, and spending two or three weeks of every summer of the time with them in boating, gunning and riding. Last summer he took them out, and always used to talk to them; but there was not one in the fifty or sixty of his class who was converted. When he went to Chicago, he said: "I am going to get a blessing upon my own soul, and see if God won't help me; and this may get a blessing upon my class." You see, he laid himself out. Now what was the result? Why, he only had about sixty or seventy in his class when we were there. And I got a letter from him last night informing me that he had over two hundred in his class now, and upward of sixty of those were converted and working Christians. He had laid himself out for the work, and, therefore, God blessed him. Superintendents and Sabbath-school teachers of Boston, make up your minds that, God helping you, you will lay yourselves out for the work. The reaping time has

come, and he that reapeth shall receive wages. Recollect one thing, that God will pay. Now a great many people want work. Why, there is work here for ten thousand. Enter into it, and God will fill your own soul with light, truth, peace and joy, and there will be joy continually.

When in Manchester, a man came to me and said that he would like to do some work for souls. I said, "You haven't got to look a great ways. Look at these servant girls all around, anxious to find Christ, asking us to do something to help them, coming night after night. They can't get out to hear the preaching. You could form a Bible class and lead them to the Savior." He took that work up, and when we left Manchester he said the Lord was blessing and paying him good wages. God always does. And when we sailed in July from Liverpool for this country, that man came down to the landing to see us off. And he said: "Mr. Moody, I have got seventy-seven servant girls in my class; and forty-five of them are converted, and have united with churches." He found his work. He was getting his wages. "And he that reapeth shall receive wages."

Let me ask you, superintendents and Sabbath-school teachers, do you believe that a superintendent or teacher in the whole city can fail to bring down a blessing upon their charge, if they lay themselves out for the work? Some of you may ask, "What do you mean?" I mean, let your parties and church festivals go. Set your face like a flint against frivolous things, and cry to God: "O God, give me souls, or I die." And God will not disappoint you. It may be that you do not get what you want now; but this religion and God's power is as strong as ever. If you will only lay yourselves out for the work of saving souls, God will not disappoint you, but give you success. In one city where we went, a Sunday-school superintendent came to one of these morning meetings; and he felt that he was not faithful enough, and was troubled. He went to his pastor, and said: "I want to resign my position as superintendent; I cannot be superintendent any longer; I want you to read my resignation in the pulpit." The minister asked: "What is the reason; what do you want to resign for?" "Well," says he, "I am afraid I am not converted; If I am, I am so cold no one would know it; I am not fit to gather sinners to life eternal, not fit to be superintendent." The minister said: "Don't you think that, instead of resigning, you ought to ask God to bless you?" And the minister knelt with him right there, prayed with him, and in the course of two or three days the man found relief, and peace and happiness in believing; and instead of wanting to give up his school, he wanted to get his school blessed likewise. You see his heart hadn't been right, and that was the reason his work had not been successful in that Sunday-school. He confessed this to his Sunday-school, telling them

of how he had not been faithful, and how he had at last got right with God. And mark the result. Why, the teachers broke down, and confessed themselves in the same condition their superintendent had been in. And all the teachers in that school re-consecrated themselves to God and his service. And the pastor of that church told me that he took one hundred and thirty into that school, after that superintendent and those teachers got themselves ready for their work as Christian workers.

Now, I want to ask you here, to-day, Are you ready to go into the harvest field? Are you ready to go to your class this afternoon; and can you go with your heart burdened for their salvation? And can you tell those children that you care more for their salvation than for anything else? I believe these children can see by your eyes whether you care much for their salvation. If they can see you anxious, I believe we would see them come flocking to Christ. A great many people have asked me, "When are you going to reach the children?" First of all, the superintendents, teachers and parents must prepare themselves; and then we can reach the children. Are you ready to-day, superintendents and Sunday-school teachers? That is the way to reach them. It is not by bringing them to this building, to preach to them, or to sing with them. Not that; but to get the parents and teachers warmed up. The trouble is, they are cold now. I believe hundreds of children are saying to-day, "Oh, that somebody would lead me to Christ!" A friend of mine went to a meeting in Michigan. There were Sabbath-school teachers there; and he was telling these teachers and parents the importance of taking the children by the hand and leading them to Christ. As he was speaking, telling how few of them were willing to do this, a sweet little child, only about four years old, jumped out of her mother's lap, and reaching up her little hand, said, "Will you please lead me to Jesus?" She wanted to come at once; such love as his moved her little heart. And I believe, if we could get the language of hundreds of the hearts of these children, we would find written there the same words, "Will you please lead me to Jesus?" But with a cold church and mothers indifferent they will not be saved. O parents, wake up to the great fact that the souls of these children are worth more than kingdoms and worlds.

I remember of a Sunday-school teacher, who did not really wake up to his responsibility to God for his class until he was ready to die. It was where I was a superintendent for a while. There was one class, this gentleman's, with which I had more trouble than all the rest. They were boisterous, unruly, and bound not to behave. One Sunday he was away, and they acted worse than ever. The next week he came into my place of business trembling, and said: "Well, Moody, the doctor tells me that I can't live; I have been bleeding again at the lungs, and I am going home to my widowed mother to

die." He trembled and wavered so much that I said: "What is the trouble? You are not afraid of death; you are ready to go?" He said: "No, sir, I am not afraid; but I am anxious for my Sabbath-school. None of them are converted. I have been with them for years, and tried hard to lead them to God. If I had been faithful, I cannot help thinking that they would have been converted." I said: "Suppose you go round and see them personally, and talk with them." He said: "I cannot. When I could have done so, I would not." I took that conscience-troubled man in a carriage, and we went from house to house, visiting each scholar. And as he got out of that carriage, he would reel in his weakness across the sidewalk to the doors and call them—Martha, Mary, Julia, or whatever the name might be—to him. And with the tears trickling down his cheeks, he would beg of them to come to Christ, to settle the question then and there, and would commend them to God in prayer. He labored for ten days, and at the end of that time the last one yielded to God. The great vital question of their lives was settled; they had acceped his Savior, his Lord, Jesus Christ. He came to me and said, "My work is done, and I am going home." I said: "You are not going to-day; wait till to-morrow and get the whole class together." I invited them to tea. That was one of the most memorable nights that I have ever known. I look back to that night as the night I got the strongest impulse for trying to bring souls to Christ. Before that, I hadn't worked much. I was satisfied with sowing, and didn't think of reaping. I believe a good many Christians have that way. I had labored years without reaping much. Well, the class gathered that night, and after we had talked and sung a few moments, he prayed with them for more and deeper faith, that the Lord would keep the little flock together, and that they would all meet in glory. After a while, the class began to pray; they prayed that they might be kept faithful, and meet that teacher in heaven, and win others to Christ. We sung, "Blest be the Tie that Binds Our Hearts;" and then we separated. The next evening, as the sun was going down over the Western prairies, this teacher was to leave our city. I thought I must get just one more shake of his hand, look once more into that lovely eye, and bid him God-speed. So I went to the station; and when I got there, I found one after another of that class had met there, without any preconcerted action. The whole class was there. They felt as I did, that they must see him once more. They gathered around him and sang, "Here we meet to part again, but when we meet on Canaan's shore, there'll be no parting there." He stepped upon the platform, and as the cars rolled out of the depot we could see his pale hand pointing toward that heaven where he wished to meet them. He died; but his influence lives in Chicago to-day, and it will live as long as there is a

Chicago. Some of the best we have there were converted at that time.

Oh, may God give us a passion for souls! "Say not ye there are yet four months and then cometh harvest; behold I say unto you, lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest." May God lift up our eyes, and show us the harvest! May we lift up our eyes and see the fields white to harvest. Let us pray that God will give us some souls to-day.

THE PROPHET DANIEL.

"But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with a portion of the king's meat nor with the wine which he drank. Therefore he requested of the prince of the eunuchs that he might not defile himself." DAN. 1:8.

It is a very common question, nowadays, when we see a successful man, to ask what has been the secret of that man's success. Now when we hear of a successful man in the Bible, it is well for us to inquire the secret of this man's success. I think you will find the secret of a Christian man's success in the eighth verse of the first chapter of that prophet Daniel: "But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with a portion of the king's meat nor with the wine which he drank. Therefore he requested of the prince of the eunuchs that he might not defile himself."

That's a good place to purpose—in the heart. A great many persons purpose in the head, and never get into the heart. What we want to do is to purpose in the heart, and when we do that it turns the current of our whole life. Our life is right if our heart is right. This young man was taken down to Babylon in early life. I do not know just how young, but somewhere about twenty years old, I suppose. He was a poor Hebrew slave, and with others had been taken to the capital by Nebuchadnezzar, who had taken about ten thousand of the best men captive. After he had got them into Babylon, he told the eunuchs to pick out some of the best slaves—those that were skillful and good-looking, and had some natural ability—and ordered that they be educated in the wisdom of the Chaldeans, and in two years they were to stand before him and have some of the meat and wine that he himself partook of. But there was something

in the law of their Lord which taught them that they were not to partake of those things, and they could not touch that wine or that meat without violating the law of their God. I am afraid if they had been like a good many Christians of the present time they would have said, "Well, of course, now down in Jerusalem it would have been different. If we were there we would do as the people of Jerusalem, but now we are in Babylon we must do as the people do;" the same as people say, "When you are in Rome do as the Romans do." People are all the time compromising with what is popular and forgetting their God. Now, if any young man ever had any good excuse for obeying Nebuchadnezzar, these young men had. They could have said, We are in exile, in bondage, in slavery, and why can not we do these things? Not only that, but if they had refused to partake of the meat and the wine, the same as Nebuchadnezzar drank, and it came to his ears, he would get angry and could take their heads off. But, thank God, these young men and Daniel had a purpose. He purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with a portion of the king's meat nor with the wine which he drank. If you will allow me the expression, I say that that young man had some backbone. He could say No! at the right time. There are a good many men lost because they cannot say No! at the right time. I believe there are more young men who come to Boston who are lost because they cannot say No, than for any other reason. A young man invites another to the theatre, and perhaps he has promised his mother he would not go to such a place, but he has not the courage to say "No." Or perhaps the young man has a room-mate who is a scoffer and he does not dare to get down and pray before that room-mate, simply because he has not got the moral courage. I like moral courage. I think there are hundreds and thousands to-day who are lost for want of moral courage. They dare not take their stand for God. Thank God that these young men had a purpose and dared to proclaim it. Daniel said to the officer who proffered him the wine: "I cannot drink that wine or eat that meat." I can see that officer looking in perfect amazement at the man and saying: "How is it that you can not eat it?" And Daniel saying, probably: "Well, there is something in the law of my God forbidding it." They did not know anything about any other God in Babylon and it must have been a surprise to hear this.

These Chaldeans had no knowledge of any other God. These Hebrew captives might have said: "If we talk of some unseen God, some strange religious feeling that we have, some unknown religion, we will become unpopular and the butt and ridicule of the men that know us. I think that we had better not say anything about our religion, and keep it covered up, and nobody will know anything about it." But, thank God, those men took their stand on God's side; and whenever a man takes his stand on God's side, God

will not forsake him. You honor him and he will honor you. And they said, "Take away that wine and that meat and give us pulse in place of it." It seems that God had already brought them into friendship with the officer, for he feelingly said, "I cannot do that for when you come to stand before the king, you will look lean, and not as fat as others, and he will inquire into it and want to know the cause; and when I tell him that you have not drank wine or eaten meat he will be angry and want to know why." Now some men have got the idea that it makes them look well to drink wine and have red noses; but these men said, "Give us pulse in place of wine and meat," and at the end of ten days no one looked so fair and well as these four men, for Daniel carried three other men with him. The man that is right with God and has got a religion, always has an influence with somebody else, and these three men had a purpose in their hearts to go with this man Daniel. I will say right here that I think nine-tenths of the people who overcome the first temptations are the ones that are successful. You take a man who comes to a great city, and if he overcomes the first temptation he has, he is more liable to overcome others. If nine-tenths of them would only overcome the first they had, they would overcome others; but if they give way to the first temptation, then comes a second and a third, and so on, and the man goes down to ruin, just for want of moral courage to overcome his temptations. Look at the young men in this city who go down to untimely graves on account of their not overcoming their first temptation, and not having the moral courage to say no at the right time. Now the second year there is a great fear in Babylon, and Nebuchadnezzar has got angry and ordered all the wise men to be put to death. I suppose that the first this young prince knew of it the officer came around to him and said that he must put him to death, that he was to execute him, and probably Daniel said, "What have I done?" and the officer said, "Have you not heard of the decree of Nebuchadnezzar? He has had a dream, and all the wise men can not interpret that dream, and therefore he has ordered that they should all be put to death. We must take you out and execute you." "Well," says the young man, "he is very hasty; let me see the king," and he is taken into the presence of the king, and he says to him, "Give me a little time and I will tell you your dream." There is faith for you. He knew that the secrets belong to his God might be answered through prayer. The time is granted. It must have been good news to these wise men, and how they must have looked upon that one man in hopes that he could solve it. And Daniel and his comrades pray to the God of heaven, to their God, that the Almighty might reveal the interpretation of this dream. and if no answer came their faith would not be unshaken.

And after they had prayed they went to sleep. Now I don't think many men of our time, who knew they were to be put to death in

the morning, could sleep the night before. They would sit up all night to pray to their God. While he was sleeping, God revealed to Daniel the interpretation, and we find him praising God and magnifying him. God heard his prayers; and when he rose in the morning he was taken to the king, and he said: "O king, I will tell you the interpretation of your dream." There must have been great joy throughout that kingdom. It must have been noised around that he had found the interpretation. And now the young prince stands before that great monarch and goes on to tell him the interpretation: "O king, while thou dost lie with thy head on thy pillow thou dost dream, and in thy dream thou seest a great image." I can imagine at these words the king's eyes flash, and how he cried out with joy. And Daniel said: "This image's head was of fine gold, his breast and arms of silver, and his belly and thighs of brass, his legs of iron, his feet part of iron and part of clay. Thou sawest till that a stone was cut out without hands, which smote the image upon his feet that were of iron and clay and brake them to pieces. Then was the iron, the clay, the brass, the silver, and the gold broken to pieces together and became like the chaff of the summer threshing-floors; and the wind carried them away and no place was found for them, and the stone that smote the image became a great mountain and filled the whole earth." "Yes!" cries Nebuchadnezzar, "that is my dream. I saw that image; now tell me the interpretation." "Well," says Daniel, "The golden head of the great image represents your own government." I suppose Babylon was the largest city in the world. It was sixty miles around. Some say the walls were from sixty-five to eighty-five feet high, and eighty-five feet wide, and that it was one of the most magnificent cities ever seen. That Chaldean government extended all over the world. We talk about the importance of the present day, but I suppose Babylon was, in its glory, one of the most magnificent cities ever seen. It opened into streets one hundred and fifty feet wide and fifty miles long. It was built in a perfect square; the beautiful Euphrates ran right through it, and there was a hanging garden built to please Nebuchadnezzar's wife, who came from a mountainous country. And there was a mountain in it, also, just to please her. The wealth of the world had been brought into this city. The wealth of the world seemed to be centered in this great city. This Chaldean government, Daniel told the king, was to be destroyed by another, and afterward by a third and fourth kingdom, when, at last, the God of heaven was to set up his kingdom. For some time Rome ruled the world, and then it was divided into ten kingdoms, and these ten kingdoms have existed ever since. And Daniel himself lived to see the first overthrow, when the Medes and Persians came in. And centuries after came Alexander, and then the Romans. These dreams, he says, are true. God is coming to set up his own kingdom. When Christ sets

up his kingdom on earth and reigns, then there will be satisfaction. Daniel was put into office, made a great man, and had a great many gifts given him, and became very popular, and was made a ruler or governor of the provinces; and his three comrades, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, were also put into office, like Joseph down there in Egypt, and Daniel was even greater than a king.

The next thing that Nubuchadnezzar did that tried the faith of these men, was to put up a golden image on the plain of Dura. I don't know but what this very image that he had been dreaming about induced him to put this one up. His purpose was to have an idol that the world might worship, and thus pass his name down to posterity. The image, I believe, was one hundred and ten feet in height, and some think it was really built of gold. It looked like gold anyway. It was nine feet wide. There were hundreds and thousands and tens of thousands that came to see it, and then there was a proclamation sent forth to the corners of the world, and all nations and languages and tribes were summoned to the dedication or unveiling of it, as we say now of monuments. They came up to worship the image that Nebuchadnezzar had put up on that plain. And the decree had gone forth that every one should come and bow down and worship that golden image. And, therefore, there came another time when the law of God came into conflict with the law of Nebuchadnezzar. Now at this time, perhaps, Daniel was in Egypt or in some other empire on important business. We know that he was not then at the dedication of this image to bow down to it; but then, his three friends were there, and his influence was there. The hour had come, and you can see the governors, the sheriffs, the princes, and the wise men of the whole realm gathered there to worship this golden image. And when they hear the sign, the music, the cornet, or the flute, they are to bow down and worship that image. But these men do not. Of course they had enemies. You can not find a man who serves God in any age but he has enemies. The man that loves Christ will be persecuted. The man that stands up to honor God will have enemies, and these three men, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, had enemies, but they had taken their stand already that they would not eat of the meat or drink of the wine of Nebuchadnezzar, and they were not going to bow down to this image, although the whole world was going to. I suppose that if you and I had been there we would have been so weak-kneed that we would have first dropped down and worshiped it; that we would not have had the moral courage to take our stand for God. But, thank God, these men had the moral courage. The hour had come, and all of them were on their knees, but they could not all have kept their heads down, because some must have had their heads up to have seen these men who did not bow down. They were jealous of them and wanted to get rid of them. They knew they were not go-

ing to worship that image. Of course these three men sat there. They had gone as far as they could and obeyed the king as far as the law of their God allowed. But they would not bow down; they could not do it. They had the law of Sinai in their minds. The Lord God had said that they should not bow down to any graven image or have any other God but him. Afterwards their enemies came to Nebuchadnezzar and told him how these men had not obeyed his decree, and Nebuchadnezzar probably said, "Who are they?" and they said, "Why, these three men, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego." The king ordered them into his presence, and they are brought to him, and he says to them, "Is it true that you will not bow down to that image I have put up on the plain? I will give you one more opportunity, and when you hear the sound of the cornet, or the flute, if you bow down you will save your lives, and if not I will cast you into the furnace, and who is the God that is able to deliver you from my hands?" I do not know who was the spokesman on the occasion; perhaps it was Shadrach, and he was as calm as a summer evening, and he said, "My God is able to deliver us." There is faith for you. "Our God is able." Thank God for such moral courage. If we had a few men in Boston like that, that dared to take their stand and have a purpose, it would be the best thing we could have. Let them stand by God, and let infidels say what they may. Let these men catering for popularity take their stand for God and say: We will not bow down to images. Well, that settles it! The king gets angry and says: "Let the furnace be heated seven times hotter than ever, and cast these men into it, clothes and all. We don't want anything left of them." The fire leaped up and about them; but yonder was sitting the Great Shepherd, and he sees three of his little lambs in trouble, and he came from his throne and looked after them, and they came forth unharmed. And the king said, "Ye sons of the Living God, come forth." And he ordered them to be brought out at once, and they came without even the smell of fire upon them. All that the fire had done was to burn off their chains. The devil can not make a fire so hot that it will scorch one hair of our heads when the living God interposes his hand. He will take care of his own. And they came walking, not running. Perhaps they said, with the prophet Isaiah: "Though I am encompassed with fire or pass through the valley of the shadow of death, yet will I trust in the Lord." Let us bear in mind this thing, that there is never anything lost by standing to what is right. Let us not be ashamed of our God. If we take our stand on God's side, he will help us. Look at Joseph. They cast him into prison, but he had the Lord with him. He had rather be put into prison if he had God with him, than to be outside without God. I wish that I had time to go on with this subject, but I must come to King Nebuchadnezzar's second dream. When he had his first dream, his wise

men told him that if he could tell them that dream, they would give him its interpretation. Now this dream he remembered, and he told it to them, but they were not able to tell him the interpretation thereof. Therefore, Daniel was sent for, and the dream was told to him, but he was astounded at it. The Scripture says that Daniel for one hour was astonished. But the king told him to tell him all about it, and then Daniel told it. The king had a dream that he saw a tree in the earth whose branches reached to heaven, whose leaves were fair, and the fruit thereof large, under which the beasts of the field dwelt, and upon whose branches the fowls of heaven had their habitation. And their king saw a messenger coming down from heaven and he hewed down the tree and destroyed it; and the king wanted Daniel to tell him what it meant. And Daniel told him that that tree represented his government, his empire, his kingdom, that then extended over the known world, and that God was going to destroy it on account of his sin and iniquity, and then the prophet began to preach righteousness right there to the king, Nebuchadnezzar, in which he told him how the king of Nineveh repented, and how God heard his prayer, and he returned from his captivity. He preached to this great king righteousness, and we are told that on account or his exhortations with him, this great calamity was averted for one year. But at the end of twelve months Nebuchadezzar, walking in the palace of his kingdom, said: "Is not this great Babylon which I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of my power and for the honor of my majesty?" And even while he said this, a voice fell from heaven, saying: "Oh, King Nebuchadnezzar, to thee it is spoken, the kingdom is departed from thee." It is supposed that his reason reeled, and that he tottered from his throne and left the palace and went into the field, and he lived there with the beasts, "and seven days passed over him." How many that is we do not know.

It might have been seven years until his reason returned to him, and at the end of this time his reason returned to him again. And he blessed the Most High and praised and honored him. And he gathered around him his counselors and lords, and he sends out another proclamation. He had sent out a good many before, but it seems he had never got home to himself. He had said what other people should do, but had never subjected himself to any high authority. It was altogether different from any other he had sent out.

He says in the fourth chapter of Daniel, 34th, 35th, and 36th verses:

"And at the end of the days I, Nebuchadnezzar, lifted up mine eyes unto heaven, and mine understanding returned unto me, and I blessed the Most High, and I praised and honored him that liveth forever—Whose dominion is an everlasting dominion and his kingdom is from generation to generation.

"And all the inhabitants of the earth are reputed as nothing; and he doeth according to his will in the army of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth, and none can stay his hand or say unto him, 'What doest thou?'

"At the same time my reason returned unto me, and for the glory of my kingdom, mine honor and brightness returned unto me, and my counselors and my lords sought unto me and I was established in my kingdom, and excellent majesty was added unto me."

Now these are the last words we hear of that great king that are on record:

"Now I, Nebuchadnezzar, praise and extol and honor the King of heaven, all whose works are truth and his ways judgment, and those that walk in pride he is able to abase."

Those are the last words we have recorded of him, but it gives us, it seems to me, an insight into what had taken place in his heart—that he had become a new man; that he was altogether different, and no doubt it was all through the efforts of the faithful Daniel, and no doubt in that heavenly world, Nebuchadnezzar and Daniel now walk together. It was because of this man Daniel being firm and standing by his God—that was the secret of his success. For it is said that if we are wise, and win many to Christ, we shall shine like the firmament of heaven, and like the stars in the night. God gave him the privilege of leading that first monarch and ruler of the whole world at that time to him. We lose sight of Daniel now for about fifteen years; where he was or what he was doing we do not know. The next time we hear of him is at the feast of Belshazzar. Belshazzar is supposed to be a grandson of Nebuchadnezzar. In the Bible he is called the son, but they used to call grandsons, sons. Now we read of his having a great feast, and thousands being called together from different parts of his empire to attend it. We have only one short chapter in the Book of Daniel which tells us his history, but that gives the whole story. The wicked, you know, don't live out half their days, and Belshazzar died, and did not reign a great while. While he was feasting and rioting with the people, Cyrus' army was besieging the city. I suppose Belshazzar thought his army was strong enough. While they were besieging him he kept right on drinking and carousing in the banquet hall. But in the midst of the feast all at once the audience is hushed; there is no more blaspheming now, no more cursing, no more drinking, no more praising of gods of gold and of silver, of brass and of iron, of wood and of stone. It was all hushed. What has caused it? I can see the king turn deathly pale, his knees smite together, as he looks yonder on the writing. Over against the king upon the wall of the palace there is a finger writing upon that wall. It is the same finger that wrote at Sinai. It is the writing of the God of Sinai. He sends for the wise men of Babylon to tell him the interpretation and

offers them a great reward, and he offers to make the man that can read it the third officer in his kingdom. They come and look and try to interpret that handwriting, but no uncircumcised eye can read God's writing. That is the reason so many infidels and scoffers today can not understand the Bible; they try to make it out, but fail. At last the king tells the queen that there is no man in the kingdom that can read that writing unless it is Daniel, who interpreted the dreams of Belshazzar's grandfather. And Daniel was sent for, and I can imagine as his eyes glanced upon that writing that it appeared very familiar to him. He did not have any trouble to read it. "Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin." "Tell me the interpretation," the king cries, "and I will give you anything you want, and make you the third ruler in my kingdom." But Daniel says: "Give your gifts to another; I will interpret it. Mene means: 'Thy God hath departed from thee.' Tekel—'Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting.'" Sinner, suppose God put you in the balance of the sanctuary this morning and weighed you, and you found you had not God and Christ in your soul. "Upharsin—'Thy kingdom is divided.'" It is given over to the Medes and Persians. And that night Belshazzar's blood flowed with the wine. That very night Cyrus' army was turning the river Euphrates off into another channel, and battering away at the walls of the city; and Darius, the king of the Medes and Persians, succeeded to Belshazzar's throne. And Darius put one hundred and twenty men over the different provinces of this empire. How he knew Daniel we do not know. Perhaps he had met him when he was Prime Minister for Nebucadnezzar, and perhaps he had met him on some official business. We know that Darius had great confidence in Daniel. And after he puts one hundred and twenty princes over the different provinces, he puts over them three presidents, of whom Daniel was the first. Daniel was to rule the men in the whole empire, and was really the ruler. There was no one greater in the empire except Darius. We find that another great trial came across Daniel's path. But he had been tried when he first came to Babylon, and God was not going to desert him now. These one hundred and twenty princes had become jealous of Daniel. You never found a successful man, in the history of the world, but he had some enemies! Why, George Washington had enemies! We have been commemorating his life and celebrating his birthday, but he had a great many enemies in his day. Many were jealous of him. There was no reason for it; the man stood all right. He was true to God; but he had enemies, and we find that these princes had become jealous of Daniel. He looked over their accounts, and I do not know but he saw that they did not cheat the government. I do not know but they might have had some Indian contracts and could not make so much money out of the government as they could desire. They could not defraud the government because of Daniel's watch-

ing them. No doubt they argued that if they could have some one in place of this old Hebrew here they could make enough in a few years out of the kingdom to retire from business; but now they could not, on the salary the king gave them.

They could never get rich. Of course, if they could get rid of this man they could plunder the government. A great many think it is not dishonest to take what belongs to the government, and it don't trouble their consciences; and these princes wanted to get this man Daniel out of their way, and so they formed a conspiracy to destroy him. They raked up his whole past life when he had been with Nebuchadnezzar, but they came to the conclusion that they could not find anything against him, except touching the law of his God. I consider that a greater encomium for him, that he stayed by the law of his God, than could be given to any statesmen of the country. He had kept the accounts right and had not committed any peculations; he had not put any nephews or brothers into office that had defrauded the government, and there he was standing alone in that great city for God and the majesty of the law. They found no occasion to condemn him. There was not a solitary man that could injure his reputation. He had been true to the government and to his God. They could only say that he had abided by the law of his God. These wicked princes, knowing that Daniel would worship no one but the God of Israel, thought if they could get Daniel to do something to trap him, so that he would be destroyed, it would be just the thing. They were not going to have Daniel cast into a furnace, as his disciples were in the days of Nebuchadnezzar, but they thought if they could get him cast into the den of lions, they would soon make way with him. I suppose they had a secret council together. Perhaps it was all night. When men want to do something mean, they want to do it in the dark. You can see these princes having a meeting and conspiring together, and perhaps one of them was a lawyer acquainted with the laws of the Medes and Persians, and they thought if they could only get a decree signed by Darius, that no man should worship any God or anybody else for thirty days but Darius, he should be cast into the den of lions. "Remember," they said to one another, "and don't tell your wives and daughters, because if you want to keep it private, don't let the women know it." They got a decree drawn up to be signed by the king, and the penalty was that the one who violated it should be cast into the lions' den. I can see these one hundred and twenty princes writing that document carefully, line by line, sentence by sentence, so that there should be no mistake, because they knew that Darius loved Daniel, and if there was any chance by which he could save him and keep the law he would do it. And they decreed that Darius should sign it without calling upon his prime minister or chief secretary, because they knew that if he read it he would not sign

it. And they also knew that Daniel worshiped the God of the Hebrews, and was not going to disobey the law of his God. Probably they sent three or four princes to the palace, and they probably told Darius what a mighty man he was, and how the whole population loved him. They knew his weak point, and they probably told him if he signed the decree for nobody to call upon any other God but him it would hand his name down to posterity, and that mothers would teach their children to pray to Darius, and instil his name into their minds and make him their God, and that it would lift him up from the position he held to make him a God, and all in the kingdom would bow down and worship him.

And they might have argued that if it was kept thirty days it would become the universal religion and hand his name down to generations. If you want a man to do a mean thing, just touch his vanity. These princes had touched Darius' vanity. He thought he would like to have all the people worship him. He thought it was a very fine suggestion. They did not wait for him to read it all. He could see no objection, and put his signet of the Government upon it, and one of the princes might have said after he had done that, in a tone of mockery: "The laws of the Medes and Persians alter not. They can not be changed." Darius, of course, approved of them all. And you can see this man going out of the palace elated, saying: "Daniel has looked over our accounts long enough." He had watched their accounts to see that no damage came to the Government. The news soon spread that Darius had signed such a decree. I can just see the man going into the office of the secretary. I can see his gray locks and beautiful white beard, as he sat there at his desk, and, perhaps, looking over the accounts of these very men who were conspiring against him. This messenger comes to Daniel and says: "Have you heard of the conspiracy to destroy you?" "No; what is it?" "Why, these one hundred and twenty princes have got Darius to sign a decree that every man that shall ask a petition of any God or any man within thirty days, save of the king, shall be cast into the den of lions." I am afraid if some of us had been there, some of the Christians of the nineteenth century, we would have said; "Now, look you, don't be too religious; don't be too conscientious; don't you let them catch you praying for the next thirty days on your knees at your open window. (You know it was the custom to pray with an open window toward Jerusalem.) These princes have spies and will report it to the king." Or they might have said: "It will be ruinous to the Government. Don't you pray to the God of the Hebrews, or if you do, don't you do it at an open window. If you are determined to pray, hadn't you better pray with your shutters closed? Put some paper in the key-hole so that nobody can peek in and see you. Get into your bed and pray silently and they won't hear you. Call upon your God secretly, and it will be just as

well as to pray at an open window." I am afraid that that would have been our advice, but do you think that this man who had served God all these years was going to deviate a hair's breadth from his custom? He had taken his stand on the Lord's side, and he was not going to deviate from it. Let all the devils in hell form a conspiracy against him, he would not. If he had got to go into the lion's den, his God was going there with him. I can just imagine how indignant he was at the suggestion. The Scripture tells that after the decree was signed, the old man went to his room three times a day and prayed to his God three times a day. He had time to pray. There are a good many business men nowadays in Boston who have not got time, they think. Statesmen and politicians have not got time to pray. You go to Washington and start a prayer-meeting there, and they would laugh at the idea, and say, We are Senators and Representatives; we have so much business we have no time to pray; but this person found time. This man, who was the chief man in that kingdom, found time—you might say a ruler of the whole world at that time. I doubt whether or no there was a man living in his day so busy as this man, and he found time. He had not only the king's business to attend to, but his own private affairs also, and had to watch these one hundred and twenty rascals to keep them from stealing from the Government, and yet he prayed three times a day as aforetime, and he prayed with his windows open toward Jerusalem. When that temple was dedicated in the days of Solomon, we are informed that God had promised to answer the prayers of those who prayed with their windows open toward Jerusalem. What cared Daniel for the lion's den! He was on his way to heaven, and that den had no terror for him. He is not going to lose his soul, and so he prays; and if there had been any reporters in those days they would probably have got that prayer in the next edition. These princes were watching. They had two men there probably to take it down. "Now listen, now see if he prays to Darius." He goes down on his knees and lifts up his voice toward heaven, and prays to the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob, and to the God of his fathers, but before he gets through he prays for this kingdom, he prays for Darius, but not to him. It is all right to pray for kings, and we ought to pray more for this country. Let us pray for our rulers. We ought to find time. This prophet found time to pray every day. I have no doubt he prayed every day for the king and for that nation. While he is praying his enemies are taking down his prayer, and after he gets through they go to the princes and say: "Here is the prayer; we heard the prayer; he prayed for ten minutes, but never called upon Darius at all. He prayed for the Hebrew God to bless the kingdom, but he did not pray to the king." And away these men go to tell the king of it, saying: "Oh, Darius, live forever. Do you know there is a man in your kingdom who

won't obey?" "Won't obey me! Who is it?" "Why, that man Daniel." And the king says: "Of course he won't bow down and worship me. I might have known he would not have done it. How could I have done such a thing?" Instead of condemning Daniel, he condemns himself. He walks up and down in great agony and begins to realize what the effect of that decree is to be. But these princes say, sardonically: "The laws of the Medes and Persians alter not." They perhaps twit him of it. They have got him. Darious loved Daniel very much, but he did not love him so much as your Darius and mine, our Christ, loves us. Our Christ went down into the lions' den and kept his law, and for hours Darius set his face against delivering up Daniel; but these wicked princes held him to his decree, and he would not break the law. They probably said: "If you break that, your kingdom will pass from you. The law must be kept. The law of the Medes and Persians does not alter." So the king gave the command to the princes to cast Daniel into the lions' den. You might see, if you had been there, that old man led along the streets of Babylon and guided by some mighty men of the Chaldean army. He is cast into the den, and they put a stone upon the mouth of the den. Then these princes probably rejoiced that they had got Daniel out of the way. But Daniel had confidence in his God, and we can see him sleeping calmly with his head on one of the lions for a pillow. He slept more calmly than the king. When morning came, the king orders out his chariot and rolls through the streets of the city until he comes to the den. There he calls out to Daniel and asks him if his God has delivered him. And hark! there is his voice. God has sent down an angel and saved Daniel, and he came forth unharmed. And the king is exceedingly glad, and takes him in his chariot back to the palace, and they were two joyful men. God stood by him. He was on the Lord's side. Oh, who is on the Lord's side here to-day? If you will take your stand on his side he will deliver you from temptation, trial, and darkness. When Daniel died he went to heaven. I do not believe he was a stranger there; for all knew him, for he was greatly beloved of God. If we stand up for what is right in the sight of God, God will bless us, and we will be in constant communion with him. Let us pray to Daniel's God.

HOW TO STUDY THE BIBLE.

"Understandest thou what thou readest?" Acts 8: 30.

One thing I have noticed in studying the Word of God, and that is, when a man is filled with the Spirit he deals largely with the Word of God; whereas the man who is filled with his own ideas refers rarely to the Word of God. He gets along without it, and you seldom see it mentioned in his discourses. A great many use it only as a text-book. They get their text from the Bible, and go on without any further allusion to it; they ignore it; but when a man is filled with the Word, as Stephen was, he cannot help speaking Scripture. You will find that Moses was constantly repeating the commandments; you will find, too, that Joshua, when he came across the Jordan with his people, there they stood, and the law of the Lord God was read to them, and you will find all through Scripture the men of God dealing much with his Word. Why you will find Christ constantly referring to them, and saying, "Thus saith the Scriptures." Now, as old Dr. Bonar, of Glasgow, said, "The Lord didn't tell Joshua how to use the sword, but he told him how he should meditate on the Lord day and night, and then he would have good success." When we find a man meditating on the words of God, my friends, that man is full of boldness and is successful. And the reason why we have so little success in our teaching is because we know so little of the Word of God. You must know it and have it in your heart. A great many have it in their head and not in their heart. If we have the Spirit of God in our heart, then we have something to work upon. He does not use us because he is not in us. Know, as we come to this Word to-day, as Mr. Sankey has been singing:

"No word he hath spoken
Was ever yet broken."

Let us take this thought in John 10: 35: "And the Scripture can not be broken." There is a great deal of infidelity around, and it has crept into many of the churches, too. These doubters take up the Bible and wonder if they can believe it all—if it is true from back to back, and a good many things in it they believe are not true. I have a good deal of admiration for that colored man who was approached by some infidel—some skeptical man, and who told him, "Why, the Bible is not true; all scientific men tell us that now;

it's only a bundle of fables." "Bible ain't true?" replied the colored man. "Why, I was a blasphemer an' a drinker, an' dat book just made me stop swearin', drinkin' lyin', and blasphemin', an' you say 'taint true." My friends, the black man had the best of the argument. Do you think if the Bible was a bad book it would make men good? Do you think if it was a false book it would make men good? And so let us take our stand on the colored man's platform, and be convinced that it is true. When we take it into our hands let us know that it is the Word of God, and try to understand it. Many of the passages appear to us difficult to understand, but if we could understand it clearly from back to back at first, it would be as a human book; but the very fact that we cannot understand it all at once, is the highest proof that it is the Word of God.

Now, another thought is, that a great many people read it, but they read it as a task. They say, "Well, I've read it through, I know all that's in it," and lay it aside. How many people prefer the morning paper in order to get news. They prefer it, but it is a false idea. This Bible is the only newspaper; it tells you all that has taken place for the last six thousand years, and it tells you all the news of the future. Why, seventeen hundred years before Christ, the people were told in it of the coming of Christ. They knew he was coming. The daily paper could not tell us of this; they may be written by learned men, brilliant editorial writers, but they couldn't have told this. If you want news, study the Bible—the blessed old Bible—and you will find it has all the news of the world.

Now, we come up to the question, How to study it. A great many read it as I used to read it, just to ease my conscience. I had a rule before I was converted, to read two chapters a day. If I didn't do it before I retired, I used to jump out of bed and read them; but if you had asked me, fifteen minutes after, what I had read, I could not have told you. Now this is the trouble with many—they read with the head and not with the heart. A man may read his Bible, but when he has closed it you may ask him what chapter he read last; and he can not tell you. He sometimes puts a mark in it to tell him; without the mark he don't know, his reading has been so careless. It is to keep him from reading it again. Just as I used to do when hoeing corn; I used to put a stick in the furrow to know where I had hoed last. A good many people are just like this; they pick up a chapter here, and there is no connection in their reading, and consequently don't know anything about the Word of God. If we want to understand it, we've got to study it—read it on our knees, asking the Holy Ghost to give us the understanding to see what the Word of God is; and if we go about it that way, and turn our face, as Joshua did, in prayer, and set ourselves to study these blessed and heavenly truths, the Lord will not disappoint us, and we

will soon know our Bible; and when we know our Bible, then it is that God can use us.

Let me say there are three books which every Christian ought to have, and if you haven't them, go and buy them before you get your tea. The first, is a good Bible—a large-print Bible. I don't like those little-print ones; which you can scarcely see—get one in large print. A good many object to a large Bible because they can't carry it in their pocket. Well, if you can't carry it in your pocket, it is a good way to carry it under your arm. It is showing what you are—it is showing your flag. Now, a great many of you are coming in from the country to these meetings, and when you get on the cars you see people who are not ashamed to sit down and play cards. I don't see why the children of God should be ashamed to carry their Bible under their arms in the cars. "Ah," some say, "that is the spirit of a Pharisee." It would be the pharisaical spirit if you hadn't dipped down into heavenly truths—if you haven't the spirit of God with you. Some say, "I haven't it." Suppose you don't read so many of these daily papers, and read a little oftener the Bible. Some say, "I haven't time." Take time. I don't believe there is a business man in Chicago who couldn't find an hour a day to read his Bible if he wanted to. Get a good Bible, then a good concordance, and then a scriptural text-book. Whenever you come to something in the Word of God that you don't know, hunt for its meaning in those books. Suppose, after the meeting, I am looking all over the platform, and Dr. Kittredge says, "What are you looking for?" and I answer, "Oh, nothing, nothing," he would go off. If he thought I hadn't dropped something he wouldn't stay, But suppose I had lost a very valuable ring, which some esteemed friend had given me, and I told him this, he would stay with me, and he would move this organ, and those chairs, and look all over, and by looking carefully we would find it. If a man hunts for truths in the Word of God, and reads it as if he was looking for nothing in particular, he will get nothing. When the men went to California in the gold excitement they went to dig for gold, and they worked day and night with a terrible energy just to get a little gold. Now, my friends, if they wanted to get the pure gold they had to dig for it, and when I was there I was told that the best gold was got by digging deep for it. So the best truths are got by digging deep for them.

When I was in Boston I went into Mr. Prang's chromo establishment. I wanted to know how the work was done. He took me to a stone several feet square, where he took the first impression, but when he took the paper off the stone I could see no sign of a man's face; the paper was just tinged. I said I couldn't see any sign of a man's face there. "Wait a little," he said. He took me to another stone, but when the paper was lifted I couldn't see any impression

yet. He took me up—up to eight, nine, ten stones, and then I could see just the faintest outlines of a man's face. He went on till he got up to about the twentieth stone, and I could see the impression of a face, but he said it was not very correct yet. Well, he went on until he got up, I think, to the twenty-eighth stone, and a perfect face appeared, and it looked as if all it had to do was to speak, and it would be human. If you read a chapter of the Bible and don't see anything in it, read it a second time; and if you can not see anything in it, read it a third time. Dig deep. Read it again and again, and even if you have to read it twenty-eight times, do so, and you will see the man Christ Jesus, for he is in every page of the Word; and if you take Christ out of the Old Testament you will take the key out of the Word.

Many men in the churches nowadays are saying that the teachings in the New Testament are to be believed, but those in the Old are not. Those who say this don't know anything about the New. There is nothing in the Old Testament that God has not put his seal upon. "Why," some people say to me, "Moody, you don't believe in the flood? All the scientific men tell us it is absurd." Let them tell us. Jesus tells us of it, and I would rather take the word of Jesus than that of any other one. I haven't got much respect for those men who dig down for stones with shovels, in order to take away the Word of God. Men don't believe in the story of Sodom and Gomorrah, but we have it sealed in the New Testament. "As it was in the days of Sodom and Gomorrah." They don't believe in Lot's wife, but he says, "Remember Lot's wife." So there is not a thing that men to-day cavil at but the Son of God indorses. They don't believe in the swallowing of Jonah. They say it is impossible that a whale could swallow Jonah—its throat is too small. They forget that the whale was prepared for Jonah; as the colored woman said, "Why, God could prepare a man to swallow a whale, let alone a whale to swallow a man." We find that he indorses all the points in the Old Testament, from Genesis to Revelation. We have only one book—we haven't two. The moment a man begins to cut and slash, away it all goes. Some don't believe in the first five books. They would do well to look into the third chapter of John, where they will see the Samaritan woman at the well looking for the coming of Christ from the first five books of Moses. I tell you, my friends, if you look for him you will find him all through the Old Testament. You will find him in Genesis—in every book in the Bible. Just turn to Luke xxiv. 27, you will find him, after he had risen again, speaking about the Old Testament prophets: "And beginning at Moses, and all the prophets, he expounded unto them in all the Scripture the things concerning himself." Concerning himself. Don't that settle the question? I tell you, I am convinced in my mind that the Old Testament is as true as the New. "And he

began at Moses and all the prophets." Mark that "all the prophets." Then in the forty-fourth verse: "And he said unto them, These are the words which I spake unto you, while I was yet with you, that all things must be fulfilled which were written in the law of Moses and in the prophets and in the psalms concerning me. Then opened he their understanding that they might understand the Scripture." If you take Christ out of the Old Testament, what are you going to do with the psalms and prophets? The book is a sealed book, if we take away the New from it. Christ unlocks the Old and Jesus the New. Philip, in teaching the people, found Christ in the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah: "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." Why, the earthly Christians had nothing but the Old Testament to preach the gospel from—at Pentecost they had nothing else. So if there is any man or woman in this assembly who believes in the New Testament, and not in the Old, dear friends, you are deluded by Satan, because if you read the Word of God you will find him spoken of throughout both books. I notice if a man goes to cut up the Bible and comes to you with one truth and says, "I don't believe this and I don't believe that"—I notice when he begins to doubt portions of the Word of God he soon doubts it all.

Now, the question is, how to study the Bible. Of course, I can not tell you how you are to study it; but I can tell you how I have studied it, and that may help you. I have found it a good plan to take up one book at a time. It is a good deal better to study one book at a time than to run through the Bible. If we study one book and get its key, it will, perhaps, open up others. Take up the book of Genesis, and you will find eight beginnings; or, in other words, you pick up the key of several books. The gospel was written that man might believe on Jesus Christ, and every chapter speaks of it. Now, take the book of Genesis; it says it is the book of beginnings. That is the key; then the book of Exodus—it is the book of redemption; that is the key-word of the whole. Take up the book of Leviticus, and we find that it is the book of sacrifices. And so on through all the different books; you will find each one with a key. Another thing: we must study it unbiased. A great many people believe certain things. They believe in certain creeds and doctrines, and they run through the book to get Scripture in accordance with them. If a man is a Calvinistic man, he wants to find something in accordance with his doctrine. But if we seek truth, the Spirit of God will come. Don't seek it in the blue light of Presbyterianism, in the red light of Methodism, or in the light of Episcopalianism, but study it in the light of Calvary. Another way to study it is, not only to take one book at a time; but I have been wonderfully blessed by taking up one word at a time. Take up the word, and go to your concordance and find out

all about it. I remember I took up the word "love," and turned to the Scriptures and studied it, and got that so I felt that I loved everybody. I got full of it. When I went on the street I felt as if I loved everybody I saw. It ran out of my fingers. Suppose you take the subject of love and study it up. You will get so full of it that all you have got to do is to open your lips and a flood of the love of God flows upon the meeting. If you go into a court, you will find a lawyer pleading a case. He gets everything bearing upon one point heaped up so as to carry his argument with all the force he can, in order to convince the jury. Now, it seems to me a man should do the same in talking to an audience; just think that he has a jury before him, and he wants to convict a sinner. If it is love, get all you can upon the subject, and talk love, love.

Take up the word grace. I didn't know what Calvary was till I studied grace. I got so full of the wonderful grace that I had to speak. I had to run out and tell people about it. If you want to find out those heavenly truths, take up the concordance and heap up the evidence, and you cannot help but preach. Take heaven; there are people all the time wondering what it is, and where it is. Take your concordance and see what the Word of God says it is. Let these men who are talking against blood look into the Word of God, and they will find if it don't teach that, it teaches nothing else. When we preach about that, some people are thinking we are taking our own views. But the Word says, "The life of all flesh is in the blood, and without blood there is no remission." The moment a man talks against blood he throws out the Bible. Take up Saul, study him. You will find hundreds of men in Chicago just like him. Take up Lot, study that character. Let me say right here, that if we are going to have—and I firmly believe in my soul that we are going to have, a revival in the Northwest—if we are going to have it, you must bring the people to the study of the Word of God. I have been out here for a good number of years, and I am tired and sick of these spasmodic meetings, tired of the bonfires which, after a little, are reduced to a bundle of shavings. When I see men speaking to inquirers in the inquiry-room without holding the Word of God up to them, I think their work will not be lasting. What we want to do is to get people to study the Word of God, in order that the work may be thorough and lasting. I notice when a man is brought coolly, and calmly, and intelligently, that man will have a reason for being a Christian. We must do that; we must bring a man to the Word of God if we don't want this Western country filled with backsliders. Let us pray that we will have a Scriptural revival, and if we preach only the Word in our churches and in our Sunday-schools, we will have a revival that will last to eternity. Let us turn back to one of the Old Testament revivals, when the people had been brought up from Babylon. Look at the

eighth chapter of Nehemiah: "And Ezra, the priest, brought the Law before the congregation, both of men and women, and all that could hear with understanding, upon the first day of the seventh month, and he read therein, before the street that was before the water gate, from morning until midday, before the men and women and those that could understand, and the ears of the people were attentive unto the Book of the Law." No preaching there, he merely read the Word of God—that is, God's Word—not man's. A great many of us prefer man's word to that of God. We are running after eloquent preachers—after men who can get up eloquent moral essays. They leave out the Word of God. We want to get back to the Word of God. They had an all-day meeting there, something like this, "And Ezra opened the Book in the sight of all the people, for he was above all the people; and when he opened it, all the people stood up." I can see the great crowd standing up to listen to the prophet, just like young robins taking in what the old robin brings them. "And Ezra blessed the Lord, the great God, and all the people answered, Amen, Amen. With lifting up their hands they bowed their heads and worshiped the Lord with their faces to the ground." "So they read in the Book in the Law of God distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading." Now, it strikes me that it is about the height of preaching to get people to understand the reading of the Word. It would be a great deal better if a preacher would sometimes stop when he had made a remark, and say, "Mr. Jones, do you understand that?" "No, I don't;" and then the preacher might make it a little plainer, so that he could understand it. There would be a great difference in the preaching in some of the churches. He would talk a little less about metaphysics and science, and speak about something else. "Then he said unto them, Go your way, eat the fat and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared, for this day is holy unto our Lord, neither be ye sorry, for the joy of the Lord is your strength." "For the joy of the Lord is your strength." If you will show me a Bible Christian living on the Word of God, I will show you a joyful man. He is mounting up all the time. He has got new truths that lift him up over every obstacle, and he mounts over difficulties higher and higher, like a man I once heard of who had a bag of gas fastened on either side, and if he just touched the ground with his foot, over a wall or a hedge he would go; and so these truths make us so light that we bound over every obstacle.

And when we have those truths our work will be successful. Just turn over to Jeremiah 20: 9, to this blessed old prophet. There was a time when he was not going to speak about the Word of Ged any more. Now I just want to show you this, when a man is filled with the Word of God you can not keep him still. If a man has got the

Word, he must speak or die. "Then I said, I will not make mention of him, nor speak any more in his name, but his Word was in mine heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones, and I was weary with forbearing, and I could not stay." It set him on fire, and so a man filled with the Word of God is filled as with a burning fire, and it is so easy for a man to work when he is filled with the word of God, I heard of a man the other week who was going to preach against the blood. I was very anxious to see what he would say about it, and I got the paper next morning and found there was nothing else there than scriptural quotations. I said that was the very best thing he could do. As we see in the 23d chapter of Jeremiah: "Is not my Word like as a fire, saith the Lord, that breaketh the rock in pieces?" Those hard, flinty rocks will be broken if we give them the Word of God. These men in the Northwest that we can not reach by our own words, give them this and see if they can not be reached. Not only that, if we are full of Scripture ourselves, give them what God says, you will fine it easy to preach—you will say we haven't to get up so many sermons. It seems to me if we had more of the Word of God in our services and give up more of our own thoughts, there would be a hundred times more converted than there are. A preacher, if he wants to give his people the Word, must have fed on the Word himself. A man must get water out of a well when there is water. He may dip his bucket in if it is empty, but he will get nothing. I think the best thing I have heard in Chicago, I heard the other day, and it has fastened itself on my mind, and I must tell it to you ministers. We had for our subject at Farwell Hall the other day, the 17th chapter of John, when the Rev. Mr. Gibson said if a man were to come among a lot of thirsty men with an empty bucket they wouldn't come to him to drink. He said he believed that was the trouble with most of the ministers, as that had been the trouble with himself. He hadn't got a bucket of living water, and the people wouldn't come to him. Just look at an audience of thirsty men, and you bring in a bucket of clear, sparkling water and see how they will go for it. If you go into your Sunday-schools and the children look into your buckets and see them empty, there is nothing for them there. So, my friends, if we attempt to feed others we must first be fed ourselves.

There is another thing which has wonderfully helped me. That is, to mark my Bible whenever I hear anything that strikes me. If a minister has been preaching to me a good sermon, I put his name down next to the text, and then it recalls what has been said, and I can show it to others. You know we laymen have the right to take what we hear to one another. If ministers saw people doing this they would preach a good deal better sermons. Not only that, but if we understand the Bibles better the ministers would preach better. I think if people knew more about the Word than they do,

so many of them would not be carried away with false doctrine. There is no place I have ever been in where people so thoroughly understand their Bibles as in Scotland. Why, little boys could quote Scripture and take me up on a text. They have the whole nation just educated, as it were, with the Word of God. Infidelity cannot come there. A man got up, in Glasgow, at a corner, and began to preach universal salvation. "Oh, sir," said an old woman, "that will never save the like of me." She had heard enough preaching to know that it would never save her. If a man comes among them with any false doctrine, these Scotchmen instantly draw their Bibles on him. I had to keep my eyes open, and be careful what I said there. They knew their Bibles a good deal better than I did. And so if the preachers could get the people to read the Word of God more carefully, and note what they heard, there would not be so much infidelity among us.

I want to tell you how I was blessed a few years ago, upon hearing a discourse upon the 30th chapter of Proverbs. The speaker said the children of God were like four things. The first thing was, "The ants are a people not strong," and he went on to compare the chidren of God to the ants. He said the people of God were like ants. They pay no attention to the things of the present, but go on steadily preparing for the future. The next thing he compared them to was the conies. "The conies are but a feeble folk." It is a very weak little thing. "Well," said I, "I wouldn't like to be a coney." But he went on to say that it built upon a rock. The children of God were very weak, but they laid their foundation upon a rock. "Well," said I, "I will be like a coney and build my hopes upon a rock." Like the Irishman who said he trembled himself, but the rock upon which his house was built never did. The next thing the speaker compared them to was a locust. I didn't think much of locusts, and I thought I wouldn't care about being like one. But he went on to read they have "no king, yet they go forth, all of them, by bands." There were the Congregationalists, the Presbyterians, the Methodist bands going forth without a king, but, by and by, our King will come back again, and these bands will fly to them. "Well, I will be like a locust; my King's away," I thought. The next comparison was a spider. I don't like this at all; but he said if we went into a gilded palace filled with luxury, we might see a spider holding on to something, oblivious to all the luxury below. It was laying hold on the things above. "Well," said I, "I would like to be a spider." I heard this a good many years ago, and I just put the speaker's name to it and it makes the sermon. But take your Bibles and mark them. Don't think of wearing it out. It is a rare thing to find a man wearing his Bible out nowadays—and Bibles are cheap too. You are living in a land where there are plenty. Study them and mark them, and don't be afraid of wearing them. Now don't

you see now much better it would be to study it? And if you are talking to a man, instead of talking about your neighbors, just talk about the Bible; and when Christian men come together, just compare notes, and ask one another: "What have you found new in the Word of God since I saw you last?" Some men come to me and ask me if I have picked up anything new, and I give them what I have and they give me what they have. An Englishman asked me some time ago, "Do you know much about Job?" "Well, I know a little," I replied. "If you've got the key of Job you've got the key to the whole Bible." "What," I replied, "I thought it was a poetical book." "Well," says he, "I will just divide Job into seven heads. The first is the perfect man—untried—and that is Adam and Eve before they fell. The second head is tried by adversity—Adam after the fall. The third is the wisdom of the world—the three friends who came to try to help Job out of his difficulties. They had no power to help him at all." He could stand his scolding wife, but he couldn't stand them. The fourth head takes the form of the Mediator, and in the fifth head God speaks at last. He heard him before by the ear, but he hears him now by the soul, and he fell down flat upon his face. A good many men in Chicago are like Job. They think they are mighty good men, but the moment they hear the voice of God they know they are sinners—they are in the dust. There isn't much talk about their goodness then. Here he was with his face down. Job learned his lesson. That was the sixth head, and in these heads were the burdens of Adam's sin. The seventh head was when God showed him his face. Well, I learned the key to the Bible; I can not tell how this helped me. I told it to another man, and he asked me if I ever thought of how he got his property back and his sheep back. He gave Job double what he had, and gave him ten children besides, so that he should have ten in heaven besides his ten on earth.

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

"Be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God." PHILIPPIANS 4: 6.

I will read a few verses in the fourth chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Philippians, commencing at the fourth verse:

"Rejoice in the Lord always: and again I say rejoice. Let your moderation be known unto all men. The Lord is at hand. Be careful for nothing; but in everything, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus. Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

I want to call your attention to the 6th and 7th verses: "Be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God." Now it may be that some wonder why it is that so many of these requests for prayer are coming in here daily—these written requests. And perhaps many wonder if there is any good in them. Now it seems to me to be perfectly Scriptural: "Let your requests be make known unto God." Pray for one another. We are told to pray for the household of faith. I pity the child of God who has got into that position that he does not want the prayers of God's people. These prayers bring a light among sorrowing Christians. I think if you should go through the city of Boston, you would find hardly a family but is passing through some great sorrow; some one of its number has been taken captive by sin; and I do not know what should touch our hearts more than these requests for prayer, abbreviated though they are. They come from hearts that are burdened, some that are crushed. I remember a man talking against these requests, wanting to know what good they did; and I was thinking of a prominent man in one of our cities. He had a boy in the army, an only son, he loved him better than life. But he was a conservative man, and when he came into the meeting and presented that boy for prayer, the people were amazed to think that a man of his high position should get up and present his boy for prayer. But God burdened his heart that morning to pray for his boy, as he never prayed be-

fore. When he came into the meeting and asked us to pray, there were a great many who lifted their hearts in prayer for the only boy, who was then in front of Richmond; and during the day, a dispatch came that at that very hour while we were praying for him he was mortally wounded and dying—an only son. What comfort that father has had since, that prayer went up for him at that hour. God undoubtedly burdened his heart to pray for him.

If God burdens your heart, don't be ashamed to pray yourself and ask your friends to pray for you. If you have a son or daughter that you are anxious about, go and make your requests known unto God; that is what he tells us here, "Let your requests be made known unto God." Don't be ashamed to present them for prayer; it shows our love for them. What better could we do for our children and our friends than to pray God to bless them; and any one that would get angry because we prayed for them must show they are under the power of the devil; they must have their hearts hardened, and be very blind. To me it is very encouraging, day after day, to see so many people coming out here to pray, and these requests coming in, not only from Boston, but from all New England. It shows that God is laying upon the hearts of his people this burden of prayer. And shall not we all pray that this blessed work, that has so gloriously commenced, shall deepen; and that there may be hundreds and thousands of scoffers, and men that are making light of these requests and jeering at our prayers, may become convicted and converted? Our God is able to break the hardest hearts. Let us make our requests known unto God; and let us expect he will give us an answer. He is constantly answering prayer for the sons and daughters that have been presented here; and in other places, sons and daughters who have been presented for prayers have been saved. I have just heard from Chicago; one church took in 162 members while we were there, and the next communion they took in 500 members. God is answering prayer. My dear friends, let us keep on praying. God is able to save these people, and there is none but God who does answer prayer. Don't let infidelity come in and make us believe that God has got a deaf ear and cannot answer: or that his arm is shortened and he cannot deliver. Our God is a prayer-answering God. How many mothers have had their sons and daughters saved, not through some sermon, but by the mighty power of God converting them.

There is just one thought, in that passage I have read, which I think you are ready to hear. It was suggested to me by an Englishman some time ago, and I am anxious to call your attention to it. It occurs in the 6th verse: "Be careful for nothing, but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God." He says there are three things enjoined upon us in this passage. First, that we should be careful

for nothing; second, that we should be prayerful for everything; and third, that we should be thankful for anything. Careful for nothing, prayerful for everything, thankful for anything. We should not be troubled about anything that may happen to us, but should always go to God in prayer for all our wants, and should be thankful for any answer we may get to our petitions.

A great many people get discouraged because they pray for temporal blessings; for what is not good for them. God does not answer such prayers; and they ought to thank him for it. Now the men who are taken up the most prominently in Scripture, perhaps the most eminent men who ever lived, don't get their prayers answered. It is no sign that God does not love us, because we don't get our prayers answered, as we want them answered. There is Moses, whom God takes up more than any man in the Old Testament. He prayed as no one else prays. He was a man of prayer, and we can hear him praying God to take him over the sea to the goodly land. But God did not answer his prayer—not because he did not love him, but because he had something else in store for him. We can imagine him talking to Moses as a mother to a child, who is asking for something she does not wish him to have. God says: "That will do, Moses! I hear you; I know you want to go over there pretty bad; but I am not going to let you go. It's no use." But God did for him that which was much greater than any answer to his prayer could have been. He did for him what he never did for any other man. He conferred upon him the greatest, the most sublime distinction he could give to any mortal. God buried him. He could not see the promised land, and as some one has beautifully expressed it, "God kissed his soul away." God did not answer his prayer. Yes, he did answer it, if that which happened later could be called an answer. He did answer it fifteen hundred years afterwards, when he appeared with Elias on the Mount of Transfiguration. It appeared that his prayer was not answered. But it was answered at last. So it was with Elijah. There he was praying under the juniper tree; he was praying that he might die. But God did not answer his prayer. But it was by the power of prayer that he was rendered fearless, when he was set before Ahab. Look at him calling down fire on Mount Carmel. All the prophets could not call the fire down; he prayed, and the fire came. He prayed under the juniper tree that he might die; but God did not answer his prayer. Why not? Because it would have been a disgrace to God—the man's dying then under the juniper tree. God loved him too well to answer his prayer. God does not answer our prayers, sometimes, because we ask for things that would be harmful to us. We would get a good many things we ask for, if God did not love us too well to answer our prayers.

A man was shaving himself once, and his little boy came up to him

and said, "Father, let me have the razor." And his father said, "Why, my boy, what do you want it for?" "Oh, I just want to whittle a little with it; I just want to play with it." The father said: "No, I cannot let you have it, my boy. You will cut yourself." "No, I won't! I want it; it shines so!" The father said, "You cannot have it." Do you say the father did not love the boy? he loved him too well. Now there are a great many of God's people who are just like this little boy: They are praying for razors. God knows what we want better than we do, in temporal things. God loves us too well. There was Paul. He prayed and prayed earnestly that God would take the thorn out of his flesh. But God said: "That will do, Paul; I cannot do it. The thorn must remain; it will give you more grace." Then Paul thanked God for the thorn. He wouldn't have it out if he could, because he got more grace by it. These things bring us closer to Christ. All prayers are not answered just as we want them answered. He loves us just the same, if we don't get them answered just as we want them answered. We may then rely upon it, God has got something better in store for us. We can pray for the conversion of friends, because God likes that, Let us go boldly, and call God to convert our friends; and God will hear and answer our prayers.

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death into life." JOHN 5: 24.

We have for our lesson to-day the 5th chapter of this gospel according to John. Of course, we have not time to read the whole chapter; but most of you, perhaps, have been familiar with it. This man had been lame eight and thirty years; and he had been lying at the pool; and when the waters were troubled, others that were better able than he, stepped in and were cured. He could not reach the healing waters, and had given up all hope of ever reaching them. The thought I want to call your attention to is this—that Christ helped the man that could not help himself. I remember that, during the war, when a doctor came into the ward of a hospital, he always went for the worst cases first, those that were most severely wounded; and I have an idea that that is the way the Great Physi-

cian works. Some wonder why such abandoned characters are saved first, in meetings like this; but it seems to be the Great Physician's way. Here is a man that has been eight and thirty years lame; and Christ came to him and said, "Wilt thou be made whole?" And the man told his pitiful story, that he had no one to help him and could not get to the pool; and Christ, with a word, commanded him to arise, take up his bed and walk, and he did so. It was instantaneous; the man did not have to wait six months, or six years, and go to the apothecary for a lot of herbs to swallow. It was done at once.

The keynote of this chapter of John is the power of the word of the Son of God. After healing this man, he tells the people precious truths, and you will find always that he did so after performing a miracle. These miracles were, perhaps, designed to wake them up, to arouse their attention. Let me read the 24th verse, which I think is one of the most precious verses in the whole Bible. If every other one were blotted out, there would be truth enough in that verse to save every soul in this building. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death into life."

I suppose a great many of those Jews wondered and marveled at this wonderful miracle, that this lame man had been made well; but Christ tells them that the hour is coming when the very dead shall hear the voice of the Son of man, and come forth. We find, in the fourth chapter, the Centurion coming and speaking about his son being sick, and Christ sent back word, "Thy son liveth;" and he returned and he found that at that very hour the son was made well. The Jews are marveling at these wonderful things; but he says, "The hour is coming when the dead shall hear the voice and come forth." soon after, Jairus' daughter was raised from the dead. He had unbelievers and skeptics around him then, as we have now. The philosophers, doubtless, said: "This child was not dead; they made a mistake; she was gone into a sort of faint." A little while after, he met the son of the widow of Nain; and he spoke the word, and brought him back to life. Doubtless, a good many said that the young man was not dead; and so now men try to explain away the miracles by natural causes. So, he took Lazarus after he had been dead four days, and his body was turned black and was putrefying, and brought him to life.

When Christ told these men that the dead would hear his voice and come to life, he did not leave them without some evidence that what he said was true. He gave them a specimen of his power. You have merchants here who put specimens of goods in their windows; and so Christ gave us a specimen of what he was going to do on the resurrection morning. So we have no ground to doubt that

all the dead will be brought to life. Therefore, let us write over all our cemeteries: "The dead shall rise again; they shall come forth and shall live." Now that was pretty strong meat for those Jews. The idea that they should hear the voice of this carpenter, or the son of a carpenter, of Nazareth; the idea that his voice should raise all the dead, is pretty strong meat. But now he just brings in the witness. It you turn over to the 33d verse—and he speaks now of the witnesses that testify of him: "Ye sent unto John and he bare witness unto the truth." Turn back to the 19th verse of the 1st chapter of John, and you will find that the priests and Levites were sent down from Jerusalem to ask John who he was. They came and said "Who art thou?" And he confessed he was not the Christ, and said, "I am not the Christ;" and they asked him, "What then? Art thou Elias?" He said, "I am not." "Art thou that prophet?" and he answered, "No." "Then said they unto him, Who art thou? that we may give an answer to them that sent us. What sayest thou of thyself?" He said, "I *am* the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Make straight the way of the Lord, as said the Prophet Esaias." Or, in other words, "I am just nobody. Take word back to those men in Jerusalem I am nothing but just a voice in the wilderness." John was all the time crying down himself, and crying up Christ. "I must decrease, but he must increase." And that is really the very height of preaching, when men make themselves out nothing and Christ everything. When they preach down self and preach up Christ, then the Holy Ghost can work. He said, "I *am* the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Make straight the way of the Lord, as saith the Prophet Esaias." "And they asked him and said unto him, Why baptized thou then if thou be not that Christ nor Elias, neither that prophet? John answered them, saying, I baptize with water; but there standeth one among you whom ye know not. He it is, who coming after me, is preferred before me, whose shoe's latchet I am not worthy to unloose. These things were done in Bethabara, beyond Jordan, where John was baptizing. The next day John seeth Jesus coming unto him, and he saith, Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world." Now he said to those very men, who wer sent to John to inquire who he was, "And he testified of me, Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world." He said, I have got another witness. "I receive not testimony from man; but these things I say, that ye might be saved. He was a burning and a shining light; and ye were willing for a season to rejoice in his light." But I have greater witness than that of John; "for the works which the Father hath given to me to finish, the same works that I do, bear witness of me that the Father hath sent me."

Now, I have not only got John for a witness, but these works I am doing. How are you going to account for that man, who was lame

for thirty-eight years and made whole by my voice? How are you going to account for that Centurion's son, who was dying; and I spoke the word, and he was made whole? These works I am doing in your sight. If you will not believe my witnesses, believe me for my work's sake. What overflowing testimony they had that he was manifest in the flesh and came from heaven to do the will of his Father.

But he says, I have got another witness besides those works: "And the Father himself which hath sent me, hath borne witness of me." Not that he *is going* to, but *hath already* done it. When he was baptized in Jerusalem and came out of the Jordan, there was a voice fell from heaven saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him." God bare witness that Christ was his Son: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Then, again, on the Mount of Transfiguration, when he took Peter, James and John up with him, and Moses and Elias were talking with him, and a cloud came upon him; and there came a voice out of the cloud from the throne of heaven, saying, "This my beloved Son, hear ye him." God bare witness for Christ; what more witness do we want? Then he said, I have another: "Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me." There are four witnesses: John the Baptist; the works that he performed; God his Father; and the Scriptures.

And if you turn over into the Old Testament, you will find that Moses and the Psalmist and the Prophets all testified of Christ. Why, when Philip went out there to preach to that eunuch, he found him reading the 53rd chapter of Isaiah; and he commenced and preached Christ to him. He found Christ in the Old Testament. There are a great many men in Boston who cannot find Christ there, because the devil has blinded them. If they had their eyes open, they could find him upon every page of Scripture; if you hunt for him you will find him there. "Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me." Yes, Moses wrote of him, David wrote of him, and Elijah and the prophets testified of him; and we find that nearly every prophet testified of his coming. No one wrote more beautifully of him than the prophet Isaiah. It seems to me that we have got all the proof we want that this Jesus Christ was the Son of God; that he came from the bosom of the Father, and came to save the world. If you will call upon him he will help you. Just come to him and he will give you power to speak for him. He will open your eyes, and you will see him. He will open your ears and you will hear the voice of the blessed gospel. Ask and you will receive.

THE YOKE OF JESUS.

"Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." MATTHEW 11: 29, 30.

There is a very common excuse, that it is a very hard thing to be a Christian. How many times I have heard that in the last four weeks! "I would like to be a Christian; but it is a very hard thing to be a Christian." Now think of that, that the Lord is a hard master and the devil is an easy one; for we are serving one or the other; there is no such thing as being neutral. A man cannot serve God and mammon. We must be serving the prince of darkness, or the Lord Jesus Christ. There is no such thing as a man being on both sides, at the same time. Is it true that the Lord is a hard master, and the devil an easy one? It seems to me that the ones who can testify in this matter are those who have served both masters. I have yet to find the first man or woman, that ever served the Lord Jesus, that came with the testimony that he is a hard master. I have yet to find the man that has served the devil that does not testify that he is a hard master. The way of the transgressor is hard.

You go to New York, and as you go down to the Tombs you will find that, after the men have been tried in the police court, they are taken right out of the court and into the Tombs over a little iron bridge, having an iron railing. On one side of the bridge is written, in letters of iron, "The way of the transgressor is hard;" on the other side it is called the "Bridge of Sighs." Over that bridge, hundreds of young men pass every year. You ask them if they haven't found the way of the transgressor hard. Go down to yonder prison, and ask that man whose days are blasted for this life, who has broken the hearts of all his friends and disgraced them, if he hasn't found the way of the transgressor hard. Go and ask that child of God, who has been serving Christ twenty or thirty years, whether he is a hard master. He will tell you that his yoke is easy and his burden light. I don't believe there was a greater lie ever came ont of hell than that God is a hard master, and the devil an easy one. "The way of the transgressor is hard." And all the men who are serving the devil faithfully will say that they find the way hard. You take the most faithful follower that Satan has in Boston to-day, and bring him on to this platform; and he will tell you that he has found that broad way a hard way; it has been dark; he has

had the lashings of conscience, and it has been terribly dark and gloomy; and he will testify that he has found the way of the transgressor hard. Then go and find the most eminent saint of God there is in Boston, and you will see heaven beaming forth on his countenance and eternity flashing in his eye, and his face light up as he talks about his master; and he will testify that the Lord Jesus has been an easy master, and the devil a hard one.

My dear friend, it is a truth, God is not a hard master. Don't let those young people think it is a hard thing to serve God. When Christ is in the heart, it is their delight and pleasure to follow him, and to work for him, and to be with him; so don't go off with that delusion that it is a hard thing to serve God. I will tell you where you have made a mistake. You have tried to serve God in the flesh, before you have been born of the Spirit, and you have failed; and you have tried and failed, and you have kept trying and kept failing, until by and by you have given up, with a sigh, exclaiming, "Oh, it is a hard thing to be a Christian!" It is not only a hard thing, but it is impossible for any one to serve God in the flesh. I would as soon tell a man to leap over the moon as to serve God before he has been born of the Spirit. "The natural man is not subject to the law of God." The natural man is at war with God; there is a conflict going on between him and God; he is at enmity against God; but when the Lord Jesus comes into the heart, and we have been born of the Spirit, and have passed from death into life and become heirs of eternal life, then his yoke is easy. In fact, the yoke don't gall at all.

When we were in Glasgow, there was a lady said to me: "I wish you would pray for my husband. I am very anxious for him;" and we prayed for him. He was a large business man; and in the course of a week he came into the meetings, and that text was brought out, "My yoke is easy and my burden is light," wherein Christ invites the world to himself. "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart and ye shall find peace for your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light." Well, the man said, "I will try and see if his yoke is easy." He went home and told his wife he was going to become a Christian; and he tried to pray with her that night. The next day she came to me in great distress and said her husband had tried and failed. He thought the Bible could not be true; because the yoke was not easy, and the burden was not light. I said, "Perhaps he has got the yoke on before he becomes converted; and if he has, it will crush him to the earth." I had an interview with him, and told him he must be born of the Spirit before he could wear that yoke; and I preached Christ unto him, and he received the Son of God as his Savior. He just opened the door of his heart; and the Son of God came in and

took possession of that heart; when he surrendered himself up it was in every corner of his heart, and the Lord went there with eternal life. He had a large factory in Glasgow, and wanted us to go there and preach to his men.

It is a pretty good sign a man is converted when he wants others converted. We went to the factory, and that business man went into the inquiry-room and took his seat right by the side of some of his employes and talked with them; and when we left Glasgow there wasn't a happier man of all our acquaintance there. He found his yoke was easy and his burden light, when his heart was right with God. When you receive Christ, you will find that the yoke will be easy and God will not be a hard master. And wherever you find a Christian having a hard time of it, he is trying to serve God and the world too; he has not surrendered up the whole heart to God, he is trying to see how much of the world he can have and serve Christ; all the time he is having a conflict and battle. But wherever the heart is surrendered wholly to God, I testify to it that the yoke is easy and the burden is light.

But then there are a great many young people, the moment you talk to them about accepting the invitation to this feast and speak about the inquiry-room, go out as if they had been struck with a plague; they think that to be Christians is the most gloomy thing in the world. That was my trouble, I thought if I was going to die of consumption or some miserable disease, and when I found I could not live any longer, I would accept Jesus Christ and then get into Heaven. That is the way I used to argue when I was younger; but I was deceived by Satan. I thought Christians had to put on a long face and walk straight through the world, and not look to the right hand nor to the left. That is another of Satan's lies; and there are a great many people who would rather believe a lie than the truth. Does it make a man gloomy to be pardoned of all his sins? People are not very gloomy when they go to a feast. The gospel is a feast. God wants you to come to him, and invites you to the marriage supper of his only Son. Don't think it is gloomy to accept of this invitation, and that you have to put on a long face all your days. You will never know what true peace is until you know God; and then you will have peace that will flow like a river. Oh, may God help you to-day to accept of this invitation, and to say: "Yes, I will accept of this invitation; and by the grace of God, I will be at the marriage feast of the Lamb." There is nothing to hinder you but your own will. "Ye will not come unto me, that ye might have life." It is not because people cannot come. Do you think God sends out an invitation for you to come to that feast, and does not give you the power to come? With the invitation, God gives you the power to accept of it. And let me say again, don't give that excuse that it is going to make you gloomy, and that you have to give up all the

pleasures of this world. We have all the treasures of heaven, when we have accepted that invitation.

There is another excuse very common. People say, "I don't know that he will receive me. Who has he invited when these three men refused to come? He said, "Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come." Go into the cellars and garrets, bring the drunkarks, thieves and vagabonds; all of them in fact, don't slight any, but go and invite them all to the feast; and, my friends, don't think for a moment that he will not receive you. If you have accepted that invitation, if you will come, he will receive you. If you have got a son and he has been a wanderer on the face of the earth, when that boy comes back and confesses his wanderings don't you forgive him? If he comes back and confesses his sins, are you not ready to forgive him? And if there is one here to-day who has wandered away from the fold, return to God and he will forgive you freely, and let you sit down at the marriage supper of the Lamb. You need not be afraid but that God will receive all who will come. He will receive you, just as you are; and don't let Satan make you believe that he will cast any one out, or turn any one away, because they are too bad. Do you think that he will commence down here now, after he has been receiving sinners for 1900 years; and that he will begin with you, because you have a bad character, and because your life has been bad? If you are ready to turn to him, he will receive you.

Don't let Satan make you believe God will not receive you, if you come. He will receive every one who comes. I don't care how far you have wandered—how black your life has been; if you will only come home to-day, the Lord will give you a welcome. Make no more excuses; say with the prodigal, "I will return; I will be at the feast, God helping me; and sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of God." Oh, may God bring many in this assembly to that feast.

WHAT MUST I DO?

"What must I do to be saved?" Acts, 16: 30.

We have for a text to-night a very solemn and important question, "What must I do to be saved?" You will find it in Acts 16th and 30th. The question, "What must I do?" is very common. Undoubtedly, there is not a man or woman in this assembly but that has said, a thousand times in their life, "What must I do?" A great many merchants have asked that question during these hard times, What must I do to succeed, to keep from going into bankruptcy? Lawyers that have difficult cases in court very often ask themselves, over and over, What must I do? Doctors that have some patients that baffle all their skill ask the question, What must I do? And these questions, we say, are very important. A business man thinks it is very important that he shouldn't fail in business. Perhaps many of you are out of work, and your families are actually in want to-night; and you have asked yourself, during the day, What must I do to take care of my family? Well, that is very important. A man ought to take care of his family. But take all these questions and put them together; none of them are to be compared with the importance of the one that we have here to-night, "What must I do to be saved?" For all in this assembly are either lost or saved. Not that we are going to be lost when we die, but that we are already lost, if we have not been saved; and the great question is, How am I to be saved?

The Philippian jailor was in trouble when he asked that question; and like a great many others, I suppose he thought he had got something to do to save himself. What was Paul's answer to his question, "What must I do to be saved?" Was it that he was to weep and pray? Was it that he was to go and work for the Lord for fifteen or twenty years; and if he did pretty well, the Lord would save him? Was it that he was to go out and give money to the poor, and he should be saved? Was he to build churches, or endow colleges and seminaries, and that would save him? Were there any works about it at all? I don't think a person in this house would dare to give Paul's and Silas's answer. There isn't any portion of Scripture that has been so much copied from, in your day and mine, as the very answer that Paul and Silas gave the Philippian jailor, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." But then we very often stop there. The next verse reads like this: "And they spake unto him the Word of the Lord and to all that were in his house."

We are told in the 11th chapter of Acts, I think it is, that when Peter was giving an account of Cornelius's conversion, the Lord sent him to Cornelius, the first Gentile, to tell him whereby he was to be saved. When Paul and Silas told the Philippian jailor that he must believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, they didn't stop there, as we very often do; but they spake unto him the Word of the Lord. And if a man will lay hold of the Word of the living God, he will be saved. Take God at his word. He has offered salvation to every man that wants it.

You turn to the 2d chapter of Acts, when there were three thousand converted right there on the spot. What was the word that Peter used? I don't know but that Paul gave the Philippian jailer the same words that Peter preached on the day of Pentecost. It says here in the 21st verse, "And it shall come to pass *that* whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord, shall be saved." And it really has come to pass in Boston. We have seen many a man, lately, who has been saved by calling on the name of the Lord. They tell us they have tried many Physicians, and have not been helped; that they have gone to this institution and that institution and signed the pledge, and done everything to get victory over their appetites; and at last they cried unto the Lord and he saved them. Thank God we are living in that day, right here in Boston. God is not so far off as some people would have him. He is right here, and at work in this city—"Ye men of Israel, hear these words" —that is what Peter said to those men at Jerusalem—"Jesus, of Nazareth, a man approved of God among you by miracles, and wonders, and signs, which God did by him in the midst of you, as ye yourselves also know; him, being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain; whom God hath raised up, having loosed the pains of death; because it was not possible that he should be holden of it." Then, in the 30th verse: "Therefore, being a prophet, and knowing that God had sworn with an oath to him, that of the fruit of his loins, according to the flesh, he would raise up Christ to sit on his throne; he seeing this before, spake of the resurrection of Christ, that his soul was not left in hell, neither his flesh did not see corruption. This Jesus hath God raised up, whereof we are all witnesses. Therefore being by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the father the promise of the Holy Ghost, he hath shed forth this, which ye now see and hear. For David is not ascended into the heavens, but he saith himself, The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou on my right hand, until I make thy foes thy footstool. Therefore let all the house of Israel know assuredly that God hath made that same Jesus, whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ." That is the kind of Word they preached in those days. "Now when they heard *this*, they were pricked in their hearts, and

said unto Peter and to the rest of the apostles, Men *and* brethren, what shall we do?" Thay were terribly in earnest. I wish I could wake up this audience, so that men would cry right out in the middle of the sermon, "What must we do to be saved?" That is what we want. They talk about there being too much excitement in this Tabernacle. I wish we had a little more of it. ("Amen!")

I wish we could wake men up in this Tabernacle as on the day of Pentecost, to cry out, "Men and brethren, what must we do?" We want salvation. We haven't got half enough excitement now. And Peter said, "Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins; and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the promise is with you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord shall call. And with many other words did he testify and exhort, saying, Save yourselves from this untoward generation.

And what was the result? Three thousand right then and there were born of God, converted, turned right toward Christ, turned from the world! They laid hold of eternal life through the Word that was preached to them; and so we find the Philippian jailer right there that night, he was not only convicted of his sin but was converted and baptized, he and his whole house that night. Quick work, wasn't it? Went to bed careless; no doubt he treated Paul and Silas a good deal harder than the law required him to do; he put thirty-nine stripes on their bare backs, made them fast in the stocks, and put them into the inner prison and laid down and went to sleep. It didn't trouble his conscience at all, and yet this hard-hearted wretch was converted. Yet men stand right up here, with an open Bible, and say: "We don't believe in sudden conversion. We think it ought to be more gradual. We think if a man tries really hard, and does the best he can, he can be saved in the course of a few years." And yet every conversion that is recorded in that Bible is as the flashing of a meteor—men believing the Word of God.

You can be saved this very night if you will, while I am preaching. Let everything else go, and lay hold of God's strong arm, and his Word. He has promised to save all that put their trust in him. Sinner, you cannot save yourself; your help must come from above; and if you will lay hold of God, you can be saved now. If you will turn to the 6th chapter of Hebrews, you will find it is written, "Wherein God, willing more abundantly to show unto the heirs of promise the immutability of his counsel, confirmed it by an oath; that by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation who have fled for refuge, to lay hold upon the hope set before us." Now we are saved by just laying hold of that sure hope. No one ever laid hold of Christ yet that has been disappointed. I have yet to find the first man or the

first woman that ever laid hold of the Word of God, and built their hopes of heaven upon that Word, that were ever disappointed. They find light, peace, comfort, joy and rest to their weary souls; and if every man and woman in this assembly to-night, who wants to be saved, will just take Christ at his word, lay right hold of the Word, and say, "I believe it; I will trust the word," there will be light and peace.

If you don't get hold of that, let me give you another illustration. You certainly know what it is to look. A mother will teach a child to look before it is a year old; and there is a passage in which we are told, "Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith." If a man wants to be miserable, let him look within; if he wants to be troubled, let him look around him; if he wants true peace, let him look to Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith. If you want to get saved, quit looking at that church or that man; for all the churches and ministers in Christendom cannot save you. If you look unto Jesus, he will save you. Will you look to-night? You certainly can get hold of that illustration—saved by just looking.

There was a man got up in one of our meetings, and said he had been forty-three years learning three things. First, he couldn't do anything toward his own salvation. You've all got to learn that lesson before you can be saved. The next thing was that God didn't require him to do anything. That was worth learning, wasn't it, if it did take him forty-three years to learn it? And the third was, that Christ had done it all himself. That little child can learn those things if it will. God doesn't require you to save yourself. If it is a new birth, it must be the work of God and not the work of man; if it is a new birth, it must be created by God. We cannot give life to a little insect; all the philosophers in Boston cannot give life to a little fly. But God is the author of life; and it is a new life given when we are saved and born of God. It is the work of God; and we get that by letting God save us.

If you, friend, that want to be saved, will just stop trying to-night and get done with your works and let the Lord save you, he will save you. That was my experience. I tried hard to save myself. I have talked with a great many Christians, and I find that they all tell the same story, that they worked and tried and waited very earnestly; and after all they could not save themselves, and had to let the Lord save them. Some one asked the Indian who saved him, and he made a circle of dead leaves, and placed a worm in the centre and set fire to the leaves; the worm endeavored to escape, and finally curled up in the centre and made up its mind to die. Then the Indian reached forth his hand and saved the worm; that was the way, he said, the Lord saved him. And, my friends, he will save you to-night, if you will let him. What must I do to be saved? Give up trying to save yourself, and let God save you now. I had

a dear friend in Chicago who was drowned in Lake Michigan, because he would not stop trying to save himself, but would make frantic efforts to hold on to his would-be rescuer, although urged not to do so. If ever you get into the kingdom of God, you have got to be brought there by Christ himself, and stop trying to save yourself, and let the Lord save you in his own way. It says here, in Isaiah 43rd and 25th, "I, *even* I, *am* he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins." And again in the 41st chapter and the 10th verse: "Fear thou not, for I *am* with thee; be not dimayed, for I *am* thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." It takes the same grace to keep us as it does to save us; but, "My grace is sufficient for thee." Go boldly to the throne of grace and get help in the time of need.

My friends, God cannot only save every man and woman in this assembly to-night, but he can keep us until he presents us before the throne of grace faultless, and with exceeding joy. I can imagine some men saying, "If Mr. Moody knew my life, he would not stand there and say God can save so easy. I have some habits that are fastened upon me so that I cannot get rid of them; I am a slave to some habits; I would like to be set free." What did Christ come to do? To set the captives free, to open the prison doors and set the captives free. Are you a slave to some habits, to some sin that is taking you hellward, and making your home as dark as hell, and your life as miserable as Satan wants to make it? I come to-night to tell you that Jesus will save you if you will let him. That is what Jesus left the throne for, to come down into this world, for to seek and save that which is lost; and you can be saved to-night if you will let him into your heart. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Believe that he will save you from your sins to-night.

My friends, if you want to know what you must do to be saved, just believe, just pray, just lay hold, just take Christ; and you are saved. Oh, may God bless everyone in this house is the prayer of my heart! If you have not accepted Christ, do it to-night. Don't leave this house until you have believed on the Lord Jesus Christ.

CHRISTIANS NOT TO FAINT.

"And let us not be weary in well doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." GALATIANS 6: 9.

When I was talking about the qualifications of Christian workers, the first week or two I was here, I meant to have spoken of Perseverance; but I failed to do so. I want this morning to call your attention to that necessary qualification, if we are going to be successful in the vineyard of the Lord. I think that a great many fail because they don't persevere. It is not the man or the woman who is ready and willing to work for a few weeks, and if they don't succeed, give it up; but it is those who work right on, day and night, who shall reap. There is the promise, "We shall reap if we faint not." And I have yet to find the first man, or first woman, who has been to work for God, and has kept right on and persevered, that has not been successful. It may take weeks, months and years; but God has promised. There is his Word, "We shall reap if we faint not."

Some people tell us, we don't work enough. I have'n't but little hope of any spasmodic effort, where men and women are just roused up to work for a few weeks; and if that is all these Tabernacle meetings do, they will be a perfect failure. There are a good many things said against special meetings, revival meetings, and there is a good deal of truth about what some people say; and that is, if people are only aroused up for a few weeks or months to go to work, why the thing is almost a failure. What we want is to persevere, and remember that we have got the Word of the Lord that, "We shall reap, if we faint not." Faith is an act of the mind; but works is an outward sign of the faith. You cannot have true faith without having works, any more than you can have fire without heat. If a man tells me he has faith in Jesus Christ, and hasn't any impulse to work for God, I doubt his word. I wouldn't give much for his faith; because, if a man has really true faith in Christ and believes the word of the Lord Jesus Christ, he cannot help but work. If a man says he is converted, and doesn't work for his fellowmen, I doubt his conversion. He may make many professions; but if he hasn't time to go out into the vineyard and work for God, it is a true sign he hasn't been born of God.

For fifteen years I was Superintendent of a Sabbath-school in a mission district in Chicago; and you that have been engaged in that work know how very discouraging it is, when you have the parents

pulling against you seven days in the week, and you have the children only one hour in the week. It is toiling all night and catching nothing, very often. But I noticed that the teachers who got discouraged and gave up their classes, and went to one school after another, never succeeded; but those that held on day after day, week after week, and month after month, have always been successful and blessed.

When I was in Chicago the last time, there was a young man who used to have a class in the school I was connected with, and he had been toiling months and years without having much results, as far as conversions were concerned. Last spring he took his boys out into the country and camped out for a week or two; and out of the fifty scholars, there were but ten that were not Christians; and when I was there last season he was one of the ushers at our meetings, and every once in a while there would be a request for prayers for that class. The class began to grow; members began to be converted, and they went out after others; and when we left Chicago, they had gone up to 180, and there were over 80 in that class working for the Savior! "We shall reap if we faint not." There was the teacher being blessed; he was persevering. If we will only take this as our motto and hold on, and if we don't see any fruit the next day or the next month, let us not be discouraged; but if we hold right on to the promise, we can reach the hardest heart in Boston.

I remember, fifteen or sixteen years ago, when I first commenced to work for the Lord, a man from Boston was in Chicago, and asked me to look after a certain man who had two boys and two girls, whom he would not allow to attend Sunday-school. I found the man lived in a drinking saloon, and he was behind the bar when I went in; and after telling him what I wanted, he said he would rather have his sons drunkards and his daughters harlots than to become Christians. The second time I went, he ordered me out; and I thought I would try him the third time. It looked pretty dark and discouraging to have a man talking that bitter. I went back the third time, and happened to catch him in a little better humor; and he agreed to read the New Testament if I would read Paine's Age of Reason; but he had the best of the bargain. One Saturday, I was urging him to go to church; and he agreed to invite some of his friends to his saloon to hear me preach, if I would promise to let him and his friends also talk. I agreed to his proposal, and took a little boy with me whom God had taught to pray; but he was not in the saloon when I got there. His wife told me where he was; and I found they had met in one of the neighbor's parlors, the saloon being too small, and there were atheists, deists, and infidels of all sorts. It was arranged that the infidels should have forty-five minutes and I was to close in fifteen minutes. The moment I went in they began to attack me and ask questions; but I would not answer

them and held them to the arrangement that I was to talk for fifteen minutes, when they were through. The result was, none of them could agree. Some said there was such a man as Christ, and others said there was not; and before the forty-five minutes were up I thought they would get to blows. When the time was up I said, "We always open our meetings with prayer. Let us pray." After I got through praying, that little boy began to pray; I wish you could hear him pray. He prayed God to have mercy upon those men who had been talking against his beloved Son. His voice sounded more like the voice of an angel than a human voice. After he got through praying, I got up to speak; there were not many dry eyes in the house, some went out of one door and some out of another. The old man I had been after for months came up to me and said, "You can have my children at the Sunday-school;" and next Sunday they were there. After they had been there a few months, one day I was leading the noon prayer meeting, and the oldest boy came up to the platform and asked the people to pray for his father, for he wanted to become a Christian. God heard their prayers and answered them; and in all my acquaintance, I didn't know a man in Chicago more hopeless than that man. I believe if we will lay ourselves out to reach these men, there is not a man in all Boston but that can be reached. I didn't care who and what he is, if we only go after them in the name of the Master. They may curse us at first; but it will not be long before they will pray for us and bless us, and we shall win their hard hearts to the Savior. "We shall reap if we faint not." I don't have a warmer friend in Chicago than that old man; he was true to me until he passed away. And there isn't an infidel in this city we cannot reach, if we are true and faithful. Of course they abuse me for what I say; I never speak about the conversions of infidels but I receive fifteen or twenty letters telling me it is a falsehood, that there are no infidels converted. But I thank God he keeps converting them. Infidelity don't satisfy them, and what they want is Christ to satisfy them; and so let us hold right on to this text, that "We shall reap if we faint not."

When I was in London, in 1872, I got acquainted with one of the most remarkable men I ever met. He was a young man, brought up in the best of society, as the world calls it, his father was one of the knights and moved in what the world calls "the upper circles;" and this young man was intimately acquainted with the royal family. But when he was converted, although a young man of great wealth, he went down into the Seven Dials, which is the same as going down into the North End of Boston, and getting into the darkest lane and the darkest corner there. He would go into these streets at midnight, and at two or three o'clock in the morning, and find boys that had no homes and were sleeping on the sidewalks, and on barrels, and on stairs, and wherever he could find them, and give

them shelter; and he hired a place at his own expense and gave them a supper, and slept with them, leaving his beautiful mansion and palace. And seven nights in the week, after he was converted, you might see that young man going down into the very borders of hell; and right along, for eight or nine years, he has been every night in the week among those abandoned people, trying to lift them up. In 1872, he had eighty-five boys in Canada that had been converted; and he was corresponding with them, and all of them were doing well. When I went to London the last time, it was my privilege to go to his house. He had been married, and his wife told me he gives five nights out of the week to that work down in the Seven Dials; he has now put up a building which cost in the neighborhood of from $50,000 to $75,000; and he not only spends his money, but his time. There are a great many people willing to help the Lord in a patronizing way, and give their money to other men to do the work, but this man was willing to work right among them; and I don't know of a man in all my acquaintance that has been so blessed as that young man. I tell this to encourage some of you.

You need not be rich in order to work for God. I know of a young lady who was converted a few years ago, and the first thing she said was, "What can I do?" I told her that the first thing I did was to get hold of some ragged boys and induce them to attend the Sunday-school. Three months after that she had twenty-six little boys, that she had picked up in the streets, and was trying to teach them the way to the kingdom of God; and she has been wonderfully blessed since.

Let the young converts find some work to do. Go into the vineyard and you will be wonderfully blessed. It says in John 15th, 4th and 5th: "Abide in me and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye except ye abide in me. I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing." Now we find that there are some Christians that are fruitful; and then there are those that he has to prune, and that makes them more faithful. But these that abide in grace, they bring forth much fruit; the pruning is not necessary. There are three kinds of Christians: those who bring forth fruit; those who are more fruitful; and those who bring forth much fruit, and the latter just abide in grace. He is their life, their peace, their everything. They are not going into the world after their comfort; but they just go to Christ, and in that way they get strength and power to serve him. If we want to be fruitful and bring forth a hundred-fold, let us aim to be fruit-bearing Christians.

There was a man came into the inquiry-room last week; and after he had seemingly accepted Christ, I asked him what first impressed him, and he said that some lady handed him a card about the character

of the meeting, and he took out of his pocket-book a little card, of which was printed, "Gospel meetings, conducted by Messrs. Moody and Sankey." And on it were a few passages of Scripture, one on which was, "A certain man had two sons;" and the man said he was that son that had wandered away. I knew we hadn't had those cards printed; and I made inquiry and found that a Christian young man, a printer, had printed fifteen-thousand of them at his own expense, and circulated them at the meetings. I wish we had fifteen-thousand just such workers in Boston as that. Cannot we stir up your young men to do something? Blessed privilege! As I said before, Boston people are grand people to listen; I never had better people in my life. It is a most remarkable audience, to see people come out in a stormy morning like this. I think this is one of the most extraordinary assemblies we have ever had. You are good for hearers; I wish we could get you to be doers of the word. In James it says: "But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving yourselves. For if any be a hearer of the word, and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass. For he beholdeth himself, and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was. But whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the word, this man shall be blessed in his deed. If any man among you seems to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain. Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

If we are going to have pure religion, we have got to be something besides hearers of the Word of God: we have got to be doers. And if I can only say something this morning, to stir up these thousands of Christians here to go out and commence this very day to be doers of the word as well as hearers, don't you see how the influence of this meeting would spread all through Boston, and how many hundreds would feel its influence before night, and how many would be won to Christ. Instead of having an inquiry-meeting in Mr. Gordon's church, we would have an inquiry meeting in every house in Boston. I don't know of anything which impressed me so in England as to see the people come to the meetings with their Bibles; and they used to see if the services were according to the Word of God; and they were growing in grace all the time. And instead of, when the meetings were over, trying to get out, and even before the benediction is pronounced, as they do here, they were all ready for work; and instead of rushing out, they would stay to the second meeting and work for the Lord. I know of some workers in Boston already, who have got a list as long as my arm of men and women they have led to God in the past few months since we have been la-

boring here; and if they keep on while we are here, when we leave there will be a great army led to Christ by them. And instead of having a few of these people, we should have thousands of them. Blessed privilege, to lead a soul out of darkness into light! I wish I had time to read some other verses which I would like to call your attention to, about working in the vineyard; but as ten o'clock has struck, I will close.

CHARACTER OF JACOB.

"And Jacob vowed a vow saying, If God will be with me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace, then shall the Lord be my God." GENESIS 28: 20, 21.

We have for our subject to-day, Jacob. There was a time when I used to be troubled a good deal about these Bible characters. I used to think that, because they were saints, everything they did was right; and I could not understand just how it was that God would permit them to do such things and not be punished. Jacob was one of those characters I used to stumble over. But since I have got a little better acquainted with my Bible, I find that these characters are given to us as examples to warn us. If they were all like Joseph and Joshua, and Daniel, and Jeremiah, and John the Baptist, and a few of those characters that never tripped and fell, that never deviated a hair's breadth, I think it would discourage a good many of us. But when we come to a character like Jacob, and we find that God had grace enough to save him, I think there is hope enough for almost any of us; for, by nature, he was as bad a character as you will find. By nature, he was very treacherous and deceitful. Jacob means a planner, and a deceiver. He started wrong; altogether different from the way Daniel did. He started with a lie in his mouth. I do not know that the ladies like to have me say it, but I think his mother was as much to blame as he was; for she told him to tell a lie to his father. And the object of taking up a character like this is not to look at the failings of Jacob, while we forget our own. Though he was a grandson of Abraham, he is twin brother to most of us. Wherever you go, you find this man's character brought out in a great many men. He could trust God just about as far as he could see him, and no farther. He was

one of those men that are willing to trust God, if they know how it is coming out.

Let us draw a contrast between Jacob and Joseph. Joseph could trust God in the dark; he was willing to walk with God anywhere, and believe that God was going to bring everything out right. But Jacob wanted to see how it was coming out. Rebekah laid the plan to keep Jacob at home. It is the old story over again. Esau was Isaac's favorite, and Jacob Rebekah's; and when there is favoritism in the old home, there is always trouble. When Rebekah began to plan to keep her son at home, she just defeated the object she wanted to bring about; for Jacob left home, and she never set eyes on him again. Esau drove him off. Let us just see him as he starts away from home. In that 27th chapter of Genesis, 46th verse, we find what it says about Rebekah: "And Rebekah said to Isaac, I am weary of my life because of the daughters of Heth: if Jacob take a wife of the daughters of Heth, such as these which are of the daughters of the land, what good shall my life do me?"

Life began to be a burden to her; and now she wanted Isaac to bless Jacob and send him off, in order to save his life, because it had come to her that Esau was planning to kill his brother. So Jacob started away, without asking his father to forgive him for his lie to him. Yet God met him, for it says in Genesis, 28th chapter: "And Jacob went out from Beersheba, and went toward Haran. And he lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set; and he took of the stones of that place and put them for his pillow, and lay down in that place to sleep. And he dreamed and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it. And behold the Lord stood above it, and said, I am the Lord God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac; the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed. And thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth, and thou shalt spread abroad to the west, and to the east, and to the north, and to the south; and in thee and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed. And behold I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land; for I will not leave thee until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of." Just straight from the throne God says, "I will give it to thee." See how plain that is. There are a great many of God's promises that are conditional, but others are without any condition. Here is God shouting down from the top of that ladder what he will do for him. There is no condition about it; God says I will do this. "And Jacob awakened out of his sleep, and he said, Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not." Undoubtedly he had been told a good deal about the God of Abraham. His grandfather, probably, had him on his knee a good many times, and told him of God, so

that God was really no stranger to him. He had heard about him; and now he says: the Lord is in this place. "And he was afraid and said, How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven. And Jacob rose up early in the morning and took the stone that he had put for his pillow, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil upon the top of it. And he called the name of that place Bethel; but the name of that city was called Luz at the first. And Jacob vowed a vow, saying if God will be with me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace, then shall the Lord be my God."

There is a bargain. You see Jacob is always trying to make a bargain. After God had shouted down what he would do for him, he said: "If the Lord will give me enough to eat and drink and bring me back to the father's house, he will be my God." Instead of praising God for what he had offered him, he gets up with that low idea of God. Then he went to Haran; and we find him in Haran driving sharp bargains with his Uncle Laban, and Laban is beating him every time. When a man has met the God of Grace, he has no chance to cope with the world in worldly things. After Jacob has met God, what does he want in the world driving sharp bargains? I think more of his uncle than I do of him. His uncle was a good deal more honorable than Jacob. He went to that old, blind father and lied to him; and after he goes to Haran, he is paid back in his own coin. He has to work seven years more to get Rachel, and his wages were changed ten times. We do not hear anything about the vow he made; but there he is, driving sharp bargains and trying to get rich.

But God is going to fulfill his promise. And now we find here in the 31st chapter and 13th verse that God came, and he says: "I am the God of Beth-el, where thou anointedst the pillar, and where thou vowedst a vow unto me; now arise, get thee out from this land and return unto the land of thy kindred." Now instead of Jacob going out like a man, he just watched his chance and stole away like a thief. We find that his father-in-law came after him; and if God had not appeared to him, I don't know but he would have taken the life of Jacob. He might have said that God had called him, and have gone like a man; but instead, he stole away. He was always planning; he could not let God plan for him. But now he hears that Esau is coming out against him, and he is troubled. He could not trust God; he could not believe in his Lord. He wanted to see how it was coming out; and then he began to plan again. He divided his herd, and sent some ahead, so that he could keep in the rear. How mean, how cowardly. Then he is left alone with God, and there he wrestles with God. It says in the 32d chapter of Genesis, 24th verse: "And Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled a

man with him until the breaking of the day." We hear that quoted a good deal. We hear a good deal about the wrestling Jacob; and we forget that there was a man wrestling with him. We cannot force God to give us his blessings. God wants us to receive, and we are not willing to receive at his hands. The trouble was with Jacob, not with God; for God had come for the purpose of blessing him. "And when he saw that he prevailed not against him, he touched the hollow of his thigh; and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint, as he wrestled with him. And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh; and he said, I will not let thee go except thou bless me. And he said unto him, What is thy name? and he said, Jacob. And he said, Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel; for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed.

"And Jacob asked him, and said, Tell me, I pray thee, thy name; and he said, Wherefore is it that thou dost ask after my name? And he blessed him there. And Jacob called the name of the place Peniel; for I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved."

Now people say that he did prevail when he wrestled. I do not think that a man can wrestle much with his thigh out of joint. His power was gone, and when he was weak, he prevailed with God. He got to the end of his own strength, and all he could do was to plead for a blessing; and then he got it. When we are weak we are strong with God. It is when we get to the end of the flesh, and are weak and hold on to God, then it is that we have power with him. The Lord blessed him there; and he prevailed when he was weak, and when his strength was gone

But now we turn over into the 33d chapter, and we find him again. Instead of going to Bethel, we find him down at Shechem, and he built there an altar and put his own name on it; but I don't think God ever met him there. In the 20th verse, it says: "And he erected there an altar, and called it El-elohe-Israel." A high-sounding name, wasn't it? The name that God had given to him. There is a good deal of attaching our name to the Lord's work—"*my* church," "*my* prayer meeting," "*my* Sunday-school," and *my* this and *my* that, instead of keeping ourselves out of sight and giving God all the glory. But the Lord never met him there at Shechem; and he fell into sin and his family into disgrace; and at last the God of Bethel came again. "And God said unto Jacob, Arise, go up to Bethel, and dwell there; and make there an altar unto God, that appeared unto thee when thou fleddest from the face of Esau thy brother. Then Jacob said unto his household, and to all that were with him, Put away the strange gods that are among you, and be clean, and change your garments." You see that he had got an altar down there, and he had got strange gods. There are a great many men in Boston who ride two horses; they pretend to worship

the God of heaven, but they worship the god of this world. You cannot worship God and mammon. When God came to Shechem, what did he find? He found Jacob had these strange gods; and he told him to arise and go to Bethel, and he would bless him. God was not going to bless him down there, with all his strange gods; and when we get away from our idols and they are buried out of sight, then we have power with God. Jacob said: "And let us arise and go up to Bethel, and I will make there an altar unto God, who answered me in the day of my distress, and was with me in the way which I went." Now, let your minds go back, friends, you that have wandered from God and have got down at Shechem. The reason the church has got no more power is, because it has gone away down to Shechem. Many of us have wandered and gone astray. Let us arise and go up to Bethel, and get back to the house of God, so that he can bless us. "And they gave unto Jacob all the strange gods which were in their hands, and all their ear-rings which were in their ears; and Jacob hid them under the oak which has of Shechem."

He ought to have burned them, or smashed them to pieces; but he hid them under an oak. It is a good thing when we get the idols buried. I wish we could dig a grave in Boston deep enough to bury all the idols in this city. We would then see how soon God would bless us. We make an idol of money, of reputation, of pleasure, of friends. We have a great many idols that have come into our hearts; and the God of heaven is not there, and cannot bless us on account of these idols. See what happened when they buried these idols: "And they journeyed; and the terror of God was upon the cities that were round about them; and they did not pursue after the sons of Jacob." So that the terror of the Lord fell upon the nations round about them. Jacob had power then, because he was right with God and had put away his idols; and the terror of God fell upon the nations round about them. "So Jacob came to Luz, which is in the land of Canaan, that is, Bethel, he and all the people that were with him. And he built there an altar, and called the place El-beth-el; because there God appeared unto him when he fled from the face of his brother."

In the 13th verse we find that "God went up from him in the place where he talked with him;" and in the 16th verse, that Jacob journeyed from Bethel, left it, would not stay there. In the opening of that chapter, "God said unto Jacob, Arise, go up to Bethel and dwell there; and make there an altar unto God." Affliction came upon him, because he would not obey God and dwell at Bethel; and the next thing we hear that Rachel died. He then sends Joseph down to Shechem to see the boys that are looking after the sheep. I don't know but they had gone there to dig up those idols that were buried under the oak. Jacob has got his trouble again;

his boys came back with a lie upon their lips. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked." You lie to your parents and your children will lie to you. The reaping time will come. Twenty or thirty years had rolled away; and now his own boys come back and say that his favorite son, the idol of his heart, the one he loved—he had fallen into the same sin that Rebekah and Isaac committed; he loved Joseph and Benjamin more than the rest of his sons, and that brought jealousy into that home and family, and now the fires of jealousy are kindled in the hearts of these brothers; and they begin to plan how they can put that favorite son out of the way. They wanted to murder him; they had murder in their hearts; and they would have killed him, if God hadn't overruled them. They cast him into the pit, and it was ordered by God that he should be brought up out of the pit and sold into slavery in Egypt; and the old man mourned for that boy for twenty long years. It was a good deal more than he sowed; the reaping time had come; and you will find, when they told him that Joseph was dead, they could not comfort him. His sons and daughters gathered round him; but he would not be comforted. He says, "I will go down to my grave mourning for that boy. You can see the old man, as he lay upon his bed at night; he dreams of that boy being torn into pieces by wild beasts; you can hear his voice haunting him, and for twenty long years he mourned over him as dead.

When they came back from Egypt, and reported that the governor of Egypt had treated them roughly, and said that they could not get any more corn until they brought down Benjamin, and he had already taken Simeon and thrown him into prison, the old man cried: "Joseph is not; Simeon is not; and now you take Benjamin from me. All these things are against me." He had a stormy voice, hadn't he? The man that cannot walk by faith always has trouble. The man that is all the time planning, and will not let God plan for him, always has a stormy journey, and never knows what true peace and comfort is.

And in the 47th chapter, when he gets down into Egypt himself, what a testimony that was to take down to the king of Egypt; it would not get many converts for his God. The Egyptians would say: "If that is your testimony about your religion, we don't want it; we would rather have the god of the Egyptians, than to have such a God as you have." We find it says in the 47th chapter and the 9th verse: "And Jacob said unto Pharaoh, The days of the years of my pilgrimage are an hundred and thirty years; few and evil have the days of the years of my life been, and have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of my fathers, in the days of their pilgrimage." Queer testimony to take down to the heathen king! He would not win a great many souls to Christ with it. And these Christians who are always walking by sight never lead any to

the cross of Christ; they are a great hindrance to the church to-day. If we take Christ with us, and believe in his word, our testimony will be worth something. When we do, the Son of God has been with us all the time; he has blessed us, and the light has been shining brighter and brighter along the pathway to heaven.

Let us keep this in mind, that although Jacob had all these failings, God was with him and blessed him, and condescended to call himself the God of Jacob, the God of Israel; and this all magnifies grace. There may be a man here to-day who has got a mean, treacherous disposition. Bring it to God; he has got grace enough to give you victory; he gave Jacob victory. We find the old man passing away in peace, although in exile in Egypt; and he might have died in his own land with his family around him; and his end might have been glorious like that of Joshua in Timnath-serah, if he had only been willing to walk by faith. But, no, he took himself out of God's sight and planned all the time; and if he had a castle, you might have written over every door, "Doubting Castle." There was the trouble with Esau, the trouble with his father-in-law, and from his natural life up, because he would not take God by faith and trust him.

Oh, may God help us to learn a lesson from Jacob; and may we know what it is to put ourselves wholly in God's hands, and let God plan for us. A sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his knowing it. The very hairs of our heads are numbered, for our heavenly Father knows we have need of these things. God will take care of us if we will put our trust in him. Let us put our trust in God, and not keep planning all the time to see how it is going to come out.

CHARACTER OF JOSHUA.

"There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life; as I was with Moses, so I will be with thee. I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee. Be strong and of a good courage." JOSHUA 1: 5, 6.

You that were here last Thursday afternoon, remember that I was talking about the life and character of Jacob. This morning I will talk about Joshua, and draw a contrast between the two. Jacob was one of those characters that wanted to walk by sight altogether; he wanted to reason out everything, like a great many men now-a-days. Joshua was the man that walked by faith; and you will find the key of his character in three words, *courage*, *obedience* and *faith*; and he dared not be in the minority. There are very few men at the present time that like to be in the minority; they always want to be in the majority; they want to go with the crowd. But when a man has laid hold of the divine nature of God, has become a partaker of the divine nature, he is willing then to go against the current of the world.

Where Joshua met the God of Israel first, we are not told. We don't catch a glimpse of him until he is about forty years old. The first sight we get of Joshua was as he came up out of Egypt. We are told, after Moses had struck that rock in Horeb, and the children of Israel had drank the water which came out of that rock—and that was typical of Christ, because Paul says in Corinthians "that rock was Christ"; the next thing that happened after that, Amalek came out to fight them; but they had got a draught of the living water; and they were able to meet Amalek and overcome him. That is a type of the world; and Joshua goes out to take charge of the armies, and that is the first glimpse we have of him. His first battle was successful, and his last was successful. He never knew what defeat was, because he believed in the Lord God of heaven. Moses went up into the mountain to pray, and while he was praying, Joshua was down there fighting Amalek; and while Moses's hands were up Israel prevailed, and Amalek was defeated, and Joshua had prevailed.

As I said the other day, when I was talking about Joshua, there is only one thing on record against him; and that is, he was opposed to lay preaching. He didn't like the idea of Eldad and Medad prophesying in the camp; they didn't belong to the regular apostolic crowd, those that were set apart for the purpose; and Moses rebuked him,

and told him all God's people were prophets. And that is what we want in this city; every man that has heard the voice of God saying, "Come," let him take up that cry and extend it. "Let him that heareth say, Come." If you have heard, let others come. But after Moses rebuked him, we never hear of his complaining any more about Eldad and Medad. It is the only thing on record against him. The next we hear of him is in connection with those twelve spies. That I spoke of the first Sunday I was here, and will pass over that. You remember he came back, and was one of the only two of the twelve that dared to bring in a minority report. But now the forty years' wilderness journey is over; and all these forty years you cannot find any place where Caleb or Joshua ever murmured, where they ever complained; they were not that kind. And whenever you find a man or a woman that is successful in God's service, you will never hear them complaining or whining; you will never hear them murmuring; they are looking on the bright side all the while; they are of good courage; and then it is the Lord God blesses them.

And now as I said, the forty years' wilderness journey is over, and Moses is about to leave. And if you never read that farewell address of Moses—you will find it in the last few chapters of Deuteronomy—I would advise you to read it to-day. You are reading a great many printed sermons now-a-days; suppose you read this sermon of Moses. There is more truth in that sermon than in fifteen hundred of the sermons now-a-days. Let me just give you a few verses: "Give ear, O ye heavens, and I will speak; and hear, O earth, the words of my mouth. My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass. Because I will publish the name of the Lord; ascribe ye greatness unto our God. He is the Rock, his work is perfect: for all his ways are judgment: a God of truth and without iniquity, just and right is he. When the Most High divided to the nations their inheritance, when he separated the sons of Adam, he set the bounds of the people according to the number of the children of Israel. For the Lord's portion is his people; Jacob is the lot of his inheritance. He found him in a desert land and in the waste howling wilderness; he led him about, he instructed him, he kept him as the apple of his eye. Why, there are two or three sermons in one verse. Just see what the Lord did; the Lord did it all. As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, bearing them on her wings, so the Lord above did lead him, and there was no strange god with him. He made him ride on the high places of the earth, that he might eat the increase of the fields; and he made him to suck honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock." And so he went on and finished his sermon. And now God called him off into Mount Nebo, and showed him that land which he could not

go over to possess; he showed him the land from Dan to Beersheba, and pointed out the portions of land which each tribe was to have; and then, some one said, God kissed away his soul and buried him. The greatest tribute ever paid to mortal man was paid to Moses, and he was buried by the Almighty himself.

Joshua was now to take charge of the armies of God. And the word of the Lord came to Joshua saying: "Moses my servant is dead; now therefore arise, go over this Jordan, thou, and all this people, unto the land which I do give to them, even to the children of Israel." If Joshua had been like a great many of us, now-a-days, he would have said: "Lord, I don't know how I am going to take this people over Jordan; it is just harvest-time; all the banks are overflowed. Hadn't we better wait a few weeks, until we can go over at some place and ford it? How am I to get these three million people over?" But Joshua had got the word from God; and the God that brought them through the Red Sea and through the wilderness could take them over Jordan. The Lord gave orders, that was enough; he got his word and he brings them to Jordan. Their faith must be tried. He will not have a people that he has not tried. He had kept them in the wilderness forty years, and now he brings them in sight of Jordan. If he had brought them up there forty years before, what murmuring there would have been! "You might as well have let us die down in Egypt, we cannot get across this river; and when the enemy sees us, if we get a bridge or a pontoon across, they will shoot us, and we will be defeated and slain on the banks of the Jordan; we had better have died in Egypt; we had better turn round and go back." That would have been their cry forty years before; but now they have got faith, and are in sight of Jordan, and there isn't a word of complaint.

Joshua tells the priests to take the ark, and they were to be about two thousand cubits ahead of the people, so that the people could see them; and they were to walk right down to the Jordan, and the moment the soles of their feet touched the water the waters were to be cut off. There is faith for you! These very men, without any questioning, take up the ark of God. God is with them and calls them across Jordan, and is not going to leave them; and the moment their feet touched the water the waters are cut off, and they pass to the middle of the stream and put down the ark; that ark represented the Almighty God of Israel. He was in the ark and with the ark and right there in the midst of death (for Jordan means death and judgment), right in the middle of the stream was the Almighty, and he held that river in the hollow of his hand; and now the people sweep beyond the ark, three millions of them; you can hear their solemn tread. Not a word was said as through death and judgment they go; Joshua is leading them up on to resurrection ground, and into the promised land. And after they all got over, twelve men,

one from each tribe, took each a stone, and set them up as a sign, to tell the story of how God brought them over that stream into the promised land.

Instead of leaving at once for Jericho, they stopped to keep the Passover. They were in no hurry, and were willing to wait and worship God. The Passover lamb is killed, and they keep the Passover; and after they have worshiped, they start for Jericho.

Jericho was shut up. Undoubtedly they had heard what great things the Lord had done for the children of Israel; they had got no such God in Jericho. Joshua walks round the walls of Jericho, to see how he is going to take the city, and sees a man standing right in front of him, with a drawn sword over him. The Lord said, "No man shall be able to stand before you all the days of your life." I suppose that is the first time that came into Joshua's mind; and he stepped right up to him and said, "Art thou for us, or for our adversaries?" "No, I am captain of the Lord's host, and come to lead you to victory." Joshua fell on his face, and God talked to him. It is when men are on their faces, that God talks with them. There are so few willing to humble themselves that God may talk with them and give them the blessings from heaven. How much sport they would have made in Jericho; and if there had been a Jericho Herald, it would have ridiculed taking the city in the way proposed. Seven priests were to go in front of the ark and blow seven rams' horns. This is very absurd. I think the people of Boston would have wanted silver or golden trumpets. The idea of our friend Dr. Brooks and Dr. Pentecost and Dr. Webb, and the Catholic Bishop, and the Episcopal Bishop, and the other potentates of the church blowing rams' horns. It would touch our pride. Give them some beautiful trumpets; don't let them go round the city blowing rams' horns. But that is what God told them to do. Those seven priests were to go in front of the ark and blow rams' horns; and then there were 600,000 footmen that followed the ark round the walls of Jericho. Bear in mind, Jericho was to be taken by faith. So they went round for six mornings, and the seventh morning comes; they are up very early, perhaps at daybreak, and the whole city of Jericho is startled. They get up earlier than usual, they can hear the rams' horns blowing; and instead of going into camp after the first circuit of the city, they go round the second, and the third, and the fourth, and the fifth time; and the people begin to get onto the walls of the city and look down on them. What does this mean? They have gone round the fifth time; now they go round the sixth time; not a word is spoken. Now they have got round the seventh time; and a shout went up from the 600,000 men. Joshua had given the word, and the walls came tumbling down; and they went up and took that city, and took it by faith, and every man and woman perished in that city. God gave the orders and they just obeyed.

My friends, the lesson we want to learn is obedience to God. If some Boston men had been there, they would have advised taking the city some other way. The Lord said, "Do it," and Joshua did it; and he was successful.

Now they moved to Ai, and they told Joshua they only wanted a few men to take that place; but they were repulsed; and Joshua fell on his face and cried to God, to find out what the difficulties were. He knew the sin was with the people. And when the Church of God does not advance, it is not because God has failed, but because there is something wrong with us. There was treachery in the camp. God told them not to touch one solitary thing in Jericho; but Achan coveted a Babylonish garment, or a nice dress for his wife, and a wedge of gold. God hates the sin of covetousness; he has punished it in all ages; and when that sin was found out and put away, they moved on to Ai. There was no trouble then, and the men of Ai soon fell; they could not stand before the Lord.

Then we are told Joshua comes to Mount Ebal and the law of God is read to them (see Joshua 8: 31st to 35th verses). Thank God for such a man as Joshua. That is the kind of men we want now-a-days. Men have been cutting and slashing at the Bible, so that they haven't got anything left now. But Joshua just gave them the whole Word; it was all read. And now he is ready to move on. The law had been read; they had worshiped their God; and, undoubtedly, the nations all through that land heard of that solemn assembly on those two mountain sides, and that the law of God had been read. Now they are ready to move on again; and some startling news reaches Joshua that there is a confederacy formed, and instead of meeting one king at a time he is to meet five of the leading kings of the country; and they were coming from the mountains and from the valleys with their giants, to overwhelm him. I see the old warrior; he don't tremble at all; he had got the Word of God: "Joshua, be of good courage, no man shall be able to stand up before thee all the days of thy life;" and he routed the armies of the kings; and the day was not quite long enough, so he commanded the sun and moon to stand still and had two days in one, and there was none of them left together. He found those five kings hid away in a cave. He overcame thirty-one kings and killed them. He overcame them by faith.

Some men say, "What right had he to go over and take that land?" The Word of God tells us. (See Deuteronomy 9, 4th to 6th verses.) God didn't want to have them go in on account of their self-righteousness; God hates that, but it was on account of the wickedness of the inhabitants. Joshua then divides up the land among them, taking the poorest part for himself, so that he might be near the ark, near Shiloh. There comes out another trait of his character.

There he died. He lived to the ripe age of 110; and all these years not one solitary man was able to stand before him.

And see the contrast between his dying testimony and that of Jacob down in Egypt! "Few and evil have been my days"—had a pretty stormy voyage. There is a man that walked by sight. Now look, and see this old warrior going to rest. He is not going to die like an infidel, or an atheist. He knows in whom he believes, and he sent for all Israel; and they gathered at Shiloh, to hear the old prophet and patriarch and that mighty man of God speak. What does he say? What is his dying testimony? How we linger about to catch what our dying friends say; how anxious we are to catch their last words and utterances. Now what are the last words of this man, who has tried God and proved him, and who knew God? This is it: "Behold, this day I am going the way of all the earth; and ye know in all your hearts and in all your souls, that not one thing hath failed." God has kept his word, fulfilled his promise, made his word good: "not one thing hath failed." What a glorious dying testimony! What a beautiful sunset! Look at the old warrior sinking away, like the sun going down on a summer evening full of beauty. There the old man is dying, and is leaving that testimony behind him. It has lived all these years. How we like to go back to it! Moses laid away in the mountains by God; Aaron also buried in the mountains by God; and Miriam, the sister of Aaron, had died in a foreign land; and now in sight of the celestial city which Abraham caught sight of, this is Joshua's dying testimony: "And, behold, this day I am going the way of all the earth; and ye know in all your hearts and in all your souls, that not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spake concerning you."

My friends, let us take God at his word; let us try his word and prove him, and we will find that God is true. Ah, these men that are trying to destroy our confidence in the Word of God, by telling us that God does not keep his word, are deceiving us. It is not true. Any man that has tried these promises has found them to be "yea and nay;" he has found them to be true. Let us pray to the God of Joshua.

SEPARATION FROM THE WORLD.

"Can two walk together, except they be agreed?" AMOS 3: 3.

Our subject to-day is, "Walking with God, or Separating from the World." Of course, this address is to those that have been redeemed by the precious blood of Christ; for no man has a desire to walk with God until he is saved. For six thousand years, since Adam fell out of communion with God, God has been trying to win back the sons and daughters of Adam into communion with himself. When Adam was innocent of sin, he could walk with God; but the moment he fell, he ran away and hid himself and was out of communion with God. When men are going away from God they do not desire to walk with him; but after we have become his children, the sweetest lesson we can learn is how to walk with him in constant fellowship, how to be in communion with him all the while. God came down and visited man. He visited Abraham, and Jacob, and Moses; but he did not walk with man until after the flood. Then he took the children of Israel and walked with them, and would have walked with them forever as a nation; but they said that they wanted a king like the other nations around them, and God granted their request.

Now if nations will not walk with God, it is the privilege of individuals to do so; and each one of us in this house can be brought into communion with God, and walk with him the rest of our days, if we will. It says in Peter, 2d chapter, at the 20th verse: "For what glory is it if, when ye be buffeted for your faults, ye shall take it patiently? but if when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God. For even hereunto were ye called: because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow in his steps."

I am told by men that have been in the Indian country that very often you will find a trail over a mountain, and you will find only one footprint, as if but one man had trod that path; and I am told that the chief goes on and the tribe follow, and they put their feet into his footprints. Our chief has gone on before us, and left us an example. We are to follow in his footsteps; and we would have continual blessing if we did not go out of the path; and the trouble is that most of us think our way is better than his, and are not willing to follow in his footsteps. It says in the 26th chapter of Leviticus, 2d and3d and 4th verses: "Ye shall keep my Sabbaths and reve-

rence my sanctuary; I am the Lord. If ye walk in my statutes, and keep my commandments, and do them: Then I will give you rain in due season, and the land shall yield her increase, and the trees of the field shall yield their fruit."

Now if you will read the history of that nation, you will find that as long as they kept the law they prospered. God gave them the rain in season, and God caused their land to bring forth abundance; but when they turned away from him and would not reverence his law, then they brought calamity upon themselves, and they were taken into bondage and servitude. Nebuchadnezzar took them into bondage and kept them for seventy years, because they would not reverence the law. Now it says in that same chapter, 12th verse: "And I will walk among you and will be your God, and you shall be my people." He said, I will come down among you, and you shall be my people and I shall be your God. And what nation had a God like that? What nation was blessed like that nation, when God was walking with them? The shout of the King was heard in the time of battle. God sent legions of angels to help them if they put their trust in him. But then he warns them in the 27th verse: "And if ye will not for all this harken unto me, but walk contrary unto me, then I will walk contrary unto you also in fury; and I, even I, will chastise you seven times for your sins."

What causes so much misery now in the city of Boston? It is because men are walking contrary to God. There is no peace for the wicked. You may try to find it, but you cannot away from God. If men will just walk in God's law, reverence God's sanctuary, and obey God, they will have peace; they will be blessed as in olden time. God has not changed; he is the same now as he always was. But men are walking contrary to God, and that is the trouble. Now we find here, that in the days of Joshua no man was able to stand before him all the days of his life, because he studied the Word of God and meditated upon it day and night; he observed the whole law, not merely a part of it, and the result was that he was prosperous. In the 22d chapter, we find there he gave orders to those he left to take his place after he was gone: "But take diligent heed to do the commandment and the law, which Moses, the servant of the Lord, charged you, to love the Lord your God, and to walk in all his ways, and to keep his commandments, and to cleave unto him, and to serve him with all your heart and with all your soul. So Joshua blessed them and sent them away, and they went into their tents."

We are told that they did not depart from the Lord in the days of Joshua and the Judges. He had such influence over those Judges that he kept the children of Israel from departing from the Lord. But a few hundred years after, they turned away. It is only rain that you hear, my friends; let us pray that the rain of God's blessing

may come upon us, that we may all be brought into communion with God. As he is giving the earth its showers, let us pray that he will shower blessings upon each one of us to-day.

If you will turn to the 6th chapter of Jeremiah, 16th verse, you will find what Israel did: "Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the way, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls. But, they said, We will not walk therein."

We will not do any such thing, they say; that law of Moses is very good for those heathen coming out of Egypt, but we have scientific men and we know more than Moses and Caleb. It was very good in those dark, heathen days, but we have grown wiser; we have outgrown the law of God." So the king turned away, and the whole nation turned away with him. So Jeremiah wept over them, and the Lord gave him this command: "And I set watchmen over you, saying, Hearken to the sound of the trumpet. But they said, We will not hearken." That is the way a good many men talk now. "We don't want the Bible; give us some other book; the idea of men talking about the Bible being true! Don't you believe in that book." It is the same old human heart, the same old enemy. You will find it the same in every age, and in every clime. Pride is a plant that grows in all kinds of soil, in winter and in summer, and you will find it wherever the foot of man has touched the earth; man just rising up and claiming to be wiser than the Almighty. Therefore hear, ye nations, and know, O congregation, what is among them. Hear, O Earth; Behold, I will bring evil upon this people, even the fruit of their thoughts, because they have not hearkened unto my words nor to my law, but rejected it." They laughed at Jeremiah. The king at last put him into a dungeon, and they cast him into a filthy pit, and thought they had got rid of him. But there is a God in heaven, and they found out that the Word of God was true; and these men that are now trying to fight against the Lord, declaring that his word is not true, will find out just as Pharoah did, when he asked, "Who is God that I should obey him?" When God comes to deal in judgment, these enemies will find out. God has a controversy with man, on account of sin; and until man turns from sin, there can be no fellowship with God. He says in the 84th Psalm, 11th verse, and to me that is one of the sweetest verses in the Bible: "For the Lord God is a sun and a shield; the Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." If a man is willing to walk uprightly, God has promised that no good thing will he withhold from him; and how many can say that that is true? That is their own experience. When they have been willing to obey God heaven has smiled upon them, and rich blessings have come upon their souls.

Now I want to touch on something that is practical, that keeps us

out of communion with God. I believe there is one truth that ought to be preached to Christians more than anything else; and that is, separation from the world. If the church would draw the line and take its stand, I believe it would have a hundred times more power than it has at the present time. I do not fear what these infidels say about the church of God. The trouble is, we have so many traitors in camp. They blow hot one day and cold the next. They pat you on the back one day, and then stab you in the back. They meet you and say, "Oh, this is a fine work, I am very much interested in it;" and the next day perhaps they meet an enemy and say, "I don't believe in that work at all." We have too many of those men. It would be a good thing if every man who is opposed to Jesus Christ would take his stand and fight him. What we want is separation; and the quicker it comes the better.

We read in the 3d chapter of Amos, 3d verse: "Can two walk together, except they be agreed?" If you see a man that is in communion with another man, you say, those two men agree pretty well. If you see two business men that go to their stores together every morning, you say they agree; and if they do not have fellowship with one another, you do not have the same impression. If a man is going to walk with God, he has got to agree with God. He has got to give up his own thoughts and ways; for God is above us, and is not going to give up his ways to walk with us. I was in a horse car, a little while ago, and saw two young men together. One spoke hardly a word without cursing; but the young man that was with him did not swear at all; perhaps he had a praying father or mother. But I noticed that they locked arms and went off together. There was no difference between them. One did not swear, and the other did; but they walked together, and I put the two together. Suppose I walk with a man to a bank, and while he breaks in and steals $100,000 I wait for him, and then walk off with him. The police get hold of us, and they make no difference between us. I walked to that bank with him, and walked away with him; and I am just as bad as that man. If we are going to be hand and glove with the ungodly, there is no difference between us. What we want is, to be separated. If a man speaks contemptuously of my wife, he is no companion for me. If he speaks contemptuously of my mother, he is no companion for me. Good bye, sir, I say. I will do all I can to save him, but will have no fellowship with him. If a man speaks contemptuously of the Son of God—good day, sir, you and I must separate. If you are going to walk with God, you have got to be separated from those who do not. He said, you know, when he brought them up from Egypt, that it was their sin that had separated him from them. If we are going to live in sin, God, if he walked with us, would appear to be a party to the sin. Therefore, when we walk in sin and unbelief, we must separate from him.

I want to call your attention to a passage in 2d Corinthians, 6 and 14: "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers; for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness? And what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel? And what agreement hath the temple of God with idols? for ye are the temple of the living God; as God hath said, I will dwell in them, and walk in them; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people. Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you: And will be a father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."

I know this is not going to be a very popular thing for me to say; but when you come to the Word of God, you must look it right in the face, and let the truth come out. I believe, if I am a Christian man, I have no right to yoke myself up with two ungodly men and go into business with them. "Be not unequally yoked with unbelievers." A man came to me some time ago in great distress; he was a banker, and said: "I have got two partners, and they voted to do so and so, and it is compromising my Christian character, and I cannot outvote them, what shall I do?" I said, "When did you form that partnership?" "So many years ago." "How long have you been a Christian?" "Fourteen years." "You formed the partnership only three or four years ago, and that is where the mistake was made, when you took those two unbelievers into company with you." "I thought I could get on a little better, and that is the reason I did it." "God told you not to do it; be not 'unequally yoked with unbelievers,' and they voted to make the firm do something which has compromised your Christian character, and you haven't got the power for Christ that you would have if you were separated." And there are a great many men who think they can make money a little faster, and they go contrary to the Word of God. This question also touches matrimony. What right has a saintly, godly woman to give herself away to some scoffing infidel, because he is rich and has got some position in society? What right has a godly man to marry some frivolous, scoffing young lady; that hates the church of God and the Bible? "Be not unequally yoked with unbelievers." That is what it means. It means more than that. What right has a Christian man in some of these lodges, where they have got infidels and skeptics that may vote to make him do a wrong? If you want power with God, come out and be separated. Some one will say, if you take that course you will be very unpopular. Well, you will be very popular up there with God, if you obey him. Let us take his Word "back to back," and not pick out a passage here and there. Let us not be catering to public opinion. I would rather be alone, with God holding my right hand and be-

lieving, than to have all Boston applauding me and be wrong with God. "Be not unequally yoked with unbelievers." I know there may be a great many young men that will scoff at this idea; and they will declare that they will marry whom they please, despite what the Word of God says. Bear in mind you will not have God's blessing upon you. Many a young lady has given herself away to some scoffing infidel, and has lived a miserable, wretched life. It wasn't long before he began to trample her feelings under his feet. A man that will not obey God, and don't care anything about the law of God, will not care much about your feelings, in a little while. He may profess a great deal of love and friendship for you; but he will be unkind to you, by and by. There was a lady in Chicago that came to me in great distress. She was engaged already. I told her I hardly knew what to tell her, but advised her to go to her lover and tell him frankly that she was a Christian, and that their ways did not run together. Well, he gave her up, and said he respected her more than ever. But it wasn't a week before he was in the inquiry-room, and sought her God and was converted. I know this doctrine is not what you like; but it is a good deal better to know the truth, and what God will have us do, than to go right contrary to the Word of God. Let us ask ourselves this question, Am I unequally yoked with unbelievers? Am I yoked up with some unbeliever? Perhaps somebody may say, "I have been converted since I was married." The Word of God declares that you must not leave your husband. I am talking about those who are not married; and if we read our Bibles carefully on that point, we find that the Word of God gives no uncertain sound. Some of you may say, "I think I can do some good in that way." I would rather be safe and take the Word of God for my guide, than be going against it and think I am going to do some good. If you haven't any influence over the young man you are about to marry, you will not have any more after you have married him.

Then we find a great many people say, "Oh, he is a narrow, bigoted man. I believe we are to go in and be yoked up with unbelievers, and get into all these lodges and societies, and lift them up in that way." I suppose Lot believed the same thing when he went to Sodom; but it lifted him down instead of up. And instead of lifting up the world, we find the world is all the time pulling the church down. If you want to be right with God, you want to be where you can testify against the sins of the world. Lot lost his influence in Sodom, because he became a member of their societies. Wives who have unconverted husbands bargain that they will go to the theatre with them, if they will go to church on Sunday; and then the husbands will find out some minister who don't cut them with the truth; and they might as well be at the theatre as at that church; and wives think they are going to save their husbands in that way.

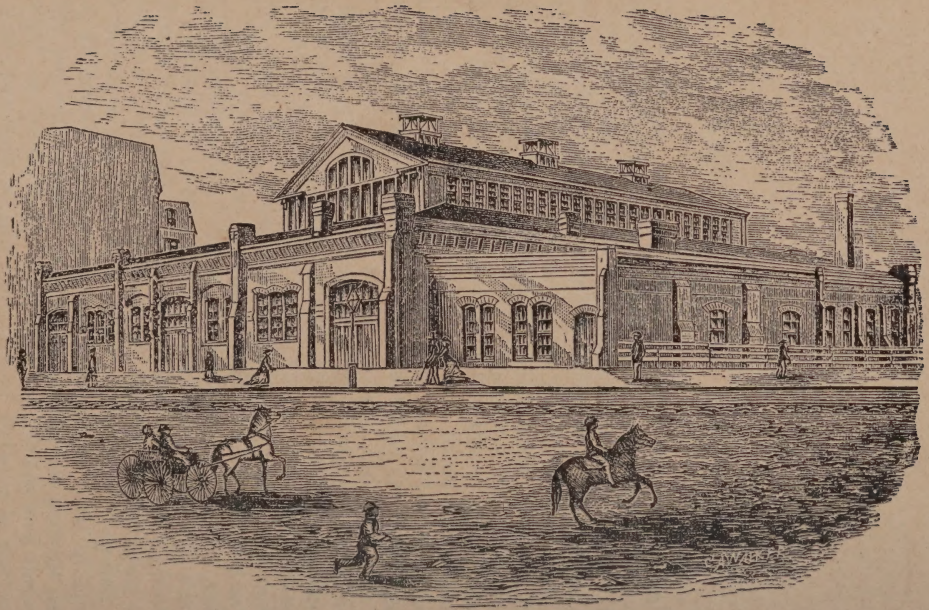
You want to be separated from unbelievers; and if you want power with God and man you must be separated; and then he will walk with you, and be with you. I remember a man telling me how the sparrows had spoiled his canary, and that it would do nothing but chirp, chirp, chirp like the sparrows. That is the trouble with Christians now; they cannot sing the songs of Zion, but just chirp, chirp, chirp. If they get up in the prayer meeting, they say nothing. If you want power with God and man, you must be separated and withdraw from the world; and then the Lord God will bless you.

Let us look at the 11th chapter of Numbers and the 14th verse. I think that gives us another view of this truth, and how it is we have lost our power. "And the mixed multitude that was among them fell a lusting: and the children of Israel also wept again, and said, Who shall give us flesh to eat? We remember the flesh that we did eat in Egypt freely; the cucumbers, and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlic. But now our soul is dried away; there is nothing at all, besides this manna, before our eyes." What a sad picture that was. God gave them angels' food, bread from heaven; and they loathed it. Why? On account of the mixed multitude; they got in with the world, with unbelievers, and they began to talk against the manna and about the onions, and leeks and garlics which they ate down in Egypt. What do you see to-day? Men loathe the Bible; men don't love this bread which has come down from heaven, which feeds our souls; they run off to operas and theatres, and the world has come into the church. They loathe the manna which God has sent them from heaven, on account of this mixed multitude. Oh, may God help us to see this truth and separate from the world; and, if necessary, walk alone with him. Enoch's name was handed down through all these generations, because he walked with God. If Enoch had been up for any office, I doubt if he could have been elected to the Legislature, or even to any town office. But he walked with God, and God must have agreed with him, for they never were separated. At one bound, Enoch leaped right over the stream; death never touched him. God loved his company so much that one day I can imagine he said, "Enoch just come up higher;" and up he went. And he has been all these years walking the crystal pavements of heaven with God. As old Dr. Bonar of Scotland once said to me, "Enoch took a long walk one day, and he hasn't got back yet." He is up there, and we will see him, by-and-by. Noah walked with God; and God took care of him in the time of the flood. Abraham walked with God, and he became the friend of God. If we walk in the wilderness to-day, we will walk in Paradise to-morrow. And when we are questioning ourselves if it is right to do this or that, ask the question if Christ would do it, and govern ourselves accordingly. Let us do as he did, have the same mind

that he has, and try and follow in his footsteps and be like him in all our ways.

THE LIFE OF PETER.

The first glimpse we had of him was when Andrew called him. He was first called as a disciple, not as an apostle. The second call was when he was called to the work of the ministry. The next glimpse we had was related in the 5th chapter of the Gospel of Luke, when the Lord spoke to the people the words of God from the boat at the seaside, and then follows the miraculous draught of fishes. Then it was that Peter said: "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O God." Then Jesus said that thereafter Peter would catch men. The thought he wanted to call attention to was, that when Peter was called he didn't leave his work until called twice. There were too many unprepared men in the Lord's work; there were too many men made ministers in the world to-day. He said this because there were a good many young men, young converts, who were looking to the work of the ministry and thinking they were called to that. John Wesley used to say to young men, candidates for the ministry, when they preached: "Did you make any one mad?" "No." "Did you convert anybody?" and then they would say "No." "Then," Wesley said, "that's a very good evidence you're not called." Men need to have souls before they begin this work. The Lord first made these men go to the lake and take a great haul of fish, and then when they were called, they had something to leave. They didn't have much to leave, but they left what they had. What had they to leave? A few broken nets and a haul of fish. And that's the way with a great many Christians of the present day; they don't want to leave their little draught of fishes and their broken nets. The next time we get a glimpse of Peter is in the 14th chapter of Matthew, where the Lord tells Peter to walk on the water. Here we find Peter in "Doubting Castle." And that was where Peter got his eye off the Lord, and he saw the waves and heard the wind; then his eyes wandered away from Christ. But Peter's prayer was to the point; it didn't begin with a long preamble, which would have put him forty feet under water before the Lord heard it. But it was to the point: "Lord, save me; I perish." Again, in the



MOODY AND SANKEY AT THE TABERNACLE, BOSTON.

16th chapter we find that Christ is saying, "Whom say men that I am?" and then he asked Peter, and Peter said, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God." This shows the power there was in confessing Christ. Peter was a true Trinitarian; he got square on the rock. Again we find him indulging in man-worship, the first beginnings of Rome. This was on the Mount of Transfiguration. Peter said, "Let us make three Tabernacles;" and as soon as he said this, why, God just snatched Moses and Elias away and left them only Jesus. There was too much of this minister-worship, of this church-worship at the present day. This was illustrated in the twenty-second chapter of revelations, 9th verse; where the angel said, "Worship God." If Christ was not the Son of God, then Christians were the greatest idolaters that ever lived. Again, we found Peter in the 26th chapter of Matthew, at the 23d verse, where Peter's fall was recited. He became self-confident and spiritually proud. The Lord couldn't use him until he had been humbled, and here he stood up among the Lord's disciples, just as though he was all-powerful. This lesson of humility must be learned by every man whom God uses. "Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall." The greatest Bible characters fell because they failed in their strongest points. Moses, the meekest man, was not allowed to see the promised land, and there were Saul, and David, and Jacob, and Peter, at this very time when he was boasting of his own power. He was always sure that young converts who say they're safe were where the devil will trip them up. Again, Peter was asleep in the garden when the Lord told them to watch. That was the time when Satan had these Christians in the churches asleep, and then troubles came in the churches. Then came the next step—"he followed him afar off." and this was the gradual downward course. No one would find a Christian man in the theatre; those Christians who are in such places are all asleep. Men of the world said they liked "liberal Christians," but these men were never sent for by dying men. They would never find a card-playing, a smoking and chewing, a horse racing, and a dancing Christian who ever amounted to anything. Then the next step was when Peter drew his sword and cut off the ear of the high priest's servant; and then, again, Peter denied the Lord—first to the young maid, and then to another servant. But so here were two denials by the very man who but a few hours before had said he would never betray or forsake the Lord. Then, again, the third time the servant said, "Thy speech betrayeth thee," but Peter answered with oaths that he never knew him. It's hard for a Christian to forget the speech of the Lord's people, even after he has long departed from the way of God and Christ. But one look brought Peter back, one word undid all that Satan had been doing for hours, and he went out and wept bitterly. One of the first words that Christ said after the crucifixion and resurrection was, "Tell the disciples and Peter," and Peter had a

personal interview with the Lord. And then, when Christ was leaving him, he asked him, "Lovest thou me more than these?" But Peter didn't answer; he had learned humility, and after the Lord asked him again, Peter, now humble, already meet for the Master's use, said, "Lord, thou knowest."

THE RESURRECTION.

We have for our subject, this morning, the Resurrection. The Resurrection is spoken of forty-two times in the New Testament. It is, you might say, one of the chief corner-stones in the religion of Jesus Christ. You might say that there are two principal truths taught all through the New Testament; the death, and resurrection, of Jesus Christ. You touch one, and you touch them both. In fact, you take that out of the New Testament, and you take out the key to the whole gospel of Jesus Christ.

Let me call your attention to what Christ said about his own resurrection. Matthew 16 and 21: "From that time forth began Jesus to show unto his disciples how that he must go unto Jerusalem, and suffer many things of the elders, and chief priests, and scribes, and be killed, and be raised again the third day." Then, while he was talking with his disciples after the transfiguration, we find in Matthew 17 and 9, that he said to the disciples, as they came down from the mountain: "Tell the vision to no man, until the Son of Man be risen again from the dead." Then in Mark 9th and 31st: "For he taught his disciples and said unto them: The Son of man is delivered into the hands of men, and they shall kill him; and after that he is killed, he shall rise the third day."

Over and over again, he told the disciples that he was going to rise; and one very singular thing about it is that his enemies seemed to remember what he said about the resurrection, while his disciples seemed to have forgotton it; because, after he was dead, they went to Pilate and asked him to make the sepulchre secure, because they said, "While this deceiver was alive, he said he should rise again;" and we cannot find any place where the disciples remembered the words of the Lord Jesus that he should rise again. And when they laid him away Friday night, Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus and those few women of Galilee followed him to his last resting place. There is not one solitary passage of Scripture that tells us that they

had any hope of his resurrection. It seemed to have passed from their minds; or else they never received it when Christ told them, and he told them plainly.

In the 12th of Matthew we read that they wanted a sign: "Then certain of the Scribes and of the Pharisees answered, saying, Master, we would see a sign from thee. But he answered and said to them, An evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign, and there shall no sign be given to it but the sign of the prophet Jonah." And then he went on and told them that that should be the sign of his death and resurrection. Now, what was the sight? I was very much interested, some time ago, in hearing a Welchman tell me that he was preaching once on that subject of Jonah being the sign; and he said that he could just imagine when the news got to Nineveh about this man being sent from the Lord to Nineveh with this message, and how, when the captain got ashore, he reported about this man being on board, and at his own request being thrown overboard, and then they saw the whale swallow Jonah; and, of course, Nineveh was greatly stirred up, at the idea of a man being sent from the Lord to Nineveh with a message, and being slain on the way because he had refused to go, and so had been swallowed up by the whale. There is death. But what must have been the stir in Nineveh when this very resurrected man came through the streets of Nineveh, preaching that they must repent or all perish. That was resurrection. And now Christ says that was the sign.

There are a great many people, even at this present time, who don't believe Christ has risen; they say his Spirit is still in the world, but his body never came up out of the grave. But then the Word of God teaches nothing of the kind. Earth and hell did all they could to keep that body in the grave; but they could not do it. He laid there Friday night, and all through the Jewish Sabbath; and his disciples were mourning and weeping. As I said before, they had given up all hope of ever seeing him again; but you can see those hands that were cold in death Friday night, and see Death hovering over that sepulchre, laughing and saying: "I hold my victim in my own embrace; he has to pay tribute to me. He said he was the resurrection and the life; and yet he has not escaped me." But the hour had come for Christ to conquer Death, for that was what he went into the grave for. Death didn't take him into the grave; he followed Death into his own dominion and took the whole territory and bound him hand and foot, and came up victorious, and brought up a few captives to show his mighty power.

Yes, my friend, Christ went down into the grave for you and me; and it seems to me that one of the most precious truths in the whole Word of God is that our Christ is not dead. He don't lay there in Joseph's sepulchre; but he is risen. And now just see the proof that we have of it. Men and angels, bear in mind, guarded that

sepulchre; they were going to make sure that his body should not come up, that he should not rise; they had gone to Pilate and got him to put soldiers to watch the sepulchre, and they rolled a great stone over it and put the Roman seal on it, and there they had that body secure, perfectly safe. And early in the morning, we are told by the Evangelists, these same women started to go to the sepulchre to anoint his body, and found out that he was risen. Why, do you think if they had thought he was going to rise that they would have left that sepulchre? They would have lingered around it; it would have taken more than a hundred Roman soldiers to keep those disciples away from the sepulchre, if they thought he was going to rise. Now, early in the gray of the morning, you could see these women going toward the sepulchre. They had got their spices all ready to anoint that body again, and they were greatly troubled, because they did not know who was going to roll away the stone. And you see them as they draw near to the sepulchre; and the sun has just driven away the darkness of the night and that beautiful morning is bursting upon the earth, the best morning this world had ever seen. And one says to another, "Who shall roll away the stone?" But a messenger came from yon world of light; he flew faster than the morning light, and arrived first. And he rolled away the stone; and those men that had been sent there by Pilate, to watch and guard that sepulchre, began to tremble, and fell as dead men; they hadn't any power. One angel was enough to roll away that stone; not to let him out, but to let you and I look in to see that the sepulchre was empty, to let the morning light into that sepulchre to light it up that we might know that he had risen, "the first fruits of them that slept." Yes, thank God, he has conquered Death and the grave; and you can shout now, "O grave, where is thy victory!" He went down into the grave and conquered it, and came up out of it; and now he says, "Because I live, ye shall live also."

The news spread. These women soon found out that the sepulchre was empty, and they ran back and told the disciples; and Peter and John rushed off to the sepulchre and found that the body was not there. They lingered around the sepulchre, and then went home, saying, "It is no use; his enemies have got his body." And all the Roman government and all the leading men of the Jewish nation were opposed to these few weak disciples; and what could they do? Ah, there was one that loved him; she could not leave that empty sepulchre; she wanted to stay around, in the hope that she might get some news of what they had done with the body. While she was there, a man observed her and said, "Woman, why weepest thou?" And she said, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." And then he spoke to her, in that old familiar voice, and says, "Mary;" and she recognized him and said, "Rabboni, Master!" Oh, how her heart leaped

within her for joy. He that was dead was alive! There was her Savior, standing right before her, and he said, "Go back and tell my brethren that I have risen." He had got on resurrection ground, and he could call them "brethren," and put them on a level with himself.

What joyful news for her to take; what a blessed privilege to go and bear the tidings of the resurrection, the first one that got the blessed news. He out of that very one cast out seven devils, and now she was to take the tidings back to Jerusalem that the Lord had risen. She had seen him with her own eyes; he had spoken to her; it was a living body; it was not his spirit, but his own body that had come out of that sepulchre, although the disciples would not believe it. And while she was spreading the news, some others took it up to spread the story; and all at once Christ stood before them. That was his second appearing; and he told John to tell them to go back to Jerusalem and tell that he had risen. And I think if you would look through your Bibles carefully, you will find that ten different times he appeared to his disciples, not in the Spirit, but in the body, in person. I want to get this thing established in all our minds, that Christ has come out of the grave personally, that his body has gone back to heaven. The same body they crucified; the same body they laid in Joseph's sepulchre has come out of the jaws of death and out of the sepulchre; and he has passed through the heavens and gone back on high. We are told he had an interview with Peter, who is alluded to as Simon and as Cephas. We can imagine what took place at that interview, and that Peter's old difficulty was settled. Peter denied him, but at that interview Christ forgave him. What a Sabbath it must have been for Peter! What a blessed day for that poor backslider! And if there is some backslider here to-day, who will have an interview with the Son of God, he will forgive you this Easter morning, and blot out all your wanderings and all your sins, if you will come back; and it will be a joyful day for you.

Late in the afternoon, that same day, Jesus appeared to the two men who were walking back to Emmaus, a village about eight miles from Jerusalem; and they constrained him to go in and take tea with them. After he vanished from their sight, they walked back to Jerusalem, and told the joyful news to the disciples that the Lord had risen; but Thomas was absent on that occasion. And while they were telling the good news, Jesus stood in their midst. They turned pale; and he said, "Don't be frightened. It is me, only me. Put your finger in these wounds that were made on Calvary; thrust your hand in my side if you like; it is only me; it is not a spirit." He wanted those men to be convinced that the body had come up out of the grave. He asked for something to eat, and they gave him some fish; and he ate before them and said, "Peace be unto

you," and breathed on them the Holy Ghost, and said "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." That makes five times that he appeared to the disciples when he arose that blessed Easter Sunday.

Now Thomas was absent, and the news soon reached him, but he would not believe what was told him. When the next Lord's day came the eleven were assembled in that room, with the windows fastened and the doors bolted, the Lord stood there again; and he spoke to Thomas, and he told him to put his finger into the wounds, and to thrust his hand into his side; and Thomas cried out, "My Lord and my God." He didn't have to put his hand there; he knew it; he heard his voice; his infidelity and unbelief was scattered to the four winds; he believed then and there. And then the Lord said, "Blessed are those that have not seen, but yet believe." He pronounced a benediction upon you and I here, if we will only believe on him. "Blessed are those that have not seen, but yet believe."

The next time we hear of Christ, he appears to John and James and Peter and Nathaniel, and two other disciples, while fishing. They were out all night and had caught nothing; and about daybreak there was a man seen on shore, and he said, "Children, have you any meat?" "No, we haven't got anything." He told them to cast the net on the right side, and they got a haul of 143 large fishes and the net didn't break. And John said, "Peter, that is the Lord;" they knew him. Success is always with those the Lord is with. They cast that net at his word; they knew it was his power, and Peter was so anxious to get to him—ah, Peter loved the Lord, if he did deny him once—that he leaped right into the water and swam ashore, and got there first to meet him. And he had a fire made, and they had some bread, and took a resurrection breakfast.

Oh, may every one hear his voice this morning, saying, "Come and eat;" and then we can go out and feed others! I hope every Christian this morning will get some food.

And then Paul tells us, over in Corinthians, that he appeared to over five hundred at one time; but where it took place, we don't know. It is supposed by a great many to have been over in one of the mountains of Galilee; and he talked with them, and it might have been at that time that he told them to "Go and preach the gospel to every creature;" and carry the tidings around the world. "Lo, I am with you, I will not leave you; if I go away I will send the Holy Ghost to comfort you, and greater works he shall do." Some one says a good many reformations die out with the reformer; but this reformer has gone upon high, to carry out his own reformation. He is at the right hand of God; and where can he be to carry on his work any better than up yonder? We are told by Paul that he appeared once to James; but we have no glimpse of that interview.

The last interview he had with them was in Jerusalem; and he

took the little band of believers out of the city, down through the Eastern gate, down through the valley of Jehosaphat over the brook Kedron, past that garden where he sweated drops of blood, past Calvary, over the brow of the hill, and went out past Bethany, where Martha and Mary and Lazarus (the resurrected man) lived; and perhaps right there, under a cluster of little olive trees, he met his disciples for the last time to bid them farewell, and gave them his parting message. Now he says: "I go home; I go back to the throne; (he had been out of the grave forty days); now I ascend to God" And while he was blessing them—for you know he came blessing, the first thing he said on that memorable mountain when he preached that wonderful sermon, there were nine blessings right out of his heart, he could not go on until he got them out: "Blessed are the poor;" Blessed are the peacemakers;" Blessed, blessed; and he recited those wondrous things and blessed them. And while he was blessing them, he began to ascend; and he rose higher and higher; and his voice grew fainter and fainter, and at last it died away int he clouds; and the clouds received him out of their sight.

I can imagine up in the clouds there was a chariot from the throne, to take him back home; his work was finished; he rides like Elijah in that golden chariot, and sweeps away through the heavens to the throne. Look at him on his way to that world where all honor him, and all love him! And as he went sweeping upon his way home, he did not forget his little church; he could see them, but they could not see him; and I can see Peter and John looking up, in hopes that there will be a break in the clouds so that they may see him once more. And while they stand there, gazing up into heaven, you can see tears trickling down their cheeks, their hearts have almost gone out of their body; and he looks back and sees them; and he says to two of the angels who were conveying him home, "Go back, and tell those men that I will come back again." I don't know but they were the two Mary saw in the sepulcre; and they said: "Ye men of Gallilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." Thank God, he is coming back! It is only a question of time. And in such a day and hour as we think not, he will rend the heavens and come back. Lift up your hearts, for the time of your redemption draweth near. We don't worship a dead Savior! He has passed through the heavens, gone up on high, led captivity captive and taken his seat at the right hand of God.

Paul saw him, and Stephen saw him, standing at the right hand of God. He is there, my friends. Thanks be to God, he is not here. They laid him in Joseph's sepulchre; he is risen and up yonder, and, not only that, "If I go, I will send the Holy Ghost." And after he had been gone ten days, the Holy Ghost came, and just fulfilled his

word. Do you think this audience would have been here this morning, if it had not been for the Holy Ghost? Do you believe preaching the gospel for 1800 years would have kept the people, if it had not have been for the Holy Ghost coming? Ah, my friends, it is the Holy Ghost he sent when he went into heaven. And now, my friends, let me say, in closing, if we will just preach more about the resurrected Savior, and if we live more about him and try and realize the power that we get in him and through him, we will accomplish more this last month of our labors than we have accomplished in all the rest of our lives.

Oh, may God help us to realize what a precious truth we have to preach; that we are not worshiping a dead Savior; that he is a resurrected Savior, and in such a day and hour as we think not he will return. And although we do not know when that will be, there is one thing we do know, and that is that he has promised to come; and that day is not far distant; we haven't but a little while to work. As Christine Evans says: "The songs of these bursting sepulchres, when Christ shall come, will be sweeter than the song of the morning star." We shall come up from the grave, by and by, with a shout. "He is the first fruits;" he has gone into the vale, and will call us by and by. The voice of the Son of God shall wake up the slumbering dead! Jacob will leave his lameness, and Paul will leave his thorn in the flesh; and we shall come up resurrected bodies, and be forever with the Lord. I pity those people who know nothing about the resurrection of Christ, and think Christ does not live, and was merely a man, and perished in the grave of Joseph of Arimathea. What hope have they got?

Oh, what gloom and darkness settles down upon this world, if it was not for the glorious day of resurrection. And those that have been sown in dishonor and corruption shall be raised, by and by, in glory and honor; they shall come up out of their graves, and we shall be forever with them. Oh, may this blessed truth take hold of all our hearts, and may we go out from this Tabernacle and spread the news that the Lord has risen. He has gone up on high, and he will bless the sons of men, if they will receive a blessing from him.

JESUS FULFILLING PROPHECY.

You that were here last Sunday morning remember I was speaking about Christ in the Old Testament, and how the Scripture was fulfilled in his birth. This morning I want to take up the subject where I left off, and show that everything about Christ was wonderful. All these prophecies in the Old Testament about Christ were wonderful; everything about his life and death were wonderful. We find a great many people now who tell us that they don't see anything wonderful in Christ; that he was like ordinary men, like all other men; and they see no reason why they should believe in him as being more than human. I want to call your attention to what Gabriel said about him.

Gabriel's name appears three times in Scripture; and every time that he comes to earth, he comes to bring some tidings about the Lord Jesus Christ. He first came to Babylon, when Daniel was praying, to tell him that he was not only greatly beloved, but to give him the secret that was in heaven: that the Messiah should come, and that he should be cut off for the transgressions of God's people. Five hundred years have rolled away, and the last prophet's voice has been heard in the land and the Word has been sealed; his prophecy has been closed, and not a sound of a prophet has been heard in that land that had been so exalted. The last prophecy was closed up about four hundred years before Christ came; and an old priest by the name of Zacharias was burning incense in the Temple, in his regular course. We are told that he and his wife Elizabeth were good people; they were righteous, but they had a crook in their path like a great many now. They had no children, and it was considered in those days a great dishonor not to have children; and we are told that they had been praying that they might have a child; but I suppose they had grown faint, and had given up all hope of having their prayers answered; perhaps they had forgotten how God answered the prayers of Abraham and Sarah and gave them a child in their old age, and how Hannah also had a child in her old age, and also how Samson's father and mother had been honored by a child. And now we find that this old priest was not in the holiest of the holies, but in the place where they burned incense, just outside of the curtain that was rent when Christ died. There was an altar, and on it was the incense, where he went in twice a day to burn the incense to God; and while he was thus engaged, the people were in the outer court; and it was the custom for them to wait

until the priest came out, and I suppose he blessed them, the same as people wait now for the benediction,—although they don't always wait here, but hurry to get home some nights; but in those days they waited for the benediction. And the old priest didn't come out one day, he tarried longer than usual; for while he was thus engaged at the altar who should meet him but this same man Gabriel, who met Daniel away off in Babylon five hundred years before, and Zachariah was filled with fear when he saw him; and he told him to fear not, he brought him some good news; his prayers were answered. Let me read what Gabriel said to the old priest:

"And there appeared unto him an angel of the Lord, standing on the right side of the altar of incense. And when Zacharias saw him he was troubled and fear fell upon him. But the angel said unto him, fear not, Zacharias; for thy prayer is heard: and to wife, Elizabeth, shall bear thee a son, and thou shalt call his name John. And thou shalt have joy and gladness, and many shall rejoice at his birth. For he shall be great in the sight of the Lord, and shall drink neither wine nor strong drink; and he shall be filled with the Holy Ghost, even from his mother's womb. And many of the children of Israel shall he turn to the Lord their God. And he shall go before him in the spirit and power of Elias, to turn the hearts of the fathers toward the children, and the disobedient to the wisdom of the just; to make ready a people prepared for the Lord." He was not only to have a child, but his child was to become great in the sight of God; and he was not only to become great, but to become a good child, and to be filled with the Holy Ghost from the womb, and he should turn many to righteousness.

How pleased that old priest was; but Zacharias was like a great many now, full of unbelief. Instead of remembering how God had answered the prayers of Abraham, he says, "How can this be? how can I have a child?" "And Zacharias said unto the angel, Whereby shall I know this? for I am an old man, and my wife well stricken in years. And the angel answering, said unto him, I am Gabriel, that stand in the presence of God." I suppose Gabriel never had been doubted before. He might have said, "Where has an angel ever told a lie?" An angel sent by God into this world never told a lie; and all the promises they brought to this world have been literally fulfilled. He was amazed, perhaps for the first time in his life. He had come from a world where unbelief is a stanger, where doubts are unknown, where everyone believes what God has said; and now he thinks that this old priest ought to have known what God said was true. But Zacharias wanted a token. Somebody has said that is the trouble now in the churches; a great many people want a token, outside the Word of God. Gabriel said, "You shall have a token, you shall be dumb for the next nine months; you shall not speak until the child is born." He got all the token he wanted.

The reason we have so many dumb Christians is, they want a token, outside of the Bible, and they are not sure what God says is true. When he came out, the people noticed a change in the old priest; and there was no small stir in Jerusalem, when it was written out by Zacharias what had taken place. When the time came for him to retire from office, he took his wife and went off into the hilly country of Judea; and he remained until the child was born.

But six months from that time Gabriel made his third visit. Gabriel came down again, and he brought better news than ever. He came to that country girl off in Nazareth, and tells her that she is to be the mother of that child that Israel had been looking for, for 4,000 years. Wonder of wonders! No wonder that she was startled; all the mothers in Israel had been praying that they might be the mother of that child. Here is a young country girl, a young virgin, that was to be the mother of that child. Let us read what Gabriel says to her: "And in the sixth month, the angel Gabriel was sent from God unto a city of Galilee named Nazareth; to a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David, and the virgin's name was Mary. And the angel came in unto her and said, Hail thou that art highly favored, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women. And when she saw him she was troubled at his saying, and cast in her mind what manner of salutation this should be. And the angel said unto her, Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found favor with God. And behold thou shalt conceive in thy womb and bring forth a son, and shall call his name Jesus. He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest; and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David. And he shall reign over the house of Jacob forever; and of his kingdom there shall be no end."

How that has been fulfilled. Eighteen hundred years have rolled away; he has got a kingdom in this world; it is in the hearts of many. There are millions this morning that would go to the stake to lay down their lives for this kingdom, for Christ; there are many loyal sons to-day in the world; loyal to the King of Heaven.

"Then said Mary unto the angel, How shall this be, seeing I know not a man? And the angel answered and said unto her: The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the highest shall overshadow thee; therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God. And behold thy cousin Elizabeth, she hath also conceived a son in her old age; and this is the sixth month with her who was called barren. For with God nothing shall be impossible." Bear in mind what Gabriel said to Mary about this child. He was not only to be great, but his name should be great, too; He shall be called Jesus. He has 256 names, which you can find in the Bible; but he still bears that name; we like it better than any other. It was the name which came from heaven; it was the

sweetest name any mortal had; it was the name which fired up the whole Jewish nation, like Joshua's. They ought to have hailed it with joy and gladness; they had got another Joshua, another deliverer, one who was come to set the captives free, as we have been trying to tell you this past week. Mary started at once, left her home in Nazareth and went off into the hill country where Elizabeth was; and the moment she met that aged cousin of hers, that child leaped in the womb. Marvelous and wonderful thing! And yet men say they don't see anything wonderful about it. Everything about Christ is wonderful. And now we find that Elizabeth breaks out into praise, and so does Mary.

I wish I had time to read what they said, but they spent three months together, and just before John is born Mary returns to her own country; and it seems to me quite singular that this last prophet that was to be given to the old nation—the old dispensation was just fading away, just dying out, and they were right on the eve of a new dispensation—that John should be born of an old woman, but Christ, who was to usher in the new, was to be born of a young virgin. And in the fullness of time, when the nine months had expired, John was born; and his relatives wanted to call him after his father, but Elizabeth insisted on calling him John. Finally they asked the old priest, and he wrote, "His name shall be called John." That name came from heaven. Gabriel brought the name John, and they could not have changed it. In the 65th verse of the 1st chapter of Luke it says: "And fear came on all that dwelt round about there; and all these sayings were noised abroad throughout the hill-country of Judea. And all they that heard them laid them up in their hearts, saying, What manner of child shall this be? And the hand of the Lord was with him."

John means the grace of God! This was the grace of God, giving us this child; and about three months from that time there was another stir at Bethlehem—Mary gave birth to the child Jesus. The shepherds made haste to find the child, and when they found it they made haste to proclaim him to the world.

"And when eight days were accomplished for the circumcising of the child, his name was called JESUS, which was so named of the angel before he was conceived in the womb." In another place it says: "His name shall be called JESUS, for he shall save his people from their sins." Let me ask you if it is true; will He save His people from their sins? Is he able now, in the nineteenth century, to save a man from his sins? Can a man save another man from sin? Would you say that there is another man in the world that can save this world from sin? Suppose we began to preach up some other man, eleven weeks ago; do you think there would have been so many people here this morning? What other name can we preach? Now just think a moment. Suppose we preach anything but Jesus

Christ; would this crowd have been here this morning? Could they have been held together for eleven weeks? This very fact, it seems to me, ought to settle this question who Christ is. You may preach other names; but that will not save men from sin. You may preach that people ought to be moral and virtuous and ought to do this and do that; but if you don't tell them where they can get the power from to do it, they will go right on in their sins. But the moment you begin to preach Christ, and tell the world that He has power on earth to forgive sins, and "His name shall be called Jesus for He shall save his people from their sins," why then the people begin to gather to him. And where is there a name to be compared with that of Jesus? See how his kingdom is being extended, and how the heralds of the cross are going over deserts and mountains, and over this dark earth, to proclaim his name to a perishing world.

But then another scene takes place, we find them in the temple. "And behold, there was a man in Jerusalem, whose name was Simeon; and the same man was just and devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel; and the Holy Ghost was upon him." I want to call your attention to one thought, that whenever the Holy Ghost is upon a man he will always honor Christ and speak well of him. "And it was revealed unto him, by the Holy Ghost, that he should not see death before he had seen the Lord's Christ. And he came by the Spirit into the temple; and when the parents brought in the child Jesus, to do for him after the customs of the law, then took he him up in his arms, and blessed God, and said, Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all thy people; a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel." That was prophetic. The light hadn't gone out then to the Gentiles; they were considered by the Jews outcasts; they were not allowed to go into their temple, only into the outer court. "And Joseph and his mother marveled at these things, which were spoken of him. And Simeon blessed them, and said unto Mary his mother, Behold, this child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel; and for a sign which shall be spoken against. Yea, a sword shall pierce through thine own soul also; that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed." (Mr. Moody then read from the 35th to the 39th verses.)

Jerusalem is again startled; this time by the wise men coming from the East to see him that was born King of the Jews. They go to Nazareth, guided by the star, and worship that little babe as God. He was God in flesh, the son of God come down from heaven to redeem the world. Herod ordered all those little children to be put to death. They were the first martyrs; "for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." Herod the Great was the first enemy Christ had, the first to unsheath the sword against Christ; and history tells us that he

only lived thirty days after unsheathing that sword. The stone fell upon him and crushed him to powder; and instead of his falling before the stone and yielding to Christ, he drew his sword against him and was going to find him; but God took care of his child and He was safe in Egypt when Herod's order was executed. Herod was called Herod the Great, but how small he looked; his name has gone down to posterity rotten.

Oh, may God help us this morning to hail the coming Christ. He is going to come back, by and by, and reign upon earth. May God help each one of us to receive him as our Redeemer.

SIGNS OF THE NEW BIRTH.

There was a lady came into the inquiry-room, this week, and wanted to have me tell her if she was a Christian. I told her I would be very happy to tell her if I knew, but I did not know. I would have liked to have had time to tell her how she might know, how it was her privilege to find out whether she was a child of God or not; because I think the Scripture is very plain about it, and does not leave us in the dark, if we are determined to find out whether we have been born of the Spirit or not. This afternoon, I want to call your attention to nine new things, if we are born of God.

The first is a new heart: "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God"—born from above, born of the Spirit. Three different ways the Scripture has put it—born again, born from above, born of the Spirit. Now this new birth is not the work of man; it is the work of God. God alone is the author of life. A great many people tell, us in the inquiry-room, that this is a great mystery; that they do not understand about this new birth. It is a mystery, they say. Well, there is no doubt about that; Christ says so himself. We will admit it is a mystery; but, nevertheless, it is one of the most important there is in the Word of God. I have no doubt but every woman in this assembly has met some one who has been changed by the Spirit of God: they have been born again; they have received a new heart. They were not the same that they were once. It was not a mere profession. It was not their being confirmed on Easter Sunday, or being baptized in some church on some Sabbath morning; it was not their partaking of the communion. These are all right in their place; but they are not the new birth.

Let us keep that in mind. Profession is one thing; conversion is another. A man may be a leper, and cover up his leprosy; but he is a leper still. A man may be a beggar, and put on a new suit of clothes; but he is a beggar still.

We are told here, in the 1st Epistle of John, 5th chapter and 4th verse, what will happen if we are born of God: "For whosoever is born of God overcometh the world; and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith. Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?" Now if we overcome the world, it is a sign that we have been born of God; but if we are all the time fighting and striving to overcome it and being defeated, it is a good sign we have not been born again of the Spirit. For in the 6th chapter of Galatians, 15th verse, it says: "For in Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature."

Now forms and ordinances are very good; but they do not make a new creature. If we are born of God, then we have power, and will overcome the world. Now I find there are a great many people that, the moment we touch on regeneration and the new birth, say: "I have heard people tell the day and the hour when they were converted; but I never had that experience. I cannot point to a day or an hour when God met me, and when old things passed away." Therefore they are in great trouble, for fear they have not been converted. Let me say, right here, that it is of little account when or where it took place, and you can soon find out whether it has taken place or not. Some people are converted like the flashing of a meteor; with others it is like the rising of the morning sun, and you cannot tell the minute it was light. But if they have passed from death unto life, they can soon tell by reading the Word of God whether they have been born again or not. So it is not necessary for us to be able to tell when or where this birth took place; but it is very important that we should be able to say that we are new creatures in Christ Jesus; that we have been born of the Spirit, because Christ gave no uncertain sound about this thing. He said, Except a man be born again, except he be converted, except he become as a little child, he cannot see the kingdom of God. We have to come like little children into his kingdom. So it is very important to search the Scriptures, and see whether we have been born again or not.

The next new thing we get is a creation. It says in the 5th chapter of the 2d Corinthians, 17th verse: "Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." There was a man converted when we were in New York. He was an awful hard case; he had been drinking a great many years. He was a Frenchman, came from Canada. He had been brought up from his childhood to drink; and he never saw any harm in it till he drank his family all away from him; and there

he was, a wanderer. He came into one of the meetings, and some friends talked with him, and got down and prayed with him. The moment he began to ask God for mercy, God blessed him right there. When he got up, he did not know himself. He was a new man in old clothes. He has held on ever since; his appetite for strong drink is gone; and he has become a new creature in Christ Jesus. It takes away the love we have for this world, and the desire for sin. We cannot receive the spiritual blessings that God wants to give us, if we are not born of the Spirit. It says in 1st Corinthians, 2d chapter, 14th verse: But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned?" Every week if not every night, we find that literally fulfilled in the inquiry room, The moment you begin to talk to some people about spiritual things, they say, "I don't understand them;" and it is a sign they have not been born of God. I can tell, when I am preaching, that they do not understand a word I say. The Word of God is all a myth to them, it is all foolishness to them. They do not believe the Word of God. But the moment a person is born of the Spirit, he receives the Word of God into his heart, and so gets strength. The natural man receiveth not spiritual things.

Then, the next thing that we get with this new birth is a new nature. We become partakers of the Divine nature. If we have a nature that is godlike and Christlike, a nature that just longs for God and spiritual things, it is an evidence that we have been born of the Spirit. The old nature may remain, does remain, but we get a new nature; we serve God, and we cannot serve him without that nature. This new nature must have a new God. Everyone in Boston has some god; if not the God of heaven, some idol that has been made into a god. We have new hopes, new aims, new desires, new aspirations then. Old things have floated away; and we have something better. The new things are just as separate from the old as day from night. The moment we get that new nature, then the warfare begins. I never had any conflict with myself till I was born of God. I had a pretty good opinion of myself, till I got a new nature. But then the warfare began, and it has gone on ever since; though, thank God, He can give me the victory. If a man says he is not at war with himself, it is a pretty good sign he has not a heavenly nature. When you find a man with a bad nature, a mean, contemptible disposition, a mean temper, and he is praying to Christ to overcome it, you may know that he has become a partaker of the Divine nature, and he can get strength from God to get victory. I have more respect for a woman with a mean, contemptible nature, who is trying to overcome it, than I have for those who are naturally pretty good and do not want to become any better. You do not know the struggle some of these people have that you look down

upon. They come into this world with a mean, contemptible nature; and Christ has overcome them, so that you can get along with them. I do not know how we could live with a good many people, but for this grace of God. The natural man lives for himself; but when he is born of God, he lives for God; he gets outside of himself, and God calls out the noblest part of his nature. Then we are following in the footsteps of our Master, and we receive his Spirit. We live like him, and talk like him, and act like him; and then we are in harmony with God, and live as God would have us live.

In the 7th and 8th chapters of Romans, you find the conflict going on between these two natures. Paul had that conflict. He was not freed from the old nature when he was converted. Read those chapters carefully, and you will find that he had the same conflict with the flesh that most of us have. Often we do the very thing we hate.

Perhaps we have let our tempers get the better of us, and then have had to apologize. We ought to reckon ourselves dead, not say we are dead. Some have an idea that the old man is dead and cast out, and they are not going to have any more trouble with him. Satan so blinds us. If the old man were dead, we would not have to watch him; and yet, over and over again, Christ tells the disciples to watch. You do not know when the old nature will come up, like a tiger let loose. If the old nature were dead, you would not have to watch it. Now if we keep the old man crucified, as we ought to, and put in the new man, we can walk in the light of the world; we need not have any dark ways. But we have to keep our eyes on the Master, and watch and pray. Then it is all the time peace and joy. You know it is impossible for a man or woman to walk in darkness that follows Christ. I want to call your attention to this one truth of the two natures; and I would like to ask if you would take time this week, any of you that are troubled about your conversion and look up this subject. The first ten years of my Christian experience, I had a good many conflicts with myself; and the question often came up, Have I been converted? If so, how is it that my old temptations and desires come back? How is it I long sometimes to do the things I once used to do? If found, after I had been a Christian ten years, that God never took away my old nature. God gave me a new one, and the two remain. I I don't keep down my old man, he will come up and lead me into bondage and darkness. The question is, Have you got the new nature? Have you become a partaker of the Divine nature? If you have, it is a sign you have been born again.

The next thing we get is a new name; and God gives us a name. When we are brought into the family of God, the household of faith, we get a new name. We are no longer sinners, but the sons of the

High God. We are made perfect in Christ, clothed in his garments; we are made sons and daughters of God. We have a birthright, and it is a name. We are not only born into the family of God, but adopted. When we are born into the family of God, and become partakers of his nature, we take his name. The only way to get into that family is to be born in; we cannot educate ourselves in or work our way in. It is the work of God that takes us in. No man until he is born of God can say really that he is a Christian.

Another thing we get in the new way. We do not walk in the same way as before we were converted. A man or woman who professes Christianity and yet goes on in the old way has not been born again. When we are born again, we are born in a new way; and Christ is that way himself. We give up our way, and take his. The old way leads to death, the new way to life everlasting. In the old way, Satan leads us; in the new way the Son of God leads us. We are led by him, not into bondage and darkness, but into the way of peace and joy. A great many people tell us that they do not believe in the Old Testament, or in much of the New; but they believe in the Ten Commandments, and the Sermon on the Mount. Some say this because they have heard others say it; and I have met people who could not tell what they believed, except that it was what their ministers believed. They have no time to read the Word of God, though they have time to read all the novels of the day. Let me say to you people who believe in the Sermon on the Mount and nothing else, that we are told of a broad and a narrow way, the broad that leads to death, and the narrow to life eternal. Which way is yours, my friend? Are you in the narrow way that leadeth into life eternal, or in the broad way that leads to death? There are a great many that do not want to give up the broad way, because they like their own way; they do not like to give up the amusements of the world. There are plenty of churches in the broad way; for you can get almost any kind of preaching, now-a-days. They want men that will tell them everything is going on smoothly, that everybody will be saved, and the Lord is going to take them all into heaven. They can find that kind of preaching. A good many say: "I don't like that narrow, bigoted man that preaches the narrow way; I believe we will all be swept into heaven, whether we want to be or not. But some shake their heads and say they think they will be put into purgatory, and be punished perhaps a million of years. I would rather bow to Scripture. I can find no chance of repentance in the grave. But even if it were so, why not repent here? Is sin so sweet that you cannot give it up? The broad way is filled with unhappiness. God does not want us to do that which will bring ruin upon ourselves and upon others. If we live as God would have us, we mount higher and higher every year. That is taught in the Word of God. How is it with those who serve Satan? How dark and hard it is.

There is no praying down the broad way, though they may say prayers. They do not believe in conversion. Look down the two ways, and decide to-day which way you will take.

With the new birth, we also get a new tongue. There is, perhaps as much trouble caused in the world by slandering as by drinking. That question was brought up at the dinner table to-day; and we came to the conclusion that there were about as many dark and miserable homes resulting from slander as from drink. If a person is born of God, he has a new tongue, and he will not go out and slander people. If you love a person, you cannot slander him. Many a man has gone to his grave with a broken heart, because he has been slandered and lied about, perhaps by those who professed to be friends. When we are born of God, we get a new tongue, and there will be no slandering with it. The tongue that is blaspheming to-day may be praising God to-morrow. We get a new tongue when we get a new heart; and then we get a new song. No one can sing the song of the redemption till he has been born again. I do not know but a man can sing a lie as well as speak it. Now, though I have heard "Rock of Ages," perhaps once a day for twenty years, I could not start it; but I can sing in my heart just as well as Mr. Sankey, or anybody else. I cannot get it through these thick lips, but it is in my heart; and, by and by, I want to sing around the throne the song of Moses and the Lamb. I want to sing of him who redeemed me with his precious blood. Every true church is a singing church. Such a church won't hire three or four women to do their singing; they burst right out singing. And by and by you will see them on resurrection morning, coming from their sepulchres singing. This is the only thing we have heard of that they do in heaven.

The next thing we get is new food. If a man is converted, he is not going to live on the New York *Ledger*, and dime novels. I believe that one of the things that are poisoning the people is this miserable stuff. If we are born of God, we want better than that. When we have read the Bible through three or four times—and when we have done that, we will find it has spoiled nearly every other book for us. Another thing that a man gets is new friends. I thank God every day for the friends he has given me. I cannot go into a city or town but the best people in it gather around me. Thank God for Christian friends. My friends, if you want true friends, you want the friends of Jesus Christ. When I received Christ, I thought I got a great boon. I thought it was the best gift I ever received; and I used to wonder if he would continue that precious to me. But I can say without exaggeration that he has been a thousand times more to me than I thought he would be. If you want to know how to become a Christian, just receive Christ; and you will get everything in him. If you will let him into your

heart, he will bless you and save you. There is the new birth, the new creation, the new nature. Have you got them? Then the new name—have you got that? Can you say you are a child of God? Have you got into the new way? Have you got the new song in your mouth? Are you living on this heavenly food? Have you got new friends? May God help us to get all these things, and this will be the best Sabbath you have spent up to this time.

THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST.

You that have been here the last three Sunday mornings remember that I have been talking about Christ. Three weeks ago, this morning, we were looking at Christ in the Old Testament, and how the prophecy was fulfilled in regard to his coming; and the next Sabbath we were talking about his birth: and last Sunday of John, the forerunner to introduce him; and you remember that I have spoken here, during the last three months, of his birth, his life, his miracles, his parables, his death, his burial, his resurrection and his ascension. Now, this morning I want to talk about his coming again. (A voice: "Amen!") There is more said in the Epistles about the Lord Jesus Christ returning to this earth than there is about baptism. There is no denomination, no church scarcely, but that lays great stress upon that order; and God forbid that I should say anything that would give you to understand that I look upon it lightly. I think that every order that the Lord has given us, and ever commanded us to do, ought to be carried out literally; but we find that this doctrine has been, as it were, laid aside by the churches sometimes—they have forgotten all about it. But I don't know anything that will quicken the Church to-day so much as this precious doctrine of our Lord's return. (A voice: "Amen.") If I read my Bible correctly, in the Epistles baptism is referred to thirteen times and the Lord's return upwards of fifty times. So that it is not an unscriptural idea that I want to bring before you this morning. If the Word of God doesn't teach it, my friends, don't you receive it; but let us be ready and willing to bow to Scripture, because we read that all Scripture is given by inspiration; that we are not to be one-sided Christians, and take up one truth and harp on that all the time; but we are to take up the whole Word of God.

Just turn to the 2nd epistle of Peter, the 1st chapter and 19th

verse: "We have also a more sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day-star arise in your hearts: Knowing this first, that no prophecy of the Scripture is of any private interpretation." No private interpretation It is for the whole Church of God—the whole family of God. "For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man; but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."

Now you know Gabriel came down to announce the conception of Christ, and angels came to announce his birth: angels came to announce his resurrection; angels came to announce his return. When those apostles stood there gazing up into heaven, two angels dropped down there. "And it came to pass, as they were much perplexed thereabout, behold, two men stood by them in shining garments. And as they were afraid, and bowed down their faces to the earth, they said unto them: "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen; remember how he spake unto you when he was yet in Galilee, saying, The Son of man must be delivered into the hands of sinful men, and be crucified, and the third day rise again." Yes, thank God, he is coming again, just as he went. (A voice: "Amen!") We are going to see him in person; he that left this world blessing it—for that is the way he left this world, blessing it—is coming back to bless his own church and to receive them that have waited for his return. If you read the 26th chapter of Matthew, the 64th verse, you will find that it was just this very thing that caused his death. When the high priests asked him who he was, and if he was the true Messiah, what does he say: "Jesus saith unto him, Thou hast said: nevertheless I say unto you, Hereafter shall ye see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven." That was enough. The moment they heard that, they accused him of blasphemy and condemned him to death, just because he said he was coming again. "Ye shall see me coming in the clouds of glory."

Now, let me say that this doctrine has suffered a good deal from those who claim to be its friends, because they set a time—a certain day—for his coming. Now, we read here in Matthew, 24th chapter and 30th verse, that no man knows when he shall come. "But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only." It seems to me that the devil is all the time trying to counterfeit these precious truths, so that the mass of Christians will not believe it. Now, there it is clearly taught that the day and the hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels in heaven. Now, when a man comes and tells you that he knows when Christ is coming—that he is coming next year, or in 1980, or in any particular year or at any particular time, he has got no truth for that assertion. "The day and the hour knoweth no man." I think if we

knew the day and the hour of his coming, we wouldn't be watching for his coming. All through the Scripture we are told to watch for his coming.

"Therefore be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." And then we are also taught that his coming shall be sudden. We find in that 24th chapter, 39th verse: "But as the days of Noe were, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be. For as in the days that were before the flood they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noe entered into the ark. And knew not until the flood came and took them all away; so shall also the coming of the Son of man be." Now, we have that order that the time of his coming is unknown; that he is coming unexpectedly. In another place it says that he is coming like a thief in the night. He is coming suddenly; but let us bear in mind that he is coming, because that word has gone out.

Now, I can imagine some of you say, "He is coming to us when we die." But that is not what is taught here. Death is not the coming of the Lord. Just turn to the 21st chapter of John, 18th verse: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, When thou wast young, thou girdest thyself, and walkedst whither thou wouldst; but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldest not. This spake he, signifying by what death he should glorify God. And when he had spoken this, he saith unto him, Follow me." Now, the thought I want to call your attention to is this; that Christ didn't look to his death and his coming as one and the same thing. He kept them distinct. His coming is one thing; his death is another. You and I may be summoned away before Christ comes; but I am not taught anywhere in the Scripture to look for death. That is not in the Scripture. We are told to look for the coming of the Lord. Now, Peter wanted to know what John should do. "Jesus saith unto him, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? follow thou me." That is, you are to follow me, and not look to see what this disciple or that disciple is going to do. "Then went this saying abroad among the brethren, that that disciple should not die; yet Jesus said not unto him, he shall not die; but, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" There is a difference between death and his coming. Now, I think that we make a great mistake in saying that death is the coming of the Lord. Death is one thing; and the coming of the Lord is another. Why, the year of jubilee will burst upon this world by and by; and we shall come up out of our graves. That is distinct and separate from death. It will be all life then. We shall be changed in the twinkling of an eye. Enoch was one type of life, he was caught up into heaven. Elijah was translated from earth to heaven, in a fiery chariot. These two represent-

ed the first two dispensations; and so Christ, who represented the third, has gone up; and when he comes these bodies shall come forth from their graves. We are not going to die. If the world remains, if we wait until Christ comes, we are going to defy death. Death has been conquered, and by and by, I don't know when, in the fullness of time, we shall rise victorious to glory. He shall come and set up his kingdom on earth. As we read in the prophecy of Daniel, that stone cut out of the mountains without hands is growing, and it is going to fill the whole earth. God has decreed it.

Now, I think it is decreed in Thessalonians, and if you have your Bibles here I should like to have you turn to Thessalonians, because this passage is written, just as it were, to the young converts. Every chapter in that first Epistle is a sermon to young converts about his coming. "For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of tbe archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first; Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words." That is the comfort of the church; not that we are agoing to die, but that the Lord may come at any time and take us away into that bridal chamber. Now, it is said that his coming in judgment on the earth to dash the nations to pieces that have disobeyed him, is one coming, and that his coming to take his bride away is altogether different. So his first coming is in the air; and that is when we shall be caught up to meet the Lord in the air. "For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first." Then, over here, in the 5th chapter of John, 25th verse, "Verily, verily, I say unto you. The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God; and they that hear shall live. For as the Father hath life in himself; so hath he given to the Son to have life in himself. And hath given him authority to execute judgment also, because He is the Son of man. Marvel not at this, for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in their graves shall hear his voice. And shall come forth."

And by and by these slumbering bodies shall be awakened by the trump of God; and they shall come forth from their graves, and fly to meet the King of Glory. "And they shall come forth, they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation." Now, you take a strong piece of magnet, and then have little pieces of iron or steel, mixed up in some sawdust; and just hold that magnet over it. Every particle of steel and iron will fly to meet that magnet. So when He shall come upon the earth, every one of his chosen shall fly to meet him. The hour is coming when the trump shall sound;

the Lord of Hosts shall come. Oh, Christ is going to come. Let us be waiting and watching and praying that He may come quickly.

Now, there are three great facts taught in Scripture. First, that Christ is coming again. The next, that the Holy Ghost was to come on us here, in the world. Now, do you believe that this assembly would have been drawn together for the past three months, if it had not been for the power of the Holy Ghost? Do you believe that men would have been converted, if it had not been for the power of the Holy Ghost. Is there any eloquence, any power in man that can turn the whole current of men's lives; that can transform a poor, miserable drunkard, one who has made his home a hell, who has beaten and abused his wife. Can any eloquence, any power in man, I say, do that unless it is by and through the power of the Holy Ghost? The next great fact that this Bible teaches is, that he is coming again. What is it that makes the 14th chapter of John so sweet? You know there is probably not a chapter in the whole Bible that is read so much as that one in John. What makes it so sweet? why, because it tells us he shall come again. "Let not your hearts be troubled; ye believe in God; believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." Then what does he say? "And if I go and prepare a place for you I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also." That is the key-note to the 14th chapter of John—not that he is going to send death, or send some angel after us; but that he is coming himself. He himself is coming back after his bride. He came down here to get a bride, and the world rose up and cast him out and said he shouldn't have a bride. Then he went up above, and has been there these 1800 years gathering out his bride. Some one says, you can get some idea of how magnificent these mansions are by the time he takes to get them ready.

Now, there is no place in the Scripture where we are told to watch for signs—the rebuilding of Babylon, or the returning of the Jews to Jerusalem; but all through Scripture we are told what to do—just to watch for him; just to be waiting for our Lord's return from heaven. In Paul's Epistle to the Philippians we read: "For our conversation is in heaven; from whence also we look for the Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ: who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself." "Looking for our Lord and Savior." And that's the attitude of every true believer in this world, with loins girded, lamps trimmed and burning, watching for the coming of the bridegroom. Thank God, he will say when Christ comes, "Behold, the bridegroom cometh." Now, he says again here, in the 2d chapter of Titus and the 13th verse:

"Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Savior Jesus Christ."

Now, if you will just take your Bibles, a great many of you will find that, over and over again, the Lord has said that we are to be waiting and watching for his coming. The last prayer in Scripture —what is it? "Come quickly, Lord Jesus." And that ought to be the cry of every child of God: "Come quickly, Lord Jesus." Think of the war that is bursting upon the nations across the waters. Think of the blood and carnage. Think of the widows and orphan children, of the suffering that is going to be in those nations. But, thank God, when he comes there will be no more war. (A voice: "Amen.") There will be no more suffering. There will be peace. Then, in the 13th chapter of Mark, the 32d verse, it says: "But of that day and that hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father. Take ye heed, watch and pray for ye know not when the time is. For the Son of man is a man taking a far journey, who left his house, and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work, and commanded the porter to watch. Watch ye therefore, for ye know not when the Master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning. Lest coming suddenly he find you sleeping. And what I say unto you I say unto all, Watch." He may come in the morning; he may come in the evening; he may come at the cock-crowing. In another place, Luke 17th chapter, it says: "Two women shall be grinding together; the one shall be taken and the other left. Two men shall be in the field; the one shall be taken and the other left." Christ is going to take out his chosen from among the scoffers. By and by, he is going to separate his children, and the scoffers and the workers of iniquity. They may scoff and laugh now; but I tell you, by and by, there will be nothing left of them. My friends, you will find it to be true that every portion of the Old Testament referring to Christ's coming has been fulfilled. Now, people say this is so wonderful, so beyond all reason, so beyond all common sense, that we cannot lay hold of it. Now, his second coming cannot be so wonderful as his first coming. If a man had stood up and said that Christ was going to be born of a virgin; that he was going to be laid in a manger; that he was going to be the son of a carpenter, and going to work at the carpenter's trade himself (as he did), there wouldn't have been a man in the world who would have believed him. "Oh, that is figurative," they would have said. And that's just the way men talk now, and just figure away everything. The Scripture was literally fulfilled. He came, just the way that the prophets said he would come; and once, as I said the other morning, he had to ride into Jerusalem, because it was prophesied that he should. Everything was fulfilled. Now, this prophesy in the New Testament about his coming, in my mind, my friends, I haven't the slightest

doubt but that it is going to be fulfilled. That same Jesus that was crucified at Mount Calvary, we shall see at Mount Calvary again—see his hands and his feet pierced with the nails; and it is a question in my mind whether the Jews will not receive him when he comes back. They will receive him as the true Messiah, and take up the glorious news of the coming of the Messiah, and spread it around the world.

A great many say: "This doctrine of the second coming of Christ cannot affect me. He can't come in my day. A great many things have got to take place before he comes. The thousand years of the millennium have got to come before he does." That is just the way I used to talk. "Why," I used to say, "He can't come in my day. Don't you know that there is to be one thousand years of the millennium; that righteousness must increase and wickedness must decrease before he comes?" Ah, my friends, but since I have got a little better acquainted with the Word of God, I find that is not God's plan; that is not what is taught here. Why, just see what he says: "This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come." That doesn't sound like the millennium, does it? "For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy." "Boasters." There is some boasting done here in Boston. "Without natural affection, truce-breakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good. Traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God." I think we are coming pretty near those days now. "Having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof; from such turn away. For of this sort are they which creep into houses, and lead captive silly women laden with sins, led away with divers lusts; ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth. Now as Jannes and Jambres withstood Moses, so do these also resist the truth; men of corrupt minds, reprobate concerning the faith. But they shall proceed no further, for their folly shall be manifest unto all men, as theirs also was. But thou hast fully known my doctrine, manner of life, purpose, faith, long-suffering, charity, patience. Persecutions, afflictions, which came unto me at Antioch, at Iconium, at Lystra, what persecutions I endured; but out of them all the Lord delivered me. Yea, and all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution. But evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived." The fact is, my friends, the world is going to destruction; and what God wants is to have us come out from it. "Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you. And will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty. Having therefore these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, per-

fecting holiness in the fear of God." And he is now redeeming his children, taking them out from the world; and the sons of Light ought to grow stronger and stronger; but the wicked men are waxing worse and worse.

When we read over here about the coming of the Son of God, that it shall be as in the days of Noah. How was it then? Were men then praising God, living for God's glory? Just see what it says: "But as the days of Noe were, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be. For as in the days that were before the flood, they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noe entered into the ark. And knew not until the flood came, and took them all away; so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be." There will be drunkenness in the world when He comes. Don't flatter yourselves, my dear friends, that the world is going to be better and better. The world has not got better. It may be that the children of God are getting stronger and stronger; but this world is like a wrecked vessel. It is going to pieces on the rocks, and God wants you to do everything you can to rescue your souls. Now, some people say, "O don't preach that! You will drive away people by preaching that doctrine." I don't know of anything that will quicken men; I don't know of anything that will take the men of this world out of their bonds and stocks quicker than that our Lord is coming again. The way it looks to me is this: Here is a vessel going to pieces on the rocks. God puts a life-boat in my hands, and says: "Rescue every man you can. Get them out of this wrecked vessel." So God wants us to get our family out of the wrecked world into the ark of safety, as Noah did his family, and have them in Christ; and if they are in Christ, they are safe.

Let me call your attention to 2nd Peter, 3d chapter, and 3d and 4th verses: "Knowing this first, that there shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts, and saying, Where is the promise of his coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation." Are we not just living in those days? Just look at the scoffer saying "Where is the promise of his coming? Everything is moving on. The sun, moon and stars are shining just the same as they have been from the creation. Where is the promise of his coming? Why, we are going on to perfection! Everything is growing better and better." But that isn't what this Word teaches. It teaches that the heavens shall roll up like a scroll. He wants us to get into Christ, and if we are in him we are saved. Just turn to the 48th verse of the 24th chapter of Matthew: "But, and if that evil servant shall say in his heart, my lord delayeth his coming; and shall begin to smite his fellow-servants, and to eat and drink with the drunken; the lord of that servant shall come in a day when he looketh not for him, and in an hour that he is not aware of; and shall cut him asunder, and

appoint him his portion with the hypocrites; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

There is another warning. I have only time to just touch on this wonderful subject. The Bible is full of them. I want to urge these young converts to begin and study the whole Word of God. I don't want them to be hoggish, and take up one part only, but the whole Word of God; so that at these times you may know just what you are to receive and what you are to reject, and that you have got a reason for the hope that is within you.

Now I want to call your attention to another thing: that is, that every time you go to the Lord's table, you will go there not only to show forth his death, but what else? "For as often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come." How many that go to the Lord's table ever think of his return? Now, I will tell you where men make a great mistake. They go to the Lord's table with dread. I used to dread communion Sundays—a weak from this Sunday, I am told, is communion Sunday. I used to dread it. We used to have it once in three months. Now it is once a month; and I hope we will have it every Sabbath. I used to go there thinking of my own sins, and the short-comings of the committee; and it was most unpleasant. But I found out that I was to go there to remember him; and now it is a place of rejoicing. I try to think just as little of myself when I go to the Lord's table as I can. There isn't any place in the Scripture where you are told to examine yourselves when you go there; but you are to go there to remember the Lord, and that he is coming back again. That is what we are to think about. We are to think of his death until he comes.

But then I can imagine that some of you say that, if I preach this doctrine, that the world is going to be destroyed, that grace has been a failure. Now let me say, right here, that grace has not been a failure. Man has failed to lay hold of it; and the world has spurned the Word of God, just as the Jews did Christ, years ago. They would not receive him. Now, the grace of God is over all the world, and the world has rejected it. Thank God, here and there is one that will lay hold of it; and if men won't take hold of it, they ought not to complain that God is going to punish them for it. Because, when he sent his prophets, they killed them; they crucified his son, and would not receive the Holy Ghost; and they trampled his Word under their feet. Why, you cannot say he is unjust. If a man says, "I hate the grace of God, the gift of God; I don't want the salvation of God through Jesus Christ;" if a man wants to be excused from the marriage feast of the Lamb, why, don't go off and say grace has been a failure; but they have failed to lay hold of it.

Now, there is another thing; that when Christ comes we are going to be reunited with our loved ones. There are a good many here in

this congregation that have got more friends in heaven than on earth. Some of you mothers have got more children there than down here. Yes, there is a better day for us, my friends. Glory and honor to God; Christ is coming back; and I am going to see my loved ones again. I an just waiting and watching for the hour when I shall hear that trump sound; and I shall be released to meet those loved ones; and those that are with me, that are in Christ, shall go up together, and we shall be forever with the Lord. Oh, how we ought to hail that day, and how the church ought to be watching! Oh, that God would wean us from the world, that we should not have our hearts set on things down here, but on things above, where Christ is.

I want to call your attention to a few passages of Scripture. In 1st Corinthians, 11th chapter, 25th and 26th verses, it says: "After the same manner also he took the cup, when he had supped, saying, This cup is the New Testament in my blood: this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me. For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till he come." In Luke, 19th chapter, 13th verse, he tells us to use our talents until he comes. We must fight the good fight of faith until he comes. "And he called his ten servants, and delivered them ten pounds, and said unto them, Occupy till I come." In 1st Timothy, 6th chapter, 12–14 verses: "Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called, and hast professed a good profession before many witnesses. I give thee charge in the sight of God, who quickeneth all things, and before Christ Jesus, who before Pontius Pilate witnessed a good confession. That thou keep this commandment without spot, unrebukable, until the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ." In 2d Thessalonians, 1st chapter, 7th verse: "And to you who are troubled, rest with us, when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels" In James, 8th chapter, 8th verse: "Be ye also patient; establish your hearts; for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh." In 2d Timothy, 4th chapter, 8th verse, we are to wait for the crown of righteousness: "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." In 1st Timothy, 2d chapter, 5th to 8th verses: "For there is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Jesus Christ; who gave himself a ransom for all to be testified in due time. Whereunto I am ordained a preacher, and an apostle, (I speak the the truth in Christ, and lie not;) a teacher of the Gentiles in faith and verity."

"I will therefore that men pray everywhere, lifting up holy hands, without wrath and doubting." In 1st Thessalonians, 4th chapter, 13th and 14th verses: "But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even

as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

We are to wait for Satan to be bound until he comes. Oh, he's going to be bound that day, and Christ, who has a right to take the throne of David, is going to take it. Let us pray that he may come quickly. Let that be the burden of our prayers.

A PERSONAL STATEMENT BY MR. MOODY.

Shortly before the close of the services in Boston, Mr. Moody addressed a noon-day meeting upon the financial aspect of the Revival work, and the compensation the Evangelists were to receive. He said:

To-morrow, at all the meetings, there will be a collection taken up for the expenses of the meetings, as a thank offering; and we would like to have every man give as the Lord has prospered him, or as his heart is inclined to give. We do not want a man to give unless he gives his heart with it. We do not want any one going off complaining that there has been too much money spent. If you do not want to give, do not give. The amount desired is $30,000—$20,000 to defray expenses up to the time of closing the present series of meetings; and the remainder to secure the use of the Tabernacle for Gospel purposes for a year. I could not stand here to ask for this collection, if I was to carry off any part of it. There have been some very exaggerated rumors that we were employed to come for so many thousand dollars—$10,000, $15,000, $20,000, or even $30,000. Now let me say that this money is to go to D. E. Snow of the Tremont Bank, who is Treasurer of the committee that have put up the building and have paid all the bills; and not one dollar of it is coming to us. We not only raised money enough to pay the ex-

penses in Chicago, but $80,000 to pay the debt on the Young Men's Christian Association. Then some one writes to an infidel paper that Moody and Sankey had put the money in their pockets—pretty good pay for three months' work. We find a good many people believe it. If we took money from the public, it would be well to report what we did with it, and how much we received. As there never has been any collection for us, and we are not employed by the public or any committee, I do not know that it is necessary for me to say anything to justify myself in the way I have been employed the last sixteen years. But when I gave up my business sixteen years ago, after three months of the severest struggle of my life, as to whether I should go for dollars and cents or for souls, from that day to this I have no more lived for money than I have lived for water. My friends have blamed me, because I have not laid aside something for my family.

Some of them insisted upon my wife having some money; and they bought her a home in the country, and the rumor is that it cost $30,000, and $30,000 to furnish it. The home cost $3500 and there have been some improvements; and the furniture and everything cost $10,000. It belongs to my wife and children. My father died at the early age of forty-one, and if I die to-morrow, there will be a roof over the heads of my wife and children. (Voices, "Thank God!") Some one said, in the inquiry-room, a certain man would not come because I paid $4000 for a horse. Take off $3750, and you will find it right. As far as dollars and cents are concerned, I could make more in one night than I have made in Boston. I have been offered $500 a night for a lecture. I have been offered $200, $300, $500 a night to lecture, when I might talk an hour and then go to a comfortable hotel; but as it is now, I work at the Tabernacle all day and talk till midnight with inquirers, and when I am done have hardly strength enough to go to my room. If you want to attack me, do not attack me there. I have weaknesses; but they are not in that direction. If I had come for money, it would have been in some other work. (Applause.) I detest that applause. The royalty on the hymn books amounted last year to $68,000; but it all went to three trustees, and not one dollar came into the hands of Mr. Sankey or myself. It belongs to us as much as the income of your business belongs to you; but we give it up. We do not want one dollar of your money in Boston. Give it to the Lord, as long as you please. I would rather live on a crust of bread than have people think we came for your money. If any young man here wants to go into the work of the Lord for money, I advise him not to do it. Now I don't want any one to go off and say that we preach for nothing; for we do not. We preach for souls; and the Lord takes care of us. I never have known what it is to want money in the sixteen years I

have been at work for him. The Lord has taken good care of me; and I have not known what it is to want.

Taking his Bible, Mr. Moody read from the 2d chapter of Colossians, 6th, 7th and 8th verses: "As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye with him: rooted and built up in him, and established in the faith as ye have been taught, abounding therein with thanksgiving. Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ."

And from the 3d chapter, 6th to 17th verses: "For which things' sake the wrath of God cometh on the children of disobedience. In the which ye also walked sometime, when ye lived in them. But now ye also put off all these; anger, wrath, malice, blasphemy, filthy communication out of your mouth. Lie not one to another, seeing that ye have put off the old man with his deeds, and have put on the new man, which is renewed in knowledge after the image of him that created him: where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free; but Christ is all, and in all. Put on, therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering, forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any; even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye. And above all these things put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness. And let the peace of God rule in your hearts, to the which also ye are called in one body; and be ye thankful. Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord. And whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him."

In commenting on the passages read, he said: As ye have therefore received him, walk ye in him. No man ever received Christ that did not receive him in humility, when pride, self-righteousness and egotism were gone. As you receive him, walk with him. If we walk with him as we have received him, then we are walking as God would have us walk; then we are deep rooted. We want to get these young converts rooted, not in themselves, but in Christ. You find surface Christians, when there is some great blast of temptation, go down. If we are rooted in Christ and built up in him, we have strength and power. Let us pray that we may have these seven things, that we may realize that we have received Christ, walk as we have received him, be rooted, built up and complete in him, buried in him, and risen in him.

ADDRESS BY MR. SANKEY, ON PRAISE.

Before we proceed, I wish to say a word in regard to the subject of Praise. We find in Colossians 3d: 16th: "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord." The subject of praise seems to be identified with singing in the minds of the people. This meeting has been announced as a praise meeting, and every one in that connection believes that we are to praise God in singing. Let me say, here, that I believe there are more ways of praising God than by singing hymns; there are many ways by which we can praise God, and it is not exclusively confined to singing of hymns. There is another kind of singing, which I observe here in Boston and elsewhere. It is put under the head of praise, while there is not praise in it at all; singing to one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs. Now this question of solo singing, or singing alone, as we have been doing here and elsewhere, I conceive that this kind of singing is not thoroughly understood by most of the people. That is to say, our understanding of it and theirs are not alike. If I should come here and sing a solo, as we shall have to-night some song sung in that way, there is no praise in that. And in our prayers on this platform, we often ask God's blessing upon the singing of praises; and we join together to sing his praise. We scarcely ever ask a blessing on the preaching of his word in song; the mission of preaching and teaching in song is not understood fully. I believe that the hymns, "Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By," and "The Ninety and Nine" and "What Shall the Harvest Be?" do not contain a word of praise; and yet they are sung in all the meetings all over the country.

I wish people would get the distinction, that one class of hymns are to teach, and the other, such as "Praise God from whom all blessings flows" and "Jesus lover of my soul," are hymns in which the whole congregation can join in praising God. But for one man to sit here and try to praise God for this whole audience, would be a strange performance. Perhaps, many wonder why I have sung alone to praise God. It is because I thought that, by these sweet gospel hymns, I might reach some heart in the great congregations. I thank God that he has blessed his message, as sung in these great congregations. God has been blessing the message when it has been sung alone. For instance this hymn, "What shall the harvest be?" there

is no praise in that. Not long since, in a meeting that we were holding, a man came staggering through the door and was directed into the gallery of the building—there were galleries in the building where we were holding our meetings; and he staggered down through the aisle, until he came to a seat near one of the large posts that held up the building; and his testimony afterwards was, that while he was sitting there in a drunken stupor—he just wandered in off the street, a poor man lost through strong drink—he leaned his head up against the post. And when the people came in with their happy faces and joyful looks, he said: "This is no place for me, I will go; I have no friends or home, or friends to help me; I will go." And he attempted to get up and go out of the building. But just then the little hymn, "What shall the Harvest Be?" was given out from the pulpit, and the first strain of the hymn caught the attention of that poor man and he sat down, as he says in his testimony; and when it came to that verse, which said:

"Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
Sowing the seed of eternal shame,"

he said that line went as a dagger through his heart. He said: "That is me; that is what I have been doing, sowing the 'seed of a tarnished name;' my name is gone, and I am 'sowing the seed of eternal shame.'" God sent those lions down into the heart of that poor man, and he got up at the conclusion of the hymn and wandered out into the dark streets of the city. And, as his testimony goes, he went to a saloon to try if he could drown the thought of those lines from his heart; and as he says: "I went to a bar, I attempted to drink, I could see written on the walls of that bar-room, 'What shall the Harvest be?'" And he went to his home that night; and as he lay upon his bed in his room he could see in the darkness and gloom of that room, on the walls that sentence, "What shall the Harvest be?" It stayed in the man's heart; it brought him back to the meeting; in the course of three or four days, he found his way to the inquiry-room, and there a man of God met him, prayed with him, led him in the right way; and this day he is a bright and shining light, in yonder city. He came to me one day, just before I came from the city in which he is in, and he read me a letter. He said: "Here is a letter I want to show you from my little girl. My wife and I have been separated; for eight years I haven't seen them; but my little girl writes me this letter. They heard the Lord had found me in this great city." Then he went on to read the letter, and the tears rolled down the strong man's cheeks. He said: "My wife has never ceased to pray for me, and this dear little girl of mine, she says: 'Papa, I knew that you would come back to us some time; I knew that the Lord would find you, for I have been praying for you all these years.'" And as the tears rolled down the man's cheeks he said, "I thank God that Jesus has found

me!" Jesus used that little hymn to find him yonder, in that great congregation; and I bless God that he is finding souls here. I Get testimonials almost every day from some poor soul who has received the message of God's love through these little gospel hymns; and therefore I want the Christians to have faith that God can bless this way of delivering his message of love; and then we will all join more heartily in the days to come in singing the story of his love.

Oh, how we might go to the bed-ridden and outcast in this great city and sing a song for Jesus Christ! If you cannot go to preach to them, what a blessing would accompany the singing of one of these sweet Gospel hymns to those who don't come to these meetings at all. May God give us hearts thus to do. If we cannot preach, let us go and sing for Jesus Christ. He has given thousands of you voices, better voices than mine or those upon the platform, so that you can go and carry this message of his love. How many we have known to have been won to his love, and to the home above. May God bless this little word exhorting in this direction, and give us an understanding of the mission there is in singing these Gospel truths alone. But now, before we go further, I think we will have that hymn of which I have been speaking, "What shall the Harvest be?" if you will allow me to sing it to-night. I hope Christians will pray that God may bless it to some poor wanderer here to-night.

Mr Sankey now announced that he would sing "The Ninety and Nine," but before doing so he wanted to tell something about the hymn. While Mr. Moody and he were going to the north of Scotland, during their tour in Great Britain, he felt greatly the need of a new hymn. One day in Edinburgh he bought at a news-stand a number of papers, and in the corner of one of them, a religious paper, he found the words, without any name attached to them. He remarked to Mr. Moody that it was just what was wanted, and during the next day the little chant formed itself in his mind. Then there was a great meeting in the city; and while it was in progress, the impulse came upon him to sing that song. The music had not yet been written, but he seated himself at the organ, hardly knowing how it was all to come out, and sang. A few days later he received from a lady this note: "I thank you, sir, for having sung my deceased sister's words. My sister wrote those words five years ago. She has been in heaven four years, and I thank you for singing them." This hymn, Mr. Sankey continued, has been peculiarly blessed. The lady from whom the note was received lives at Bridge End, Melrose, Scotland. Mr. Sankey concluded these remarks by hoping that the hymn would again be blessed.

PRAYER MEETING TALKS.

CHRIST THE GOOD SAMARITAN.—LUKE X: 25.

In this picture we get the whole gospel. Jerusalem was the city of peace. Jericho was a city condemned, and from one to the other was all the way down hill—an easy road to go, as the unfortunate man thought when he started on his journey. But he fell among thieves, who stripped him and left him half dead, and the priest and the Levite passed him by. These two men represent a large class of people. We can imagine the priest asking himself, "Am I my brother's keeper?" and complaining, "What did he want to go down there for, anyway? Why didn't he stay at home? He was a great deal better off in Jerusalem—he might have known something would happen to him." Some people think they have done their duty when they blame the poor for their poverty, and the unfortunate for the accidents which happen to them.

There is another class who always begin to philosophise the minute they see any suffering. "Why does God have these things? Why does he have sin and poverty in the world, I would like to know. He needn't have it. He could just as well have made a world without it." But here comes the good Samaritan; he does more than pity and philosophise; he helps, gives oil, and lifts the poor fellow on his beast. He is not afraid to touch him. He don't stop to ask whether he is Jew or Gentile, or just what he is going to do with the man if he takes him away from there. Now a great many people ask us, "What are you going to do with these young converts when you get them? Where will you put them—into what church—Methodist, Baptist, Episcopal?" "Well, we don't know; we have not thought of that; we are trying to get them out of the ditch first." "Oh, well then, we don't want to have anything to do with it; we want it to be done decently and in order, if we are going to have a hand in it."

These people are no Samaritans; they won't have any thing to do with the poor fellows by the wayside if they cannot dispose of them ever afterwards to suit themselves. Let us not condemn those who

have fallen into the ditch. Christ is our Good Samaritan; He has done for us, and tells us to do for others.

CREATE A CLEAN HEART IN ME, O GOD.—PS. li: 10.

It seems as if here is where we might well stop and say a word. Is our heart clean in the sight of God? Has he renewed a right spirit within us? Do we show that in our home, in our daily life, in our business, and in our contact with others? If wo do not, it seems to me it is better to be praying for ourselves than for others, that the world may see that we have been with God's Spirit. If we are a great way from Christ in all our ways, our words will be cold and empty, and we cannot reach the world. There is power enough in this room to move all New York if we had the right spirit and clean hearts. A friend of mine told me he had been preaching some time without seeing any results in his church, and he began to cry to God that he might have a blessing in his church. He said weeks went on and the answer didn't come, and he felt as if he must either have a blessing or give up the ministry. He must have souls or die, and he said that on one Sunday he threw himself on his knees in his study and cried to God: "Oh! God, break this heart of mine and give me a contrite spirit." Just at this moment he heard a faint rap at the door, and opening it, his little child, four years old, entered. She had heard her father's prayer, and she said, "Father, I wish you would pray for me, I want a clean heart." "And," said he, "God broke my heart, and at the next meeting there were forty inquirers, after that one sermon." Oh, that our hearts may be tender, and may we know what it is to have broken hearts and contrite spirits.

GOD'S POWER TO SAVE THE DRUNKARD.—JER. xxxii: 17.

"Oh, Lord God! behold, thou hast made the heaven and the earth by thy great power and stretched-out arm, and there is nothing too hard for thee."

Mr. Moody said he had taken that chapter to every place where he had been. He tried to find a substitute, but had never succeeded. He then said:

It's just what we want to give the key-note to our meetings. Many of us look about and see so many wretched and wicked people that we become disheartened. But it's as easy for God to save every drunkard and infidel in New York as it is for him to turn his hand over. Think of this earth that God has made, with its mountains and rivers! Some one has said it is only a ball thrown from the hand of God, and another that the stars and the moon are only the fringe of his garments. If God can do these great things, think you

he can't save drunkards? If he could speak worlds into existence, can't he save dead souls? I have more hope of these prayer meetings than of any others. But if we don't get a hold of God here we won't anywhere. I believe that God answers prayers. If we ask a fish, he won't give us a stone. Some have said these meetings will pass away and do no good. But it won't be so if God is with us. The late war taught men how to pray. It seems to me that some of the best work I ever saw was among the soldiers. Those boys away from their mothers, how many prayers were uttered for them, and how many were converted! I well remember a young lieutenant from Indiana. In one of our meetings, when we had been speaking of mothers' prayers, he got up and said the remarks reminded him of letters he had received from his mother, expressing great anxiety about his soul. He had told her he would come to Christ after the war; but she reminded him he might never see that time. Another letter came from his home, and that mother was dead. And with the tears trickling down his cheeks, that noble young man told his tale, and came to know his Savior. Now we come to-day to call upon the Lord for a great blessing to rest upon this mighty city.

A RAINY DAY PRAYER MEETING.—PS. ciii.

There are five precious clauses in this Psalm, viz: "He forgiveth all thine iniquities;" "He healeth all thy diseases;" "He redeemeth thy life from destruction," and "He crowneth thee with loving kindness." Christianity is better than anything that the world can give. It satisfies us. This is what wealth cannot do. The crowns of Europe cannot give the peace and contentment that come from the Crown of Life. I like these rainy-day prayer meetings. It costs us something to get here.

DISOBEDIENCE.

All the trouble in the world originates in this little word. It is the cause of all misery, and is the open door through which it comes. It was there that Adam fell; God told him that he shouldn't do a certain thing, and he did it. In the 15th chapter of 1st Samuel we read of sacrifices and obedience, and that God prefers being obeyed to having any sacrifice offered that men may choose. The first thing that God wants is obedience. That's what we want in our families. If our children disobey us there comes an alternative. They must learn to obey, or they or we must leave the house. It is the same with the kingdom of God. If we enter it we must obey. To obey is better than making sacrifice. Saul lost his crown, his throne, his son, his friend Samuel, and the friendship of his son-in-law

David; he turned his back on them all because of his disobedience, and he finally lost his life. But just turn to that other Saul over in the New Testament. He was obedient unto death. He had no Jonathan, save at the right hand of God. He had no crown, no throne, but he won them both. A blessing is promised all who will obey. God deals with individuals as with nations. The punishment is the same. Punishment comes alike upon families and individuals if they will not obey. A crisis may come when we do not know whether to obey God or our employers or possibly our parents. The Word of God makes the way clear. When we come into God's kingdom, "whatsoever he saith to thee, do it." If the laws in the nation are in conflict with God's law, they must be broken. Christ alone of all men obeyed God fully. Obey him and then God may look down pleased with his children, and say, "This is my son, this is my daughter." Christ came to do God's will. When men disobey army orders they are court-martialed and shot. No one complains. Now, my friends, is there not as much reason why we should obey the orders of heaven, and, when we do not, should we not be punished? Sinners are willing to do anything but obey God. Coming to him as a poor beggar is what they don't like. If they could buy salvation they would gladly do it. Some men down in Wall street, I fancy, would pay great prices. Many people come to me and say, "Mr. Moody, is it right for me to go to the theatre; can I dance?" That ain't it. Can we glorify God by doing such things? It's a good deal better to be right with God, and then he will look down with pleasure and bless us.

HOPE.

If I should question every one here to-day I have no doubt each would be found with a hope. But is it a true or a false hope! If it is false it is worse than none. Job speaks about the hypocrite, and says: "Will God hear his cry when trouble cometh upon him." Solomon says in Proverbs that "the hope of the unjust man shall perish." If you have false hopes of heaven, the best thing you can do is to give them up. For what are they good for? Will they bear you over Jordan? Will they sustain you beyond the grave? But true hope is not in regard to eternal life. That is secured to us if we are born of God. Our hopes are of the resurrection of Christ, his second coming and our own resurrection. It is written, "He that believeth hath eternal life." The Lord himself shall descend from heaven, the dead shall be raised, and we shall meet him in the air. It is a glorious hope. All that believe shall rise. That is a hope sure and steadfast. Some one says that joy is like a lark that sings in the morning, but hope is like a nightingale that sings in the night. We won't need hope after we get to heaven. But it takes us there. You

can have Christ and this hope to-day if you will. "He came to his own and his own received him not, but as many as received him to them gave he power."

FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT.—GAL. v: 22.

Love is the first fruit. If we don't love our enemies we're not converted. We must be able to forgive others before God will forgive us. There is no grace in loving our friends and those who love us. The greatest heathen would do that. But joy is what we want to talk about to-day. No man is converted who hasn't it. The angels said, "I bring you good tidings of great joy." The world may give happiness, but it is fleeting. It may vanish in a day. But joy comes from heaven; it is a river, and flows on forever from the throne. Some people say they once had this joy, but have it not now. Let them turn over to the words, "Restore to me the joy of thy salvation." He will do it. But remember the words, "Study the Word and work." A man may work and still not have joy, and he may study the Bible and not have it. He must work and study both. Then it will come, "The joy of the Lord is your strength." If you have joy in your heart you can't help but work. Your strength will not fail you.

There are three kinds of joy. First is the joy of our own salvation. How well we remember the day when we found the Lord! "Happy day"—how we liked to sing that hymn! Then there is the joy of seeing others converted. I pity those who keep out of the inquiry-room. We who are in there get the cream of this work; while you, if I may be allowed the expression, only get the skimmed milk. And a third kind of joy is that which comes from seeing others walk in God's ways. In John 15, 11th verse, Christ says, "These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy may remain with you and your joy might be full." That was better than if he had left us silver and gold. That's his legacy, his will. Yes, "My joy I leave with you," and, thank God, the devil can't get hold of it; the world can't take it away. How easy it is to save souls when you have joy in your heart. The world sees it in your faces. Last night we had the most extraordinary meeting that has been held. It was the grandest impression I have had in New York, to see these young men standing up. Ah, the joy of Christ was on their faces.

WHAT IS IT TO BELIEVE ON CHRIST?—JOHN iv: 11, 12.

If Christ was not divine, he was not a Savior, and we are man-worshipers; all our hopes are gone, and our faith is vain. Matthew wrote to prove that Christ is the true Messiah, the Son of David. Mark begins with Malachi, where the Old Testament leaves off.

Luke begins with Zachariah. But John sweeps over them all, and goes back to the bosom of God, and brings Christ from the throne. The 11th and 12th verses of the 4th chapter of John are to me two of the most precious in the Bible. They are about worn out in my Bible with use: "And he came unto his own, and his own received him not; but unto such as believed on him, to them gave he power." Mark the "Him." There is no creed, no denomination, no system required. There is not a soul here but can take him to-day if it will. "Whomsoever" has been said, and it means all mankind. We have the best reasons to believe that this religion is true. How could hundreds of thousands of Christians have found so much comfort in Christ if it were all a myth? See how many men have been elevated and lifted up. Let us only take God at his word and we will be saved.

Last night in the young men's meeting, a young man stood up and told how he had been saved three years ago; how his mother and sisters had all given him up, and the Lord reached down and lifted him into life. Isn't this proof of the Lord's power? All who find Christ tell the same story, be they Americans, English, German, Chinese, or of other nationality. What more proof do you want than this, and the ages that this religion has been a gospel of peace and joy to thousands of suffering souls. There is much discussion now-a-days about miracles. But isn't a conversion a miracle? John's gospel is the great one. Believe, believe, believe, he says. That idea is ever before him. Every chapter but two in his writings mentions it. God don't tell you to feel; many say they don't feel right to come to Christ. God tells you to believe. You must trust him first. You must have faith in him before you can have Christian experience. "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him;" that's it. If he don't save us, who can? All the churches and priests in the world can't do it. Now let us pray that all the unbelief in this building may be swept away.

PRAISE.

We have a blessed subject to-day—"Praise." I think this is the first praise meeting we have had. We have been praying a great deal, and now let us praise God. There is much more said in the Bible about praise than about prayer. The Psalms are nothing but praise, and as David got nearer the end of his journey he seems to have thought of little else. So it is with Christians—the nearer they get to heaven the more they praise God. The saints praise him in heaven, and men should learn how to praise him here below. Everything that God has created except the heart of man, praises him. The sun, moon, and stars praise him, and oh, let us praise him!" "Praise the Lord, O my soul," says

the Psalmist. I knew a man who always used to praise God under any circumstances. One day he came in with a severe cut on his finger, and said, "I have cut my finger. Praise God! I didn't cut it off." Under all circumstances let us praise God that our misfortunes are no worse. Let us ask him to help us to praise him. If we only had more of these praise meetings, I think it wouldn't be long before a glorious revival would sweep through all the churches. Forget your troubles, and begin to praise God to-day.

CHRIST MIGHTY TO SAVE.

The key-note of this meeting is the sentiment of that hymn—"Christ mighty to save." I have had considerable experience with men enslaved by strong drink. They try often to reform, but seldom succeed alone. The reason is that they have too much confidence in their own strength. When they give that up, and learn to trust alone in Christ, they are saved. When they call on God for help, they always get it. If we could only save ourselves by our own strength there would be no need of a Savior. The worst enemy man has is himself. His pride and self-confidence often ruin him. They keep him from trusting to the arms of a loving Savior. We are wicked by our nature; there is nothing good in us; the Bible teaches us that all the way through. David in the Psalm said: "There is none that doeth good; no, not one." He was right. We are all evil in our nature. It is the old Adam. I tell you man without God is a failure, and a tremendous failure. There's nothing good in him. It is a great deal better to believe God than to hope for salvation through your own poor exertions. How many times have you resolved to break off from some habit, and failed! The heart is deceitful and desperately wicked. What we want is a new creation. Don't try to patch up your old natures. We want to be regenerated. Last Friday we had some men here from Philadelphia, and they did much good. Some have said, "Oh, they won't hold out." But we have some other friends here to-day. Let them testify.

PEACE.—NUM. vi: 26.

The gospel is a gospel of peace, and our God is a God of peace, not of contention. The wicked know nothing of peace. There is no peace saith the Lord, for the wicked; they are like the troubled sea —but you don't need to go to the Bible to find that out; if you will look around you, you will see it. If you have not got peace, it is a sure sign you have not found the true God, for the peace of God will keep your hearts and minds if you have found him. Look in the 6th chapter of Numbers, 26th verse: "The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace." The Lord will keep thee; the

Lord will give thee peace; the Lord will bless thee—blessing at the foundation, blessing on the top, peace in the middle, solid, real peace such as the world cannot give or take away. When a man has left a will, how eagerly we read it! We don't care much for a dry law paper, but if it has got our name in it with a legacy we never find it dry. Now God says, 'My peace I leave with you.' Oh, child of God, have you got it? None of us have enough of it. I get angry and disturbed and make a fool of myself very often; I wish I had peace enough to keep me from it, but God gives good measure, shaken up, pressed down, full measure. Let our hearts be open to receive the peace of God."

AFFLICTION.

You will find in the 119th psalm, 67th verse, these words: "Before I was afflicted I went astray; but now have I kept thy word;" and again, in the 71st verse: "It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy statutes." We can stand affliction better than we can prosperity, for in prosperity we forget God. When our work is light, our prospects good, and everything looks smooth and easy, we are more apt to give ourselves over to pleasure. Somebody said: "It is the dead level of affairs that makes us go to ruin." A great many have a wrong idea of God, and think he sends afflictions because he don't love them; they think that, because they don't know him. He sends afflictions to humble our hearts and make us look to him, and because he loves us, so he cannot let us leave him and forget him. Mr. Moody read a letter from a young lady in London, who would not go to the meetings when he was there for fear she might be converted, but who, since then, had been brought to God through suffering.

HOPE FOR THE INEBRIATE.

There is no one day in the week when I feel my weakness so much as on Friday. We can do nothing. If these men get liberty, it is by the power of God. If you will turn to the third chapter of Acts, you will read the story of the lame man whom Peter restored, and who followed him into the temple. When the people saw it they ran together, greatly wondering, and probably when John saw this he said to Peter, "Now, Peter, would be a good time for you to preach." And Peter said, "Ye men of Israel, why marvel ye at this? or why look ye so earnestly on us, as though by our own power or holiness we had made this man to walk? It was faith in God's name which made this man strong, whom ye see and know." The man had been blind from his birth, but he walked around, crying and shaking himself in the temple. If we had seen him, we would have thought he

was a shouting Methodist with his hallelujahs and amens. It was by Christ's power, not by his own, that Peter did this thing. So it is with us. Many ask: "Can these drunkards be saved?" I tell you, only by Christ; if God gives them power they will be saved. We are living in the days of miracles now. These intemperate men are only converted by a miracle. They may be overtaken by a fault, but if they are, let us go and help them up again; it is no sign they have not been converted because their faults overtake them afterward; it is so with all of us. What we do must be done in Christ's name. We might as well have an icicle in the pulpit as a man who leaves Christ out. Tons of such mere intellectual sermons do no good. If these men will get Christ they can resist temptation; otherwise they cannot.

BELIEF IN GOD.—II KINGS, 7.

I have believed in God for thirty years. When first converted I did not believe in him very much, but ever since then I have believed in him, more and more every year. When people come to me, tell me they can't believe, and ask what they shall do, I tell them to do as I once knew a man to do. He went and knelt down and told God honestly he could not believe in him, and I advise them to go off alone and tell it right out to the Lord. But if you stop to ask yourself why you don't believe in him, is there really any reason? People read infidel books and wonder why they are unbelievers, I ask why they read such books. They think they must read both sides. I say that book is a lie; how can it be one side when it is a lie? It is not one side at all. Suppose a man tells right down lies about my family, and I read them so as to hear both sides; it would not be long before some suspicion would creep into my mind. I said to a man once, "Have you got a wife?" "Yes, and a good one." I asked: "Now what if I should come to you and cast out insinuations against her?" And he said, "Well your life would not be safe long if you did." I told him just to treat the devil as he would treat a man who went round with such stories. We are not to blame for having doubts flitting through our minds, but for harboring them. Let us go out trusting the Lord with heart and soul to-day.

HE CAME TO SAVE SINNERS.

They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. "I came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance."

In his short address he said: Matthew, Mark, and Luke all give an account of this saying of Christ's, that he came to save sinners. Sin may keep us out of heaven, but cannot keep us from coming to

Christ. Christ was a physician; he came to save sinners, and he never lost a case that was brought to him. If you should call a physician to see a friend and he should go and find that man was perfectly well, he would be indignant, wouldn't he? I remember when I was in Chicago, seeing the advertisement of a patent medicine stuck all round on houses and rocks and fences. "Pain Killer! Pain Killer! Pain Killer!" and I thought, "There is a man who is bound to make some money." I hadn't any pain I wanted cured, so I did not pay much attention to it. But one morning when spring came I had a headache, and when I saw that this Pain Killer would cure headache I bought a bottle. Men don't want a doctor until they are sick, and don't go to Christ until they feel their need of him. It is no use to offer bread to a man who is not hungry, or water to a man who is not thirsty. "They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." Paul said he was the chief of sinners, and if the chief is saved, there is hope for every sinner.

JOSEPH OF ARIMATHEA.

What I want to call attention to this morning is how one act done for Christ, with a pure motive, will live forever. All four of the disciples give an account of this deed. Joseph of Arimathea, was a rich man and a counselor, a good and just man, and John tells us he had long been a secret disciple of Christ. He had never come out boldly for fear of the Jews, but in that hour, when all had deserted him and one had betrayed him, the death of Christ brought Joseph out, and he alone came forward to care for the crucified body. It is the death of Christ which should enlist us all. The fact that he died for us should make us all come forward to advance his kingdom. Joseph had been opposed to the death of Jesus, but he had taken no part in his trial and crucifixion. Dr. Bonner says, "When you have a trial before a committee and one of its members will oppose the measure you want to carry, you don't send for him—you have the meeting without him if you can." So when this matter came up before the Sanhedrim, Joseph was not there and was not sent for. It is only when Christ is dead upon the cross that Joseph comes forward as a disciple and begs the body of Pilate—an act which has lived nearly one thousand nine hundred years, and which will continue to live throughout all time. Matthew, Mark, and Luke do not tell us where Joseph got the myrrh and aloes, but John tells us Nicodemus brought a hundred pounds weight, and that they put linen clothes upon the body of Jesus, with the spices, and laid it in a new sepulchre wherein was never man yet laid. It was a tomb Joseph had built for himself, expecting to lie there some day, but he probably thought the sepulchre would be all the sweeter if Christ had laid there.

When we go away from here, let us see what we can do for the sake of Jesus, what acts that deserve to live.

LOSING SIGHT OF SELF.

Mr. Moody read the 9th chapter of Mark. He said: There is no doubt but hundreds of Christinas who have attended these meetings wonder how they can now go out and work for the Lord. There is one thing necessary first, and that is, we must lose ourselves and think only of duty. In this chapter which I have just read, we learn how the disciples had disputed among themselves who should be the greatest; but Christ said to them, "If any man desire to be first, the same shall be last of all and servant of all." If a man wants to become wise before God, he must be willing to appear a fool before the world. God don't want our wisdom: he wants our ignorance. We read in the 10th chapter of Mark and 31st verse, "But many that are first shall be last, and the last first." Then Jesus tells us of seven things that are going to happen in reference to his death. "The Son of Man shall be delivered unto the chief priests, and they shall condemn him to death, and shall deliver him to the Gentiles; and they shall mock him, and shall scourge him, and shall spit upon him, and shall kill him, and the third day he shall rise again." This was a prophecy, and I have an idea that many things which we still think are visionary will literally take place at some remote time. Yet right after this prophecy the disciples said to him, "Master, we would that thou shouldst do for us whatsoever we shall desire." Here is self again, and always self. It was the dying request of Christ that we should eat of the bread and drink of the wine in remembrance of him; yet many young converts say to me, "I need not go to the communion table, need I?" I tell them they need not go unless they want to, but if that was the dying request of any friend they had they would be willing to do it all their lives; why, then, should they not desire to do it in remembrance of their Savior? They never thought of it in that way, they say. We want to be remembered in heaven, and Christ wants to be remembered here. We must pray to God to fill us with this spirit, and help us to get rid of self; and never let us stop and try to think who shall be greatest.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

We read in the 15th chapter of 11th Samuel that David was fleeing in exile from Jerusalem. Absalom had already undermined his power and superseded him on the throne. But as David went through the gate six hundred men passed on before him, and the king said to Ittai, the leader: "Wherefore goest thou also with us; return to thy place and abide with the king, for thou art a stranger and also an

exile." And Ittai answered the king and said, "As the Lord liveth, and as my lord the king liveth, surely in what place my lord the king shall be, whether in death or life, even there also will thy servant be." There was another man, too, called Hushai, who went out to meet the king, but he returned again to the city. How it must have pleased David to have found Ittai outside the gate. Ittai is worth thousands of Hushais. David did not know who his friends were until trouble came. There was true fellowship, true love in that act. In time of distress Ittai would not desert his king, but followed him into exile. So it should be in the church. That is just what Christ looks for; the only thing which can please him is the true love that will leave all to follow him. Some people do not know the meaning of the word fellowship—it means partnership. Our partnership is with Christ the Son, and when we come into it everything we have belongs to the firm; we can do nothing by ourselves without consulting Christ. We must be like Ittai, willing to leave the city and all we possess, if necessary, to follow him.

OUR REFUGE.

I want to call your attention to the six cities of refuge appointed by Joshua for the children of Israel. These cities were set apart that all men who killed any person unawares or unwittingly, and without hatred, might flee to them and be safe within their gates. The magistrates had to see to it that guide-boards were put up, stones cleared away, and the roads kept clear for those who fled for their lives from the avengers of blood. These ancient cities of refuge are in our day represented by Christ. He is our refuge in all times of trouble.

The names of the cities are Hebrew, and all have a meaning. Kedish means holiness. If we flee to this city of refuge we will be made holy. Had Christ committed sin we could have no hope, but since he is without sin, if we are in Christ we are made perfect. Shechem meant shoulder, which means strength and power. If a man needs strength he must flee there. Sins are in one of two places, on us or on Christ. If we are weak we must find strength in Shechem. Hebron means joined. If we can get there we are joint heirs with Jesus Christ. Beser means fortified; you are secured there if you want to get away from the world. Ramoth means heights and Golan means exile—exile in this world and citizenship in heaven. These six cities ought to be a help to you. Have we Christ for our refuge? If a man is away from God, what hope has he? It is folly for a man who has an appetite for drink to try and overcome it by himself; he can't overcome both his appetite and the devil alone. It is only through Christ that we can be secure.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

If we have the Spirit, we have the fruit of the Spirit. If the Spirit of God is in us, we will have these qualities of his Spirit. "He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love." Some one said to me the other day that he understood about belief, but could not understand what it was to be born again. I told him that he that believed had life eternal, and whoever received life through Christ was born again. A man cannot get that life by merely going to church and observing forms; he must get the Spirit of God, and then he will have light and peace. We have no peace so long as we have sin, but if we accept Christ, and salvation through him, our sins are blotted out, and we have peace in reviewing the past. Spiritual power is what we want next. As soon as the Holy Ghost comes we want boldness to go out and proclaim Jesus. There was once a man on trial for his life. The king of the country in which he lived said the law must take its course, but, after he was tried and condemned, he would pardon him. The man was cool all through his trial, and when they brought in a verdict of guilty, the man was perfectly unconcerned. So with the Christian. He will have boldness in his heart on the day of judgment, because he knows Christ became a propitiation for his sins and he has his pardon laid up in his heart.

THREE CLASSES.

I always notice many here at noon whom we have meet in the inquiry-rooms, and I want to speak a word to them. There are three classes of people who will not accept salvation—those who neglect it, those who refuse it, and those who despise it. Many think they are not so bad as the scoffer at religion because they only neglect it, but if they keep on they are lost just the same. Suppose there is a man in a boat going in a swift current down the stream; if he neglects to pull for the shore he is a doomed man. He will go over the rapids, won't he? If Noah had neglected to go into the ark after he had built it, he would have been lost with the other antediluvians. Nothing could have saved him. You let the cry be raised that this building is on fire, and see how many will keep their seats; they would be burned up as sure as they did.

Then again in the 12th chapter of Hebrews, 25th verse, "See that ye refuse not him that speaketh." The next step is to refuse salvation. A while ago they only neglected it, now they refuse it—that is the second round of the ladder. You can only do one of two things, take it or refuse it. You have all been in a house where the waiter passed ice-water to a number of people sitting together, and seen how some would take it and some would not; so the cup of sal-

vation is passed among you to-day. How many of you will accept it? Are you almost persuaded? Remember a hair's breadth from heaven is not an inch from hell.

Again, in the 10th chapter of Hebrews, 28th verse, we read: "He that despised Moses's law died without mercy under two or three witnesses." Many despise the whole thing, hate it, and will have none of it—give them a tract and they light their cigars with it. There are the three words—neglect, refuse, despise. When there is but one engine and three cars attached, don't they all go the same way? If you do either of these three things, you must suffer the eternal consequences.

"SEVEN COMES."

The key-note for the services to-day is found in the little word Come. I would like to speak to you of seven instances where we are invited to come to the Lord. In the 55th chapter of Isaiah and 1st verse we read, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters," and again in the 3d verse, "Incline your ear and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live." I have great hopes that a man may be saved when he will stop and listen. People are so engrossed with the affairs of this world that but few find time to stop. It is all rush and hurry, and they don't think about their souls. I was out to dinner yesterday, and they were trying there to teach a little child to walk. They would say to her, "Come," and she would try to go a few steps. So Christ is calling the world to come, but the trouble is they do not heed and won't go. After the Chicago fire, when such quantities of money, clothes, and provisions were sent there, the only question asked those who applied for assistance was: "Were you burned out?" If they could prove it, they got help. All you have to do is to show that you want help from God, and he will give it. In the 1st of Isaiah we find: "Come now, and let us reason together saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as show." Sin can keep us out of heaven, but not out of Christ. If you are out of Christ, decide now to come to him. As the old colored woman said, when she made up her mind, then she was there. Will you turn to the 6th chapter of Mark and 31st verse? Christ said to his disciples, "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile." It is a good thing to be alone with God. We lead two lives—one in the world and one apart with God. In the 11th chapter of Matthew is the invitation, "Come unto me all ye that labor." If any man or woman among you is carrying a burden, take it to Christ. In the last verse of the 4th chapter of Hebrews we are told to come boldly to the throne of grace. Those who are afraid to become Christians lest they can't hold out, should remember that at the throne we can find grace in time of need. The

next come is in the 22d chapter of Matthew and 4th verse: "Come unto the marriage"—the parable of the marriage of the king's son. The seventh and last invitation I want to call your attention to is, "Come and inherit eternal life." "Come up hither." These are blessed words, which will last forever.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

When Abraham came into God's presence, it was on his face; and in all the other instances where the patriarchs and prophets came to God they came to him in the same way. David was on his face in the psalm. He'd been away from God. Here he was getting back again; he had at first to get back to God, and then the blessing would come. Then the right spirit would come into them. They must have just a clean heart; then the blessing was theirs. Had they a right spirit? Had they got to where they could say, as the Psalmist did, that they had sinned against God and were waiting for forgiveness? They must be able to teach transgressors God's way. How could they teach the wicked God's way? They had to get the Holy Spirit, and then came the joy of God's salvation. If they would convert sinners, they must have this spirit. How should the world know God? The world wouldn't read the Bible; but what did the apostles say of Christians? They were "known and read of all men." This was the way the world read God in them, read Christ in them. If he knew his own heart, its desire was to have God's Spirit. With it, they could do all things; without it, their work was as sounding brass and as a tinkling cymbal. Over in the book of Nehemiah, it was said that there was joy in the hearts and lives of God's children. There were too many long-faced Christians. They always seemed to him to be under the lash; they'd never got away from the law. They wanted more joy; they needed greater gladness in their lives. "Then will I teach transgressors the way, and sinners shall be converted unto thee." "Then." This is when God had restored to them the joy of his salvation. They didn't place enough stress on the word "*then*." It was the turning point in their work. This was what Chicago wanted. A few hundred live Christians that had this spirit could do a mighty work. The king could have given a good many sheep, if God had wanted them; but he didn't. The Lord didn't want his money. What does he say? Why, "to obey was better than sacrifice." This is what was wanted—obedience. The human heart didn't want to obey. They must have a broken and a contrite heart. An incident of an Illinois minister whose labors had been unblessed for a time was recited, and it was related how his heart had been broken by love, through a little three-year-old-daughter of his; and a revival in the church followed. So, here in Chicago, said Mr. Moody, before we can have any great blessing, or

any blessing at all, the hearts of the people have got to be broken; and then the blessings will come.

PRAYER.

We have for our subject, this afternoon, the wonderful prayer of the prophet Daniel. There is an impression abroad now that it has always been women and a few weak men who have prayed; but you can scarcely find a bolder or a wiser man than Daniel. He was prime minister of that great nation, for a long while. He was a wiser ruler and had more influence than any other man living on earth; and yet he was a man of prayer, and was not afraid to pray publicly. We are told that, when he was taken down to Babylon, the great king had a dream, and no man in his realm could interpret it. The king thought of his captive Daniel, and brought him and asked him what it meant. The young man, if he had not believed in God's power, might have turned away. But he didn't; he boldly told Nebuchadnezzar what God had written there.

Not only was Daniel a praying man, but he had faith that God would answer his prayers. Some people pray enough, but do not have faith that the Lord will hear them. They are lukewarm. There are a good many people of this sort here to-day. Daniel spoke to God with every confidence of being answered. Look at him when he went down into the den of lions, how he prayed. Prayer was with everything he did. I think we would have a good deal better government in this country, if our rulers prayed more. There would be a good many sneers at first; but the result would be a good government, and a wise one.

This man believed in prophecies, too; and I can fancy how the old man's eyes opened on turning away back to Jeremiah's writing, seventy years before, and reading: "I will punish them; the young men shall die by the sword, their sons and their daughters shall die by famine;" and then looking around him, and seeing how all the words pronounced had been fulfilled. They disobeyed the Lord. When they were in Palestine, he said to his people that they must rest on the Sabbath day; but for 490 years they disobeyed God's command, and the Lord said, If they don't do what I want them, I will make them. So he sent Nebuchadnezzar out after them; and he captured them, and held them for seventy years. If they would not give the Lord this, he said he would take it; and so if we do not give up what God wants us to, he will not forgive us our sins, but keep us in bondage, and we will never hang our harps upon the willow, or sing the songs of Zion.

I will just read: "We have sinned, and have committed iniquity, and have done wickedly, and have rebelled, even by departing from thy precepts and from thy judgments. And now, O Lord our God,

Thy hast brought thy people forth out of the land of Egypt with a mighty hand, and hast gotten thee renown as at this day; we have sinned; we have done wickedly. O Lord, according to all thy righteousness, I beseech thee let thy anger and thy fury be turned away from the city of Jerusalem, thy holy mountain, because for our sins and the iniquities of our fathers, Jerusalem and thy people are become a reproach to all that are about us. Now, therefore, O our God, hear the prayer of thy servant and his supplications, and cause thy face to shine upon thy sanctuary, that is desolate for the Lord's sake."

He had not Christ to pray to like us. Daniel asks: "for the Lord's sake." He lived on the other side of Christ, and could not, like us, say "for Christ's sake. Oh what a power we have in prayer in Jesus. And he goes on: "Oh Lord, incline thine ear and hear; open thine eyes and behold our desolation, and the city which is called by thy name, for we do not present our supplication before thee for our righteousness, but for thy great mercies. O Lord, hear; O Lord, forgive; hearken and do; defer not, for thine own sake, O my God; for thy city and thy people are called by thy name. And while I was speaking, and praying, and confessing my sin—Mark that—"and confessing my sin"—and the sin of my people Israel, and presenting my supplication before the Lord my God for the holy mountain of my God; yea, while I was speaking in prayer, even the man Gabriel, whom I had seen in the vision at the beginning, being caused to fly swiftly, touched me about the time of the evening oblation. And he informed me, and talked with me, and said, O Daniel, I am now come forth to give thee skill and understanding." Before he got off his knees, Daniel's message was answered. I don't know how far heaven is off; but the angel Gabriel, the messenger of God, came to him while he was praying. Think of that. Here was a man who could not look at God for the sins of his people, who only prayed earnestly; and before he was through, his prayer was answered, and Gabriel appeared. We know of only three visits that Gabriel ever made. This one, when he came to bring God's people to the promised land. Daniel was told that God was able to do everything; and the messenger not only told him that the children of Israel were going to the promised land, but he let Daniel into the secret of the Messiah's coming. The second time he came to Zacharias. At first Zacharias doubted him, but he said: "I am he who sits in the presence of God;" and then he came to the young maiden who bore the Christ, and that was the third visit.

There are a great many young Christians in Chicago who have got into the way of the world, who are falling into the way of thinking and believing that God has given over answering prayer. God answers prayers to-day, as readily as he did of old. Infidels and scoffers and scientists may tell us that the world must move along in a

certain way, and a Divine answer to a prayer is absurd—the affairs of the world are and always have gone along in a regular way. There were infidels and scoffers, doubtless, in Babylon, who very likely laughed at this answer to the prayer of Daniel. But we have in this book a long list of promises to answer prayer; and let us unite in asking God's blessing on our meetings in Farwell Hall, and that the harvest of converts will be abundant. Ask it sincerely and earnestly; and you will see how quick the Lord will come and revive his work in this city.

HEART-SEARCHING.

I want to speak to you about the two verses—23d and 24th—of the 109th Psalm. "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." "Search me; ' not my neighbor, nor my brother, nor my sister, but "search me." You who have been here during the week will have seen that I have been trying to instill into all the system of heart-searching; that every one may go down to the bottom of his heart." Try to get all to say, "O Lord, know my heart." If God searches us through, he will make quick work of Chicago. The great trouble is that people search themselves, and do not ask God's aid. We want to ask God to come to us with his searching power, that our hearts may be bared. What is it that keeps away from us this searching of our hearts? It is not the world; it is not the devil, for he has not the power. The only thing that keeps it from us is our own will; and the only thing that keeps the blessing of God back from Chicago is the people. A great many of us wonder how it is that our prayers have done no good; how it is that they have gone no higher than our heads. The truth would be discovered if we examined,—that we are not living in communion with God. Some of us think we are in communion with God; but it is a false thought. A false hope is worse than no hope at all; because in it a man is at rest and happy, and he cannot do any work. If we get that heart-searching truly, we will know just where we stand. We must not look at what people think of us, but what we look like in God's sight. Therefore we must beware lest we have only a false hope, and ask God to give us the true searching power. If we falsely believe that we have it may God take it from us to-day, so that the work may be deep in Chicago. I have been praying all along that the work might be deeper here than anywhere else; but unless we get this searching power, we don't do much good.

I was out on my brother's farm, a short time ago, and he was plowing. He could not go very deep, owing to the roots in the ground. So it is in Chicago; the roots have got to be taken out before our

work can go on. Let the prayer of David, "Teach me, O Lord, and know my heart," sink deep into us. Let us pray that this hour may be a heart-searching time; and if our hope is a false one, let us be willing to give it up. I have heard of a lady who would not attend our meetings when everything was pleasant. If I was ill with an incurable disease, and called a doctor in, and he was to say: "Well, you are all right, you will soon be around again," although he knew I should die in thirty days, I shouldn't like him. But there are a great many people whom this would suit. Those people do not like to come here and listen to us telling them that their souls are sick and diseased, and prescribing just what will cure them. It is better to know the truth; that unless we search those hearts of ours and take out the disease, there is no hope for us. So let us pray, and let it be an honest prayer from us. "O God, search our hearts." And if, when you go home, you feel troubled, don't say that you won't come back to the meetings, but ask God for more searching power, and then you will be ready to work.

A doctor comes to a man who has broken his arm. The doctor feels around at first and he says, "Does that hurt you?" touching the arm. The man answers, "No." The physician goes a little higher, and says, "Does that hurt you?" "No, it don't." But by and by he touches the broken part, and the man cries out, "Oh, that hurts me!" And so with God. He touches our broken spot, and we don't like it.

Now, I have been thinking that there is a passage in Christ's sermon on the Mount that might point out our hindrances in Chicago: "Therefore, if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there remember est that thy brother hast taught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." Now, I don't want you to think me personal; but I hope the Spirit of God may be present to-day to carry the truth to every one who has a quarrel going on. I believe the difficulty with us is the trouble in the church; the strife, the dissension going on among the brethren. If you have come to the altar with a quarrel between you and your brother, leave there thy gift and go out and be reconciled to him. If you have any malice or hatred against any one, your prayers will go for nothing; they will go no higher than your head. I believe this is the reason there is so much work lost among us; that you have something against some one, or some one has something against you.

I knew of two brothers who had a quarrel; a regular Cain and Abel over again. The mother could not get them reconciled. She could not sleep; her prayers went up, night after night. One of the brothers saw how his mother felt, and was sorry for her. To please her, he bought a very costly gift and took it to her. "I don't want any gift," she said; "I want you to be reconciled to your brother."

If he had been reconciled first, and then brought the gift to his mother, it would have been all right. So it is with God. You take your gifts to the altar, and keep in your heart hatred toward your brother. God don't want your gift until you are reconciled.

Now think for a moment. Think of anyone who believes you are a hypocrite; anyone who says you are blackhearted; and who does not believe in anything you say in the meetings. Go and seek him out, and be reconciled to him. That is the gospel of the New Testament. "Oh!" you say, "he will not believe me; he with whom I have a quarrel will not forgive me." Go and speak kindly to him; show him a forgiving spirit yourself, and be reconciled to God. Tell him that you want his forgiveness; that you do not want him to stumble in the way of his salvation over you. I do not think of anything that would lift Chicago more than the fact of everyone here taking this truth to their hearts. We would make quick work with it.

There is a passage in the 11th chapter of Mark, if I know it correctly. I hear it quoted very often in the prayers at the meetings: "Whatsoever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye shall receive them and ye shall have them." But they stop there, and do not go on to the next verse; and they say: "God has not answered my prayer," when nothing comes from their supplication. They should read the next verse for the reason: "When ye stand praying, forgive, if ye have aught against any, that your Father which is in heaven may forgive your trespasses. But if ye do not forgive, neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive your trespasses." When they pray, they want God to forgive them; but they are not willing to forgive others. Suppose I was a minister, and I had trouble with a brother; and some pretty hard words arose from the quarrel. Well, I get up and go to a man and pray with him. I find he has a great deal of trouble, and I say to him: "Won't you just cast your troubles on the Lord?" He says: "Well, the fact is, I have had a quarrel with a man, and I feel bitter toward him." Then I say: "Go and forgive the man, and be reconciled toward him." But he asks me: "You had a quarrel with a man; did you go to him and forgive him?" So we cannot go to men and preach Christ, if we have hard feelings ourselves for anybody. If there is any worker here to-day who has a quarrel with his brother, let him go at once and seek a reconciliation.

Let us have a heart-searching here to-day. Let us ask God's and our own efforts, so that the car of salvation will rush along in the city. I tried to reconcile two men who stood very high in the community, who had a quarrel; and in their churches the wheels of the salvation car were clogged. I said to one of them: "Don't you know that God is not going to bless your church as long as this quarrel is going on? Now I would like you to go to that other man and say: 'If you think I have done you an injustice, I want you to

forgive me.'" "Well," said he, "I don't know that I can put it in that way. I fear that I am a little to blame, and I don't think he would receive me." The other man said the same thing, but I just reasoned with them and got them together; and they were soon down on their knees, asking God to bless the church. It was pride that kept these two men separate, and hindered the work of their churches; and whenever that was reached and cut out, everything went on smoothly. There are a great many things that have to be rooted out in Chicago before the work goes on prosperously. If there is any secret sin clustering around our hearth, we must draw that sin out before our work will be blessed by fruit.

DANCING CHURCH MEMBERS.

Give them something better to do. Get them on the Lord's work, and they won't want dancing. Now, my little boy is very fond of getting hold of the scissors to play with; and his mother is frightened that he will dig his eyes out, or get hurt in some way. The other day he got them, and was playing around, when his sister saw him and tried to take them away; but he only grabbed the tighter. Then she ran, got an orange, and held it up, saying, "Willie, want an orange!" and he dropped those scissors in a minute. So with your dancing Christians; they will always go for the better thing. If there is a dancing Christian here, and he isn't quite sure whether it is right or wrong, just let him give Christ the benefit of the doubt. Let him pray over it; and if he has any doubt then, why give it up. You couldn't conceive Paul dancing. The idea of Noah dancing and playing cards in the ark, while the world was perishing! The world is perishing now, as much as it was then. It is your duty to try and save souls.

UNANIMITY

At a meeting in Glasgow where a man said to him: "I have been at work in the inquiry-room lately, but the work got into me last night, and there is a good deal of difference." So among those ministers who have come up here, in whom the work has entered. We will hear from them, whereas with those who are in the work only—well, we may never hear of them again. He rejoiced at the spirit of unanimity which he noticed during this session of the convention. He declared that he had not seen a Methodist, a Presbyterian, or an Episcopalian — they all seemed to be children of God. Oh, those miserable sectarian walls! May the great God knock them down.

PERSONAL EFFORT.

Most of you are aware that there has a praying alliance been formed of churches. Now there are about four hundred that have written requests asking us to pray that God may revive his work in their midst. Now, before we go hence, let us first have a few moments of prayer for those churches that there may be a blessed work of grace in all of them. And let me say one thing about personal effort. I think if we will first begin to talk with our friends, those that we come in contact with personally, quietly and gently about the Savior, although they may not previously be interested, I think that we will be greatly rewarded. I went out to Cambridge to spend Saturday, and the father and mother wanted to have me to speak to their oldest son, a young man who is preparing for Harvard College. I asked him if he had any interest on the subject of religion; he said he hadn't. I talked with him on other subjects that he was interested in; and then I brought up again on the subject of religion. Finally we took a ride out to Mount Auburn, and I talked to him a little more about it, and said: "I wish you would come down to the meeting next Monday night, and hear the young converts speak." And he was there; and when I asked the inquirers to go up stairs, he started and went up. Yesterday that father came to me and said his dear boy went home Monday night and told his father and mother that the question of eternity was settled—that he had found a Savior; and I don't think you can find a happier mother and father perhaps in all Cambridge to-day than that father and mother. And yet there is a man that said he was not at all interested. And a great many think and tell you that they are not interested; but when the Spirit of God is working, you will find that those that are careless will soon become interested. Now let us pray that God will do his work and that each one of us may be watching for souls, and that he may revive his work in all these churches.

CONFESSION.

I will read from the 10th chapter of Romans:

"Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is, that they might be saved. For I bear them record that they have a zeal for God, but not according to knowledge. For they, being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God."

I think you will find a great many men stumble right there. Instead of submitting to the righteousness of God, they are all the time going about to establish their own righteousness. "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thy heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."

I called your attention to that truth yesterday. I want to call your attention back to it to-day, and I want to keep this right before all these men that are trying now to take their stand on the Lord's side, that there is one thing you must do, and that is to confess the Lord Jesus. You that heard General Swift yesterday will bear in mind that he said that he was going to be a secret disciple. I think there are a good many in Boston that are trying that very thing now. They are not willing to confess with the mouth and take their stand on the Lord's side; yet they are wondering they do not get the light that people talk about. The light will not come till they come out boldly, and let the world know who they are and whose side they are on. If they believe in God, they will not be ashamed of him. We may be ashamed of ourselves, but not be ashamed of the Lord Jesus. Let us not be ashamed of him who has redeemed us with his own precious blood. I do not believe that a man is worth much for Christ, unless he is willing to be anything and do anything for him. We have a great many people now that talk about their faith being very weak, and they are praying that God may strengthen their faith. "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God." The more a man knows God, the more faith he will have in him. Those that have no faith in him, it is because they do not know God. Faith cometh by reading the Word of God, and instead of looking all the time at our small faith and mourning about it, let us look a little more at the Word of God. Then if we have a little faith, let us thank God for that. We can do a good deal with a little faith. I would to God that every man and woman in this city that has been redeemed from the hand of the enemy would just say so, and speak out and let the world know whose side you are on. When these men testify, let them tell the truth; and that will be enough. It is not orators, but witnesses that we want.

CHILDREN INVITED.

I will read a few verses in the 19th chapter of the gospel according to Matthew, beginning at the 13th verse: "Then there were brought unto him little children, that he should put his hands on them and pray, and the disciples rebuked them. But Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven. And he laid his hand on them, and departed thence."

I have just come from the house of mourning, and my heart was touched as I saw the mother lying in her coffin, and her oldest little girl, about twelve years old, that she has been trying to lead to Christ; and a few months ago, she wrote back from Chicago to her friends in this city that she thought she had found peace in the Savior. She was rejoicing in her children's salvation. Little did she think, that to-day, she would soon be laid away in the grave. Do

you think she regretted her faithfulness with those children? All this winter, while others were being blessed, she was anxious that her children should be; and every father and mother ought to be anxious for their little ones. We do not know how soon we may be taken away ourselves. As I looked at that oldest daughter, I said: "Well, she never will forget her mother's teaching; she has been faithful, and now she is gone."

I am glad that this word "little" occurs in this passage. There are many of us who think our children are too little to be blessed; we do not bring them to Christ as we ought; we do not care for their salvation as we ought. To me there is no more beautiful sight than a father and mother coming into meeting with their children, and lifting up their hearts silently in prayer that the blessing may come on their children. For the promises are not only to us, but to our children; and it seems to me we ought to be faithful to them.

In one of our conventions in the West, several years ago (the man had come from the East formerly, but he had been out West a good many years), there was a man about seventy years of age got up and said he could not remember but one act of his father. He could not remember how he looked, or anything he said or did, except one cold winter night, a little while before he died, he took up a little chip and whittled out a little cross; and then, with tears streaming down the old man's face, he told the boy how God had a Son, how he sent that Son into the world, and how wicked men put him on the cross and crucified him; and the story of the cross made an impression which he never forgot. And I believe there is no story that will impress our children like that. While others are being blessed in this city, shall our children be left out? And if they have got to be brought, who can do it better than the mother who is with them all the while? And I am glad to see so many mothers here this noontide. I don't feel so much like talking as like praying that, if God takes us away from them, they will be gathered into the fold of the Great Shepherd, after we are gone; and if they are called away before us, that we will have no regrets that they will be in heaven awaiting our coming.

Let us pour out our hearts, that they may be in glory and that we may be an unbroken circle in heaven; that they may not be led away in these dark days of unbelief, when Satan is so persistently trying to lead so many away.

THE BOSTON MARKETMEN.

The first time that I ever came into this hall was about twenty-one or twenty-two years ago this spring, I think; or it might have been in the month of June. Anthony Burns was then in the Court House; and there were a great many Bostonians going to try to set

him free. I remember after Wendell Phillips had spoken, and quite a number of others had spoken on this platform, and when the meeting was just at white heat, General Swift, who spoke at Tremont Temple the other day, was up in the gallery; and he said he understood the people were already breaking into the Court House and taking out Anthony Burns. I went out of this hall as quick as I ever left a meeting, and there was a great crowd round the Court House; but all of us couldn't liberate that poor captive. But, thank God, the gospel can set hundreds free to-day. We haven't got to go out of this hall and to go up to the Court House; but in this old hall men who have been loaded down with sin, and who have been slaves to sin for twenty, thirty, and forty years, can be set free this very hour if they want freedom; and I don't know any better place than this hall, that is called the "Cradle of Liberty," for the captives to be set free. And I hope every Christian in this house will be lifting up their hearts to God in prayer, and there may be hundreds of them set free to-day. That is what we have come for. We have not come here just to have a meeting in Faneuil Hall, but to proclaim the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ, and tell men how they can be free.

I want to call your attention to a few verses in the 16th chapter of John: "These things have I spoken unto you that ye should not be offended. They shall put you out of the synagogues; yea, the time cometh that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service. And these things will they do unto you, because they have not known the Father, nor me. But these things have I told you, that, when the time shall come, ye may remember that I told you of them. And these things I said not unto you at the beginning, because I was with you. But now I go my way to him that sent me; and none of you asketh me, Whither goest thou? But because I have said these things unto you, sorrow hath filled your heart. Nevertheless, I tell you the truth; it is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart I will send him unto you. And when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment, of sin because they believe not on me; of righteousness, because I go to my Father, and ye see me no more; of judgment, because the Prince of this world is judged. I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye can not bear them now."

I want to call your attention particularly to the words, "And when he is come he will reprove the world of sin because they believe not on me." Of sin, because men lie and steal, and get drunk and murder? No. "Of sin, because they believe not upon me." That is the root of sin; that is the sin which brings forth all this bad fruit; this miserable unbelief. Would to God, it could be swept out of Faneuil Hall to-day! If every particle of the unbelief that is repre-

sented by this assembly could all be laid aside, what a blessed hour we should spend together here. "And when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin, of righteousness and judgment." Now that is the work of the Holy Ghost. There is no preacher that can convince men of sin; there is no amount of praying that can convince men of sin; that is the work of the Holy Ghost. And I cannot help but believe that there are hundreds and thousands of men now in Boston that are convicted of sin; but they are waiting for something and they don't know exactly what it is; but they think they have got to wait until they have a little more feeling; or that they have got to have some sudden shock come upon them; or some sudden sensation that shall come stealing over them, before they can get rid of their sins. If a man is convicted of sin, if a man is convinced that he is a sinner in the sight of God, that is the work of the Holy Ghost. The Holy Ghost has already commenced his work; and to that class of men I want to speak to-day. I want to tell you how you can get rid of your sin and come to Christ, if you will. If men really want to get rid of their sins, all they have got to do is just to cast them on the Lord Jesus Christ—leave them with him. But some of you may say, "How is it about repentance? Haven't I got to repent? Isn't there a certain amount of feeling I have got to have? Haven't I got to have some remorse; and haven't I got to pass through some amount of despair and gloom before I have this?" That is the trouble with men when they are convinced of sin; they begin to look around for some one else's experience. Of all the people who ever lived in the world, there have been no two alike, and God never repeats himself; and, although we are converted by the same power and by the same Holy Ghost, no two ever come up to the cross in the same way. Instead of looking to this and to that man's experience, let us look right to the Master, and come with our sins and repentance and faith, and all those things can come in their place; but you must be occupied by Christ. If a man really wants to go to Christ, he will not be thinking about his repentance and faith. Faith is only the hand that reaches out and takes the blessing, and it is Christ we want; and if we will come to him as a child should come to his mother, and confess our sins and ask him to forgive us, he will do it. There is nothing he desires to do as much as that; and he will blot them out as a cloud. When men are converted, they will turn right about face; and the moment a man is convinced that he is a sinner, if he will turn right to God, he will forgive his sins. People say, "I don't believe you can be saved that easy; I believe we have got to work a little for salvation. Faith and works I believe in." So do I; but I don't believe a man is going to work out his salvation.

Suppose for a moment that this platform is the wreck of a sinking ship. The vessel has sprung a-leak, and is going to the bottom.

The captain says: "Jump into the life-boat! The vessel's going down!" But I think I can keep the vessel afloat by pumping, and so I keep pumping, pumping; and I say to the captain, "I don't believe the vessel's going down." Now that would be working out my own salvation; and all the time the vessel would be sinking. But Mr. Sankey won't stay on the wreck. He just leaps into the life-boat, and takes an oar, and pulls with a will for the shore. That's working out your salvation after you're saved. Now isn't there some one here to-day, who will just leap into the life-boat and be saved? I want Mr. Sankey to sing "Pull for the Shore," and may every man join in the chorus. "Pull for the Shore" was then sung by Mr. Moody's co-worker, in accordance with his suggestion, the assemblage joining in the refrain with the utmost heartiness.

THE BOSTON REVIVAL.

I have been a professed Christian for twenty-one years, and I have been in Boston and in other cities for most of that time; and I never saw such a day as this is. I stand in wonder and amazement at what is being done. It seems as if God were taking this work out of our hands. Prayer meetings are springing up in all parts of the city. There are things happening now that if you were asked three months ago if they were possible, you would say: "Yes; if God would open the windows of heaven and do them." The idea of these men that have been blaspheming turning aside to pray! We are living in the days that the prophets prophesied of. We are living in the days of the Son of man. Now is the time to begin the work. Now is the time for every child of God to lift up his voice and plead with men. Let me tell you how a woman was blessed here only last Thursday. Last Friday night a man came into the inquiry-room and said to me: "Last night I was cursing you, and I want you to forgive me." "How came you to curse me?" I asked. "My wife could not live with me, and we have been separated for some time. She came around last night, and wanted me to go to the Tabernacle. I cursed the Tabernacle and you, and said you was a fraud. But I was walking up Tremont street about eleven o'clock to-day, and I was drawn into the Tabernacle by some unseen power. How I got there, I don't know. God met me; and he has taken away my sin and has given me a new heart." This morning the man was here with his wife; and now they have as happy a home as you can find in Boston. He was saved by that woman going to him.

MR. SANKEY'S ADDRESS.

Brethren, what is one of the dearest thoughts that come to you as you go about your work and business in the vicinity of this hall? What is one of the most precious and sacred thoughts that comes

into your hearts, now and then, amidst the toil of business? Isn't it about some little one of yours? Isn't it the thought of some Willie or Charlie you have around your home, your hearth; one that climbs upon your knee, or who may be lying out there in yonder cemetery? Isn't that a sacred thought, that you would not utter here to-day in this hall? You keep that to yourself; that is your own. Oh, it is a very precious thought that, by and by, you are going to meet that little child that clustered about your knee. Now, I have a little song here that has just the utterance your little Willie would make. He is talking about the angels who will meet him. Now, while I am singing let us have it very still, if we can; and may the Lord bless it to every father here that is giving up all his thoughts to his business and none to heaven, none to the Lord, and not thinking of the hereafter very much. May this be the turning point of many a father's life; and may he say: "I will try to live for heaven—for that higher life; not all down here, but to the better life to which we hasten."

BIBLE READINGS.

OVERCOMING SELF.

For the past week we have been, at these noon meetings, looking at the obstacles that are in the way of working for Christ. Of course that has brought us to ourselves, for we are the only ones that can hinder the work of Christ in this city. He could not do many mighty works there on account of their unbelief; and if there is unbelief and coldness in our hearts, God is not going to do many mighty works here. But, to-day, I was not going to talk about unbelief, but about another enemy, perhaps the greatest of all enemies: and that is, ourselves. I think we will find, if we search our hearts by the light of the Holy Spirit, that we will find self mixed up with about all we undertake to do for God. We read in Corinthians 1st, part of the 31st verse: "Whatsoever ye do, do all for the glory of God." Do all for the glory of God! Now supposing we ask ourselves this question: Have we been working for God, with the right motive? Has it been God's work, or our own, that we have been doing? Has self been crucified, and has God's glory been the uppermost thought in our hearts?

I was very much impressed some time ago, in finding this unholy ambition constantly coming out in the lives of those men, that Christ chose to follow him; and it seemed very strange that, after they had been with him three years, they had not got the lesson from him. It seems about the hardest lesson for us to learn. It seems about the hardest thing, to get to the end of self; but when we have got to the end of self, and self is lost sight of, self-seeking and self-glory thrown aside, and Christ and his cause are uppermost in our hearts, how easy it is for God to use us. In the 9th chapter of Mark, 31st verse, are these words:

For he taught his disciples, and said unto them: The Son of man is delivered into the hands of men, and they shall kill him: and after that he is killed he shall rise the third day. But they understood not that saying, and were afraid to ask him. And he came to Capernaum: and being in the house he asked them: What was it that ye disputed among yourselves by the way? While he was talking about his death and suffering, they had a dispute on hand. There was a falling out among the herdsmen. By the way, they had disputed among themselves as to who should be the greatest. Is not the same spirit abroad in the church to-day? Is not the great question too often, Who shall be greatest? Is not that one of the great obsta-

cles we have to contend with. Who shall be greatest? And he sat down and called the twelve, and said unto them: "If any man desires to be first, the same shall be the last of all and servant of all. And he took a child and set himin the midst of them; and when he had taken him in his arms, he said unto them: "Whosoever shall receive one of such children in my name receiveth me, and whosoever shall receive me, receiveth not me, but him that sent me." And John answered him, saying: "Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and he followeth not us; and we forbade him because he followeth not us." There the same spirit is coming out again. He did not believe in his work. He did not belong to our party or congregation: he did not belong to our sect and party; and so we forbade him. There is a good deal of that spirit in these times. It lays down at the bottom. We want to build up our cause, and we have not charity enough to allow other men to use their own methods. So Adab and Medab prophesied, and they were compelled to suffer because they were not of the seventy. But God rebuked that spirit, as we see; and Jesus said: "Forbid him not; for there is no man which shall do a miracle in my name that can lightly speak evil of me. For he that is not against us is for us."

What I can call your attention to is this: that while Christ was talking about his death and suffering at Jerusalem, these very men were discussing who should be the greatest. While Christ is rejected by the world, how many people are discussing the same question, Who shall be the greatest? What a strife it is; Who shall be the greatest; and who shall shine the most in this world! Oh that God would give us grace enough to get self under our feet; to get over this terrible self-seeking, and to get at the end of self. Now it seems singular, if you turn over to the 10th of Mark, 32d verse, the same thing occurs again:

"And they were in the way going up to Jerusalem; and Jesus went before them; and they were amazed; and as they followed they were afraid. And he took again the twelve, and began to tell them what things should happen unto them, saying, Behold, we go up to Jerusalem; and the Son of man shall be delivered unto the chief priests and unto the Levites; and they shall condemn him to death; and shall deliver him to the Gentiles; and they shall mock him, and shall scourge him, and shall spit upon him, and shall kill him; and the third day he shall rise again." You would have thought that surely would have filled their hearts with sorrow—that they were going to mock him, and spit upon him and to kill him;a nd then, that he was going to rise again. You would have thought they surely would have been filled with astonishment; but see what took place. "And James and John, the sons of Zebedee, came unto him, saying, Master, we would that thou shouldst do for us whatsoever we shall desire. And he said unto them, What would ye that I should

do for you? They said unto him: Grant unto us that we may sit, one on thy right hand and the other on thy left hand in thy glory." Who shall be greatest? Again, there they were seeking to be greatest, that they might have a seat on his right hand and on his left hand. "But Jesus said unto them, Ye know not what ye ask; can ye drink of the cup that I drink of, and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with? And they said unto him: We can. And Jesus said unto them: Ye shall indeed drink of the cup that I drink of; and with the baptism that I am baptized withal, shall ye be baptized; but to sit on my right hand and on my left hand is not mine to give; but it shall be given to them for whom it is prepared. And when the ten heard it they began to be much displeased with James and John." Then, you see, jealousy came in there, and they were much displeased with James and John. But Jesus called them to him, and saith unto them, Ye know that they which are accounted to rule over the Gentiles exercise lordship over them; and their great ones exercise authority upon them. But so shall it not be among you; but whosoever will be great among you shall be your minister. And whosoever of you will be the chiefest shall be the servant of all. For even the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but the minister, and to give his life a ransom for many. He did not come to be administered unto but he came to administer. He came to be a servant, and now we want the spirit of the Master.

If you will allow me the expression, this eternal spirit of seeking to be great is one of the greatest obstacles to-day in the church of God. Oh, may God take it from our hearts, and may we have the spirit of the Master; may we know what it is to have the same mind that was in Christ, and he that will be great let him be the least of all. And when we have got at the end of this self-seeking, and are nothing in the sight of God, then we are fit channels for God to speak through. It says here in Jeremiah: "Seekest thou great things for thyself. Seek them not." Oh, how it has got into the church, and not only into the pews, but it has crept up into the pulpit, unholy ambition there, not so much for the glory of God but for our own glory. We like to see large congregations, and take the glory to ourselves, and then we cannot work; for God had decreed that no flesh shall glorify in his sight, and when flesh is crucified and we have got flesh under, then the Spirit of God can work, and we have got the glory. I can imagine some of you saying: "Of course, these disciples being with Christ, they very soon got the lesson learned; and by the end of Christ's ministry, they got complete victory over themselves." But we turn over to the 22d chapter of Luke, and we find in the 23d verse these words. It was that last night of the supper, and one of the saddest things that ever took place while he was here: "And they began to inquire among themselves which of them it was that

should do this thing. And there was also a strife among them, which of them should be accounted the greatest."

There was also a strife among them, which of them should be the greatest—right under the very shadow of the cross. The very night he instituted that supper; the very night Judas had gone out to betray him, the eleven were up in that guest chamber discussing which should be the greatest. There was a strife among them. My friends, let us ask God to search our hearts and see if we have got any of that spirit in us. Let us see if we have any of that spirit that Christ's disciples had. "Who shall be greatest?" God could not use them then. If a man is filled with the Holy Spirit, there is none of this spirit there; none of this jealous spirit, "who shall be greatest," because if a man is full of the Holy Spirit, then there is no room for the world, then there is no room for self, then there is no room for unholy ambitions and unholy desires, then there is no room for self-seeking and lauding self; but a man will have the mind that Christ had, when he is filled with that spirit. Let us ask God to keep us from all jealousy and from all unholy ambition, and make us Christ-like in all our ways. "They shall learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and they shall find rest for their souls." It is a humble man that has rest for his soul; a man that is clothed with humility has rest; but the man that has not this humility of the spirit of Christ does not know what rest is. Some one sent me, a few weeks ago, a few lines written on that text, "Learn of me for I am meek and lowly in heart." "Humility, the fairest and loveliest flower that grew in Paradise, and the first that died, has rarely flourished since on mortal soil. It is so frail and so delicate a thing that it is gone if it but look upon itself; and they who venture to believe it theirs prove, by that single thought, they have it not." Oh, may God, give us this humility that we have been talking about, that each of us may be filled with this humility, so that God can shine through us. Let us have that hymn, "Oh, to be Nothing." We have sung it once or twice, but I don't think we have it in our hearts. It is easy enough to sing it, but to live in the power of it in our hearts is another thing; and then, if a man don't have the position he wants, he will not get angry or jealous, but will say, "Lord, lay me aside, and take some one else." I want Mr. Sankey to sing that hymn alone:

Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
Only to lie at his feet,
A broken and emptied vessel.

NOTHING TOO HARD FOR GOD.

The passage which I select to-day is a part of the 32d chapter of Jeremiah, beginning with the 17th verse. "I prayed unto the Lord, saying, Oh, Lord God! behold, thou hast made the heavens and the

earth of thy great power and stretched-out arm, and there is nothing too hard for thee. Thou showest loving kindness unto thousands, and recompensest the iniquity of the fathers into the bosom of their children after them: The Great, The Mighty God, The Lord of Hosts, is his name. Great in counsel, and mighty in work: for thine eyes are open upon all the ways of the sons of men; to give everyone according to his ways, and according to the fruits of his doings; in which hast set signs and wonders in the land of Egypt, even unto this day, and in Israel, and among other men; and hast made thee a name, as at this day; and hast brought forth thy people Israel out of the land of Egypt with signs and with wonders, and with a strong hand, and with a stretched-out arm, and with great terror. Then came the word of the Lord unto Jeremiah, saying, Behold, I am the Lord, the God of all flesh; is there anything too hard for me? Therefore thus saith the Lord: Behold, I will give this city into the hands of the Chaldeans and into the hand of Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, and he shall take it."

The thought I want to call your attention to is in that seventeenth verse. Jeremiah had great faith in God, and his prayer took hold of God. He says: "Ah, Lord God! behold thou hast made the heaven and the earth by thy great power and stretched-out arm, and there is nothing too hard for thee." Now, I would like to give this meeting to-day for the key-note of it, just that one sentence, there is nothing too hard for God. A great many things may seem very hard for us; but let us bear in mind that nothing is too hard for God. "Oh, Lord God! behold thou hast made the heaven and the earth by thy great power and stretched-out arm." We talk about Alexander the Great, and Frederick the Great; but what are all the men that ever lived, what is their power in comparison with God's power? Think how God created this world; think of its mighty rivers and mighty mountains, and its depths and its plains; and yet some one has said it is only a little ball thrown from the hand of the Almighty. They tell us that the sun is thirteen hundred thousand times larger than this world. Supposing that is true; then think of its mighty rivers and mighty mountains. Some one has said it is a ball of fire. Supposing that is true, what a mighty wonder it is! And we are told that there are eighty millions of other suns that have already been discovered, and two billions four hundred millions of other planets, and this is the smallest of them all; this is but a fringe about the universe, or a few outlying villages upon his great empire. And we are told that light travels at the rate of one hundred and eighty thousand miles a minute; and it takes five years for the light of the sun to reach the nearest planet. Now, if this is true, think of our great and our mighty God! Now, Jeremiah had been climbing up upon one of these mountain peaks and he said: "Oh, Lord God! behold thou hast made the heaven and the earth by thy

great power and stretched-out arm, and there is nothing too hard for thee." Now, if God has done all these things, how easy it is for him to convert your friends and bless them. It seems as if this very thought pleased the Lord, for here in this very verse it says: "Oh Lord God; behold thou hast made the heaven and the earth by thy great power and stretched-out arm; and there is nothing too hard for thee." There is nothing too hard for him. Now let us lay hold of this truth, to-day. Let it sink down deep into our hearts, and as we pray for ungodly men and those who are ridiculing these efforts, and ridiculing our prayers, let us get our eyes off them and lift our eyes to him who has all power in heaven and on earth. Let us bear in mind that nothing is too hard for God; and he delights in doing hard things. Now, if we have faith, God is not going to disappoint us. We are going to see great and wonderful things; and these men who are bitterly opposed to these efforts may be here, in a little while, praising God with us. Infidels, scoffers and unbelievers, gamblers, drunkards and vagabonds, are going to be reached by the mighty power of God. While these men are scoffing let us pray God that his Spirit may fall upon them. We, perhaps, cannot reach them personally; but we can by prayer. Now, he comes to Jeremiah, in the thirty-third chapter; "Moreover, the word of the Lord came unto Jeremiah the second time, while he was yet shut up in the court of the prison, saying, Thus saith the Lord, the maker thereof, the Lord that formed it to establish it; the Lord is his name; call unto me."

Some of you may have wondered what good it will do to make these requests for prayer. But the Lord tells us that we are to make our requests known. People say, "Does God answer prayer?" Well, he says so, and I will take his word for it. Now, my friends, let us call upon him; he has told us to do it. Let us pray for those who do not want our prayers; God is able to reach them. Let us pray for infidels and scoffers. There was a man when we were in London that got out a little paper called "The Moody and Sankey Humbug." And he used to come to the very doors of the place of meeting and sell the paper. But after a while the paper got about run out, and then he came to the meetings and made caricatures of what he saw. But he was converted, and got right up in the meeting, and confessed what he had been doing. Let us not give up a solitary man in Boston. God is able to reach these very men. A great many men who are opposed to this work are so because the Spirit of God is troubling them; they are already troubled.

CASTING OUT DEVILS.

The 9th chapter of the gospel according to Mark was read from the 14th verse: "And when he came to his disciples, he saw a great

multitude about them, and the scribes questioning with them. And straightway all the people, when they beheld him, were greatly amazed, and running to him saluted him. And he asked the scribes, What question ye with them? And one of the multitude answered and said, Master, I have brought unto thee my son, which hath a dumb spirit: and wheresoever he taketh him he teareth him, and he foameth and gnasheth with his teeth, and pineth away; and I spake to thy disciples that they should cast him out, and they could not. He answereth him and saith, O faithless generation, how long shall I be with you? How long shall I suffer you? Bring him unto me. And they brought him unto him; and when he saw him, straightway the spirit tare him, and he fell on the ground and wallowed, foaming. And he asked his father, How long is it ago since this came unto him? and he said, Of a child. And ofttimes it hath cast him into the fire, and into the waters to destroy him; but if thou canst do anything, have compassion on us and help us. Jesus said unto him, If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth. And straightway the father of the child cried out and said with tears, Lord, I believe: help thou mine unbelief. When Jesus saw that the people came running together, he rebuked the foul spirit, saying unto him, Thou dumb and deaf spirit, I charge thee, come out of him, and enter no more into him. And the spirit cried, and rent him sore, and came out of him; and he was as one dead; insomuch that many said, He is dead. But Jesus took him by the hand, and lifted him up; and he arose. And when he was come into the house his disciples asked him privately, Why could not we cast him out? And he said unto them, This kind can come forth by nothing but by prayer and fasting."

Here we find the disciples in trouble, and on the other hand the scribes, their old enemies, were of course rejoicing at their unsuccessful efforts to cast out this dumb devil; and I think that is really the state of the church now. Infidels stand outside laughing and scoffing, because the church has so little power. I have no doubt but that the disciples reasoned as a good many do now, that this case was too far gone—that it was a hopeless case. They said, Perhaps if he could only hear us—if we could only speak to him—we might do him some good; or if he had the use of his tongue, if he was not dumb, so that he could tell them how he felt, they might help him. But as he had been so from a child, they gave him up as a hopeless case, like the hundreds and thousands that are given up now, because they do not belong to the church. They think they are beyond the reach of the church, and they cannot save them. They reason from a human standpoint; they cannot believe. But when they get their eyes off their human audience, and look at him who sits on the right hand of God, and remember all the power of the heavenly Savior, it is a very easy thing to reach these men

that we look upon as hopeless cases. How many fathers and mothers there are who have become discouraged and despondent, because they think their sons are beyond their reach, that they have passed beyond mercy, and that there is no help and no mercy for them. Let us go to fasting and prayer. Let us find out what the trouble is. If it is want of faith, let us ask God to increase our faith. Let us say: "Lord, I believe: help thou mine unbelief." When this unbelief is taken from the church, it will be full of power. I want to read with this a passage in 2d Kings, 4th chapter, 26th verse:

"Run, now, I pray thee, to meet her, and say unto her, Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well. And when she came to the man of God to the hill, she caught him by the feet; but Gehazi came near to thrust her away. And the man of God said: Let her alone, for her soul is vexed within her; and the Lord hath hid it from me, and hath not told me." I haven't any doubt but that this woman had been fasting; I believe she hadn't tasted a morsel since that child died. She desired a blessing. "Then," she said, "Did I desire a son of my Lord?" Did I not say, Do not deceive me? Then he said to Gehazi, Gird up thy loins, and take my staff in thy hand, and go thy way; if thou meet any man, salute him not; and if any salute thee, answer him not again; and lay my staff upon the face of the child. And the mother of the child said, As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee. And he arose, and he followed her. And Gehazi passed on before them, and laid the staff upon the face of the child; but there was neither voice nor hearing. Wherefore he went again to meet him, and told him, saying, The child is not awaked. And when Elisha was come into the house, behold, the child was dead, and laid upon his bed. He went in therefore and shut the door upon them twain, and prayed unto the Lord. And he went up and lay upon the child, and put his mouth upon his mouth, and his eyes upon his eyes, and his hands upon his hands; and he stretched himself upon the child, and the flesh of the child waxed warm. Then he returned and walked in the house to and fro; and went up, and stretched himself upon him; and the child sneezed seven times, and the child opened his eyes. And he called Gehazi, and said, Call this Shunamite. So he called her. And when she was come in unto him, he said, Take up thy son. Then she went in and fell at his feet, and bowed herself to the ground, and took up her son, and went out."

I have no doubt but that this woman had been fasting, and had not eaten a morsel since the child died and wanted laying out. There is faith, and there is faith honored. There is the answer to prayer. But the thought I want to call your attention about this Shunamite woman is, that there was one thing she would not do. She would not trust in Elisha's old staff, nor in the servant. She

got her eyes off the staff and the servant, and placed them on the Lord.

I want to call your attention to one clause in that chapter of Mark that I read, in the 19th verse: "Bring him unto me." You have, perhaps, been bringing your sons and daughters to the church, and running after this or that man; but the Lord says, "Bring him unto me." Have faith. Let us have faith in Christ. There are some "ifs" in the Bible that are the devil's "ifs." This man in Mark put the "if" in the wrong place. But the man in the 4th chapter of Luke put it in the right place. He said, "If thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." The man in Mark got it in the wrong place; for he said "If Thou canst." Let us get the "if" out of the way—"Thou canst make me clean." God can do it. My friends, may God help us to-day to put the "if" in the right place. You know there is an if in there. There are some ifs in the Bible that belong to the devil, if you will allow me to speak of them in that manner. When the Lord used them, He put them in the right place. If you read the 5th chapter of Luke, you will find that he put the if in the right place. He said, "If thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." Now, this man in the last chapter of Mark said, If thou canst do anything for us, we hope thou wilt. If He can, why we know He can. Let us say as the leper said, "Thou canst make me clean." Oh, my friends, may God help us to put the if in the right place. "If thou canst believe," all things are possible with God. It is an easy matter for God to save souls in Boston; it is an easy matter to save all the drunkards in Boston; to call back the wandering prodigals all over the country. Let us have faith in prayer. If our prayers are not answered, let us not call God to blame; let us not think He is responsible for our prayers not being answered. If we are anxious to have our sons and daughters saved, we have got to have faith. Let us begin to fast and pray; let us search our hearts, and see if there be any evil way in us. God does not regard iniquity; the Lord will not hear, much less answer him when he prays. Now let us see if fasting and praying will bring the blessing; let us see if we have faith to believe what the Lord has promised he would do. Again, let us look and see if it is in accordance with his word. The reason many of our prayers have not been answered is, because they have not been indited by the Holy Ghost. What do we want our sons and daughters converted for? Is it for his Son's glory? If it is, he will answer such prayers; for it is his delight to answer those prayers.

Another thought about this wonderful story I have been reading here to-day is this: that the devil threw the man down as he was coming. How many have started to come to Christ, and the devil has tripped them up before they got there. A man told me, in the inquiry-room, that he went down from Boston to Philadelphia to at-

tend the meetings there, in the hope to find Christ; but he got drunk soon after he got there, and did not go to the meetings at all. The devil tripped him up. And so a great many who had set their heart on coming to these inquiry meetinge are led away before they get there. And another thought is, that when the devil left him he gave him a blow that almost killed him; but the Lord raised him up. So it is with people who are just coming to Christ. And some who come act worse than they did before. Some women have come to me and said: "Mr. Moody, since I have been praying for my husband, he acts worse than he did before; he acts as though he had got seven devils in him." Sometimes, when the Spirit of God wakes up these men, they wake up ugly and very cross; but let us bear in mind that the Spirit of God can cast out these devils, as he did the dumb devil that was brought to him. Let the key-note of this meeting be "Bring him unto me;" and let us take in the arms of faith those of our friends and our relatives, and all who want to become Christians, and bring them to Christ.

THE GOSPEL INVITATION.

I will read from Matthew 11: 27:

"All things are delivered unto me of my Father; and no man knoweth the Son but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him. Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." Luke 15th: "Then drew near unto him all the publicans and sinners for to hear him; and the Pharisees and scribes murmured, saying, This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them." The Pharisees would tell the truth now and then; and they never told a more truthful thing than that. That is the glory of the gospel of Jesus Christ. He came into the world for sinners. He came to seek and to save that which was lost; and so, when the Pharisees said this, they told the truth once, if they never did before. There is one more text that I want to refer to, in the 6th chapter of of John, 37: "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out."

Now when princes and kings of this earth generally call people round them, they generally call the great and mighty and the noble; but when the Prince of Peace was here, he called publicans and sinners; many of them were outcasts, whom most of the people would not associate with. He was all the time calling around him all classes. There is one passage of Scripture which is very precious to me, and that is, that Christ helped all men that had need of him. now if there is a man here to-day who has need of Christ, he will

help him. Any man or woman in this assembly that needs Christ, can have him. He will give you all the help you need; I don't care what your besetting sin is. It may be your appetite for strong drink. Bring that to him; he has got power to take that from you. Now, a good many think they would like to come to Christ, but they want to get ready first; they want to lop off this sin and that sin, and stop swearing and drinking, and then they will be ready. That would be like a sick man waiting until he was well, and then sending for a physician; or like a blind man waiting until he recovers his sight, and then sending for a doctor. You bring your sickness and your blindness to Christ, and then he will help you. It is the sick that need a physician, and not those who are well. And if there is a man here troubled with any besetting sin, I don't care what it is, let him come to Christ, and he will help him; for he has promised, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." I like those *I wills;* they are all good. You cannot find a man that can honestly and truthfully say that he came to Christ and he didn't receive him, and he cast him out. No man living can say that; because he has received all that have come, and all that will come.

There was a man in our late war, and as he lay upon his cot (he was a skeptical man), there was one of those silent messengers hanging on the wall of the hospital; and this was the text, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." One day he got a letter from his mother, and was so sick he could not read it, but the nurse read it to him; and this letter was an earnest appeal to her boy to accept of Christ. He was down there in the hospital, and she didn't know but he would die without her seeing him again; and she quoted that text to him: "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." The dying man said: "That is very singular; there it is on the wall, and my mother has written it." A day or two after he was much worse, and sinking rapidly; and he asked the nurse to read his mother's letter again. And when she got to that text, he said, "Did mother put that in the letter, 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out?'" "Yes" says the nurse. "And does the Bible say it?" "Yes." "And if mother says it and the Bible says it, it must be true." And, dear friends, he believed and received Christ.

It is true. Take it just as you are: "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." May God help every man in this assembly, and every woman to come with all their sins; and the Lord will take you to his loving bosom, and will hold you, and keep you until that day.

DIVINITY OF JESUS.

We come to-day to the 8th chapter of the gospel according to John. In this chapter Christ asserts his divinity; and I do not see

how any one can read the 8th chapter of John and not believe in the Divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ. The next morning after he had been, as it were, driven out of Jerusalem, he came back into the Temple. It says in the last verse of the 7th chapter: "And every man went unto his own house. But Jesus went into the Mount of Olives." But early the next morning, he came into the Temple; and they brought a woman in to see what he would say should be done with her. He had been teaching that he had come not to condemn, but to save. The law of Moses condemned this poor fallen woman to death; and now they tried to entangle him, and see what he would do with her. When he had put the test to these men, and they had all gone out, he said to her, "Neither will I condemn thee; go, and sin no more." Moses or Elijah, or any of the prophets, could not have said that; no man living could have said that: "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more." In the 12th verse he says, "I am the light of the world." Moses could not say, I am the light of the world.

Abraham could not say it; no other man could say that. I said to my little boy, seven years old, this morning, as I was reading this chapter, "Willie, who could say that?" He answered; "Jesus." "Who else?" "God." "Who else?" "No one else." "I am the light of the world; if any man follow me, he will not walk in darkness, but will have the light of life." Who can give light but God? In the morning of creation, he said, "Let there be light;" and there was light. Now Christ comes, and proclaims himself the light of the world. It would be a great help to us in reading the Bible, just to get this into our minds, that Christ was God and man. Sometimes he spoke as man, and sometimes as God. That gives us a key to the Holy Bible; but take it away, and I do not see how you are going to understand it. Without it, it is a sealed book. Some people accuse us of teaching that God died; but Christ died as a man. God never died, and never can die; it was the man that died. Men die; the Divinity never dies. Then he says again, "I am not alone;" "I go my way;" "I am from above." Who could say that but him? "I am from above; I am not of this world." Who else could say that, if he hadn't come down from the world above? "If ye believe not that I am he, ye shall die in your sins." "I speak to the world those things which I have heard of him." When did he hear them, if he hadn't come from the bosom of the Father? "When ye have lifted up the Son of man, then shall ye know that I am he, and that I do nothing of myself: but as my father has taught me, I speak these things."

Then in the 30th verse: "As he spake these words many believed on him." How simple that was! As he stood there, speaking to them in the Temple, many were converted and believed on him. God received them right there, while he was speaking. How simple

the conversions of the Bible are! Simply believing, simply receiving. Then in the 36th verse: "If the Son, therefore, shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." If he were not God, how was he going to make us free from sin? But, "If the Son, therefore, shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." I think there are a good many of God's children who never have got to that verse. They don't know what freedom is. They are still asleep, and sunk in bondage. They are like Lazarus, who got out of the grave with his grave clothes on, bound hand and foot. The difficulty with those people is, that they are always looking in their own hearts to get freedom; but it is the truth which makes us free—the Word of God. Miss Smiley was telling about going down South, a few years after the war. She went to a hotel, and the room she was shown to was not very clean. She said to the colored woman who was there: "I would like to have you fix it up; I am from the North, and you know the Northern people set you free." She went away and came back in a little while; and it seemed as if half a day's work had been done. "Now," said the colored woman, "bees I free or beent I? My old master tells me I am not free; and I go out among the colored people, and they say I am free." There are a great many of God's people just that way; they do not know whether they are free or not. It is not a matter of feeling. The proclamation of Abraham Lincoln set that woman free; and so it is the proclamation of God's Word that makes us free; not that we feel this way or that way. If we want liberty in Christ, we can have it. When he told them that, they said: "We are the descendants of Moses and Abraham; we have not been in bondage to anybody." And all that time they were under the Roman yoke. So, hundreds of men in Boston to-day, who are bound hand aud foot to something in this world, do not want to become Christians, beeause they think they will not have their liberty. The truth will make you free. That is the only freedom worth having: "and if the truth makes you free, you are free indeed." Then again he said, "I speak that which I have seen with my Father." He talked about the mansions above, as freely as Queen Victoria's children would talk about the rooms in Windsor Castle. He was familiar with those scenes. "But now ye seek to kill me, a man that hath told you the truth, which I have heard of God." Then again he told them: "I proceeded forth from God;" that was his own testimony. Then again, "I tell you the truth." I tell it to you, it is the truth. "I honor my Father;" "I have come to honor him;" "I have come to do thy will, O God;" "I seek not my own glory; I seek to glorify my Father;" "I say unto you, if any man keep my saying, he shall never see death." Of course, he is not speaking about the death of the body, but about the death of the soul. "If any man keep my saying, he shall never see death."

His words are the words of life: and if a man receives them, he will not die.

Let us read these few verses closing this chapter.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, If a man keep my sayings he shall never see death. Then said the Jews unto him, Now we know that thou hast a devil. Abraham is dead, and the prophets; and thou sayest, If a man keep my sayings, he shall never taste of death. Art thou greater than our Father Abraham, which is dead? And the prophets are dead; whom makest thou thyself? Jesus answered, If I honor myself, my honor is nothing; it is my Father that honereth me, of whom ye say that he is your God. Yet ye have not known him; but I know him; and if I should say, I know him not, I shall be a liar like unto you; but I know him and keep his saying. Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day, and he saw it, and was glad. Then said the Jews unto him, Thou art not yet fifty years old, and hast thou seen Abraham? Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Before Abraham was, I am."

This forever settles in my mind the question of the divinity of the Lord Jesus. "Before Abraham was, I am." How any man can read the gospel of John and be in any doubt about Christ's divinity, I cannot see. Abraham was gone hundreds of years; and yet, "Before Abraham was, I am." "Then took they up stones to cast at him; but Jesus hid himself, and went out of the Temple, going through the midst of them, and so passed by."

PRAYERS OF JESUS.

I will just read a few verses of Scripture, and then the meeting will be thrown open. We want to hear from as many as possible, and we want a good deal of prayer. We felt that the meetings of the Tabernacle were too large; and we would rather have small meetings, where friends could pray. I do not believe there is any true revival that is not brought about by a good deal of prayer; and if we have a work of grace that is going to be deep and thorough in this city, we have got to have more prayer than we have had. I want to call your attention, to-day, to the prayers of Jesus Christ. Although he was God, yet he was man; as man he prayed, and as God he answered prayer. And he encouraged others to come to him with their burdens; and he was constantly praying, because he was an example to others. In the 3d chapter of Luke, 21st verse, we find that when he was baptized he was praying. Now, when all the people were baptized, it came to pass that Jesus also being baptized, and praying, the heaven was opened. And the Holy Ghost descended in a bodily shape like a dove upon him; and a voice came from heaven, which said, Thou art my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

Then we read again in Luke, 9: 28, how he took Peter, James and John and went up into the Mountain of Transfiguration; and while he was praying, his countenance was transfigured, and there came a voice saying: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." In John, 12: 27, we find him praying again; it was when they were about to kill him: "Now is my soul troubled; and what shall I say? Father, save me from this hour; but for this cause came I unto this hour. Father, glorify thy name. Then came there a voice from heaven, saying, I have both glorified it, and will glorify it again." Then in Luke, 42, 43, we find him praying, and He sweat, as it were, great drops of blood, and as he prayed an angel appeared to Him and strengthened Him. And we find that these four times which are recorded, when He was praying he heard from heaven; it was really his prayers that opened heaven. As it was with Stephen, when he was dying he prayed, and the heavens opened before him. Now if we are going to have the windows of heaven opened, and the Spirit of God descending in mighty power upon this city, it is going to be in answer to prayer and earnest supplications. Then, in the 6th chapter of Luke and the 12th verse, before he chose his disciples, it was a matter of prayer to him: "And it came to pass in those days that He went out into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God"—continued all night. "And when it was day, He called unto him his disciples; and of them He chose twelve, whom also he named apostles." So the night before he chose those twelve that were to shake the world, and be a blessing to the world and establish the Church of God on earth, He spent that night in prayer. And so, my friends, if we are going to do a great work for God, we must spend much time in prayer; we have got to be closeted with God. We find him again at the grave of Lazarus; and He prayed before He called him forth. It was in answer to prayer that Lazarus was raised.

And then, if you will turn into the 17th chapter of John, in that wonderful prayer of Christ, you will find seven requests there. We talk about the disciple's prayer as the Lord's prayer; really the Lord's prayer is this 17th chapter of John. That was his last prayer that has been recorded, except the one on the cross; and in this 17th chapter of John, there are seven requests. There is only one for himself four for the disciples that were around him; and two for you and I, and for all that should believe on him afterwards. And then we find him saying to Peter, "I have prayed for thee that thy strength fail thee not." When Satan was to sift him, Christ had prayed for him; and how that must have cheered and encouraged Peter after his fall, to think that Christ had told him he was going to pray for him; and his prayers did prevail, and Peter was brought back. And then the last breath on the cross, just before he cried, "It is finished," and gave up the ghost! It was a prayer, "Father,

forgive them, for they know not what they do." He was a man of prayer; and let the business men of Boston imitate their Master. We that are Christians, let us imitate God, and let us lay hold on God in prayer to-day, that He may give us a great and mighty blessing. Let us all pray.

LIFE, LOVE, PEACE, POWER, BOLDNESS.

I will read a few verses from the 1st Epistle of John, 4th chapter, beginning at the 7th verse:

"Beloved, let us love one another, for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is love. In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world that we might live through him. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins. Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another. No man hath seen God at any time. If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and his love is perfected in us. Hereby know we that we dwell in him and he in us, because he hath given us of his Spirit. And we have seen and do testify that the Father sent the Son to be the Savior of the world. Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him, and he in God. And we have known and believe the love that God hath to us. God is love; and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him. Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment; because as he is, so are we in this world. There is no fear in love, but perfect love casteth out fear; because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love. We love him because he first loved us. If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar. For he that loveth not his brother, whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen? And this commandment have we from him, That he who loveth God, love his brother also."

In these few words I have read to you, there are a few thoughts I want to call your attention to; I might say five things, that are necessary for every Christian to have. The first is *life*. We get that in the 9th verse: "God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him." Now, there is no life, no spiritual life, till we know Christ; or, in other words, Christ is that life himself. There are a good many people now that are troubled about the new birth; they want to know what it means. To be born again is to have Christ in the soul, that is the new birth; and with that life we serve God. And we cannot serve God till Christ is formed in us—the hope of glory. That is the life that all want. Our prayers are not prayers till Christ is there; with that life we

serve him. Then the next thing we get is in the 10th verse, that sin is put away. That is *peace*. What every Christian wants is, peace to the soul. He gets that by knowing that sin has been atoned for, propititation made. Christ has forever settled the question of sin; it has been put away; we are at rest as we look back to Calvary, knowing the cross has put away sin. We are ready to serve God, because sin is out of the way. The next thing is in the 11th verse: "Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another." We have got to have *love*. You cannot do a man any good unless you love him. Let us see if we have life, peace, and love. The next thing is *power*. We get that in the 13th verse: "Hereby know we that we dwell in him, and he in us, because he hath given us of his Spirit." That is power. There is really no power without the Holy Ghost; it is Holy Ghost power that we want. We want the Holy Ghost resting on us for service. Many of you have passed through experiences of how easy it is to talk for God when the Holy Ghost is resting in you for service; and how hard it has been when you had no power. Perhaps sin has come between you and God, and, of course, then the power is gone. Therefore let us see that we have that qualification. Then the next thing is *boldness*. That is one of the traits that a great many lack, at the present time. There is so much scoffing and ridicule that many, if you will allow me the use of the expression, haven't backbone enough to stand up and confess Christ boldly, wherever their lot may be cast. We find that, in the 17th verse: "Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment." We want it now while Christ is being misrepresented and laughed about; and if we have it here, we will have in the day of judgment; for Christ is with us. We are on the Lord's side, and we are always in the majority when we are with God. The idea that there are only a few that serve God is a false one. Let us be full of boldness and courage. If a man is once forgiven he can look up and say, Heaven is my home; God is my Father; Christ is my Savior; and he has nothing to fear. Let us speak out boldly for Christ.

PRAYERS BY MR. MOODY.

Our Heavenly Father, we pray thee that thou wilt give us more and more of the compassion of Christ. We read from the very beginning that he was moved with compassion, as this good Samaritan, when he met this poor, wounded and dying man. O God, give us the spirit of the good Samaritan! May we go from this building and hunt up many to-night, and tell them of Christ and heaven. May we go to the homes of the poor drunkards; may we go to the homes and hearts of gamblers, the homes of the fallen, the despised and the outcast, and tell them of Christ and heaven. O Spirit of God! come down upon this assembly, and may the Church of God find out who their neighbors are. And, O God, we pray thee that they may be filled with the Spirit of Christ, and that they may go and tell others the story of the cross. And, O God, we pray thee that hundreds and thousands in this city may be working to win souls to Christ. We pray that great things may be done in Boston the coming Sabbath. And not only on the Sabbath, O God; we will not wait for the Sabbath, but to-night, as thy servants meet in the different churches, O God, do thou meet with them! and we pray thee that there may be a quickening in the churches all over Boston, and all around in its vicinity. Do thou wake them up, that there may be a great work for them to do. And we pray that the day may be not far distant when many souls may be brought to Christ, and when this building shall be filled with those who are lost and want to be saved; and that the cry may go out from many anxious hearts. "What shall I do to be saved?" O Spirit of God, come down upon the assembly now, that the hearts of God's people may be made one; and that they may all be brought to God and all be glorifiers and honorers of Christ! May we be holy ourselves and consecrate to him our best service. Now we pray for a numerous meeting to-night. May these Christian young men be fired with the Holy Spirit from on high. May they be like Joshua, strong in the faith, men of God. May the Christian young men of Boston be known for their piety. And O Lord, we pray thee that drunkards by hundreds and thousands may be saved by the regenerating power of God. May they be touched by the Holy Spirit, and may power be given them to overcome their terrible appetite. We pray that this meeting we had this noon may be the means of saving many, and that thou wilt bless it, as well as those we have in the future. We pray, O God, that many may go out every day and pray for these men, and show them the way of

salvation. In the saloons, the billiard saloons, O God, mayst thou pour out thy mercy and make many men tremble for what they were about to do. O God, as we tarry at the second meeting, we pray that the Spirit of God may come upon us, and that this great audience may be hushed by the power of God. May we hear the voice of Jesus to-night! and as we listen may we be ready to go out and do his bidding. For thy name's sake. Amen.

Our Heavenly Father, we thank thee for this beautiful Sabbath morning. We thank thee for the privilege we have of meeting with these friends and talking with them about thee and about thy work. Now, O Lord Jesus, give us a love for souls, give us a burning passion for souls. May that be the desire of our hearts; to lead some soul out of darkness to the light, out of bondage to liberty, to lead some poor wanderer out of the darkness of this world to the blessed gospel. Thou hast witnessed this scene, these hundreds who have said that by thy grace they will try to lead one soul to thee. God, make us wise in all our work, and help us to bring some soul to thee. Help us to talk to people and to go right to work; and may we speak with power to these that have risen here and said they want God. May they not leave this house until their names are written in the Lamb's book of life, until they know that they have passed from death unto life. Make bare thine arm to help us, and may this be a token of a great and mighty harvest in the city of Boston. Quicken every one of those that have risen. God help us to pray for each other and around our family altars; in our closets, may there be one wail of united prayer to God; and may we see wonders and be made successful in winning souls to thee. Bless these teachers, as they go to their classes to-day; speak through them, use them in winning some souls to thee. We pray for thy blessing to rest upon the superintendents; may the grace of God come upon them afresh, and may the mighty power of God rest down upon them. And as they stand before their schools, may they be quickened with the mighty power of God, and thy Spirit speak through them. We pray for the ministers. Be with them; and as they stand up to preach thy blessed truth, may the Spirit of God speak through them and bless their efforts. And as we come together to-morrow, may there be glad tidings coming in from all parts of Boston; and may the work commence right here this morning, and flow over the city. And Christ shall have the praise. Amen.

Our Heavenly Father, we pray that thy blessing may rest on each one of us who profess to be Christians. O Lord, help us to love Christ more than we love ourselves: help us to be more like him in our way of life. Help us, O Lord, to walk humbly, prayerfully, consistently on, in the dust of our pilgrimage so that men may not stumble over us and say, "They profess only; they never do anything." O God, help us to live up to what we profess, through thee, in Christ

Jesus, and may it be shown in each one of us. We pray for any that may have back-slidden in this assembly, who may have wandered from God. This day fill them with regret that they ever turned their backs on thee. We pray that thou, O Lord, may meet them this day in this Tabernacle, and turn their faces to thee again. O God, they have wandered from thee; but do thou grant that this day they may meet the Lord of eternal life. We pray for those also without God and without hope. We pray for the unsaved in this assembly. O God, let them meet thee here and now. O God! touch their hearts. Open their eyes, that they may see their sin and know how great the sin is that possesses them; for Satan has blinded their eyes, O God, and they have abandoned thee. Make them to know how hard their hearts are. Open their eyes this day. O Lord, may the angels rejoice over souls saved this afternoon. May the wanderers, who have drawn back and rejected thee for years, open the door of their hearts and welcome thee in. We pray that the power coming forth from this meeting may be felt on the shores of eternity. O God of Adam and God of our Fathers, hear our cry and bring salvation; and may many this day receive the gift of God, and come down to this house and testify. We pray that thy blessing may rest on these mothers gathered here to-day. If they have children, who are rushing down to death and ruin, may God hear their cry, and may their children be turned from darkness to light, from Satan to thee. We pray that thy blessing may rest richly on those who have gone to the overflow meeting. May the Spirit of God be poured out on this church and on all thy churches; and may many be drawn to thee and love thee. May the work go on through Boston, we pray thee, and all through New England; and Christ shall have the glory. Amen.

Our heavenly Father, we pray that thy blessing may rest upon each one of us gathered here now and as we go hence. We pray that the Spirit of the Lord God may come down upon each one of us, and that we may each one of us turn away from every sin. O God, forgive us for our selfishness, forgive us for the stint of self-seeking. O God, keep us from this way, so that we may not be seeking sacred things for ourselves, but that we may bow ourselves in the dust before thee to-day. Help us to draw near to thee. We pray thee that thou wilt give us power from on high, for thou dost remember our frame; thou knowest that we are dust, and thou knowest how prone we are to wander. O God, give us the victory over ourselves; give us grace from above every day and hour to glorify thee. We pray now for thy blessing to rest upon us as we go hence. Amen.

Our Heavenly Father, we praise thee for thy blessed Word. We

thank thee that thy Son didst formerly come down into this world; that He did so use his mighty power while on earth that he has power over devils and unclean spirits; that He can by a word cast out devils, and that He can save our sons and daughters, can save our children, can save our unsaved friends. O God, increase our faith to-day! O God, we pray that thou wilt come down upon this town with the power of thy word, and that we may have strong faith in thee and thy promises. We pray thee that if any evil influence, or if our sins keep back the great and mighty blessing that we want in this city, we pray that thou wilt bring it to light. We pray that the Holy Spirit may reveal to each one of us all our sins, that we may turn away from them and hate them with a perfect hatred; that thy Spirit may came with power upon our hearts and fill them with holy desires. O God, we pray thee that thy blessing may rest on all the churches of New England, upon this day of fasting and prayer. We pray that thy blessing may rest on all the fathers and mothers closeted with thee to-day, as they pour out their hearts in prayer for their children. O God, hear and answer their prayer, and may the joyful tidings of souls redeemed be coming in from all over New England before long. Let the summons of grace be everywhere heard, that the wilderness may blossom and the solitary places be made glad. O God, we pray thee that the churches in New England may be blest, that the mothers, heartbroken on account of their children, may be comforted, and may those who were in darkness see the blessed light of the sun. O God, come in power upon us, and pass through New England, that a cry may be raised—hear ye in Boston—"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." O God, hear our supplications here to-day, and answer our prayers; answer the many prayers that are going up to thee. Come, Holy Spirit, in thy mighty power, and convict our hearts of sin, and melt them and turn them from darkness to light. Amen.

Our heavenly Father, we pray that thy blessing may rest upon the words that have been spoken, and that the truth may be carried home to the hearts of the people and that they may seek the Lord, this night, while he may be found, and call upon him while he is near. Bring back the wanderers. Oh, may the prayers of thy people be answered, and may there be a great harvest of souls here to-night. Go with us now, as we go to the inquiry room. May there be hundreds seeking the kingdom of God. O God of grace, hear our prayer, answer our cry, and save scores and hundreds to-night. (Amen! Amen!) We pray for the young men's meetings. May the Spirit of God come upon them, and a great army of young men be raised up to go out and publish the tidings of salvation to perishing men. O God, hear our prayer, answer our cry, and save souls, that Christ may be glorified. Amen.

Our heavenly Father, we pray that thy blessing may rest upon every one in this assembly. May we see hundreds to-night flocking into the kingdom of God. We pray for the young men who are just starting out on the voyage of life. Many of them are ambitious; many of them want to make a name; many of them are seeking wealth and pleasure and position. O God! may they seek thy kingdom to-night. If there is any poor drunkard here, may he give up his cup and seek the Lord. Oh, may there be many who shall turn to Christ and live. Help those fathers and mothers who have unsaved children to pray now. Help these husbands to pray for unconverted wives, and these wives to pray for unconverted husbands. Heavenly Father, we know we may plant and others may water, but thou must give the increase. We cannot bring one soul into thy kingdom. O Son of God, let thy pitying eye rest on every lost soul here to-night. We pray thee, that they may no longer resist the Holy Ghost. Let this unequal warfare cease to-night. Wilt thou go with us, as we go to yonder church? May it be crowded with earnest seekers. May many cry out, 'What shall we do to be saved?' We pray that thy blessing may rest upon the young men's meeting. May the Holy Spirit be there, leading young men away from the doubts and temptations of this great city to the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world. And now, Holy Father, we once more lift up our hearts in prayer for a great blessing on the meeting to-morrow at 12 o'clock. O Son of God, may these poor drunkards hear how they shall be saved. Yea, may they believe to-night on the Lord Jesus and be saved. May they not wait until to-morrow. Oh, may there be a shout in the camp of the King to-morrow. May hundreds of drunkards be reclaimed to-morrow. O Son of God, visit this city of Boston; shake it to its very centre, and turn the hearts of the people back to thyself. And thy Son shall have the praise and the glory. Amen.

Our Heavenly Father, we pray that thy blessing may rest upon everyone here that loves the Lord Jesus Christ; and we pray that thou wilt increase our faith to-day. Give us a strong faith in thee and in thy Word. Help us to realize what we have read about thee, that nothing is too hard for thee. We know that thou art able to reach infidels, scoffers, pantheists and atheists; that thou canst reach the abandoned and fallen and lift them up, and purify them in the precious blood of thy Son. And we pray that thou wilt do great things here in Boston during the coming days; may they be days of thy power. We ask not for the power of man, but for the power of God. May we have the Holy Ghost power in all our meetings. We pray that the Spirit of the living God may be here; and if there are any men or women that have come into this meeting who are thoughtless about their souls, we know that God is in our midst and

may they so realize it, that there shall be a cry going up from the camp, from these scoffers and these infidels, asking, What shall I do to be saved? We pray that the fear of God may fall upon Boston, and upon the hearts of the people. We thank thee for what we saw in the inquiry-room last night. We thank thee that thou hast commenced the work in the hearts of the people, and for the cry already coming up of, "What must we do to be saved?" Move right along in thy mighty power; and may the day be not far distant when there shall be a great multitude saved in Boston. And may the waves of salvation go out of this city all over the land; and may all New England be reached. May there not be a town in New England but shall receive a blessing from on high. We pray that on the day specially set apart for fasting and prayer there may be a prayer going up from many a closet and family altar to-morrow that shall reach heaven. May we not limit thy power O God, but expect great and mighty things. If there are fathers and mothers anxious for unsaved children, may they spend to-morrow morning in fasting and prayer; and they in their prayer say, "Search us O God and see if there be any evil way in us. Turn us away from evil things so that thou mayest hear and answer our prayers; for thou hast said that, if we regard and cherish iniquity in our hearts, thou wilt not hear and answer prayer. Help us each and every one to turn away from every sin, that we may lift up clean hands to thee, and our hearts be pure in thy sight, so that thou wilt answer our supplications. We pray for heaven's blessing upon the woman's meeting to-day. May the power of God be in that meeting. And we pray that the power of God may also be manifested at the young men's meeting, which is to take place this evening, and also for the meeting here this afternoon at 3 o'clock. When we shall talk about the Holy Spirit, let the Holy Ghost come down upon us and remain in our midst; and may our hearts be all on fire with the holy fire; and Christ shall have the praise and the glory. Amen.

Our Heavenly Father, we thank thee for sending Christ into this world to seek and save that which was lost. O Son of God! we thank thee that thou didst come for us, and thou hast laid down thy life for the sheep, Now we pray, O God, that every lost soul in this building may come home to-night; may they no longer reject the Lord of all grace; may they no longer reject him who came to seek and to save them. Help them this night, while they are trying to receive Christ in their hearts. May this be the hour and this the night they may be brought unto salvation. We pray that thy blessing may rest upon the words spoken in such weakness. We pray that the Spirit of the Lord may carry them home in power; that there may be many rise up and be drawn to God by these meetings; and that the Spirit of the Lord may be poured out to-night

without measure upon this assembly. We pray that the Holy Spirit may touch every heart here to-night with a sense of their true condition, that they may no longer be blinded by sin, but that their eyes may be opened; that the blessed Savior, in all his glory and loveliness, they may this night see, led by the gift of faith, standing with outstretched arms knocking at the door of their hearts, and saying, "Open, and I will come in." May the Spirit of God speak to every heart here to-night. I have tried to speak to the heart of this people to-night, and have failed. O Son of God, do thou speak! May there be many of the lost who shall be found to-night. By the power of the Highest, may they be saved! Then when the voice of man shall be hushed, may the gentle, mild voice of Jesus be heard saying: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If any man will, let him hear my voice and open the door and I will come in and sup with him and he with me." O Son of God, knock at the door of the hearts of the unsaved here to-night. May they hear that mild, gentle knocking. May they hear that heavenly voice, and may they open the door just now, and see and welcome, thrice welcome, the Son of God in their hearts. O Spirit of the living God, come upon this assembly; give us one touch from heaven just now. May the dead live; may the lost be found, and may the wanderers return home. Mayst thou come to the young men's meeting to-night; may the power of the Lord be felt in that meeting; and may the young men turn unto thee and live. Come with us, O Lord, to the inquiry-rooms! May the Spirit of the Lord God be with us, and may many believe on the Lord God, this night, and be saved; and Christ shall have the praise and the glory. Amen.

Our Heavenly Father, we thank thee that we have come and given our time at this noon-tide hour, to pour out our hearts in prayer to thee for these requests that have been read before us. We pray for these sons and these daughters, for these husbands and these fathers, and for these wanderers, and for all those who have been brought before us to-day. O God, hear our cry, for thy Son's sake, and answer our prayer, and the prayers of these dear friends for the unsaved. We know how sin has blinded them, how Satan has deceived them. We pray thee, O God, that thou wilt come and open their eyes, and show them their true condition, and plead with them for their salvation. We pray heaven's blessing to rest on these fathers and mothers who have come at this hour to pray, many with sad and heavy hearts—hearts burdened for the loved ones; and may they cast their burden on the Lord Jesus Christ. Help them, O God, to make known their requests unto thee to-day; and while they are praying, may the answer come. May these friends for whom they are praying be saved. We pray that thy blessing may rest on all that was said and sung here and in the pulpits of Boston yesterday.

May it be sown in good soil and spring up and bear fruit abundantly; and may hundreds and thousands be turned to thee. O Spirit of the Master, let thy work go on mightily in this city, and turn many from darkness to light. Now we pray that the words spoken here yesterday may be remembered. May thy word not return to thee void, but accomplish that for which thou didst send it. We pray that thy blessing may rest upon what was done here yesterday morning and afternoon, in the inquiry-room. May those who have not found peace find it now; while they are pouring out their hearts in prayer may the answer come, and may they be saved and redeemed by the precious blood of Christ. We thank thee for that blessed meeting of yesterday. Grant that many may rise up in eternity and thank God that he has led them to these meetings. Now we come to ask a blessing upon the meeting that is to take place here to-night. Bless, we pray thee, Mr. Cook, who is to preach. May the Spirit of God come upon him and anoint him with power from on high; and mayst thou give him physical strength and power; and grant that the Spirit may speak through him to-night, that many hearts may be broken, and the cry may arise from husbands and brothers and friends, "What shall I do to be saved?" May the King be with us to-night in the camp, and may his presence be felt, and may many be drawn to God. We pray thee that thy blessing may rest upon the friends meeting inquirers, that they may explain to them the way of the Lord and how to be saved for Christ. Give us wisdom to-night from on high, and teach us the way of truth and life as it is seen in Christ; and may the work in Boston spread and deepen and extend all over New England; and Christ shall have the praise and the glory. Amen.

O God, thou art in this builidng; help us all to realize it. Thou hast made this place terribly solemn to-night on account of thy presence. And now, O thou God of heaven, thou who didst find Adam in Eden, do thou find every one of his sons to-night in this building. May every one of us who profess to be followers of the Lord Jesus Christ act up to what we profess. May our eyes be opened to know where we stand, so that we may see ourselves, if we will, in the light of eternity. O God, keep us from self deception—from professing what we do not believe. Now, we pray for the wanderers here to-night; those that have backslidden; O God, call them home to-night; bring them back to the fold they have wandered from; may they return this night and this hour to the Lord and be saved. Now, we pray for those without God and without hope in the world. Oh, thou God of heaven, have pity upon them. May the Holy Spirit reveal unto them the blackness of their own hearts. Open their eyes, O God, that they may see, and point to them the way. Thou knowest how Satan has blinded them: how their wicked life has hardened their hearts. O Spirit of the loving God, come down upon this

assembly to-night. May one wave of united prayer go up from this assembly. May men be crying out on the right hand and on the left, "Lord what shall I do to be saved?" Speak, Lord; speak to every heart here to-night. We have spoken and failed; O God, do thou speak. May every ear be unlocked, every eye be opened, every hard heart be softened to hear thy gospel to-night! O Lord Jesus Christ, while we are waiting here to-night in silence, may thy voice be heard. May there be many here who may hear the mild and tender voice of Jesus say, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." May the weary find rest to-night; may the blind find their sight to-night, and may the hearts of infidels be touched and the hearts of skeptics be moved, and may there be many that shall be born into thy kingdom to-night. O God, hear our cry and answer our prayer, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Our Heavenly Father, we pray thee to open our darkened ears that we may understand thy word; and may the truth sink down deep into all our hearts. May every one within these walls become partakers of the grace of God. We pray that to-day thou wilt give us wisdom and light. O God! teach us how to break the bread of life to this perishing multitude; and may there be many to-day crying to God for mercy. Grant that many to-day may be willing to accept of Christ, to accept of the unspeakable gift of God. We pray for thy blessing to rest on all those who have lately come out on thy side. May they grow in grace and wisdom and knowledge, and not turn back to the dark world they have come from. And we pray for those that have been brought by the Spirit under the conviction of sin. May the way be made so plain to-day that they may now lay hold of eternal life and live. And thy name, blessed Savior, shall have the praise and glory. Amen.

Our Heavenly Father, we thank thee for all the blessings we have received from thy bountiful hand during the weeks we have passed within these walls. We thank thee for all thou art doing in our midst. And now we come again to pray that thou wilt do greater things to-night than any night we have met here. We pray that the Spirit of prayer may be in this assembly; that the spirit of curiosity may be laid aside, and that there may be one united wave of prayer go to heaven to-night, that thy Word may be blest to all that are strangers to grace. We know that we cannot raise their dead souls to the light of life; we cannot give the blind their sight, nor make the deaf hear, nor the dumb speak. But we pray that the Holy Spirit to-night may unstop the deaf ears, that they may hear the glorious news of the gospel to-night. We pray for those who are weary and heavy laden, that they may cast down their burdens at the feet of Jesus; and that they may hear the meek and gentle voice of

the Lord Jesus saying, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest," May the weary find rest here to-night; and if there are any that are heavy laden on account of sin, may they accept the Lamb of God to-night, who taketh away the sin of the world. May they look to him as their Lord and Savior. O Lord, we pray that the scales may fall from their eyes, and that they may see the Son of God, in all his glory and loveliness. In this hour, in this assembly, there may be some who have friends who have fallen; some who are mourning over loved ones stricken down by death; others there may be who are struggling with the evil one to-night, disheartened and discouraged. O Son of God thou blessed Savior, wilt thou reveal thyself to each one, that they may cast their burdens upon thee to-night, and lift up their hearts to thee for thy blessing. We pray that every heart may be open to-night, and be ready to receive the blessing from on high; that every hungry and thirsty soul may be brought to the waters of eternal life, and be filled. May thy blessing rest, O Lord, upon these inquirers here to-night, seeking to find the way to Jesus. May the power of the Holy Spirit be revealed to them to-night; and may they accept thee as their Savior. We pray that thy blessing may rest upon the meeting to-morrow noon, and those who come here to pray for the intemperate. May a power from on high come upon those men and set them free, and may their fetters be snapped asunder. May the spirit of the Lord God come upon these men in the city of Boston who are hastening down to a drunkard's grave and making their homes dark and desolate. O Lord, look in pity upon them, and stretch out thy right arm and save them. May we see wonderful things here to-morrow, O Son of God. Plead thy cause and make bare thy arm to save; and thy name shall have the praise and the glory. Amen.

Our Heavenly Father, we pray that thy blessing may rest on each one in this assembly to-night. We pray thee that the careless may heed the words spoken here to-night; that the indifferent may be aroused from their sins; and when they go home may they ponder on the revelation of the law of which they have heard, and at last may they be led to look upon the Lord as their Savior and Master. O Lord God of grace, hear our prayer; answer our cry and save souls to-night by the hundreds and thousands. We ask thy blessing on the words spoken to-night. We know there may be many here with murder in their hearts, but may the words spoken burn down deep into their hearts, till they repent and are saved; and may the power of God be felt throughout this assembly to-night. We ask thy blessing on all the meetings to follow this service—the boys' inquiry-meeting, the young men's meeting in the Berkeley Street Church; and as we go to the Clarendon Street Church, may the captives of

sin we find there go free. And thy name shall have the praise and the glory. Amen.

Our Heavenly Father, we pray that thy blessing may rest upon all that have assembled in this hall at this hour; and that every man in this assembly that is without God and without hope in this dark world may be convicted of his sin at this hour. We pray that the Holy Ghost may do his work; and that there may be many that shall look back, in after years, to this hour and this hall, as the time and place where they became children of God and heirs of eternal life. We pray that thou wilt bless them; and wilt thou bless the gospel that shall be spoken this afternoon, and may it reach many hearts. May there be many led by the Spirit of God, this day, to the cross of Christ, there to cast their burden and their guilt upon him who came into the world to put away the sins of the world by the sacrifice of himself. And may there be many here who shall hear the loving voice of the Good Shepherd saying unto them, "Come unto me all ye that are burdened and heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" and may those that are burdened and heavy laden find rest in Christ to-day. May those that are cast down on account of their sins, this day be lifted up by the gospel of Jesus Christ. And, O God, we pray thee that thou wouldst snap the fetters that bind them and set the poor bondsmen free to-day; and may this be the day that they shall come unto thee. And thy name shall have the power and the glory forever. Amen.

Our Heavenly Father, we thank thee that thou dost answer prayer; that thou didst hear the cry of Saul, when from the depths of the heart he prayed "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" We thank thee that thou didst hear the prayer of the poor Publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and didst send him to his house justified; that thou didst save Peter, as he was sinking in the water, when he cried unto thee, "Save, Lord, or I perish!" O God, there are many here who are sinking in the waters of affliction and trouble. In their darkness and trial, O Son of God, help them; and as they cry unto thee, reach out thine almighty hand and save them. May the rich blessing of thy salvation fall upon them as they cry, with the thief on the cross, "Lord, remember me;" and may many hearts be led to the Savior and profess Christ and him crucified. And help us, who call ourselves by thy name, O Lord, to love thee more. May we be as beacon lights in this dark world, so that none may stumble because of us. Son of God, advance thy kingdom here; and as we draw near the close of these meetings, hear us as we once more lift up our hearts to thee in prayer, that these closing meetings may be the best we have ever had. We pray that every unsaved soul here may accept salvation to-night. O Lord, open the eyes of all such to-

night. Cause the scales to fall from their eyes, that they may see, as did Saul, the power of God. Be with us as we go to yonder inquiry-room; bless the after meetings abundantly; and thy name shall have the praise and the glory. Amen.

Our Heavenly Father, we thank thee that thou hast made the way of life so plain, and hast said that all may be saved by trusting in thee. We pray that all this vast assembly here to-night may put their trust in thee. If any man who is a sinner shall come to thee this night with all his sins and lay them at thy feet, and dost trust thee, thou wilt put them away. We pray for all these fathers and mothers not born of the spirit, that they may put their trust in thee; and may these Christians this night, while we pray, be led to lay hold of the Lord Jesus and live, and may they commence anew to trust thee, and may they gather their children into the ark and fold of Christ, that they may be with them in glory. We pray that thy blessing may rest richly on all who are gathered here this hour. As we go to the inquiry-room tonight, mayst thou go with us; and give us heavenly wisdom to-night to point these souls in the way to Christ. And as we talk with them, may there be many who may believe in the Lord Jesus Christ to-night and be saved. May many have their names written in heaven, to-night. O Son of God, we pray that thy arm may be bared to save these precious souls. Thou knowest how sin deceives them, how Satan blinds them, how they are made captives and led astray. Oh, may the Spirit of God come upon this assembly; may the power of the Holy Spirit fall upon us now, and make this place terribly solemn on account of thy presence. We pray for the scoffers and the skeptics here to-night, who are making light of what they hear. May some arrow from God's Word sink down into their hearts, so these lost and ruined ones may cry to God for mercy, to-night. We pray for all those who have come here out of curiosity. May the Spirit of God search them out to-night, and lead them from their sins to thee, from themselves to Christ. We pray that thou wilt bless us now as we separate; and if we never meet this audience again on the shores of time, may we meet at last at thy right hand, where is peace forever. May thy blessing rest upon all these meetings to-night; the boys' meeting, the men's meeting, the inquiry meeting, and Christ shall have the praise and the glory. Amen.

MR. SANKEY'S PRAYER.

O God, we ask thy blessing upon all before us, but wilt thou especially bless our dear brother who is now passing through the deep waters of affliction. Grant, O Lord, that when he is tempted by the evil one away from the home of that little one who has passed through

the gate, that he may see that to yield he must give up meeting his dear little one in the heavenly home. O God, may he receive grace from thee. There is not a man here but needs Christ, and we come to thee to-day, O our Father, that Jesus may come to every one here. We pray for those who have come here not expecting a great blessing. May our hearts be singing and go on through life singing praises unto thee. May the new life be planted here, O God, and as the beautiful golden hours go flitting away, may they be full of blessings. We ask it all for the dear Redeemer's sake. Amen.

CHRISTIAN CONVENTION.

HELD AT BOSTON, MARCH 14 AND 15, 1877.

While the morning was decidedly cold in temperature and cheerless in its aspect, the opening session of the New England Christian Convention, beginning at 10 o'clock, was very well attended, some 3500 persons in all being present at that hour. The delegates appeared to be, for the greater part, people who had reached or had passed the noon of life.

HOW CAN THE NON-CHURCH-GOERS BE REACHED?

The Rev. G. C. Lorimer was called upon by Mr. Moody to open the question before the meeting—"How can the non-church-goers be reached?" Dr. Lorimer spoke a few words of welcome to the delegates present, and entered at once upon the discussion. He said: It is claimed by some that a new and modified gospel is needed; but he contended that the old gospel, plainly preached, will be always the best thing. A modified gospel has already been tried, with a vengeance, here in New England; and it has done very little. Men hungering for spiritual bread do not need a new bread, any more than we in this region, winter-bound as we are, need a new spring. We want only that spring which comes to us, with its freshness, after every winter. The gospel that has been given to us is the instrument that can open the consciences of men; and when that is done, the way of reaching men is attained. In the domain of conscience, the minister is God's anointed messenger. The speaker alluded to the sermons of humanitarian preachers as giving ideas and inspiration for integrity in life; but when the soul is hungering after spiritual nourishment, their preaching does not satisfy. Again, it is said that we need a new architecture. Dr. Lorimer described, in a few words, the differing ideas in regard to the size, form and character of church buildings, but said that these things do not really affect the question of attendance upon public worship. What is needed is a warm welcome. We must make visitors to our churches feel at home with us. The speaker gave a very amusing description of how a dapper church usher is apt to receive an ill-looking, ill-clad man, who happens to respond to some Christian's invitation to come to the place of worship. He concluded by telling a case which recently occurred in this city, where a lady worth a million and a half was unable to hire a pew of the sexton or treasurer because she was plainly dressed. His application of all his remarks

was that it is the spirit of the church which draws people into it; and unless the people want everybody, it is useless for ministers or any one else to try to get them.

Rev. R. R. Meredith said the question was a very broad one to settle in five minutes. Throughout our cities there was a black band designating our population who never enter a church, and we don't know whether our sermons are dry or juicy, and the fact is potent; and that is, up to the present time, they are not reached. It was not because ministers tried to reach them. Every once in a while some one hires a hall, say music hall, and draws three or four thousand people, and then the shout goes out that the masses have been reached; but upon entering the hall, we find that the so-called masses are people drawn from other churches, and the same black band still remains. Christ gives us the key to unlock the problem. We must go out into the hedges and by-ways, and compel them to come in. Individual effort will do it.

J. Russell Bradford, Esq., President of the Congregational Club, said that we have in all our churches a pure gospel preached; and we have a faithful ministry. Addressing the laymen, he said that they have a responsibility laid upon them, which they must not look to the ministers to lift away. The laymen must go out into the world animated by an earnest Christian spirit, and urge all to come into the churches.

Rev. D. W. Waldron argued that when people's souls were burdened with love for Christ and fellowmen, then they could not find too much time to attend to the work. The city has been divided into a hundred districts, and there are 75,000 families distributed up among a hundred churches. Workers were out in the city to-day; and next Friday, between two and three hundred drinking men, who had been gathered up this week by the workers, will be present, and many of them will hear the gospel spoken for the first time. Our opportunities and responsibilities are great. We can give a tract or a Bible, and thus forge a link in the chain which shall lead sinners to Christ.

Rev. J. M. Manning, D. D., declared that the masses are reached, reached every day, and influenced either for good or evil. Business men going to their labors down town, and women going among their domestics, are reaching the people; and the question is, Are we hiding our light under a bushel, or not? We are living epistles, known and read of all men. As we go about among men what do our lives say to them? Do they say that the gospel of Christ has made new men and new women of us? Let us not forget that we are all the time reaching the masses, either for their salvation or for sending them further away from Christ and his salvation.

Rev. L. B. Bates spoke of how political parties reached the masses, a few weeks before election. He described the electioneering ma-

chinery, and argued if Christians wanted to reach the masses consistently they should do so. He then told how a certain minister, who had never been accused of preaching a great sermon, but who always had a church full, and for that reason was sent to take charge of a church in Newport, at first failed to attract the masses in that fashionable city; but there he finally filled his church by going down to the beach every noon, and inviting the rough fishermen to come. If we only adopt the plan of Jesus Christ, we shall reach the masses every time. He did not believe that the churches were not reaching the masses, as some speakers alleged; on the contrary he claimed that the masses were reached, and would continue to be reached as long as the church of God remained true.

Rev. W. O. Holman, of Charlestown, divided the great mass of people who have not been reached into two classes—the neglectful and the neglected. There are hundreds born in poverty and reared in ignorance, who feel that there is no person in the world who cares for them. There are others who, having early religious training, coming down from the hill-towns perhaps, have yielded to the temptations of city life, have drifted away from the Church. Then there are those who have been in better circumstances, who have grown indifferent to religion. All these are apparently neglected. The ministers do what they can; but they have constant calls upon their time and attention. Christian men and women do something; but they do not do enough. Mr. Holman told of Uncle John Vassar, the Missionary, who was at one time foreman in a brewery at Poughkeepsie. He went one day to his employer and said he was going to leave. The proprietor was astonished, and wanted to know his reason. He stated it as being that he could not see heaven through the two ends of a beer barrel. The work begun by this man on the Fifth avenue of Chicago was then graphically described. It began by his forcing himself into a fashionable residence, with his collection of books. He had been discouraged from attempting anything in that region: but his efforts resulted in the conversion of the lady of the house, and a revival followed.

Rev. E. B. Webb said: Dear friends: I think we ought to be profoundly thankful for what has been accomplished in the direction that has been indicated. But I think, at the same time, we shall all agree that there are vast multitudes yet to be brought to the house of God and to be brought to Christ; and the questian may take another form perhaps, namely, in this way, Who are the persons who are to go to these people and bring them in? Does any portion of that responsibility rest upon me, as an individual? Does any portion rest upon any brother? How is this work to be done? Who is to do this work? Now I think, if we go right back to the Book we get a starting point. The Savior himself said, "As thou has sent me into the world, even so send I thee." Who does that mean? It

means you and me, don't it? It means his disciples; and we take our start from the Master. Now what was the motive that influenced the Master in coming into the world; and what did the Master come into the world to do? I take it, it is true, as a general proposition, that every man or woman of ordinary ability can accomplish in this world about what they undertake to accomplish. If it is your intention to become a lady of fashion in the city or in the town where you live, with ordinary ability you will succeed. If it is your intention to make money and become rich, and you live for that, with ordinary ability you will succeed; and this is true also, that if it is my intention, or your intention, to live for the Lord Jesus Christ, and to carry out that injunction, "As thou hast sent me, so I send thee," we can reach anybody that we go for and bring them to Christ. Is not that true? And if it true, then what are we living for? What am I living for in my sphere? What are you living for, brother? You are living to make money; you have half a million and want a million; you have got $100,000 and want $200,000. I believe we should work man by man, each after an individual; and whenever the church of Christ, we altogether, come to possess that spirit and go forth as the Master has sent us, there will be no question to ask about this work. How did those men go? If you go anywhere where there is a living church to-day, you find that it is individual work. When we realize that we are here to redeem the world, this question will be taken out of the way.

Rev. A. T. Gordon said that the best way to reach the masses is to try to reach individuals. When each man reaches his neighbor, he does effectual work. The speaker alluded to Uncle John Vassar's incisive method of working with individuals, telling of an interview he had with a gentleman, who afterwards boasted that he had shut him up. "Oh no," said a friend, "you can't shut him up." "Well, I sent him about his business." "Why he was about his business," replied the friend. That business should interest us all, was the sum of Mr. Gordon's concluding remarks.

Rev. Dr. Taylor, of New York, said that a good many people think that if they are themselves filled and edified and comforted, that is all they need to expect from going to church. We should desire to be refreshed in the church for work outside of it. Some of the finest sermons the Savior preached were preached to individuals. The way Paul preached to the Roman soldier was by talking to him while chained to him. They thought they had him secure; but he had them. Dr. Taylor told of having four oranges once, which he gave to his four children. He then asked which of them would give the baby a piece. As if by one consent, the three oldest turned to the fourth, and said, "Willie will do it." That, said the doctor, is human nature. He then continued his remarks by telling a story told

of John Stirling by Carlyle—by the way, the only good thing I found in his book. There was a fire, and Stirling stood in the water up to his middle filling the buckets. On some one telling him that he would get his death if he stayed there, he simply remarked that "Somebody has to do it." That is the way we ought to feel; but we ought not to feel that the somebody is some person other than ourselves. The way to resume, as Horace Greeley says, is to resume; and the way to reach the masses is to reach the masses.

Rev. E. Frank Howe, of Newtonville, spoke earnestly of the necessity of making the churches headquarters for reaching all men, and said that it is not only the miserably poor that are to be reached, but the miserably rich.

Mr. Moody followed, and told of his early experience in Christian work in Chicago, when the congregations were discouragingly small. The way to success was found by putting the converts to work, trying to bring others into the fold. One man, who was converted through an interpreter, was unable to speak English, but wanted to work. He was given at last the task of distributing religious handbills, and did it very faithfully. Some people thanked him, and some cursed him. He didn't understand English, so it was all the same to him. He was made the means of converting many.

As remedies for the non-attendance of people at church, Mr. Moody urged putting the converts to work, and dwelt also upon the good that may be done by congregational singing. The church has made a woeful mistake in not using the young converts. Mr. Moody said he had been able to do much good by going to billiard halls and saloons to sing, reaching the men at first by singing some patriotic song, and following it up by singing hymns. Soon the men take their hats off; the memory of their childhood brings tears to their eyes; soon they do not object to hearing the Scriptures read, or a prayer offered; and there is a prayer-meeting going before they know it. He had taken sixteen men out of one saloon, and nine of them went to the inquiry-room. Mr. Moody concluded by an earnest appeal to laymen to give themselves earnestly, and as much as possible, to Christian work.

CHURCH MUSIC.

Mr. Sankey alluded to the broadness of the question; and he would not, therefore, try to say what is the best singing for every church, for that would vary. He would simply consider how the service of music can be used best to the praise and glory of God. There are many churches, perhaps, in which different kinds of music are needed, and in some, a stated form may be necessary. It is impossible to please everybody. If a certain kind of music is the only kind that will suit a church, it is best to let them go on in their own

way. As rules of guidance, Mr. Sankey said he would encourage congregational singing; and he would have the choir composed of Christian men and women, and led by a Christian. He did not believe in having people to praise God for others, when the singers hired have no sympathy with the church and its work. Then he would have the choir near the pulpit, and in full view of the congregation. It happens, too frequently, that paid choirs, or those not composed of Christians, when set away in the corner of a church, often act as no person should act in a church. He did not object to a quartette composed of Christians, but he did not believe in having people who sing in a theatre one night and in a church the next. This remark was applauded, and Mr. Sankey continued by saying that he preferred a small organ to a large one, because the usual manner of playing the organ tends to drown the voices of singers in the congregation. He would have the organ played softly, and would have more praying for the singing and less of criticism upon it. Ministers should pray repeatedly for their singers.

Mr. Sankey said he wanted better preaching, which remark created considerable amusement. Good, earnest, warm singing he also regarded as a necessity. He then asked any who had any questions to ask to put them, promising to answer them as well as he could. He wanted the questions to be practical, and put so they might be heard. The following are the questions and answers:

Question—"Don't you think it would be a good thing to have the ministers good singers?"

Mr. Sankey—"Well, friend, it would be a good thing; but we haven't the arrangement of that." (Laughter.)

Question—"What are you going to do when you have no Christian men that can sing?"

Mr. Sankey—"I would take Christian women. (Laughter.) And then I would have an old-fashioned evangelical service there, and convert some male singers."

Question—"How can we have the singers speak plain?"

Mr. Sankey—"By speaking to them gently, and asking them to do so. Don't laugh at them, or criticise or abuse them, but speak to them properly; and they will be glad to correct their faults."

Question—"What do you think of organ preludes and interludes?"

Mr. Sankey—"Instead of a long prelude, I would have the singing of Gospel hymns before the minister comes in."

Question—"What do you think of music that is good music, but which the people do not understand?"

Mr. Sankey—"If it is good music, or operatic, I would not condemn it; but I think it should be left to the opera-house and something else put in its place that the people can appreciate. Operatic

music has its place; but I don't think the church is the place for it." (Applause.)

Question—"Do you think that the Sabbath school can be used for church singing?"

Mr. Sankey—"Yes; that is a good idea. I would graduate the children from the Sabbath school choir to the church choir."

Question—"Don't you think that the instruction in music in the public schools is good for the church?"

Mr. Sankey—"Yes; it is a grand thing for the Church."

Question—"If you get all your singers into one corner, what are the rest of the church going to do?"

Mr. Sankey—"Sing!" (Laughter and applause.)

Franklin W. Smith spoke of a remark he once heard from a German musician visiting this country. This gentleman thought that much spiritual life is lost in America because of the lack of associated singing. After speaking very eloquently of the service of praise as being divinely instituted, Mr. Smith "brought down the house" by his interpretation of a performance he once heard from a church quartette. The soprano, a lady with a beautiful voice, sang first, and the music, as it came to Mr. Smith, seemed to say, "Hear me sing! Hear me sing!" Then the basso, in grand full tones, began, and what his music meant was, "Now hear me."

WHAT CAN BE DONE FOR YOUNG MEN?

Rev. Mr. Northrup, of Hartford, Conn., said: "It must be remembered, at the outset that young men are not, as a class, harder to reach than any other class. A well-known college professor asserts that, with proper instrumentalities employed, none respond so readily to Christian effort as young men. In Connecticut, recently, several religious movements have begun with young men. This class of society must be sought by those belonging to it." In support of his declaration, that young men should seek young men, Mr. Northrup related several instances of conversions effected by such among those of their own age. Another agency to be employed is the work of Christian employers. When men make more of a business of religion, there will be more religion in business. Another means of reaching young men is, to make pleasant ways for them to pass their leisure time. Set up counter attractions to the billiard hall and the saloon. In all ways, approach the young men in a frank and manly way.

Russell Sturgis, Jr., devoted his remarks to explaining the objects and methods of the Young Men's Christian Association, for which he asked sympathy and the support of Christian prayers.

Rev. J. A. H. Behrends, D. D., of Providence, R. I., said he wished

to pass from a consideration of methods to a consideration of that which underlies all methods. Rather than multiply machinery, we must intensify the spirit which is in those engaged in Christian work. Dr. Behrends concluded his brief and eloquent remarks by urging Christian workers to reach the young by being young in spirit.

Rev. Reuben Thomas, of Brookline, spoke of the time in every young man's life when he is in a skeptical frame of mind. He had had such a time in his own life; and, looking over his experience, he felt that the ministers must know the young men's doubts, and sympathize with them. Else they will not listen. He indorsed the idea expressed by Dr. Behrends, that those who wished to reach the young must themselves be young in spirit. Religion makes a man young. A humorous allusion to Mr. Moody's continued brightness was pleasantly received; and then Mr. Thomas said that a whole batch of young men had come into his church on the last communion Sunday. He thought that they were very bright and fresh looking —a Stephen, every one of them. Mr. Thomas concluded by exhorting all to youthfulness of spirit in dealing with the young.

"HOW CAN THE CHURCHES OF NEW ENGLAND BE REVIVED?"

Rev. R. R. Meredith said: the question is, How can the *churches* of New England be revived? It is not so much a question as to how sinners are to be revived; but how the *churches* are to be awakened. The framer of the question probably thought that, the churches being revived, the salvation of sinners would follow as a matter of course. The churches of New England are wonderfully alive; but the one thing that they need to-day is an earnest, deep revival of the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ. We are all united in this belief, and equally so in the desire for the coming of that revival. In answer to the question, the speaker said that there is only one way to revive a church, and that is to revive its individual members. When you get all the members of a church awakened, then your church is revived; for if every man cleans the snow from his own sidewalk, the whole sidewalk is clean. In order to get a revival, we must not try to get it up, but to bring it down—bring it down from God. We must, therefore, pray for it, wrestling with the angel of the Lord till we get the blessing. The prayer must be earnest; it must be specific in regard to this matter. All we get from God, we get by definite prayer. Our prayer must also be contrite; we must humble ourselves before God, confessing our shortcomings. It must also be humble, our wills being deferred to the will of God. God sends rain in his own way; and if we want a revival, we must take it just as God sends it. Then, in all and through all, our prayer must be believing prayer.

A revival of true religion is not only of Divine origin; but it is

of Divine origin through human co-operation. It is wonderful that God should make us co-workers with him in saving souls; but the fact lays upon us a great responsibility. "Go work in my vineyard," is the command of the Lord to every convert. The necessary things are a sense of personal responsibility, an earnest spirit of consecration, an incessant activity in the work. How are we to get these things? The only way in which a revival of religion in the churches is to be obtained is, by those present giving their hearts entirely to God. The speaker concluded by urging the delegates not to leave Boston until they are on fire for God. Then they will take away a spark which will create a revival in the churches of New England.

Rev. W. B. Wright said that there are three laws which must be conformed to before the churches can be revived. Each of these was presented in connection with a glance at the history of the apostles after the Savior's death. These laws, as Mr. Wright presented them briefly, toward the close of his remarks, are confession of sin, earnest prayer to God, and thorough activity in work.

Rev. G. F. Pentecost thought that a great responsibility rests upon the ministers. The pastorate in New England and elsewhere has become too much a commercial engagement; and ministers have come to have more regard for their churches than for their Master, The authority given to the minister to preach is derived directly from the Lord Jesus Christ; and if that fact is forgotten, the ministry will become a failure. Men's sins must be rebuked; but if the minister stops to question whether his pastorate will be made insecure by plain preaching, he loses sight of his mission. It is not necessary that the minister should continually scourge his people; but he should preach always as in the sight of the Master. Paul's devotion to his work was eloquently spoken of. There must be a revival in preaching; ministers preaching less as theological professors, and more as bearers of a message from God. The speaker urged that ministers be more familiar with the Bible, indulging more in practical Scripture exposition than in merely forensic effort.

Rev. Mr. Newell, of Newburyport, said that we know that Jesus came into the world to save sinners; and the mission of Christians is to save souls. If we keep that fact in mind, we will be alive. There are souls all around us perishing under the shadow of the churches. When these churches are awake to the need of these souls, there will be a revival.

MR. MOODY AND THE QUESTION DRAWER.

Mr. Moody then announced the first question which had been sent to him as relating to the matter of praying for the Spirit: Does not the continued seeking after the Holy Spirit blunt the sense of what we have? If a man is full, he can hold no more. Praying for

power differs from praying for the indwelling of the Spirit. There is little danger that Christians will become so full of the Spirit that they need no power.

Q. Why don't you teach baptism? Ans. That is none of your business. Some men would have this work broken up in six weeks or six days, if they had their way. (Applause.) Suppose I should teach baptism by sprinkling, away would go Mr. Pentecost. (Mr. Pentecost: "No, I wouldn't.") If I taught baptism by immersion, away would go Dr. Webb. Let us see what we can meet on. Let ministers indoctrinate these converts as they please. Evangelists are just to proclaim the gospel; they just want to keep out those controverted questions. When June comes it will be four years that Mr. Sankey and I have been together in meetings; and we have yet to hear the first word of discord. I can have my views of baptism, and if I had a church I could teach the people what I believe; but in these meetings, it would be unfair to do it. Q. How can the churches of New England be revived? A. If I were in a town of four or five churches, I would see the ministers and see if they would agree. If two of them agreed, I would say. "Why can't we work together?" Then we would meet and pray. Suppose there were no more than twelve persons come together for prayer, if they hold on faithfully there will be a revival. If you can get three churches to join, all the better. Our work is always in proportion to the number of churches interested in the movement. If the whole church is not aroused, it is no sign that we should not be quickened and aroused personally. If there is one man aroused, there will be anxious souls around that man. We have to act in this world as if there were not another man or woman in it. If we are cold ourselves, we are apt to think every one else is cold. What we want is to get our own hearts on fire, and there will be a revival. I hope every delegate will go back with his heart burdened for the town or village in which he lives. There may be obstacles; but the Spirit of God can bring unity where there is faith. Let all our expectations be from God, and then we will not be disappointed. May God revive every church in New England. Let that be our prayer.

Q. Would you hurry people into the church as soon as they are converted? A. No, I wouldn't. I used to think that, as soon as a man is converted, he should join the church; but I have grown more conservative. Mr. Moody here told of his experience when, a number of years ago, he was anxious to join Mount Vernon Church. The story is well known. He thought that people should know what they are about. Some people get into the church very easy, and it's hard to get them out; sometimes they break it up.

Q. What is the best way to conduct evangelistic meetings? A. I would have them short, not more than an hour in length, with

plenty of singing. Then I'd have a second meeting for prayer and an inquiry meeting.

Q. Isn't it better to get all the inquirers together? A. I like to get the inquirers off alone, and talk with them from the Word of God, pray with them, try to remove their doubts and calm their fears. Then send them home, to think quietly over the matter in their minds. The duty of Christians to work among those around them at religious meetings was urged, and Mr. Moody said that Christians should always have their Bibles with them, and be ready to point sinners to the Savior.

Q. What would you do with infidels in the inquiry-room? A. I like to have them come, and would pray with them. There is no good in arguing with them.

Q. What would you do with inquirers who are not anxious. A. If they are in the inquiry-room that is a sign that they are anxious.

Q. Would you tell them that they are saved? A. No. That I leave to God.

Q. Would you give them books or tracts? A. I would give them the Scriptures.

Q. Would you tell them to go home and pray? A. No; they might die on the way home. I would hold them to the little word, "Now."

Q. Would you have an inquiry meeting after every meeting? A. Well, if I preached the Gospel, I think I would pull on the net and see if I had got anything.

Q. Would you encourage little children to come to the church? A. Certainly. The smaller the better; so early that they cannot tell when they began.

Q. How can we get more life into our prayer meetings? A. Get more into yourselves first. It is a good thing to get prayer meetings out of the ruts, sometimes. We must have variety—new hymns, etc., once in a while. Get people close together. I have seen many a meeting lost by the people being scattered. Let the place of meeting be well ventilated, and warmed and cheerful. Let the prayers be short.

Q. Would you have new speakers every night in evangelistic meetings? A. I would not; it wouldn't succeed. We tried it in Chicago; and there was only one man converted. I wondered how it was that man was converted. Let each man preach two or three weeks.

Q. How would you get a church to work? A. Go to work yourself. A working Christian is a rejoicing one. Mr. Moody told of a man with a broken leg, who received a bunch of grapes. He told his wife he couldn't eat them, but would send them to a sick

neighbor. The sick neighbor sent them to another, and he back to the first; and so they were all blessed.

Q. Would you have children sign the pledge or the Covenant? A. No. I thought I would once, but have got over that. The children would be apt to lean on the Covenant, and make no effort for themselves.

Q. Do you think it best to advertise religious services? A. Certainly. We should learn from the world. Advertising is wise in business, and does more good than harm to religion.

Mr. Moody said that a great many questions had been received in regard to the matter of fairs, theatricals and so forth in the church. Q. Can the young people be drawn thereby? A. You can draw them; but you can't draw them to the cross. He had heard of wives going to the theatre, in order to have the husband go to church on Sunday. That is not a good policy. It is a letting down of the standard. He thought that ministers make a mistake in preaching tirades against worldly amusements. It is much better to preach the people so full of the Holy Spirit that they will not want anything else. Raising money by fairs to pay off a church debt is a miserable way of doing things.

Q. Is there any danger of preaching too much to the careless, and too little to the unconverted? A. I would go for the careless every time, and then I would attend to the unconverted. There is not much encouragement in going over a cold church to reach the world.

Q. How can we get more life in our prayer meetings? A. Get more into yourself, get the people close together, and have variety; make the meeting a sociable affair. Have good ventilation, and all the exercises brief.

Q. How would you cure a chronic fault-finding church member? A. Get him into the prayer meeting, and pray with him till that devil is cast out. Fault-finding is a nuisance in the church. A man full of the Spirit is not full of fault-finding.

Q. May not a minister be too personal in his preaching? A. Well, I don't know. Personal preaching is very effective. It is well to wake a man up, if he is asleep. Mr. Moody saw a man asleep while Dr. Taylor was preaching on Wednesday night; he asked Dr. Gordon to wake him up. He thought it a religious duty to wake people up. (Laughter.) A hunch from the elbow may save a soul. Mr. Moody said he went to church to sleep once himself; but he was roused. There cannot be too much personal preaching.

Q. Would you encourage young converts to become communicants? A. If they feel sure they are converted, I would.

Q. How can gambling in our churches be cured? A. Have no festivals. There is no gambling at prayer meetings.

Q. Would you encourage young converts to speak in meeting? A. Yes. Let them use their talents.

Q. Is there danger of hardening the hearts of the unconverted by speaking to them? A. We must use tact; but still we must be faithful in preaching the Word.

Rev. J. B. Dunn said: In many instances, the prayer meeting is a very insipid affair. It is the especial property of a few hum-drum patriarchs, who meet once a week to go all around the universe in prayer. Any others who go, attend probably with the idea of doing a kind of penance; or under the impression that, in going, they justify that Scripture about going to a house of mourning. He proposed to tell how a prayer meeting which, a few years ago, drew only sixteen or seventeen persons, now draws between six and seven hundred. The secret is, a true perception, on the part of pastor and people, of the true relation of the prayer meeting to the church. It is the thermometer of the church's life. The prayer meeting is the heart of the church; and if the church is to live, the prayer meeting must be sustained. The next thing essential is that there must be faith in prayer. Every member of the church should attend the prayer meeting, once in a week. There must be preparation for the meeting. It has often cost him more thought and more anxiety to prepare for the prayer meeting than to prepare his sermon. Then the pastor must get helpers around him, remembering that there are diversities of gifts. Inspire these helpers with the idea that, if there is but one place they can fill for Christ, that place should be the prayer meeting. Kindly impress upon their minds the beauty and utility of brief prayers and addresses. Good singing is a valuable auxiliary in the prayer meeting, and the hymns should be cheerful ones. The Bible should be taken into the meeting, and spoken on after due study. Then all this machinery must all have life in it. There must be hot hearts in the church. Mr. Dunn closed his pithy remarks by telling that, when he was a boy, everybody attending church where he lived carried a burning coal for the fire. So he said each one should take to the prayer meeting a coal from off the altar.

"Camp Meeting John Allen" said that for fifteen years he had been greatly interested in the subject of prayer meetings. He had seen some meetings where there was a lack of fire, and some where there was too much fire. For a man to make a long prayer, which makes people not know when he's through, what he was talking about, or whether he was really acquainted with the one to whom he was talking. When we are acquainted with Jesus, the fact bubbles out.

Rev. L. B. Bates remarked that all praying people, the old and the young, should take part in the prayer meeting, and that there should be in all the exercises a burning desire to win souls to God.

Mr. Moody said there might be present some ministers whose prayer meetings have got into ruts. He invited such to put questions, which he or some other person would try to answer. One gentleman suggested as a difficulty "the awful pauses." Mr. Moody thought that the minister should offer prayer; the reading of a verse or so of Scripture is useful. In reply to a question as to whether children should be allowed to speak in meeting, Mr. Moody replied that there should be care in the matter. One danger is that, when a child speaks well, he is apt to be praised too much. He was in favor of meetings for children, conducted by some grown person. In reply to an inquiry as to how women can be induced to talk in meeting, he said, in effect, that the meeting must be made as informal as possible.

Other questions brought out the following thoughts: Singing, or other such means, ought not to be relied on to get the people up to a spirit fit for a prayer meeting. Christians should always be in a praying mood. Mr. Moody thought it well to have the subjects for prayer meetings announced. He would encourage women, and every one, to pray and speak in social prayer meetings. In reply to a question as to how long prayers could be broken up, Mr. Moody said that several times since he had been in Boston, when people had been praying too long, he had just touched their heel. It never hurt the feelings of the parties; or, if it did, he never heard of it. A quiet hint is generally sufficient to make a man consider the duty of brevity. Good exhortations, he thought, are much better than prayerless prayer.

One of Mr. Moody's best answers was to the question, "Is it right to give exhortations in the form of prayer?" He thought it an awful thing to have to open his eyes in order to see whether the man offering prayer is talking to God or to the people around him. In reply to a query as to whether he would close a meeting on the hour if it was very interesting, he said he would. If a man in whom people had no confidence took part in a prayer meeting, he would ask him never to do so any more. We should be frank and honest with such men. He remembered a man in Boston who, a number of years ago, always took part in prayer meetings. He was not right in his life; and finally, an old gentleman told him that if he ever spoke again he would walk up to him and look him in the eye. The old gentleman kept his word, and the man's remarks were shortened very materially.

CHRISTIAN CONVENTION.

HELD AT THE HIPPODROME IN NEW YORK, MARCH 29 and 30, 1876.

At the opening of the convention at 10 o'clock, the great hall of the Hippodrome was full, a large audience being present in addition to the 3,350 pastoral and lay delegates, representing 19 states and 340 towns. The great majority of the delegates were laymen.

Mr. Moody, in announcing the subjects of the day, spoke as follows:

The two subjects that we have for this forenoon are as follows: Evangelistic Services—How to Conduct them; and How to Conduct Prayer-Meetings. I have not asked any one to speak on these questions. I thought we would just come together and spend an hour on each question. At Philadelphia, we found that it was profitable just to let any one in the audience ask any question on the subject before us, and we would try and answer it if we could; and in that way, I think, we will be enabled to help those that have difficulty. Let me say a few words about this question.

EVANGELISTIC SERVICES.

A person said to me: "What do you mean by Evangelistic services? Is not all service evangelistic? What do you mean by preaching the gospel? Are not all services in churches and all meetings preaching the gospel?" No. There is a good deal of difference. There are three services—at least there ought to be—in every church; and every one ought to keep them in their mind. There is worshiping God. That is not preaching the gospel at all. We come to the house of God to worship at times, when we meet around the Lord's table; that is worship, or ought to be. Then there is teaching—building up God's people. That is not preaching the gospel. Then there is proclaiming the good news of the gospel to the world, to the unsaved. Now, the question we have before us is: How can these services be conducted to make them profitable? Well, I should say you have to conduct them to interest the people. If they go to sleep, they certainly want to be roused up; and if one method don't wake them up, try another. But I think we ought to use our common sense, if you will allow me the word. We talk a good deal about it; but I think it is about the least sense we have, especially in the Lord's work. If

one method don't succeed, let us try another. This preaching to empty seats don't pay. If people won't come to hear us, let us go where they are. We want to preach. Go into some neighborhood and get some person to invite you into their house, and get them into the kitchen, and preach there. But make it a point to interest the people; and as soon as they get interested, they will follow you and fill the churches.

Now, I have come to this conclusion, that if we are going to have successful gospel meetings, we have got to have a little more life in them. Life is found in singing new hymns, for instance. I know some churches that have been singing about a dozen hymns for the last twenty years, such hymns as "Rock of Ages," "There is a fountain filled with blood," etc. These hymns are always good, but we want a variety. We want new hymns as well as the old ones. I find it wakes up a congregation very much to bring in, now and then, a new hymn. And if you cannot wake them up with preaching, let us sing it into them. I believe the time is coming when we will make a good deal more of just singing the gospel. Then when a man is converted, let us have him in these meetings giving his testimony. Some people are afraid of that. I believe the secret of John Wesley's success was, that he set every man to work, as soon as he was converted. Of course, you have to guard that point. Some say they become spiritually proud; no doubt of that. But if they don't go to work they become spiritually lazy; and I don't know what's the difference.

Now, the first impulse of the young convert is to go and publish what Christ has done for him. Sometimes a young convert will wake up a whole community and a whole town, just merely telling what the Lord has done for him; and it is good to bring in these witnesses and let them speak. Then, another thing. In a good many towns where we have union meetings, we change ministers every night; and a good many special religious meetings have been organized, and proved perfect failures. I am getting letters all the time telling about special meetings, how the people turned out well, but there were no results; and on inquiry I found they had a Methodist minister one night, a Baptist minister another, an Episcopal minister another, a Congregational minister another, in order to keep all denominations in, and the result was they preached everybody out of doors. You could see, right on the face of it, that that would be the result. One man gets the people all interested; and just at the point where he needs to continue his own ministrations, another steps in and he goes out. And so there is no getting hold of the people. Now, I believe we have got to have one man.

I remember in Chicago, the last winter I was there, we had preaching every afternoon. We went out with invitations into saloons, billiard halls, etc., and we got a large audience there

every afternoon; and we had a new minister every day. We wanted to bring in all denominations, to keep harmony; and I believe there was one solitary conversion, after preaching thirty days. If we had only stuck to one minister, I believe we would have done a great work then and there; and if we are going to have successful evangelistic services, we cannot be changing speakers every night. And that is why it is best to get a man out of town, and all will unite on that one man. I wish we could get rid of this jealousy. If we could unite on one man, and support him with our prayers and our money, if it need be, and just work with him, there would be results. I never knew it to fail yet. It is just this party feeling that comes in and prevents the good results we expect. We are afraid this denomination won't like it, and that denomination won't be properly represented.

Then these meetings ought to be made short. I find a great many are killed because they are too long. The minister speaks five minutes, and a minister's five minutes is always ten, and his ten minutes is always twenty (laughter); and the result is, you preach everybody into the spirit and out of it, before the meeting is over. When the people leave they are glad to go home, and ought to go home. Now, you send the people away hungry, and they will come back again. There was a man in London who preached in the open air until everybody left him, and somebody said, "Why did you preach so long?" "Oh," said he, "I thought it would be a pity to stop while there was anybody listening." (Laughter.) It is a good deal better to cut right off, then people will come back again to hear. But I only just wanted to open this question, and give a few hints of what my idea is. Now, if any of you have a few questions you would like to ask, in any part of the hall, on this one subject, we would like to answer them; and if we cannot, there may be some one else here who can.

Q. Would you start a meeting when there is no special interest in the churches?

Mr. Moody—Certainly I would. A good many are folding their arms and saying, "Wait until the good time comes to favor Zion." The point is, to make the good time come anyway. Go to work. They have got no calendar in heaven. God can work one month as well as another; and he is always ready, when we are ready.

Q. Would you increase the number of meetings as the interest increases?

Mr. Moody—It depends upon how many meetings I have had. If I had as many as I could attend, I would not increase them; but I would if I could.

Q. Suppose the minister is interested and there is no special feeling among the people, would you call in outside help? Would you commence the effort by calling in at once outside help?

Mr. Moody—That is a very important question. If I were a minister in a community or a church, and could not get more than one or two to sympathize with me, I would just get them around to my study, and we would pray and go forth in the name of the Lord, and say, "We are agoing to have a meeting;" and there will be an interest break out. Three men can move any town. If you are going to wait until the whole church gets aroused, yon will have to wait a long time. Get as many as you can, and God will stand by you.

Q. Suppose the congregation is alive and the minister is dead?

Mr. Moody—Then let the congregation go on without the minister. [Laughter.]

Q. Suppose the minister won't permit them?

Mr. Moody—He can't prevent it. A man that wants to work for God can do so, and nobody can stop him.

Q. Suppose there is a difficulty in the church which cannot be removed?

Mr. Moody—I don't know of any difficulties that God cannot remove. The trouble is we are trying to remove these difficulties ourselves, instead of going to God in prayer.

Q. Why was it the Lord Jesus could not do anything at Nazareth?

Mr. Moody—On account of their unbelief; but that was the world, not the church. [Laughter.]

Q. Is it best to put a test question in a church, asking those that are anxious for their souls to rise, or rather to go to another room?

Mr. Moody—I think so. If any man is going to be saved, he is going to take up his cross; and if it is a cross, I would like to ask him to do it. What you want is to get them to do something they don't want to do, and it is a great cross generally for people to rise for prayer; but in the very act of doing it, they are very often blessed. It is letting their friends know that they are interested, and are on the Lord's side. I have found, in the last three years, that it has been a great help to us. In fact, I don't think I should attempt to have meetings without the inquiry-room. People are sometimes impressed under the sermon; but what you want is, to deal with them personally. Here and there one is converted under the sermon; but for every one converted under the sermon, hundreds are converted in the inquiry-room.

Q. Suppose the pastor and a small portion of his congregation desire to have a meeting, and the trustees refuse to open the doors?

Mr. Moody—Well, I should pray for the trustees. In the first place, the church has made a mistake in electing unconverted men as trustees. We want Christian men to hold office in the church. Men sometimes are put in as trustees that haven't got any character at all, and they regulate your choir, and very often your minister; and

if a minister touches their consciences and preaches right at them, they get annoyed and send him away.

Q. In a community where there is an interesting revival, very many families have not been reached—do not attend church anywhere; what would you have laymen try to do?

Mr. Moody—I would have the whole town districted off, and every family visited. I think that could be done.

Q. Do you advocate "anxious seats?"

Mr. Moody—I would rather call it seats of decision; but in union meetings, you know, we have to lay aside a good many of the different denominational peculiarities. The "anxious seat" is known to the Methodists; but if we should call it that the Presbyterians would be afraid, and the Episcopalians would be so shocked that they would leave, and I find, in the union meetings, it is best to ask them to go right into the other room, and talk to them there.

Q. What would you say to a person who replies, "I can be a Christian without rising for prayer?"

Mr. Moody—I should say most certainly he could; but as a general thing, he won't. If a man makes up his mind that he won't do a thing, the Lord generally makes him do it before he gets into the kingdom.

Q. What method would you recommend to get people on their feet to testify for Christ?

Mr. Moody—In the first place, I would bury all stiffness. If a meeting has a formal manner, it throws a stiffness over it, so that it would take almost an earthquake to get a man up; but if it is free and social, just as you would go into a man's house and talk with him, you will find people will appreciate it and get up.

Q. When one or more leading members of the church have so borne themselves in the community as that the church has been scandalized, would you recommend a course of discipline before commencing special meetings?

Mr. Moody—I should say certainly. I should go to the 18th chapter of Matthew and see what we are taught to do there; and if these men would not repent, I would turn them out of the church and then commence to work. I would rather have ten members right with God, than to have a great church of five hundred members and the world laughing at them.

Q. If the world has got in and is stronger than the church, what?

Mr. Moody—Then I would organize another church. [Laughter.] The mistake in all this is, in taking unconverted people into the church. We have got to be more careful.

Q. Suppose there are excitements in the church that seem to draw the attention of the church away from higher things, politics, for instance?

Mr. Moody—I don't know much about politics. The political question might interest the world, and you could go right on without being interrupted; but the thing I dread more than I do politics is these miserable church fairs. [Laughter.] That is the thing that bothers me most. More meetings have been broken up, and the interest dissipated, by these bazaars and church festivals than by your political meetings.

Q. How far is it wise to encourage young converts to labor with inquirers in the inquiry-meetings?

Mr. Moody—I always encourage them. I believe a man who has been a great drunkard, for instance, and been reclaimed, is just the man to go to work among his class.

Q. How would you use the boys and girls?

Mr. Moody—You have to use a good deal of discretion about children. I will admit there is great danger in having children take an active part, for some people are sure to say, "Don't that boy speak well?" and up comes spiritual pride, and you have ruined that boy.

Q. Is a man justified in neglecting service at his own church, in order to talk to those who will not attend church?

Mr. Moody—My experience has been that a man that has got the spirit to go out after other men will bring a good many into the church. He don't neglect it; he is worth about a dozen men who go and take good cushioned seats, Sunday after Sunday, and don't speak to any one.

Q. When a man feels that he must preach the gospel and the church doesn't want to hear it, must he go out?

Mr. Moody—A great many have got the idea that they can preach the gospel, when they cannot; and some have got the idea that they cannot preach the gospel, and they can to a certain class; and then they are just the ones to speak in that church. Now, I have tried that. When I was first converted, I thought I must talk to them about Christ, but I saw they did not like it; and finally they came and told me I could serve the Lord better by keeping still. Then I went out into the street, and God blessed me; and I got to preaching before I knew it. If the people don't want you, don't force yourself upon them. Go out and preach to the ragged and the destitute.

Q. Would you encourage women preaching in the pulpit?

Mr. Moody—I should say it is a complicated point, and we will leave it. I don't care about my wife going around and preaching. [Laughter.]

HOW TO CONDUCT PRAYER-MEETINGS.

"I have noticed," said Mr. Moody, "in traveling up and down the country, and after mingling with a great many ministers, that it is not the man that can preach the best that is the most successful;

but the man who knows how to get his people together to pray. He has more freedom. It is so much easier to preach to an audience that is full of sympathy with you than to those that are criticising all the time; it chills your heart through and through. Now if we could only have our prayer-meetings what they ought to be, and people go not out of any sense of duty, but because they delight to go, it would be a great help to a minister on Sunday. Now I find it a great help in prayer-meetings to get the people right up close together, and then get myself right down among them. I believe many a meeting is lost by the people being scattered.

Another important thing is to see that the ventilation is all right. Sometimes I have been in rooms where I think the air must have been in there five or six years. You cannot always trust the janitors to take care of it. The people get sleepy, and you think it is your fault. Very often such a thing is the fault of bad ventilation. See that you get fresh air; not too hot, and not too cold, but pure. Then it is a good thing to have a subject. Let all the people know a week beforehand what the subject is going to be. You take the subject of Faith, say, and ask a brother or two privately to say a little on that subject. If they say, "I cannot get my thoughts together;" or, "I am so frightened when I get up that I tremble all over," then tell them just to get up and read a verse. It won't be long before they will add a few words to that verse; and after a while they will want to talk too much, and the meetings thus become very profitable to those men. What we want is variety. Instead of having Deacon Jones and Deacon Smith and Deacon Brown do all the praying and all the talking, have somebody else say something in this way, and thus create an interest.

I would not make the minister always take the lead; for I have noticed when the minister takes the lead, if he ever goes off there is a collapse. Now, it seems to me a minister should get different ones into the chair; and when he goes off, the meetings won't miss him, and there will be no falling off. Not only that, but he is training his members to work. They will go out around the town and in school-houses, and preach the gospel; and we multiply preachers and workers in that way, if they are only just taught to take part. Now, I believe there are a great many in our church prayer-meetings that could be brought out and made to be a great help, if the ministers would only pay attention to it. How many lawyers, physicians, public speakers, we have who do nothing to actively help along the work; and I believe that difficulty could be removed, if the minister would take a little pains. Let the father whose son has been converted get up and give thanks. Have once in a while a thanksgiving meeting. It wakes up a church wonderfully, once in a while to let the young converts relate their experiences. Then you say: What are you going to do with these men that talk so long? I

would talk to them privately, and tell them they must try to be shorter. And it is a good thing sometimes for ministers themselves not to be too long. Sometimes they read a good deal of Scripture, and talk until perhaps only fifteen minutes are left; and then they complain because Deacon Smith, or Jones, or some one else talks too long. Just let the minister strike the key-note of the meeting; and if he can't do that in ten minutes he can't at all. Very often a minister takes up a chapter and exhausts it, and says everything he can think of in the chapter; and then can you wonder a layman cannot say more, who has had no study of the subject? Give out the subject a week ahead; let the minister take five or ten minutes in opening; and then let the different ones take part. That would be a greater variety. When a man takes part, he gets greatly interested himself. It was pretty true what the old deacon said, that when he took part they were very intesting; and when he didn't, they seemed very dull. [Lauahter.]

Q. Suppose one, two or three brethren come to the prayer-meeting and there are thirty sisters how are you going to get along?

Mr. Moody—I should call it a woman's meeting, and go on and have the sisters take part. [Laughter.]

Q. What should be the main purpose of a prayer-meeting—the conversion of sinners, devotion, or the edification of saints?

Mr. Moody—I should say that the prayer-meeting ought to be for the edification of saints and devotion.

Q. If some are very happy and begin to shout and clap their hands, would you stop them?

Mr. Moody—That is a controverted point, and I will omit that [Laughter.] I have an idea that a gospel meeting is one thing, and a prayer-meeting another. There also ought to be meetings where we proclaim the gospel to the unsaved.

Q. Would you have an inquiry meeting after every preaching?

Mr. Moody—My experience has led me to think the best time to strike is when the iron is hot. If I was preaching, and tried to rouse men to flee from the wrath to come, I would have an inquiry meeting afterward.

Q. Is it profitable to have preaching services every Sunday night for the unconverted?

Mr. Moody—Yes, and every night, too, sometimes; but my idea of church worship is about like this: We have breaking of the bread or communion; then there is teaching; and then in the evening they proclaim the gospel; and in the morning they come knowing it is for the edification of the saints, building up God's people.

Q. You say you would allow church members to conduct prayer-meetings. You know the character of the New England congregational prayer-meeting, and that there is danger that these people be-

gin to take the leadership out of the hands of the minister, and trouble comes of it. What would you do to prevent that?

Mr. Moody—I should say the minister had not been faithful in building up his people. I don't think there is any trouble of that kind in a good many churches where members lead. Dr. Cuyler does not lead his own prayer-meeting Friday night; and what we want is to bring out the talent that lies buried in the church; and if we don't bring it out in the evening meetings, I don't know how we will.

Here a delegate informed the meeting that Dr. Cuyler never leads his prayer-meetings, but sits in his congregation, sometimes speaking, and sometimes not.

Q. Would you advise having a young people's meeting, separate from the regular church prayer-meeting?

Mr. Moody—I always have had in our church in Chicago. We have children's meetings once a week, young people's meetings; and then a meeting Friday night for all, old and young.

Q. Is there any relation between united work and united prayer?

Mr. Moody—If they get to praying well, they will work well.

Q. How about the ministers praying and preaching, too?

Mr. Moody—I think it is a good deal better to divide the ground. If a minister does all the praying and preaching and singing, the church will do all the sleeping.

Q. Do you believe in calling on people to pray and speak in the prayer meeting?

Mr. Moody—My theory is one thing, and my practice another. I have always advocated open prayer meetings; but when our noon prayer meetings because so large, we often had men whom we did not know coming up and talking and talking and not saying anything; and others, who had come a hundred miles just to be present at that meeting; and so we have had to put it into the hands of those on the platform. Still, I stick to my theory that it is better to have an open meeting. You sometimes get things that grate upon your nerves; but, at the same time, you get things that you would not get if you took it into your own hands. If men ruin a meeting, you must talk with them personally and make them keep still. Now, you sometimes call on a man to pray when he has not got the spirit of prayer in him; and that is one of the reasons why I object to calling on men. Some men are called on to pray that just pray a meeting dead.

Q. What would you do with the brother who prays the same prayer over and over again?

Mr. Moody—I should see him privately and talk with him about his own soul; because very often you find that these men are out of communion with God, and are just keeping up the forms.

Q. If you tell a man to be short and he don't obey, what then?

Mr. Moody—I would have a bell.

Q. Suppose you drive him away by that method, what then?

Mr. Moody—Let him go. Five men will come and take his place.

Q. Is it wise to adhere to a series of topics?

Mr. Moody—I would say yes, and I would say no. Sometimes you are in the midst of a series and some special interest breaks out; then let your series go. Make the point that your meetings must be interesting.

Q. Suppose a prosy speaker is an old minister who always takes part, what would you do?

Mr. Moody—I would deal with him as I would with any one else. I would not allow any man to ruin the meeting.

Q. In a social prayer meeting during the week, do you advise that women take part in the prayer?

Mr. Moody—That is a controverted point; some say yes, and some say no; so we will let them have their own way.

Q. Would you stop a man's prayer by a bell?

Mr. Moody—If a man's prayer don't seem to go higher than his head, I should not hesitate to ring him down.

Q. If a man prays in every prayer meeting, and there is a general doubt about his standing, what then?

Mr. Moody—I would go and labor with him; and if I thought he was wrong, I would tell him so. I think we make a great mistake that we don't go to men and just tell them their trouble.

Q. What should be a man's posture when he is praying?

Mr. Moody—I don't know. Sometimes I pray right on my face, and sometimes I bow; sometimes I have sweet communion with God in my bed. It makes no difference how we pray.

Q. What does the Scripture teach that women should do in prayer meeting?

Mr. Moody—It teaches that they should pray like all the rest of them.

Q. Why do you leave out the woman question by saying it is controverted?

Mr. Moody—There are some men who have one hobby-horse, and they trot him out on all occasions. When you come into a union meeting like this, where all denominations are represented, let us leave aside the questions that provoke only dispute instead of breaking up the convention.

Q. Why not as well break up a convention as a church by this discussion?

Mr. Moody—Very well. You get up a convention to talk about it. This convention has not been called for that. [Laughter.]

INQUIRY MEETINGS.

Dr. Fish of Newark said: I do not know why Mr. Moody has re-

quested me to open this discussion on "Inquiry Meetings: How can they become part of the service in our churches?" except possibly that he is familiar with the fact that for a long time I have had something to do with the inquiry meetings of about 1200 souls, whom I have had the joy and privilege of introducing into the Christian church of Newark, upon profession of their faith. Almost all of them have come through between my fingers, in careful examination and handling in the inquiry-room; and I have never had a year of my ministry where the inquiry-room has not been an important feature. I intend in the future to make much more of it than I have ever done, and never to have a service—unless it be an unusual case—in which the inquiry does not form a part. I believe we are accustomed, all of us, to set our nets and not to draw them. When I was at the Sea of Galilee, I forced my oars in as far as I could, and the fishes ran up in plenteous numbers to see what was going on; but I did not catch a single one. The next day a friend of mine caught one fish, and the sea was full of them. Jesus said, "I will make ye fishers of men." Where there are such multitudes of souls, we ought to catch some of them. I think the place to catch souls is the inquiry-room. One Sunday night, I was saying from my pulpit that hand-picked fruit was the best kind of fruit; that the orchardman does not pick up the fruit that falls on the ground and put it away to keep late in the season, but he gets the fruit that is picked one by one, apple by apple, from the bough carefully, and puts it away to keep. I said, hand-picked fruit is what we want. An old woman who had been going to my church a great while, when she heard this, began to work. The next night she brought her husband to the meeting. He said: "For twenty years I have not darkened the door of a church of God; but my wife has been teasing me so much all day to come here to-night, I had to come." "Yes," the old woman said, "I thought I would try and do some of the work you told us about last night. My husband was the nearest to me; and I thought I would begin at home and pick him."

There are various advantages that accrue from this sort of thing. I find it beneficial to my people and me to form the practical acquaintance that we form in this way, especially with the new converts. It is not a small matter to become personally acquainted with two or three hundred converts, whom you are apt to receive in a great city like this. The work of conversion is only the first step. If the minister is personally dealing with every soul in the inquiry-room, he is prepared to build up and instruct that soul. They also form a personal acquaintance with each other.

In connection with the matter of making the inquiry-room a permanent part of the church services, it is well to make the preaching service short. I find out, more and more, that short services are the best. (I speak of my Sunday evening services, when I am hand-

picking, and am particularly after the soul.) One year ago, I announced that my Sunday evening sermon would not exceed fifteen or twenty minutes, and after that we would adjourn to the inquiry-room. I send down a choir of singers, and station men in the vestibule to be polite to those who look timidly in, and invite them in, and make it seem pleasant to them. In ten minutes it is all organized, and the meeting, which I study to make social and free, is without any of the stiffness that brother Moody says kills everything; and every night we are given some precious souls. Let us never set our net without drawing it, to see if there will be some fish there. Let us strike while the iron is hot, and let us make it hot by striking, by making our sermons so consumingly full of the desire to save souls that are there present, that all with whom we come in contact will be conscious that we are earnestly after them; and so we shall have inquirers the year round.

Dr. Booth said: I respond to Mr. Moody's request because I made up my mind in the beginning to acquiesce in every direction of his, and say, "Yes," whenever he said, Come. I do not know much practically about the subject; but we all understand more or less that the inquiry meeting is consistent with the whole truth of the principles we are working for. How shall we put the inquiry meeting on the top of the Sabbath services? One night I had charge of the after-meeting here; and just beforehand, Brother Sankey said to me, "After they have entered, do you draw the net." It was the first time I had heard it; and I determined I would. I said, one Sabbath morning, after preaching on the text, "Come, for all things are now ready," this sermon presupposes and involves an invitation, now and here. It does not imply that you are to go away after the sermon and spend two or three hours exposed to the influence of the world, the flesh, and the devil, but then and there to give them an opportunity of accepting Christ. Such a thing as an inquiry meeting had never taken place under my sober ministry in my staid church, but I resolved to do it; and ten people came in that very first night and accepted Christ, and one of the ten was a dear young man whom I had been yearning after for years. The inquiry meeting is according to the plan of the gospel as a proclamation. The difficulty is that all sermons are not intended to mount up to that climax. If our sermons are mere orations, and theories of Christianity, such an invitation is incongruous and absurd; but when the sermon says "Come," from beginning to end, when it is appended to the cross, when it is bleeding with tears and sobs all the way through, then we can say "Come." Suppose only ten come? There will be fifty who will go away and come the next night, probably. Look at this assembly. Here is a simple gospel preached to sinners, not as a demonstration, not as a plea against infidelity, but as a proclamation; and it has held New York for a month, and I believe, if it

could go on for six months more, we could almost disband our police force. [Applause.]

Charles Dickens eight years ago went into the Victoria Theatre, in the East End of London. He sat looking in at the door, and an English clergyman was preaching, telling the story of converting a philosopher. It was such an audience as would gather at the Five Points here in New York. Mr. Dickens, whose heart grew tenderer as he drew nearer to the grave, looked in and said: "Looking in at the door out of the mire and dust of my way of life, I hear the story of your saved philosopher; but," said he, "when a man goes to London that will take the story of the dying thief on the cross, whom Jesus forgave, and preach that in London, it will be a sight to see." Well, New York has seen it; it is here.

Mr. Moody closed the discussion as follows:

If the ministers would encourage their members to be scattered among the audience, to never mind their pews, but sit back by the door if need be, or in the gallery, where they can watch the faces of the audience, it would be a good thing. In Scotland, I met a man who with his wife would go and sit among them, as they said, to watch for souls. When they saw any one who seemed impressed, they would go to him after the meeting and talk with him. Nearly all the conversions in that church during the last fifteen months had been made through that influence. Now, if we could only have from thirty to fifty members of the church whose business it is just to watch, and you laymen and laywomen to afterwards clinch them in. The best way in our regular churches is to let the workers all help pull the net in. You will get a good many fishes; it won't be now and then one, but scores and scores. Now, a stranger coming into a church likes to have some one speak to him. He does not feel insulted at all. A young man coming to New York a stranger and going to church, if some one asks him to go into the inquiry-room it makes him happy and cheers him. Two young men came into our inquiry-room here the other night, and after a convert had talked with them, and showed them the way, the light broke in upon them. They were asked, "Where do you go to church?" They gave the name of the church where they had been going. Said one, "I advise you to go and see the minister of that church." They said, "We don't want to go there any more; we have gone there for six years and no one has spoken to us."

A man was preaching about Christians recognizing each other in heaven, and some one said, "I wish he would preach about recognizing each other on earth." In one place where I preached, where there was no special interest, I looked over the great hall of the old circus building where it was held, and saw men talking to other men here and there. I said to the Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, who got up the meeting, "Who are those men?"

He said, "They are a band of workers." They were all scattered through the hall, and preaching and watching for souls. Out of the fifty of them, forty-one of their number had got a soul each and were talking and preaching with them. We have been asleep long enough. When the laity wake up and try and help the minister, the minister will preach better. If the minister finds he has not been drawing the net right, if a good many in his church go to work and help him, he will do better; he will prepare the sermons with that one thing in view. Will this draw men to Christ?

I do not see how men can preach without inquiry-meetings. I like to see the converts. One minister in Scotland said he did not believe in disturbing the impression. If he had made an impression, he did not want any one to say anything. He said, "After you sow the seed, you don't want to go and dig it up to see whether it has sprouted." But I told him the farmers all harrow it in, after it is sowed." [Applause.]

TRAINING YOUNG CONVERTS AND LAY TEACHERS.

Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., said: "Our failure to train young converts in the faith has resulted in the present Loadicean condition of the church. If the young converts who, in the last ten years, have been brought into the churches in this city had been systematically and perseveringly instructed in God's Word and in methods of work, we should not be so greatly surprised at the occurrences of the past four weeks; and I am satisfied that very much dishonor is done to the Holy Ghost, in consequence of the failure of the church to train its converts. People constantly say, "Do you think the converts in this revival are going to stick?" That will depend upon the faithfulness of the church; and in the failure of very many of them, the Holy Ghost bears the rebuke of our own laziness. In reference to this training, it seems to me there are three distinct departments: In the Word, in the worship, and in the work of the church. Some of the converts come into our churches from skeptical life, ignorant even of the succession of the books of the Bible. Most of the Bible is an unknown territory, and we need to train our young converts in the texts of the Word.

I would limit them to testimony, in speaking before the church. I do not believe in experience meetings for young converts. When we are confessing Christ, we are safe; but when we are professing religion, we are on dangerous grounds. When some one asked Bishop Griswold, of Richmond, "Bishop, have you much humility?" he said, "None to speak of." Most people have too much to speak of.

The church is a body of workers, and not a body to be worked upon. Everybody is thinking, now-a-days: "Why does not the

pastor take care of me? I am a wandering sheep, and ought to be looked after." But the pastor has not, in his relation, the analogy of the shepherd to the fold. The church ought to be a body of workers. The young convert ought to be trained in his place as a worker, and the pastor is the leader of the work. He is the general. He is to do what this man has been doing here for six weeks past, "bossing" everybody, directing everybody in the way in which he is to do his work. Let him specially set every man to work, if possible, in the line of his secular occupation. Let him use a physician, for instance, at the bedside of the sick and suffering and in his assignments of work consult the secular occupation of the men. Thus it is that the young converts very soon become strong officers for Christ.

SERVICE OF SONG.

Mr. Sankey said: The question is, "How shall the service of song be conducted in the Lord's work?" and for the short time we have here this morning to discuss it, we don't propose to go into any elaborate exposition, but simply to get down at once to the practical workings of the question, How can the service of song be conducted most successfully, to lead to the best results in the service of the Lord? Now, as there are so many different forms of work, we will have to take them up in order, commencing first with the church, then with the prayer-meeting, then the Sunday-school, then the evangelistic work.

I am very glad, indeed, to see and to know that the power of sacred song is being recognized not only in our own, but in other lands; and now as it is being recognized, the question comes up, How can we utilize this power, how can we best use it in God's house, and to the best advantage for the church of God? Before I go further, let me drop one statement here that will go to prove and establish the fact that the power of sacred song is laying hold of all people of this land and of others, to a greater extent, probably, than for many, many years. The little hymn book that was published in England, containing many or most of the hymns we are singing here to-day, has taken such a hold upon the people—I think, upon the common people—that not less than 5,000,000 copies have been sold of that little book; I mean the music and the words together. They have spread all over the world, and the people are singing these songs away off in India and Africa. No later than last week, I got a copy of the hymns translated into the Kaffir language; and I have as many as twenty or thirty translations altogether.

Now comes the question, How can we utilize these songs and this service the best? In the first place in regard to the church, I would not have an artistic quartette choir. The first thing I would do would be to discharge them, to remove them. [Applause.] Now

remember, I don't speak against these persons, individually—there are just as nice people in these quartette choirs as elsewhere; but against the service which they attempt to lead, or rather succeed in monopolizing. I could not praise God here if I could not sing, too, as well as the choir. You must join and praise God for yourselves. Therefore, in their stead, I would have a large Christian choir. I would have all the Christians I could gather in, from the congregation or elsewhere; and let them lead the service of praise. Some people, I know, will object to this; but I cannot help it. Our experience for the last two years has been this, that we have made it a rule that we will only have Christians lead the praise; and I think one of the principal reasons of our success has been that we have tried, as far as we could, to get those who love the Lord, and love to sing right out of their hearts. It may not be so artistic as some, but the Lord has certainly blessed this sort of singing. I would have the singers near the ministers; I don't like the choir to be so far away from the minister. They are separated from him, and probably not in sympathy with him. He cannot speak to them, and they cannot counsel with him. There are two powers in the church—opposition powers, sometimes they are, which ought never to be allowed. If we can have Christians lead the singing, you will not be ashamed to have them before the congregation, that the congregation may see them; and their deportment will be such as becomes the house of God. Away back in the galleries, often we don't know what is going on; but if they are here before the congregation, we can see them, and they can be a help to the minister.

And there is another plan of having a screen, having the choir in the pulpit back of the minister, but behind a screen, so that as soon as the singing is done they will drop behind the screen, like a jack in the box. [Laughter.] I would have that screen removed; and your minister should insist upon it that the choir give as good attention as the congregation does. People who do not give attention to the Word of God when preached, should not lead the service of song in the house of God. I have found this, that by having my choir give attention to the addresses in this room, the contagion spreads, and the audience give attention, too; but if this choir was disposed to be talking, reading books, writing notes, etc., the audience would be watching them to see what they were doing, and the attention would be distracted, and valuable results lost. The most exact attention should be given to the preacher while he is preaching.

I will not dwell further upon that, except to speak about the instrument. I want to talk about the practical things, with which you have to come in contact. I have often found this to be the case, that the large organ drowns the people's voices. Now, it is not so much the fault of the organ as it is the fault of the man who plays it.

A large organ can be played very softly, so that the people's voices are not drowned; but you usually find it the case that the organ is played so hard as to shake the whole building, and to shake the whole people, so that they can hardly sing themselves. I would ask the organist to play very softly, so as to have the people led by the organ's tones, and not their attention taken up by it. I would rather have a small organ than a large one; a cabinet organ, or a small organ near the pulpit, not to drown the people's voices, but simply to support them. I don't care if this organ is not heard ten feet away, if the choir hear it. What we want is the human voice. There is nothing equal to that in the world; and if we can keep our leaders correctly in tune and time with the instrument, it is all we want. That is why the people join so heartily here in these songs. I might have a large organ here. I don't want it to interfere, however. I cannot sing with that great organ going; for I get to listening to it, and watching to see how the organist plays.

Now, we will go on to the prayer meeting. How would you conduct the singing in a prayer meeting? If you have in your congregation a Christian man who is a good singer, I would have him lead the singing. I would have him at the prayer meeting. Very often some very good man, and sometimes a very good woman, will start up a song entirely out of tune and out of pitch, so that no one can join with them, and they worry through it, nearly breaking their voices. I would take control of this, and say, "Now, Brother Smith or Brother Jones will have charge of the singing:" and if Brother Smith wants to sit and have one or two friends gathered about him, all the better, and let him pitch the tune. In regard to an instrument at the prayer meeting, some are opposed to it, and some not. If I had a good singer, one whose voice was strong enough, I would have him instead of an instrument; but if not, I would have some one who could play the organ in the proper key, and then the people can follow him. Then, I would introduce many of the Sunday-school hymns into the prayer meeting. I would not sing all the old tunes we love so well, always. Of course, they are good; but we want variety. Bring in new hymns, now and then. The question of introducing new tunes into the service of the church is a very important one. Now and then a new tune should be introduced. The best plan I have found is that the tune should be sung as a voluntary frequently, before it is given out as a hymn. I would exclude altogether operatic pieces from the church of God; and I would have my choir understand that these plain gospel hymns in the worship of God are far better than the finest operatic hymns you can find. [Applause.] Leave them to the opera. Don't bring them into the house of God.

Now, in regard to Sunday-school service, I need not say much about that. I may say that, in this country, we have set an ex-

ample to the world in regard to Sunday-school singing. It is nowhere, I think, so well conducted as in our own country. But there are a few places that don't have good singing. To those I would say, get an instrument; for the children love music. Get a lady or gentleman to play, and gather a few singers around in front of the instrument, and have them sing frequently. I would talk to the children frequently about the hymns, though not too long. I would not let the singing diverge into a singing-school. Sing on the topics that have been discussed during the day, keeping the minds of the children and the teachers in one direction.

Now, the evangelistic services. These are being conducted very extensively all over the country now; and when you bring all denominations together, I would ask all the ministers to send to the place of meeting the very best singers he has in his choir or congregation, for I find sometimes the best singers are in the congregation, and not in the choir, for some reason or other; and I would thus have all the denominations come together, saying: "For this time, and for these services, we will unite on one hymn, singing for Jesus, singing that we may know Christ." All these meetings of the choirs, I should think, ought to be opened and closed with prayer. I think it is a great thing to open a meeting with prayer. The people feel that they are in the presence of God, and all will work together in the sweetest harmony to further the cause of Christ.

I would make the point, too, to have the people supplied with hymns; for I think the progress of a meeting is oftentimes greatly disturbed by the people not having the words before them. Mr. Spurgeon comments on the hymns, and tells his congregation how he wants them sung, and so the people become deeply interested; and there is not a man in his church that is not singing at the top of his voice. If the minister don't manifest any interest in the singing, and is studying the heads of his sermon, the choir get careless and listless. Many a man will come to church and the sermon will pass into and out of his ears and be forgotten; but the hymn will linger and work for good.

I remember in Philadelphia, years ago, when I was a little boy, I heard an old minister get up and read the hymn, "There is a fountain filled with blood." I have thought of that old man, with his gray hair, and tears streaming down his face as he read that hymn, ever since; though I have forgotten the sermon and everything else. I want to spend five minutes more, that you may ask me some practical questions. If I have any information, I will be pleased to give it to you.

Q. Would you not think it better to encourage congregational singing by abolishing the choir altogether, and have it led by a single voice? A. I think not, from the fact that very few precentors have the power of voice to lead two or three thousand people.

They have to labor so hard in leading that they don't create that sympathetic feeling toward the singing that should exist. There is no impropriety in it; but I would not advise any man or woman to attempt it alone.

Q. What about smaller meetings? A. The same will apply to small ones.

Q. Would you have the leader of a prayer meeting pitch the tune? A. If a singer, he could do it; but, of course, the man who leads is not always a singer. I think we would have a hard time if I should ask brother Moody to lead the singing here to-day. [Loud laughter.]

Q. If you have not got any singers who are Christians, what would you do? A. I would commence evangelistic services at once, and get some. [Loud laughter.]

Q. Would you recommend solo singing in the ordinary church services? A. Not as a rule.

Mr. Moody—I would if I had Sankey. [Loud applause.]

Mr. Sankey—Let me for a moment speak of this solo singing. I read in the Word here, "Let the Word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs; singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord." These are hymns which teach and preach the gospel, and these are not hymns of praise. I believe there is another power of singing which many have not discovered yet, that of preaching the gospel. There is no praise in the hymn, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by;" yet it has been blessed to hundreds of souls. It is not praising God at all. When it comes to praising God, I will join in the general singing as heartily as anyone else. If I want to preach to you in song, I would ask you to listen.

Q. Would you ask the congregation to sing in unison? A. As a rule, I would ask them to join in the air or leading part, and let the choir bring in the tenor and bass and other parts. If, however, a man in the audience is a good singer and his voice is better adapted to singing bass, let him sing bass.

Rev. Dr. Taylor said: It seems to me, as a foundation of all that is said and done on this matter, that we ought to have bright ideas of the importance of praise. Let us think of what the sacrifice of praise in the house of the Lord is designed to do. It prepares the way for the descent of the Holy Spirit into the heart. Bring me a minstrel, said Elisha; and while listening to the music the Spirit of the Lord came down and he prophesied. Very frequently, through the music of a song of praise, the Spirit of God in his glory has come down and filled the living temple of the human heart; for it not only prepares the way for the sermon to follow, but very often clinches the effect produced by the sermon. I heard the beautiful story about Toplady's conversion. He went into a barn in Ireland, where

he heard a Primitive Methodist minister preach the gospel. At the close, the minister gave out the hymn, "Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched." It seemed to him then that the whole company of the congregation took up the appeal from the minister's lips, and instead of one appeal there was that of hundreds. Then he gave his heart to Christ, and nobly did he honor the obligation in his latter life by laying on the altar of Christ the hymn that we are so fond of:

"Rock of ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

Then, again, singing sustains the heart in trial. Very often in this country we are in the habit of serenading our great men; but oh! no songs in the ear of God are like the serenades which go up from the hearts of God's children, in the night of trial. He comes forth from his throne to speak words of comfort and cheer. Then, again, it braces the heart for conflict. After his last supper Christ sang a hymn. The Lord Jesus sang, and sang with Gethsemane in view, to brace himself up for conflict with the prince of this world. Who does not know, too, how Luther strung himself up for his reformation work by that noble version of the 46th psalm, termed the Marseillaise of the Reformation. Mr. Sankey has covered the whole ground in the admirable address to which we have listened; so in my remarks I will limit myself to congregational singing, and will look at it from the point of view of the pastor. Mr. Sankey has a little forgotten that, while conducting the evangelistic services, he has everything in his power; the pastor has to take the church with him. The church must be like Wordsworth's cloud, and move all together, if at all. Ministers have to suffer, like Moses, for a good many things for the hardness of people's hearts. [Laughter.] If we want to come up to the ideal pitch of perfection, we should probably end by making discord all around. So we have got to make the best of things, as at present. We ought to be limited in our range of selection of hymns. I have a profound conviction that the great size of our congregational hymn-books is killing congregational singing.

It is not possible for the great multitude of the congregation to acquire the facilities to sing all the tunes needed for the rendering of these hymns. The first thing I would recommend a minister to do is, by a species of natural selection, to make his own little selection out of the big one; and if, by any accident, he should give out one that dragged, then put a beacon on it and not give it out again. [Laughter.] Let ministers give good heed to the counsels Mr. Sankey addressed to them, with regard to the necessity of cultivating good feeling between them and the choir. If they persist in looking on the choir as hirelings, it will develop the hireling spirit. Don't continue to look on them as necessary evils. [Laughter.] Go and have a free and frank and brotherly conference with them.

Don't manage it by authority; you can never do that. [Laughter.] Manage them by influence and love. Talk sincerely and earnestly on the subject. One more thing I would say, if we have good congegational singing, we must have rousing preaching. [Laughter.] The best way to heat a church is to have the stove in the pulpit. [Laughter.]

Rev. Dr. Hastings in an address in some measure differed from the principles laid down by Mr. Sankey. He said, first of all, he had not one particle of sympathy for the church suffering under the curse of mercenary choirs, nor would he until the church would wake up to the fact of the shameful neglect of which she was guilty in this matter of praising God. You ministers, said he, who are tortured by quartettes, I am not sorry for you. Have you gone to the rehearsal? have you taken them by the hand and found out their thoughts about the praise of God? have you ever shown any sympathy for them personally? When they are singing in church, are you looking over notes, or looking over the Bible, or occupying yourself with something else? If I tread on Mr. Moody's toes a little for a minute —one service which is permitted to be interrupted is, the service of song. Mr. Moody, while Dr. Adams was praying didn't say "Open the doors;" but the moment the hymn is singing he says, "Now open the doors and let them in." [Loud laughter.] The most magnificent thing I ever heard in my life is the lifting up of voices in this great congregation. I don't blame Mr. Moody; it is only of a piece with the common habit of the church, throughout the country. What Brother Sankey said this morning was admirable sense for the millennium; but we are but little past the middle of the nineteenth century yet. Let us work toward it. I have got a pretty good pair of legs, long enough for ordinary use. [Laughter.] For many years, while my sainted father was with me, I had the delight of having my choir just as I wanted; and when the crisis came, I said to my legs, "Now do your duty;" and I went on the hunt, just as Mr. Sankey recommended, to find singers in the congregation to make themselves targets for the ungenerous criticism of the congregation. My congregation is better than the average on that subject. [Laughter.] Singers have some rights which Christians are bound to respect. They are not respected by the church and ministers as they should be; they are held at arms-length. The average condition of musical culture, in a given congregation, must determine what the singing should be, and that congregation cannot ignore the fact without a violation of nature. I would rather have a first-rate quartette than a first-rate precentor. There is more music in it. You can have a Christian influence prevailing in a quartette choir as well as in a choral choir. The churches have not lifted up this service and elevated it with the service of prayer. I long for the revival of love and joy in the Holy Ghost, to bring us to our senses on

this subject. Why, look at the days of Solomon, when four thousand were set apart for the service of song. There is not a church I ever knew of that took any careful measures to train up either a leader or a choir for themselves.

The second hour's services were now commenced, Mr. Moody saying amid laughter, "Now I don't know how to get the people in;" adding, after giving out the second hymn: "Let's all rise and sing. Never mind the doors. If you are paying attention to what you are singing you won't notice the people coming in. If I were to set apart two minutes for them to come in, then these ministers would get talking, and I couldn't stop them." [Laughter.] After a short preliminary service, the following queries were put, and answered by Mr. Moody:

Q. How can you introduce new hymns into the church? A. One good way is to have one night given to sacred song, and singing new hymns and tunes as well as old ones; and then I would have the people have the books in their home.

Q. How can I get the speakers to be short in the prayer-meetings? A. Be short yourself, and set a good example. [Laughter.]

Q. My church is divided. I can't get them united in special services. What am I to do? A. Just get as many as you can, and just get each one to influence those that are standing out.

Q. I am a pastor in a town with about ten thousand inhabitants. I cannot get the young men out to our meetings. What am I to do? A. The best thing to do is, just to have a yoke-fellows' band, form the Christian young men into a band. Suppose there were only three of them; let them meet and pray together. The little band will soon grow; and in the course of a few months, they will be thirty. Let your preaching be short; throw away your manuscript, and preach right at them. [Laughter.] If you see a man is gone asleep, make up your mind that you have got to close. There ought to be no trouble about that. A man can get a hymn book for five cents. He can drop off one cigar and get it. The great trouble is that a great many only have the books in the church; they ought to have them in their homes.

Q. What do you think of having a service devoted entirely to sacred song opened and closed by prayer? A. A very good thing.

Q. What would you do to get people out to hear the gospel preached? A. Get them out to hear it sung. In that way, you will get them acquainted with it. Touch it up with some little story, when you give it out; and before you know it, you are preaching to them.

Q. What is the best book for inquirers? A. Well, the book written by John is about the best I have ever seen. [Laughter.]

Q. How would you wake up an interest in the church prayer-meeting? A. Why, wake up yourself. Shake hands with the

young men; say you are glad to see them; and you may be sure they will come back again. I believe men living in a country district, have, in this respect, more advantages than we in cities. When I was in my native village, I had all those long winter evenings to myself; and if there had been such meetings, I would have been glad to go to them. When I went back to my native town, last summer, I preached there for a short time. When I was ready to go away, some of the young converts asked me what they should do. I told them to go right into the school-houses, and hold a series of meetings. The result was that these houses are filled with people at those meetings. I tell you, the nation is hungry for the gospel.

Q. If a church is sadly in debt, would you favor a fair? A. I am a sworn enemy to them. I never knew one yet but the devil got in before we got through. Just conceive for a moment, Paul going down to Corinth to open a fair. God's people have money enough; they don't want to go into the world to get it. There was a time when the church was trying to get out of the world; but now the world has come into the church. A young lady is put behind a table, to draw young people by her beauty. I don't know when I was more mortified than by an advertisement of a church fair in the West, where it was said that any young man could come in and take a kiss from the handsomest woman at the fair, for twenty-five cents. I hope the time is come when we shall be rid of these abominations. It would be a good deal better to preach in the streets than to get a church put up in that way.

Q. How would you get members to work?

A. Well, keep them out of fairs. [Laughter.] I don't think you can move the church in a mass; you have got to work with them privately, and personally. A great many persons would work, if they were shown what to do; and there are a good many others of executive ability in the church, who could set them about it. Suppose the politicians wanted to carry New York; they would know how every man would vote. The most precious hours I ever spent were employed going from house to house, preaching Christ. There is plenty of work; the fields are already white for the harvest. I remember, one time in Chicago, I was asked to take an interest in the children of a saloon-keeper, who was a notorious infidel. I took the man's address. I went down and found the old fellow behind the bar. I told him my errand; and I had to get out a good deal quicker than I got in. I thought I would try him the second time, when he would be a little less under the influence of drink; but he made me go out again. I went back then the third time. "Well," said he, "look here, young man; you were talking about the Bible: I will read the New Testament if you will read Paine's 'Age of Reason.'" "Agreed," said I; but he had the best of the bargain. [Laughter.] I had a hard job to read it through. I went down to

the saloon to find out how he was getting on. All the time, he would talk about Paine's "Age of Reason." One Saturday, I tried to get him to go to church on Sunday. "Now," he says, "if you want church, you must have it in my saloon. This is as good a church as any in Chicago. You can have preaching here, if you want to." "Well," says I, "to-morrow morning at 11 o'clock I'll be here." "Look here, young man, I want to do part of it myself." I said, "Now, let us distinctly understand how much you and I will have. Now, suppose you and your friends take the first forty-five minutes; and I take the last fifteen." He agreed to this. That Sunday morning, I took a little boy with me that God had taught how to pray. That is some years ago, and I remember how weak I felt as I went down to that infidel saloon. I found, when I got around, he had gone to a neighboring saloon where he had engaged two rooms with folding doors, and had them filled with infidels and deists, and all shades of belief. They first began to ask me questions; but I said: "Now you go on with your forty-five minutes, and I shall listen." So they got to wrangling among themselves. [Laughter.] Some thought there was a Jesus, and some not. When the time was up, I said: "Now look here, my friends, your time is up; we always open our meetings with prayer." After I had prayed, the little boy cried to God to have mercy on these men. They got up one by one, one going out by this door and one by another. They were all gone very soon. The old infidel put his hand on my shoulder, and said I might have his children. He has since been one of the best friends I had in Chicago. So, you see, it must be personal work with us all.

Q. What is the best book on revivals? A. The Bible. [Loud applause.]

Q. To what extent is it profitable to use the talents of Christian women in special efforts? A. The women in the inquiry meetings here are of great help. A woman's meeting is held every day, at the close of the noon prayer meeting; and their inquiry-room is always nearly full. No one can visit so well as a woman. The time is coming when their will be ten women missionaries for one we have now. A woman can go into the kitchen, and sit right down and talk with a woman at the wash-tub. The poor woman will tell a person of her own sex her troubles, when she will not converse with a man. What a blessing it would be if in this city, as in London, ladies of wealth and position would visit the woor.

Q. How could you get your choir in the front of the church, when they insist on staying in the rear? A. I tell you how it is done at Northfield. They have got an organ in the gallery, away far from the pulpit. I objected to this, but not only that, I didn't see the object in having singing behind the people. Our ears are not put on

in the wrong way. [Loud laughter.] I said I would send to Bradbury and get an organ myself; and then they brought it down.

Q. Suppose none of the congregation understand music? A. Well, I don't understand music; but I can sing as well as Mr. Sankey can. [Laughter.] I can sing from my heart. The fact is, people have gone to sleep. Larks never sing in their nests; it is when they get out. [Laughter.] A little boy who had been converted was constantly singing. While his papa was reading the paper one day, he came up to him and said: "Papa, you are a Christian; but you never sing." Says the father, "I have got established." [Laughter.] Not long after, they went out to drive; but the horse would not go. The father got vexed and said, "I wonder what ails him?" "I think," said the boy, "he has got established." [Laughter.]

Q. How far shall persons be urged to confess Christ? A. You will see in Romans 10: 10. If we are to be soldiers of Christ, we are to put on the livery of Christ, and let the world know.

Q. Should the influence of the Spirit be waited for? A. Our work is to preach Christ. The work of the Holy Spirit is to convince men that Christ is the Son of God. He will do his work if we will do ours.

Q. Should a pastor lead a weekly meeting of young converts, in order to train them in Bible study? A. A very good thing. We should teach them both Word and works. In an article written by a friend of mine, it is asked, How is a man to mow if he does not sharpen his scythe? What would you say of a man who is always sharpening his scythe? The quickest way to train young converts is to put them to work; but the Word should not be neglected. When the scythe gets dull, it should be sharpened again.

Q. How about fault-finders? A. I would deal with them personally, and ask them how it is with their own souls.

Q. How can you make sinner feel their sinfulness? A. That is God's work; you can't do it.

Q. If a minister or some influential layman should object to your working? A. I should preach in a cottage, or elsewhere. Never force yourself on a people; but if you are faithful, they will be glad to hear you.

"HOW TO GET HOLD OF NON-CHURCH GOERS."

Rev. Dr. Armitage opened the debate on "How to get hold of non-church goers," saying: "I like this better than the usual form of the question, which is, 'How can we reach the masses?' It is sharper, and goes more directly home. It draws the line distinctly between the church and those who are not the church. First, we are to get hold of non-church goers by going after them. They will not come to us. The Savior of the world went about seeking those that were to be saved; and then he saved those whom he had sought. He is

our pattern in that matter. He did not expect the wanderer from the house of Israel to return to the fold; but as the Shepherd, he left the ninety and nine and went into the wilderness after the sheep that had gone astray, and put it on his shoulder and brought it to his flock. Our Lord did not wait for the people to come to him. He went after the people, into the cities and villages, everywhere. How can we get hold of non-church goers? It does not mean simply moving them, but there is a nerve about the old Anglo-Saxon way of putting the question when it says, getting hold of them; it indicates muscle, nerve, spirit, will, resolution, industry, perseverence. It is exactly as Jesus did. We must fall back perpetually upon our Lord's example in this thing; and when we go to the non-church-goer we must urge the great facts of Christianity—Christ's birth, Christ's life, Christ's death, and resurrection and ascension. We must get hold of them by an intense love for them; nothing less will open their hearts to the church. Love is always unconventional. It knows nothing about poverty; it knows nothing about ignorance; it knows nothing about the distinctions of rank and of character. Love sweeps away all these distinctions as secondary things. Where you visit people in love, you can find that one loving, earnest soul always moves another soul. What would you give for a poet unless he were in a blaze? What would you give for an orator unless he were in a glow? What would you give for a sculptor unless he were full of tenderness? What does the non-church-goer think of you and me, my friend, when we go to him otherwise than full of love, beaming with the love of our Lord Jesus and full of tender sympathy? It is said that the natives of India, when they wish to quarry out a big stone, first chisel a grove around the block of granite; then they kindle a fire along the groove; and when they have kindled the fire upon the stone, then they pour into the trench a little water, and the rock expands and bursts. This is what we must do in serving men, and this is what our Lord Jesus did. He ran the chisel round and wrought a groove upon the intellect, and then poured his love into the heart; and then the tender tears fell from his eyes and the rock broke. Let us not fail to go to his teachings for our method of seeking souls.

There was considerable applause at the close of Dr. Armitage's address; but Mr. Moody remarked, "The time at our disposal is so short that we haven't any time for applause, and must fill up every minute. We will next hear from Rev. Dr. Newton, of Philadelphia."

Rev. Dr. Newton said: The Lord Jesus when upon earth called his people "the salt of the earth;" but the salt is of no use unless it be scattered. He also said, "Ye are the light of the world;" but the rays of the sun must be dispersed, if they are to give light all over the earth. Oh, if the church, by its individual members, would but scatter the rays of spiritual light in this way, how many hundreds

and thousands might be brought within its influence. We may do this wherever we go. An Episcopal clergyman in England was staying at a hotel, and was waited upon by a little English girl. He asked her, "Do you ever pray?" "Oh, no, sir," she replied; "we have no time here to pray; I am too busy to do that." "I want you to promise me," said the clergyman, "that during the next two months you will say three words of prayer every night; and when I come here again, at the end of that time, I will give you half a crown." "All right," she said; "I will do it." "Well, Jane, I want you to say every night, 'Lord, save me.'" He left; and two months after when he came again to the hotel he inquired for Jane, and was told; "Oh, she has got too good to stay in a hotel; she has gone to the parsonage up yonder." He went to see her; and as she opened the door for him she said, "Oh, you blessed man, I don't want your half-crown; I have got enough already." And then she told how, at first, she had just carelessly run over the words as she was going to bed at night; but after the first two weeks she began to think what the word "save" meant. Then she got a Bible and found the words, "Christ Jesus came into the world to same sinners;" and the prayer was no longer a mere form. "Now," she said, "I am happy, and I don't wan't your half-crown; but I am so thankful that you asked me to say that prayer." Wherever we go, let us carry that spirit with us, and be ready to speak to all we meet; by that means, we shall soon "get hold of non-church goers." Take simple means, and use sympathy, feeling, love, and earnestness. In the congregation of an earnest minister, there was a man who was an infidel, and who prided himself on his opposition to the gospel. The minister prepared a sermon, in which, by powerful argument, he sought to convince the man of his error. But he sat unmoved through it all. When the infidel got home, his little girl came to him with her eyes full of tears, and having evidently something upon her heart. He asked her why she was crying, and she replied: "I am thinking of what my Sunday-school teacher has been telling me about what Jesus suffered for us;" and then, looking straight in his eyes, she said, "And oh, papa, don't you think we ought to love this blessed Jesus?" He had resisted the sermon; but the child's words broke him down. He went to his room to pray; and that night he went to the church to seek an interest in the prayers of the people. When the minister heard of it, he said to his wife, after reading over the sermon to her: "There is one great lack about that sermon; there is not enough of Jesus in it." He learned the lesson which we must all learn; that if we want to reach the hearts of men, we must have much of Christ in our sermons and our conversation, and then we may expect God will bless us.

Rev. Mr. Fletcher, of Dublin, Ireland, said: I am the bearer of good news from a far country. Multitudes of people in Ireland, and

Scotland and throughout Great Britain bless God for the visit to our shores of our dear brothers, Moody and Sankey. Thousands of hearts are praying for them every day. Before they came amongst us we were very much in the position of the minister alluded to yesterday, who often preached about the recognition of friends in a future state [laughter;] but we never saw our way clear to any kind of real Christian union among the members of the various Protestant churches until God in his good providence raised up these two men, and sent them over to our shores. Through their influence, good men of different denominations have become united, and we are now welded together; and we pray that God may bless this great country of America, from whence came these two men whose labors have been so greatly blessed. And let me say that if ever, in God's good providence, they should return, all England, and Scotland, and Ireland will receive them with open arms. [Applause.] Yet there were some wise men—men with long faces and long heads [laughter]—who prophesied that the work would not be permanent; many of the Episcopalian ministers—and let it be understood that I am Episcopalian myself, to the back bone, if you please—were of this opinion. They said this kind of work is irregular; it will be much damage to the church; and some said: "Wait two years; we will give you that time; and then see where the converts will be." They prophesied that the effects would be "like footprints on the sand" of the seashore; you see, they got quite a practical idea. [Laughter.] But it was not true. [Applause.] The two years have passed since the work in Scotland, and more than two years since that in Ireland; and what is the result? I say it in the presence of my God—not for the praise of men, but for the glory of God—that the work is broader and deeper now than it was then. You ask, How is this? We had convened in a similar gathering to this 850 of the cream of our clergy—more than 400 of them Episcopalians, and the other 450 belonging to the various dissenting denominations; their hearts were warmed; they received a fresh baptism; and now they are working in their own city, town, and village parishes, in a way they never worked before. Hundreds of clergymen who were thus brought together confessed they did not know how to preach until they heard a layman. Now they preach eye to eye, heart to heart, face to face; and they look for immediate results, believing that they may be the means of the salvation of souls, as surely as they believe that Jesus lived, and died, and rose again and ascended into heaven. That is the way to reach the masses. Now what are you to do here? Many of our Episcopalian brethren in Ireland made a fatal mistake; and they are mourning for it to-day. And the same will be the case if the Episcopalian members hold aloof from this movement here. I am sorry there is one absent to-day. You should learn from our experience. Take our testimony. Know that this

work is from God, and that his Spirit is resting upon it. Remember, you don't honor the work by coming into it; but you get great honor by being permitted to take part in it. Look only to the honor and glory of Jesus, honor him by the circulation and preaching of his Word; and thus multitudes will be gathered into the fold of Christ.

"Rescue the Perishing" was then sung by Mr. Sankey, who remarked that the following verse contained one of the most blessed truths that had been uttered in connection with the subject before them:

"Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving heart,
Weakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more."

Rev. Dr. Chambers, of India, said: Two years ago I went into Central India, where the name of Jesus had never been heard. One day I found myself surrounded by people gathered from all quarters determined to stone us, because we spoke of a different God from the one they had worshiped. We saw them gather the stones as we prepared to preach. I thought I would propose to them to tell them a story, and that they should stone us afterward. They agreed to this. When I told then of the birth in a manger, and of the God-man that came to save us all, of his life and his wonderful works, before I had finished they threw down their stones and I saw the tears run down their cheeks. I told them at last that my story was done, and that they might stone me now, but they said they did not want to now; and they brought their money forward that very day, and bought eighty of our Bibles. They appointed a committee of their noblest citizens, and escorted us back to our camp. Oh, that story of Christ has not lost any of its power, and the more we stick to it the more the devil will quake; the more we leave all controversy, the more sinners will be brought to Christ.

[The speaker then, by request, sang one of the native songs of India, translating its poetry.]

At the call of Mr. Moody an earnest prayer on behalf of the salvation of the heathen was offered by Rev. Dr. Schaff; and the closing speech of the hour was made by Rev. Dr. John Hall. After offering words of congratulation and thankfulness in regard to the glorious work accomplished through the instrumentality of Messrs. Moody and Sankey in Ireland, England, and on this continent, he said that the work would be permanent just in proportion as the church was diligent. In regard to the subject under consideration, "How to reach non-church-goers," he replied that the work should be done by each individual Christian, working in their own sphere and among their own circle of friends, and specially by special

prayer, on behalf of the conversion of persons in whom our interest might be felt. He related circumstances in connection with his own church work, illustrating his idea, and showing how one conversion often leads to several others being reached. The church was as much a New Testament and God-ordained institution as the ministry, and work would therefore be best accomplished through that channel. He said he would not join in the cry for burning of sermons. Many sermons which were read were equally effective as those delivered extempore. He would not lay down any rule as to the length of a sermon. The worst rubbish he ever heard under the name of a sermon was preached in a Protestant church in Rome, and it only lasted ten minutes; and that was ten minutes too long. His theory was that all the trees in God's garden should bear fruit after their kind. [Applause.] When all the members of a congregation were engaged in prayer for individuals in whom they were interested, the result would be constant conversions. Nobody gets the glory, but the temple is built up, and Christ has all the glory.

OUR YOUNG MEN: WHAT MORE CAN WE DO FOR THEM?

Mr. John Wanamaker, President of the Philadelphia Y. M. C. A., said: The two questions which are before the convention this afternoon lie very close together. Of the non-church-going masses, certainly a very large portion, if not the largest, is composed of young men. I sometimes think that we forget how large a proportion of our population is composed of young men. I should not wonder if, in this city alone, there are as many as 350,000 young men out of the million and a half people in New York. What a vast company it is! What a peculiar company! And whilst I love the church dearer than anything else on this earth, yet I cannot but feel that I must work both in and out of it to reach this class of young men. Satan seems to have seized upon our young men, and is holding them outside the door of the church; and the preaching of our wise and faithful ministers therefore does not reach them. Hence, under the fostering care and inspiration of the pulpit, the Young Men's Christian Associations have been organized. If there is one other object these associations have in view, I have, in an acquaintance with them of twenty years, not been able to find it out. If we do not conduct them in just the manner which seems best, I would say to my dear brethren of the ministry, give us your counsel; but don't, in your synods, and assemblies, and conferences, move resolutions about "certain unordained young men," and so forth, and so forth. Come to us, and help us make these associations what you want them to be. We mean to do what good we can by means of this "missing link" between the church and the outlying masses. [Applause.] These young men are sorely tempted, and they need our help. Mr.

Wanamaker told an affecting incident of a young man who presented himself at the Association rooms in Philadelphia; he had come to the city to search for work, failed to get it, spent his money, and had not enough left to pay for a night's lodging. Just then he was offered a situation in a liquor saloon, but had the courage to refuse it. "No," said he, "I will starve and freeze first. My father in the country is a Methodist class-leader, and my mother is praying for me; and it would break her heart to know that I was engaged in selling liquor." This young man was just one of thousands in our large cities, and they need our sympathy. Mr. Wanamaker again called upon the ministers present to give the Young Men's Christian Associations their hearty co-operation, and also counseled all present to give themselves to individual work for the Master, not relying upon superintendents, secretaries or committees, but each man and woman making the resolve to bring one soul to Christ every day of their life.

Mr. W. E. Dodge, Jr., very heartily commended the work of Young Men's Christian Associations to the prayers and active sympathy of both ministers and laymen present. In working for the conversion of young men, the first thing to be done was to show them that every one in the church loves and respects them; show them that they are wanted to work in the church; let them feel that they are an important part of the church; and make them work among themselves, and for each other. In country towns and villages, the system of sending out the young men two and two for Christian work had been greatly blessed. Much good had been accomplished, and the churches had been awakened by the reports which these young men would bring of their work. At the conclusion of Mr. Dodge's speech, Mr. Sankey sang, with intense feeling and power, the hymn, "What are you going to do, brother?" and the whole congregation was moved to tears. It was a touching sight to see many of the strong men occupying the delegates' seats in the centre of the house visibly affected at the touching, solemn, and heart-searching appeal.

Then Mr. Moody, departing from the programme, made some concluding remarks enforcing the need for a constant daily baptism of the Holy Spirit as the only condition of successful Christians. He quoted Scripture passages from the gospel of John and Acts to show that both Christ and the apostles waited for the Baptism of the Spirit before commencing their mission, and said it was a mistake to suppose that, because a man had the Spirit's presence at one time, that as a matter of course he had it ever after. Many a man has lost the unction of the Spirit, and it was only to be regained by heart-searching and earnest imploration. "Oh, for such an outpouring of the Spirit," said Mr. Moody, "during these last moments of the Convention that we may not have room to receive it." After a

few moment of silent prayer, a fervent petition was offered by Dr. Roswell Hitchcock.

At the evening meeting the Hippodrome was again crowded to its utmost capacity. The exercises were opened with the familiar hymn, "Come thou fount of every blessing," by the whole congregation. Prayer was next offered by one of the delegates, and then followed the hymn, "Almost Persuaded," by Mr. Sankey. After this Mr. Moody, instead of a sermon, commenced a series of questions, which he put to the Rev. Dr. Plumer, of South Carolina, as follows:

Q. I am living in the world with eternity before me, and I have broken the law of God; what must I do to be saved? A. There is but one single answer to that question. It sounds out in the jail at Philippi: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved and thy house." That is the substance of all the Scripture on this subject, summed up in a few words.

Q. Is faith in Christ essential to salvation? A. "He that believeth not is condemned already, because he believeth not in the name of the only-begotten Son of God." "Without faith it is impossible to please God."

Q. There are a good many in the inquiry-room who tell us we are making too much of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. A. That may mean two things—first, that we are making too much of the Lord Jesus Christ, and that cannot be so, for he is all in all, the First and the Last, the Author and the Finisher of our salvation, the one Mediator between God and man, the Prophet, Priest, and King of his church; or it may mean that we are making too much of faith itself, and that cannot be so, unless we are making more of it than the Bible does. The words "faith" and "believe" occur about 500 times in the New Testament; and in a large number of cases, they are so found as to imply the absolute necessity of salvation. Jesus taught his disciples this when they asked him "What shall we do that we may work the works of God?" saying, "This is the work of God that ye believe on the name of his Son whom he hath sent." And again Christ said: "If ye believe not that I am he, ye shall die in your sins."

Q. Does our faith, or want of faith, decide our relationship to God the Father? A. The Scriptures say: "Whosoever denieth the Son, the same hath not the Father; ye have both seen and hated both me and my Father;" and so many other Scriptures. No man can refuse to confess that Christ, the Son of God, is come in the flesh, without denying God.

Q. Is faith in Christ wrought by the Holy Ghost alone? A. The Bible says: "Faith is the operation of God; and the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering." Faith is the fruit of the

Spirit. "No man can say that Jesus is the Lord but by the Holy Ghost."

Q. Is there no substitute for this faith in Jesus Christ? A. The want of faith bars everything. I remember John Calvin puts it: "The annihilation of faith is the abolition of all the promises." The Scriptures justify this remark. In the great commission given by Christ to the preachers of the gospel he says, "He that believeth not shall be damned." These words are those of the Son of God.

Q. What is the faith that saves the soul? A. Because faith is a simple act of the soul and not complex, it is not very difficult to explain it, but we can say something about it in a few words. "Believing on Christ," "believing in Christ," and "faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ," are all terms found in the New Testament, and all mean the same thing. That is comfort; and if we seek the testimony of God concerning his Son, he sets to his seal that God is a true witness, when he says eternal life is in his Son. It is hearty persuasion. Saving faith is a hearty persuasion that Jesus Christ is the sole and sufficient cause of salvation to lost men. It is a cordial belief that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is come in the flesh and has died, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God.

Q. We hear a great deal about feeling. Can faith be experienced by our sense of feeling? A. The outward sense of feeling cannot be expressed, I suppose is your meaning; but the Scriptures say it can. Paul calls on his hearers to feel after God if haply they might find him. It represents a man as a poor blind man groping his way, and he is in earnest, but cannot see. Take the case of Bartimeus. There he was, blind; but he heard a noise and asked what it meant, and they told him that Jesus of Nazareth passeth by; and he started. He may have stumbled and may have fallen, but he was soon up and at it again; and as he went he cried, "Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me!" Some found fault with him for his noise, and told him to be silent; but he cried out a great deal more, "Jesus thou son of David, have mercy on me!" He felt after him and groped his way, found the Lord and got the blessing. So you may be poor and spiritually blind, and so far from the Redeemer; but oh, feel after him, if haply you may find him.

Q. Is the sense of taste ever used to illustrate faith in the Bible? A. Many a time. "Oh, taste and see that the Lord is good; blessed is the man that trusteth in him." The call upon us is to make a trial, to test the thing by experience. We read and hear a great deal of the excellency of coming; but if you come and taste frequently, you will know more of its sweetness than by all the pictures you could give. The text I cited says "See;" that means, "know certainly." The man that comes to Christ and tastes his love, sees that the Lord is gracious.

Q. Is faith ever spoken of as hearing the gospel message? A.

Many a time. "Incline your ears," saith God. "Hear and your soul shall live." And Jesus himself says, "He that is of God, heareth God's words." And he often said when on earth, "He that has ears to hear let him hear." Indeed, Christ loved such language so much that, sixty years after he was glorified in heaven, he sent seven epistles to as many churches, in each one of which he says, "He that hath ears to hear let him hear." Oh, my hearers, hear; and your souls shall live, and not die.

Q. Is faith in Christ the same thing as looking to Christ? So much is said in Scripture about looking, that we should like to hear what is the difference between faith and looking. A. None. In the days of Moses, in the wilderness the fiery serpents got among the people, and many of them died from the effect of the bite. And God told Moses to make a serpent of brass, and put it on a pole above the tabernacle; and whosoever looked upon the brazen serpent should live. I don't think it is a stretch of the imagination to say that this case may have occurred many a time. A man might come to his brother to-night and say, "Oh, brother, you are bitten; are you not?" "Yes." "But there is good news for you. There is a serpent of brass upon the pole; and if you will look to it, you will get well." "But," says the bitten man, "I am almost blind now; I am half dead already. It cannot do me any good. Looking on a brass serpent cannot cure a poisoned person, without any medicine." "Well," says the brother, "try it;" and they help him up and direct him to look, and ask him if he sees. And he replies, "I do believe I see something glistening in the sun. I feel better already. Why, I am well. Glory be to God!" And the prophets of Israel said, in reference to the Messiah: "Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth, for I am God, and beside me there is no Savior." And Jesus himself said, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth on him might not perish, but have everlasting life."

Q. Can people look unto him to-night and be saved? A. We have God's command for it. Why not look now? Give up all other hopes, and don't trifle and take a dose of morality, or depend upon a little amendment of life, but look upon him and live.

Q. Do the Scriptures teach us the nature of an act of faith to save the soul? A. They say that "I am the living bread that came down from heaven;" and we must eat of it. They say that salvation is the water of life, and we must drink it; that we must receive the Son of God, welcome him, and must fly for refuge, like the man-slayer, for the hope that is set before us in the gospel.

Q. Are we ever commanded anywhere in Scripture to embrace the gospel? A. The word embrace is not found there, but the command is in other terms. Kiss the Son. In western Asia, it was common for persons who had been at variance to have times of settlement,

and they came together and kissed, as the father of the prodigal fell upon his son's neck and kissed him in token of perfect reconciliation; and that is the way the custom has been introduced into modern Europe. General Macomb, when at the head of the American army, told me that he was called upon to settle a difference between two officers of the French navy. He heard the story of each separately, and made his decision, and announced it to each separately, and then called them together and announced it to both. They, of course accepted it, and, addressing them in French, he told them to embrace. Whereupon, they threw their arms about each other's necks and kissed, and thus made a final settlement. And so David, in the second Psalm, says: "Kiss the Son lest he be angry and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little," for one drop of his wrath will put any man on earth into torment, like the torment of the damned.

Q. Does faith express trust in the Redeemer? What is the difference between faith and trust? A. Paul speaks of faith as trust in God. In Ephesians he says, "Ye who first trusted in Christ;" and again, "I know in whom I believe." If you look in the margin you will see that it reads, "I know whom I have trusted." You must confide in Christ. The word rely is found three times in the Old Testament, and every time it is in the sense of believe, or relying on God's Word.

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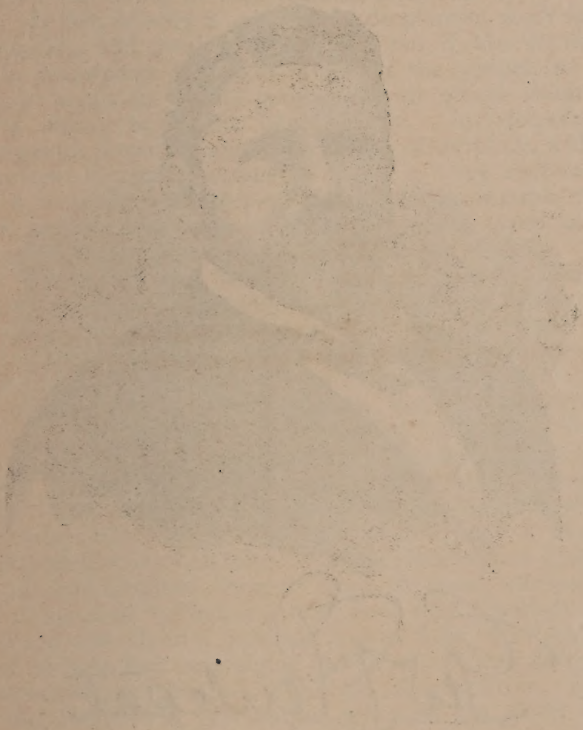
*Twenty-six pages are here added to correct omission in paging the illustrations.



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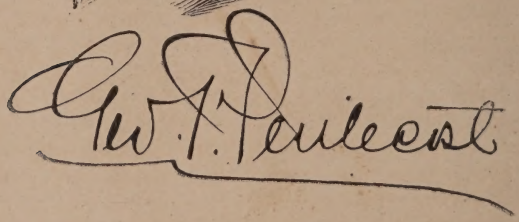

REV. GEORGE F. PENTECOST.

It has been proved many times, in the history of Christianity, that when there is need for a special work to be done, the man adapted to the doing of that work is raised up by Divine Providence. If Mr. Moody is adapted to do pioneer work in arousing communities, and awakening sinners, and if Mr. Sankey is just fitted to *accompany* him as a singer of the gospel, so also, Mr. Pentecost seems to be the man above all others adapted by his peculiar ability to *follow* Mr. Moody. An eloquent, logical, and powerful preacher, an able expositor of scripture, a thoroughly consecrated Christian, possessed with a very elevated idea of what it is to be a Christian, Mr. Pentecost though not widely known as yet as an evangelist, is destined to stand in the very front rank of Christian workers of this class.

Mr. Pentecost was born in Albion, Illinois. His mother's ancestry were English people. Her grandfather, Edward Flower, Esq., a wealthy Englishman, came to this country from Yorkshire with his two sons about the beginning of the present century, bringing with them a number of English farmers for the settlement of a colony. They brought with them furniture, and farm outfits, and purchased a tract of land from the government in the western wilderness, and named their settlement Albion. This settlement is now the flourishing town of Albion, Illinois. The furniture and farming utensils were carried across the country from New York, by wagon, and a strange contrast was seen when handsome window sashes, plate glass, carpets, and some fine furniture brought from England, adorned a house made of logs, and "chucked and daubed" with plaster in the chinks. This place was about a mile and a half from the locality of the present village, and was called the "Park Farm" being laid out, part woodland, part prairie, in the old English style. One of the sons, Mr. Pentecost's grandfather, inherited the place. His wife, Eliza Adams, was first cousin of Mrs. Adams, who wrote the hymn, "Nearer my God, to Thee."

Mr. Pentecost's mother was born in the midst of this English settlement, and in 1836 was married to Mr. Hugh L. Pentecost, who was travelling through the then "Far West" "partly on business but more for pleasure," and who, in his journey, visited Albion. He belonged to one of the early Virginia families and descended from Scarboro Pentecost, who emigrated to this country from that part of England indicated by his name, he being a descendant of a family of Huguenot refugees.

Mr. Hugh Pentecost lived for a little time after his marriage at Albion, in his wife's home. There, in the home where his mother had always lived, was born George F. Pentecost, the subject of the present sketch, Sept. 23d, 1842. His father then removed to New Harmony, in Indiana; from thence, in 1849, to Evansville, Indiana. Being unfortunate in business, and becoming much depressed and broken in spirit, the burden of the care and support of the family fell mostly upon the mother, a woman of great courage and ability.

At nine years of age, George was taken from school and placed in a printer's office, where he learned every branch of the business, from that of "printer's devil" up to that of journeyman printer, attaining the latter position when fifteen years of age. He became an adapt in his work, being a very rapid compositor. About this time he "went west," to Quindaro, Kansas, near Leavenworth, and engaged in various occupations. Now he was clerk in a store, now worked in a saw mill, now worked on the streets, and then again chopped wood. He appears about this time to have been a kind of Jack-at-all-trades and good at all of them. In 1858 he went to Kansas City and worked again as a printer; thence to Leavenworth; thence to Lawrence; thence to Lecompton. Here he had a Secretaryship under Gov. Denver, and was afterward Deputy Clerk of the Supreme Court under Judge Lecompt. After a little time, he was appointed by President Buchanan, Clerk of the U. S. District Court of Kansas, but was compelled to surrender the appointment because he was not of age, being then only twenty years old. In 1860, he returned to his mother's home in Henderson, Kentucky (his father having died in 1856), and continued the study of law which he had been pursuing in Kansas, serving in the Courts meanwhile as Deputy District Clerk. At this time, and for three years previous, his life was wild and dissipated; his leisure time being spent in card-playing, wine drinking, and playing billiards in places of low resort. He was at this point what would be called "a fast young man." During the winter of '60–'61 a revival was in progress in the Baptist church, in Henderson, under the conduct of the Rev. George C. Lorrimer, then a very young man, now pastor of the Tremont Temple, a Baptist church, in Boston. One evening, young Pentecost, with several of his companions, went to the meetings to have a "good time," and make, as they expressed it, sport of the meetings. The result was that George F. Pentecost was converted, as also his two sisters, his mother, and a younger brother, Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost. In February, 1861, George was baptised in the Ohio river. He determined at once to prepare for the ministry, and entered a preparatory school for that purpose in Georgetown, Kentucky, but the breaking out of the war, and the disturbed state of the country in that section, prevented him from carrying out his plans. He induced his mother to go to Indianap-

olis to live, to escape the dangers of the border, and entered the Eighth Kentucky Cavalry, of which B. H. Bristow, late Secretary of the Treasury, was Lieutenant Colonel. Mr. Pentecost was at once appointed Chaplain of the Regiment. In 1863, he was married to Miss Ada Webber, of Hopkinville, Kentucky, the home of Colonel Bristow, who, during a brief stay of the regiment there, introduced the young people to each other.

After serving in the army, and returning to Indianapolis to live, Mr. Pentecost had given up the idea of entering the ministry. His lack of education, his marriage, and the care of his mother, seemed to be obstacles insurmountable; but one day he was asked to preach on the Sabbath, for a small and feeble church, and complied with the request. He preached to about twenty people, and they invited him to come the next Sabbath. He went, paying his fare both ways, and then went again, and so became a stated supply, going Saturday nights to his parish and returning to business Monday mornings. Finally they wished him to settle at a salary of three hundred dollars. Mr. Pentecost, writing of this offer and of his experience at this period, gives the following account:

"This offer was not very encouraging to a young man with a wife, who had entered upon a business then yielding thirty-five hundred dollars a year, with flour at twenty dollars a barrel. However, through the entreaty of a true-hearted wife, who 'would rather go and live in one room and do all the work,' if I 'would only preach the gospel,' than to have all the luxuries I could procure her otherwise, I accepted the call, and settled as pastor of the Baptist church at Greencastle, Indiana, in May, 1864, living in one room, which served as bed-room, kitchen, parlor and study. It was hard, discouraging work. The church had been torn and distracted by political strife, was very low in religious life, and very poor. I was without experience, utterly without trained preparation for my work, having no education, except such as I had picked up in the printing office, and knew absolutely nothing of theology. My entire library consisted of the Bible, hymn book, Cruden's Concordance, Flavel's 'Fountain of Life,' and Bunyan's 'Doctrinal Works.' With these I went to work, studying the Bible topically with the aid of the Concordance, preaching and studying Bunyan and Flavel, taking their propositions of Scripture truth and expanding them into sermons for myself. I suppose, during my pastorate of two and a half years, within which time I held one protracted meeting, during which I preached every night for three months, I worked almost every page of those blessed old Puritan preachers bodily over into sermons, Little by little I added to my store of books, beginning a course of reading and study, including Greek, which I have pursued ever since, reading omnivorously in every direction, theology, science, philosophy, and general literature."

From Greencastle, Mr. Pentecost went to Evansville, Ind., where he preached in a hall and on the streets, during the summer, and often as many as five times Sunday. Remaining at Evansville two years and a half, and declining a call to the Colloseum Place Baptist Church, New Orleans, he settled at Covington, Ky., where he remained a year and a half, and then, in 1869, became pastor of the Hansom Place Baptist Church, of Brooklyn. From Brooklyn he was called to Boston, in December, 1872, to become pastor of the Warren Avenue Church. He resigned this position in February, 1878, in order that he might give himself wholly to the work of an evangelist.

A special meeting of the members of the Warren Avenue Church was called and held on the evening of February 5, 1878, to take into consideration the resignation of their pastor.

Following is his letter resigning the pastorate:

"*To the Warren Avenue Baptist Church, Boston:*

DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS IN CHRIST:—It is with deep personal regret and at great cost to my personal affection that I am obliged to announce to you in this formal manner what most of you, without doubt, are prepared to hear, to-wit: That God has called me so unmistakably to the work of an evangelist that I can do no other than obey the call. In order to do so it becomes my painful duty to resign into your hands the sacred trust you have committed to me when, more than five years ago, you called me to the pastoral care of this church.

In resigning my pastorate, among other things I am profoundly grateful to God that the personal and fraternal ties that bind us together in the life and love of the Lord Jesus Christ are not to be sundered, and that in leaving you I leave you to a united and happy church. It is also a matter of joy to me that the work to which God calls me is such as to allow myself and family to retain our membership in the church in whose fellowship we have shared together many joys and sorrows, and entered into the possession of many blessings.

I commend you to God and the word of His grace. And by that in your prayers you will not cease to make mention of me to the great head of the church, that a door of utterance may be given me that I may speak boldly and loving the Gospel of our common Lord.

Believing that you recognize the hand of the Lord in this important change of relation between us, I beg that you will, however, if any of you might wish it otherwise, accept this, my resignation, without division of voice or vote.

I am ever yours in the Lord Jesus Christ,

GEO. F. PENTECOST.

A resolution was offered by one of the deacons recognizing the fact that for some time the church had seen that they must lose the ministration of their pastor, on account of his peculiar fitness for evangelistic work, commending him to the care of God, after a warm testimonial of praise of his faithful and loving work among them as a pastor. The next evening he began the labors in Hartford, which were crowned with such abundant success immediately following Mr. Moody's departure from that city.

Mr. Pentecost's fitness for evangelistic work was demonstrated

before he left his pastorial labors. God had already blessed with revivals each of his pastorates. Besides revival work in his own parishes he often took up special work outside, and while in Boston held successful gospel meetings at Wellesly College, Mass., Norwich, Ct.; Pittsfield, Mass.; Newburyport, Mass.; Bangor, Me.; Worcester and Framingham, Mass.; and, following Mr. Moody, at Manchester, Providence, and Hartford. The work which Mr. Pentecost did in the three last named cities, in company with Mr. George C. Stebbins, a gospel singer of great sweetness and power, was especially successful. In each of these cities he followed Mr. Moody, taking up the meetings where Mr. Moody had left them, carrying out the same programme, without any special change in the services. Mr. Pentecost seems to be peculiarly fitted for taking up the work where Mr. Moody leaves it. He holds the vast crowds together which Mr. Moody leaves as sheep without a shepherd, instructs the converts and older Christians in the principles and requirements of the Christian life, and awakens many of the unconverted who are left untouched by Mr. Moody.

There are several things which may be said of Mr. Pentecost as showing wherein Mr. Moody was justified in the remark which he made to the Hartford ministers: "Mr. Pentecost is the ablest evangelist who has ever crossed my path." In the first place he has great natural advantages and gifts. He has a fine physique, a self-possession cultivated by fourteen years of extemporaneous preaching having never written a half dozen sermons in his life, is solidly and squarely built—and not unlike Mr. Moody in general appearance, and with any amount of physical endurance. While in Hartford, after preaching three times a day through the week, he sometimes preached four times on the Sabbath. He conducted eighteen services a week, and at least two-thirds of these sermons were delivered in the Rink, where Mr. Moody had preached, a building seating thirty-five hundred people. Mr. Moody once said of him that "he could preach eight or nine times a day and feel all the better for it." Mr. Pentecost shows a good knowledge of systematic theology, is careful and orderly in method, apt and telling in illustration, and at times, with flashing eyes, and his whole form alive with emotion, he rises into passages that have a prodigiously moving force upon an audience, worked as they are by the two requisites of real eloquence, earnest, passionate feeling, and that which Emerson calls "force of statement."

Together with these natural gifts Mr. Pentecost has made a special study of *the Bible as a book*, *the Bible as an organic whole*. Instead of beginning with a system of theology and trying to read the Bible into it, he began with the Bible, by virtue of necessity in youth, and has read his Bible into his theology. While not unacquainted with the theology of the schools he is not trammelled by

it, and his discourses, expositions, and prayer meeting talks are as thoroughly biblical as those of Mr. Moody himself. His expositions of the parables of our Lord are especially helpful and instructive to Christians.

Added to natural gifts and biblical study, Mr. Pentecost has a genuine and profound Christian experience. His little book entitled "The Angel in the Marble" shows how thoroughly the Lord has instructed him, and how he has been led in the path of consecration to Christ. His talks on the Christian life at the noon-day prayer-meetings in Providence and Hartford were the delight of Christians of all classes. A pastor of Providence remarked that it was admitted by many that there had never been so much conviction for sin in Providence as under these searching expositions of true Christian living, and that it was mostly among church members. Mr. Pentecost has been counted by some as among the advocates of the so-called higher life, but those who have sat for a month under his instruction in the winter of 1877–8, give testimony, that while his talks and expositions are deep and searching, urging to a more complete consecration, he repudiates as unscriptural the notions of separate planes of Christian living.

We believe that Mr. Pentecost has a great and successful future before him as an evangelist. He is still young, and not so widely known as some others, but it only needs time and opportunity to make him serviceable and helpful to thousands of Christians, and the agent under God of leading thousands to Christ.

THE BLOOD OF CHRIST.

Delivered at the Hartford Rink, March 1, 1878, by Rev. G. F. Pentecost.

The precious blood of Christ.—1 Peter 1, 19.

If you should take a little camel's hair pencil, as I have done, dip it into a bottle of carmine ink and pass it lightly over those passages of Scripture from Genesis to the Revelation that make reference to blood in connection with all that refers to salvation, forgiveness, redemption, justification, peace, sanctification, glory, and everything of that kind, you would be astonished to see how red your Bible would look. And if you were to take your penknife and cut out all those passages you had marked, and then read your Bible through, you would be astonished to see how little of the Bible would be left, and how ragged it would be. If you should cut out everything associated with blood, there would be no salvation left at all. If you should pass into the heavens and blot out everything associated with the blood of Christ, you would be surprised to find how silent heaven would become, for the songs sung there are inspired by the fact that we are redeemed by His blood. If you were to drop that out there would be no wondering angels, for the mystery they desired to look into would be gone, no heaven, no Lamb, as it had been slain, no white robe, no redemption; just nothing at all but blackness and darkness. Oh, my heart grieves and is ofttimes filled with tears when I hear men trying to give to the people hungering and striving for salvation, something which they call salvation, but which is independent and separate from the blood of the atonement.

Now, in this passage of Scripture which we have chosen for our text, the most prominent thought brought before us is, the blood of Christ. The blood of Christ stands, of course, for the death of Christ; and the death of Christ means the voluntary offering, or the voluntary pouring out of his life before God, which we are told through the eternal Spirit, he offered up a sacrifice for sin; so that by the blood of Christ our thoughts are at once turned to that great culminating fact in the life of Jesus of Nazareth when he was lifted up according to the determinate counsel, and there poured out his soul unto death. Now it is remarkable that redemption, that forgiveness, that peace, that justification, that sanctification, that the ability to forgive, that glorification, are always associated with the death of Christ. We are never told that his manger cradle gives us these things. We are never told that his wondrous teachings secure for us these things. We are never told that his mighty mir-

acles secured these things. They all hinge upon and are associated with his death, or with his blood. The new covenant is in his blood. He was raised from the dead through the blood of the everlasting covenant. He reigns in heaven the King of Glory in virtue of that redemption by blood. He prevails for us as the Great High Priest, because he is gone into the holiest—not with the blood of bulls and goats, but with his own blood, there to appear in the presence of God for us. We might spend the whole evening in showing how the blood of Jesus Christ is the great fact that makes every other fact in connection with Christ precious and potent to us. All this is consistent with the Bible from beginning to end. Almost the very first thing in connection with the promised salvation in Genesis is the fact of the sacrifice, the skins of which sacrifice were taken and wrapped around the guilty in token that God had come to cover their nakedness when they had failed to do it themselves. And almost the last thing in the Revelation is the song magnifying the Gospel of God that redeemed them through the blood of Christ. We see this development in connection with the blood all the way through. We see God confirming the promise of Christ to Abraham when his heart was shaken; when Abraham divided the sacrifice before him, God met him there, sealing the covenant with blood. We see God remembering the children of Israel in bondage; when the blood of the paschal lamb was sprinkled on the door when the angel was passing over the accursed Egypt; when God met to worship with his people and accept their offerings those forty years; when God's priest went in and sprinkled the blood upon the mercy seat. Nearly all the subsequent history of that wonderful people is filled with the smoke of burnt offerings and the crimson flow of blood. Everything was sanctified with blood. And behold, God said that without the shedding of blood there is no remission. When Jesus of Nazareth sheds his blood he is set forth as the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. We find that lamb at last carried to his altar on the cross, and we are told that the blood of that Lamb cleanses from all sin; no more offerings for sin; no more bloody sacrifices. Once for all in these last days God hath sent forth his dear Son; he has found one offering—perfect forever.

So then it seems that just this little sketch should at once settle our minds on this point that our personal salvation is associated with Jesus Christ and him crucified. I would like to say just a word about this adjective "precious"—which is a favorite of Peter's. "The precious blood." It is not often that the Scriptures use adjectives in connection with Christ, but here we find *precious* blood. And first of all it is an adjective of "worth" or "value." It is for the purpose of bringing before us the value of that ransom-price which is our redemption. We speak of diamonds and rubies and other stones of that kind as *precious* stones, meaning that they have in themselves intrinsic worth, just as all gold and silver and other precious metals have. We want to think of this worth as infinite in value. There is, however, something in this that

makes it precious to us besides its mere intrinsic worth. I say of my children, "they are precious children." That adjective describes the tender, loving relation beiween us. So Christ is precious to us.

I want to call your attention to these words, "the precious blood of Christ," under these three divisions that you can carry away with you and remember. First, why is the blood precious? Second, how is it precious? And third, when is it precious? These three questions answered give the whole story.

I. Why is it precious? Because it is the redemption price of my soul. What does this word "redeemed" mean? It means simply to "buy out of." Remember in this connection that oftentimes a person under the old Jewish economy was sold into slavery, or into bondage, and there was a price of money which was paid to buy them back, or out of their bondage. Sometimes robbers and banditti catch a man and carry him away into some mountain fastness—a rich man—and then send word to his friends that for a certain sum of money they can ransom him. That gives us a simple idea of redemption. But what are we bought out from under? How came we in any bondage or captivity? Well, we are in bondage by reason of our sin; and we are held under the just claim of the law of God, and the justice of God—the law and justice of God—cannot surrender a soul to salvation till the last jot and title of duty to God is paid. So Jesus Christ, or the Bible, says that he hath redeemed us from the curse of the law and the sentence of the law; "the soul that sinneth it shall die." If that sentence is carried out it is our eternal damnation; our banishment from the presence of the Lord and the glory of his power; and there is no possible way given to men or angels by which man can redeem himself, or break away from this awful curse which sin has brought upon us. The only method under the just, righteous and holy law of God is, that one must be found who is able to redeem us. Now we read all through the Bible that Jesus Christ came into the world on a mission of mercy to us. He came into the world to take our nature—to have laid on him the iniquity of us all. He volunteered to put himself under the law. He was bruised for our iniquities, and the chastisement of our peace was upon him; with his stripes we are healed. He died—the just for the unjust. Everything about the death of Jesus Christ is cumulative evidence that his work was a redemptive work; that he poured out his soul unto death, offering it up to the eternal justice, to the eternal holiness of God, to meet the necessary and essential claims of justice and law on account of sin that God might be just and yet the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus. Then I say that as a sinner I am hopelessly cursed under the law of God. Jesus is precious to me because he hath redeemed me with his blood from this curse and hath set me free.

Then in the next place, looking beyond the fact of our redemption, the blood of Jesus Christ is precious to me as taking into consideration the infinite worth of that redemption. It does enhance the preciousness of

my own soul. How dear it must have been to God that he should give such a price as that for its ransom. "Ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as with silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ." A lady said to me to-day: "Yes, I would give all my money if I could get peace." But, ah, if your soul could be purchased with money how small a thing it would be. But it is the blood of the Son of God—that is the life that was laid down to redeem your soul and mine. You see a little blood some day on the side of the street. You couldn't see a handful of blood without stopping to look at it, to save your life. You say: "What is that?" Some one replies, "That is the blood of a horse that got hurt." You pass on saying, "Oh, no matter; only the blood of an animal—a poor dumb brute." And you forget all about it. Or they say, "A man was killed there last night;" and an instinctive shiver goes through you; a crowd is drawn, and they look and look again. I remember a sad tragedy that took place in Boston a few years ago up in a belfry. A little child was smitten to death, and a little place about as big as the palm of my hand was covered with blood. People go there to this day and ask to look at that bloody stain. Life, precious life! But oh, what blood is this I see? Not the blood of an animal, nor of a human being. Whose blood is it? Take heed unto thyself and to the Church of God which he hath purchased with his own blood. Who is Jesus of Nazareth? He is God manifest in the flesh. He is that mysterious person appearing on this earth, not for himself, but for others; the incarnate God to purchase us with his own blood. What must have been the amazing wonder of the angels when they saw him—when God said, "Let all the angels of God worship him." Him by whose word came all things into being; Him by whom, and through whom, and unto whom are all things. When the everlasting Father, the mighty God, the Prince of Peace, takes an heir unto himself and then submits that he should die under the curse of the broken law for sinners and pour his blood out—oh! what is the infinite preciousness of that soul for which so costly a redemption is paid. I am surprised that men who hear the Gospel preached can be careless in view of this fact. I am only amazed at the mercy of God, that we have not been long ago stricken down.

Then the blood of Christ is precious for another reason. Sometimes people get the idea that this amazing transaction of the cross was a governmental arrangement with no especial significance in the way of affection or love. God commendeth his love to us in that while we were yet sinners. Christ died for us. We have a picture setting forth all the effect of the infinite love of God; precious to me because of what it cost a Father to give that Son to death. Do you think of God as a great, wonderful, impassible being that experiences no sorrow—that can know no emotion such as you and I feel at the death of a child? God through the Scriptures, talks in human language; tells of his sorrow, of his love; of his being grieved at the heart; of his being susceptible of those emotions of which yours and mine are but feeble manifestations. Now

out of the bosom of the Father to make this atoning sacrifice, his only begotten and eternal Son came forth to suffer and die—it was full of cost to the Father. I saw during the war what some of you saw. I remember a regiment in my own town in Kentucky; I saw the boys standing in ranks waiting for the word to march to battle. I have seen a widowed mother hanging upon an only son—seen hot tears pouring down—seen her sinking at the feet of her son when the word to march came. I have seen fathers and mothers, brothers, wives and sisters yielding up their loved ones to the country. Some of you here to-night know how great a sacrifice this was. But if you could have known that the loved son would have come back a mangled corpse your patriotism would have broken down. You gave him up with nine chances in ten that he would come back a hero. But when God gave His Son he knew what was coming. He knew the time was coming when under the cause of the law that dear Son bearing the sins of the world would suffer the agonies of the damned, that he would lie in the garden and sweat great drops of blood under the force of an anguish that we can never comprehend. God knew that His Son would have His back stripped, His flesh hanging in ribbons, as he was scourged like a common criminal. God knew that His own Son, the ruler of the universe, would be spit upon and mocked; God knew not simply that His Son would go to yonder cross bearing the agony of crucifixion, but that in those hours of darkness, when there was silence in Heaven, when the earth reeled and rocked in terrible sympathy with that awful scene, God knew He must smite His Son as he would smite a world of sinners, cursed by the law. There is infinite meaning packed away in the 16th verse, III chapter of John: "God *so* loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life." "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us and gave His Son to be a *propitiation* for our sins." Besides it is precious because of what it cost the Son who sprang with gladness to offer himself in our stead, to have his face marred more than the face of any man; to have himself filled with all the mysterious consciousness of a sin-offering—bearing the awful curse of the law that rested on men and that you and I might be redeemed from that curse.

The blood of Jesus Christ in the next place, is precious to me because it is the only hope of my redemption. If this sacrifice on Calvary was only one of a dozen ways by which I might get back to God, it would not be so precious. If there was some other way by which we might be justified; if we might by good works or a series of penances or tears be justified, it would not seem so precious. But there is only one way. Not many years ago a young man started across the prairies to Pike's Peak. It was a long road of forty miles—a circuitous trail with no houses. Soon a light snow had began to fall. As he journeyed the snow continued to fall. As long as it was light he could make his way; but the darkness of night came on; he was cold and tired, and the snow had entirely ob-

secured the trail. He was lost on that great barren waste of snow. There he was with night settling around him. He was numb with cold; in vain he tried to keep warm, till sinking in despair upon his knees, and moving his hands about, he plucked up a bunch of the dried grass. The thought came: "Perhaps I can kindle a fire." He had stumbled upon a little thicket of dry brush from which he broke some twigs. He found a little piece of paper in his pocket, and then felt for a match, when lo, he found he had but *one!* What do you suppose would have bought from him that one little match? He could have got a hundred in the settlements for a cent. Do you suppose all the gold under the Rocky Mountains would have bought that one match? No! it was his all. His life was wrapped up in it. If it should go out, his hope would go. That young man did not have Christ. The question of death and eternity with its rolling ages came before him as he stooped on bended knees with a prayer that the match might hold fire. What was his joy when it started into a bright flame, and the fire was made and his life was saved. It was the only match he had; that was why it was precious. Here you are my friends lost on the dark mountains with but *one* name given under heaven whereby you can be saved and that is the name of Jesus. The blood of Christ is precious *because* it is the only hope of your soul's salvation.

II. How is the blood precious? In the things that it procures for us. If you will turn to Ephesians, I, 7, you will see how it is precious, because the blood of Jesus Christ secures for us the forgiveness of sins: "In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins." Pass to the Colossians, I, 20: "Christ having made peace through the blood of His cross, by Him to reconcile all things unto himself." Precious because it brings me peace; tells me that the great controversy between God and man on account of sin is ended; that the blood of Jesus Christ has made an end of sin. The war was over, so to speak, when the Son of God poured out his blood. But we need something more than peace. Turn back to the Romans, III, 24, 25. The blood of Jesus Christ has made peace. But I have been *guilty* before God. Oh, that I might stand before God with my conscience purged of sin and guilt, an accepted justified man. Well I thank God for the blood of Jesus Christ. "Being justified freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus; whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation, through faith in his blood, that he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus."

With that blood I stand justified, Rom. V. 9. The *guilt* of sin is rolled away and God regards me as though I had never sinned. Turn now to Hebrews, XIII, 12: "Wherefore Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate." I want to say that while there is great similarity between justification and sanctification, there is a distinction. David prayed, "Purge me with hyssop and I shall be clean." But oh, he says, "wash me and I shall be whiter

than snow." The blood of Jesus Christ brings to my soul a sense of cleanness. "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow." God purges not only the guilt of the sinner, but through the blood of Jesus Christ, the blessed chemistry of grace is brought to bear, and he cleanses the soul. But I go through the world in the midst of trials and the assaults of the adversary and I need a power to overcome them. I look over here to the Rev. XII, 10, 11, and read: "For the accuser of our brethren is cast down; and they (the saints of God) overcome him by the blood of the Lamb and by the word of their testimony."

Away up yonder in an old castle on a mountain of Germany travelers are shown where Luther translated the Bible. They are shown a great black spot on the wall, the tradition of which is that Luther was working late one night almost to exhaustion. He says himself that he was made the subject of the assaults of the accuser of the brethren. One night the Devil came and stood before him in a sort of vision. The Devil said: "Are you Martin Luther?" "Yes," he replied. "You preach justification by faith, and that you are saved thus?" "Yes." The Devil pulled out a great roll, and read about Martin Luther giving the place of his birth, etc. "Yes, that is true," said Luther. Then there was a little black record of a sin away back in his earliest childhood. "Yes," said Luther, "I did it, I did it." Then another—then another. "Yes," he said, "Yes," but his courage didn't fail him. And yard after yard of that dreadful roll, with all his sins of thought or deed, till the poor man sat trembling before that fearful record of a life-time of sin. And the fiend said: "And you are going to heavnn? Ah, what presumption!" Luther says he was almost ready to give it up. But the Spirit of God whispered in his ear, "Tell him that that is all true, but the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin." "Yes," shouted Luther, starting up, "Yes, foul fiend, you have not painted it half black enough, but you forget to put at the bottom of that record of sin the blood of Christ cleanses from all sin." So saying, he took an inkstand and flung it at the head of the fiend who fled at the mention of the Lord. So we at times are almost ready to give up our hope, but a thought of the blood of the Lamb makes us secure. That is the way we overcome. Let us turn to the Rev. VII. By and by we shall be in glory. At the 14th verse we find: "And I said unto him, sir, thou knowest. And he said to me. These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." This is how the blood of Christ becomes precious to us; it secures forgiveness of sin, peace, justification, sanctification; it gives us power in the face of the accuser. It washes us and makes us clean to stand before the great white throne.

III. In Conclusion; When is it Precious? Why in the hour of our conversion. My mind goes back sixteen years to the time when I was a poor, restless, tired, miserable sinner. Twenty years of my life had been spent without Christ and without hope in the world; ten of that spent in open sin against God and in dissipation. From the time I

was a lad till I was twenty, heaping up such frightful mountains of sin that I was startled at the shadows of night and tried to drown the voice of conscience and shut out the more serious thoughts of growing years with cards, wine and the world. I crept one night into a little Baptist church down in Kentucky, my soul all burdened and restless, yet not knowing what was the matter. I heard Christ preached as never before. I heard a young man's life depicted, and then heard, "But know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." I said, "Yes, that is I." I crept back to that church another night, and by and by when the invitation was given for sinners, I went forward. As I have told you before, I wore myself out trying to make peace with God by my strivings. But one night—I don't know what the text was—the vision of Jesus Christ was brought before me—the story of Him who came into the world to take the sinner's place; how God raised him from the dead, thus to declaring that He was satisfied with the offering Jesus made for the sinner. I remember how my soul closed in with that offer of mercy. I didn't know critically whether the Bible was true or not. I just put my soul on that sin-burdened Savior; and there the blood of Jesus Christ first became precious to me. It was fifty years ago, sister, or brother, when in some secluded spot you kneeled before God. Or it was twenty years with some of you; or last week, perhaps. You know where and when it first became precious to you. To-day I kneeled beside a lady, and there with tears she gave herself to Christ. I remember a young lady at my first pastorate in Indiana. She was a beautiful girl. She had a great struggle with herself. At a little supplemental meeting for young people gathered there, we were pleading with her. I lifted up my voice and sang:

"Oh bear my longing soul to Him,
Who bled and died for me,
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives the victory."

"The victory!" she said; "O, sing that once more!" And falling on the neck of her sister gave her soul to Christ!

When I gave myself to Christ I thought I never would sin again. I said to those who were talking about their sins, "If you were ever converted as I was you would never talk about sinning. I will never sin again." And I thought I never would. But in a week there came a stealing consciousness of something coming between me and God. I knew I had sinned. I said, "I have sinned after he has died for me." And for a few days I groped in that awful darkness. But in turning over the leaves of the book listlessly, and almost in despair, I fell upon the words: "If we confess our sins he is faithful and just to forgive us." I thought of the Advocate that had gone on high, and I ran to my Father and said: "O, my Father, I have sinned!" And again came the sweet angel of peace, and I could trust Him. Thousands of times I have had

to have recourse to that blood in moments of great trial. But if God is for us, who can be against us?

There came other days when in the low valley God is dealing with our souls. He opens our hearts and we see the awful depravity. We are plunged in sadness. Then we think of the atonement and we rejoice again that the blood of Jesus Christ is sufficient.

And by and by, dear friends, we are going where our friends are gone. We are drawing near the dark waters of death. Soon you will be there. Remember it won't be long. Just a few more days, sister,—just a little while and you will be there young man. Perhaps you will go before the old ones go. A lady recently said to me, "I want to go to the Rink, but I have an awful fright about it. Suppose it should burn up or fall in, I should be killed." And so she doesn't come because she isn't ready to die. But what is going to sustain us? I sat by the dying bed of a woman. I said, "Is it all well, sister?" And she said, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanses us from all sin." And she went to God with that word upon her lips. It will be precious then.

Gathered around that great white throne I see a vast multitude whose robes have been washed in the blood of the Lamb. Listen to the song they are singing. What is it? "Worthy art thou to take the book and break the seals; for thou wast slain and with thy blood thou hast redeemed us out of every kindred, and tongue, and people and nation; and hast made us unto our God, kings and priests forever."

O it will be glorious when with Moses and the redeemed ones we sing the new song. I wonder what those people who reject the blood of Christ would do if they *could* get there (as they cannot). They would say, 'What are they singing?" "They are singing, 'Thou wast slain and hast redeemed us with thy *blood.*'" "But," say they, "We don't believe in blood."

The Lord give us light; the Lord make us to see, and incline our hearts to cast ourselves upon this infinitely precious ransom, is the prayer of your servant for Christ's sake.

BIBLE READINGS.

Rev. G. F. Pentecost, in the Rink at Hartford, Conn. March 8, 1878.

I would like to have you turn your Bibles to the Apostle of Jude' Our reading to-day is based on the 21st verse—"Keep yourself in the love of God"

There is a great mistake often made in regard to the passage. We are not told to keep ourselves full of our love *to* God as a great many Christians are trying to do, and who get discouraged because they do not love God as they think they ought to; and yet are all the time trying to in-

crease their love—to bring it up to the proper measure. The result is they are constantly looking at *their* love to God to see if it is of the right kind, and if there is enough of it. Now this exhortation does not tell us to keep ourselves full of the love of God, but to keep ourselves *in* the "love of God," or keep ourselves in God's love to you. There is not a single command in the Gospel, bidding the disciples of Jesus Christ to love God. We are commanded to love one another, but we are never commanded to love God. Questions about our love to God are raised the fact that we ought to love God is implied all through, but there is no commandment to that end. But you say, "Did not Jesus say, Math. XXII, 37, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy mnid * * and thy neighbor as thy self.'" Certainly but if you will mark the context you will see that this was an answer to a lawyer, (tempting him) as to what the *law* was. "On these two" says Christ, hang all the law and prophets." But it is at this point that man has failed. If our acceptance with God depended on keeping this law who could stand, for we all come short here. At this point the Gospel comes and shows us how having forfeited life because of the failure of our love to God we gave it, by the manifestation of His love to us. His perfect love to us; incarnate in Christ Jesus, and manifest in His finished work. Thus we are bidden to turn away from ourselves to Him. We are privileged now to hide ourselves in His perfect love to us. Truly, if Christ has so loved us we also ought to love one another. So we will, but we will not do this even as a condition of life.

What is it to keep ourselves in the love of God? You say if you could you would be so glad to do so. If being an invalid you were instructed by a physician to go out on this beautiful spring day and take a little fresh air, and he should tell you to keep in the sunshine, you would know what he meant. He wouldn't mean that you must be careful to keep yourself full of warmth—keep up a vigorous exercise, but simply keep in the sunshine. You never have to pump sunshine up out of yourself, but you just carry yourself into the sunshine. We don't struggle to get love to God *out of ourselves*, but take ourselves into the love of God and keep there; and let that love save us and sanctify us. A lady whom I met some time ago in Newburyport, Mass., had become discouraged about her Christian life; said she was under constant condemnation because she had so little love for God. She said the more she tried to love Him, the less she seemed able to, she was on the borders of despair. She was sitting at the time in her parlor, in a bay-window, she was lightly clad, and over one shoulder had thrown a zepher shawl. I had noticed her sitting on several occasions. I called her attention to this passage: "Keep yourselves in the love of God." Then I explained it to her; how we were not to get sunshine out of ourselves, but to keep ourselves in the sunshine if we would be healed and restored. She got the idea, and said: "I understand it perfectly now. For months I have been laid up with inflammatory rheumatism. All remedies seemed to

fail; and at last the doctor told me to come every day and sit in the south window and let the sunshine beat through upon this shoulder where the dssease seemed to make its last stand and that that would chase the the rheumatism out. I am doing this and am now getting well. And in the same way I have simply to keep in the love of God." "That's it," said I. And thus we want to bring ourselves into the love of God. and keep there, and the blessed love of God like the shining sun will beat down upon our souls, striking us through and through with light and life, and every bit of disease, coldness, doubt, fear, anxiety and dread will be chased out of our hearts. Oh! I wish Christians—and sinners, too, for that matter—could come to know that they cannot be saved by creeping along on the lee side of some old stone wall of sin and self-effort; where they struggle and struggle, and think they have to get their own hearts all right before they dare step out into the beautiful sunshine of God's love.

Now how about this south window? I want to open it to you, calling your attention to a few passages of Scripture, each one of which may be a kind of pane in this great south window through which the love of God is pouring. I Epistle of John, IV, 8, "God is love." Well! that is the south window;—God's love. There is your sunshine. Now every day and every hour when any question comes up as to my relations to God, I just step back into this central truth of the whole revelation of God:—*He is love.* That is the *whole* truth about God. Dr. Chalmers says when a man finds out that God is love, he's a converted man.

Now love is not one of God's attributes. Love does'nt stand in relation to the truth of God as justice does, or mercy, or any other attribute. I remember one of the first books I read after I became a minister, was "Charnock on the attributes." I read it with great delight. It began with an essay on the "Being of God;" then one on the "Power of God," and so on through all His attributes. When I had read the book through it seemed that God was love; and I began to wonder, "How is this? Here is a man who has written a book the thought of which is saturated with the love of God; but how is it that he has failed to give an essay on the attribute of love." I began to think I had a faulty edition. I looked it through and through, and found that it was perfect. Finally it dawned upon me: "I know why it is. This is a work on the attributes, and love is not strictly speaking, an attribute of God. It is the sum of all His attributes." "Being," "Power," "Justice," "Wisdom," and "Truth," are just so many attributes of love. If a man lives in sin and holds on it, the love of God comes down and falls upon him, but by a certain law of love, as soon as it touches him, it manifests itself through the attributes of justice. When the sinner turns from sin to God, love changes color, so to speak, and manifests itself through mercy. Thus the love of God is like the sunshine. We take a prism, and behold all the colors that are hidden in the solar light—all the colors that make the rainbow—are broken up. But my comfort is just this; that centrally and for

the last analysis of the whole truth of the Being of God—He is love. I keep myself in that truth all the day long.

But you say I want to know something more than an abstract statement like that. Well let us look and see how this blessed love manifests itself. Turn to John, III, 16: "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Here you see salvation come out of the love of God? It was not Jesus Christ coming into the world and dying that made God love us; but God being love, hath sent forth His love in Jesus. Now I keep myself in this second fact: God has so loved the world that He has given His only begotten Son, in whom and by whom I am to be saved. Whosoever shall put himself in this manifestation, as in the sunshine of love shall have everlasting life.

There's a story of a little German girl whose father was engaged in printing Luther's Bible. She had been brought up in the Romish faith. One day she picked up a scrap of paper and read: "God so loved the world that he gave——" That was all there was on it; it was only a fragment; but she read it over and over. She kept that bit of paper with her, day after day. She hid it in her bosom. She didn't understand it in all its connections. She had been taught that God was a holy God. True. That He was a just God. True. That He hated sin and was angry with the sinner every day. True. Her religion consisted entirely in trying to appease this angry God. It was a religion of penances, prayers and the ceremonies of the church to keep the anger of God from breaking out upon her. But now she had found a new revelation of God: "He so loved the world that he gave——." She didn't know what He had given; but she put the paper in her bosom; and presently the cloud lifted. Her face was radiant with joy. Soon she began to sing. Her mother said: "What's the matter? What has happened?" Pulling out the paper she said: "Oh mother! this little paper! Read it. 'God so loved the world that He gave.'" "Gave what, my child?" said her mother. She replied: "I don't know; but if He so loved the world that He gave anything at all, I will never be afraid of Him any more." Much more we who know what He gave, why He gave, need not be afraid any more. With all our guilt and unworthiness we can just put ourselves in the shining of that blessed statement.

But then you may say that God loving the whole world seems to be love greatly diffused. This world is very large. There are millions of people now and millions in past generations, and millions to come, and I am afraid such a diffused and divided love will overlook me. I want something besides this general statement—something personal in His love to me, that will bring His love a little nearer. In this general statement there is a door, "God so loved the world that *whosoever* believeth in Him shall have everlasting life." That word "whosoever" is a great open door whosoever *will*, may pass through it and see what is inside. Lo, I find that door swings open into the second chapter of Galatians.

Paul went through there and found pesonal love. He says: "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ that liveth in me: So that the life I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved *me* and gave himself for *me*." Here you see it is personal. It is concentrated upon you here. I am, says Paul the personal object of that divine love manifest in Jesus Christ. But you say "how can I know that this wonderful love of God is all meant for me?" And again: "If one man just monoplizes this wonderful love of God what are the rest to do?" The Apostle says "the Son of God loved me"—Does it not take away love from everybody else? I think not. This is a mistake that many fall into. Christians sometimes think they have only a certain portion of that love of God manifest in the atonement of Jesus Christ. Now when you were a child doubtless you have taken a little sun-glass. I know I used to have one of the eyes out of my grandmother's spectacles. I used to love to hold it over my hand and try experiments with the sun. When I got the focus right, it would burn through a piece of paper, kindle a fire, or burn my hand. Now there is the great love of God. Let me take this text and put between me and the love of God, and hold it there. Presently this blessed love of God which is all diffused in John, III, 16. Is focalized through Galatians, II, 20. I find it dawning upon *me*—kindling, warning and saving *me*. In other words, you just want to put yourself right under the fact of Jesus and Him crucified, and there you will find the love of God concentrated upon you. Could you not, each one in this Rink, take a sun glass, and concentrate all the rays of the sun upon your hand? There is no difficulty in this fact that God loved the whole world and yet each one with all His love. For instance, you ask me if I love my four children. "How much do you love them?" "Why with all my love." "Well," you say, "that's a sort of general love; it is diffused among four children." "How about the oldest, Lucy?" "Well, I love that first-born child." "But how much do you love her?" "Why, what do you mean? I love Lucy with *all* my love; every particle goes out to that child when one speaks her name." "Well, if you love Lucy with all your love, how about the next one?" "Freddie? Well I guess I do *love* her." "But how much do you love her?" "With *all* my love." "And then there's the next one—the dear little boy with the sweetest of dispositions; why I love him." "But how much?" "With *all* my love." "And now how about the baby?" "Ah! when you come to talk about the baby—well all I can say is I love that baby with *all* my love, *every bit of it*." You say, "This is a very strange thing. Here's a man with four children and he loves them all with his whole love, with all the love he has—the first one with *all*, the next one with *all*, the third one with all, and the youngest one with all." But you know how that can be don't you? Our children have our whole love. *Each* has it *all*, and not one is robbed. So I, with my poor soul, don't have to be robbed of any of God's love. I just go right up and say: "My Father and my God in Christ

Jesus, here am I. Out of thy great love let me be saved." And the whole of that great love is poured out upon me and into me, and I stand before Him—not by a portion of His love, not by a fragment, but by *all* of it. As I have said before, if I had been the only sinner in the world, I believe God would have sent His dear Son; and Jesus would have sped to the sacrifice as quickly and as gladly to save *my* soul as to save the whole world.

Now keep yourselves in the love of God; keep yourselves in the power of this great revelation in Christ Jesus. I don't see any chance for a man to fall into coldness or doubt, if he will keep himself in the love of God as he ought to.

Turn to the 7th ch. Deut. I can understand how when you come to think of yourself you should say, "But I am so sinful, sin has ruined me so—gone so deep into my nature, I am afraid I am too bad for God to love me." And you have said of yourself as I have of myself. "Now as for my mother, (everybody loved my mother,) it seems as if I could understand how God could love her. But when I think about myself, and all the uncleanness and sin that came into my life during the years of my alienation from Him. I don't see how God can love me; there is nothing in me to love." In this 7th ch. Deut God says: "Thou art an holy people unto the Lord thy God: the Lord thy God hath chosen thee to be a special people unto himself above all people that are upon the face of the earth." Why did the Lord chose this people? "The Lord did not chose you because ye were more in number than any people; for ye were the fewest of all people." 4th v. IX. ch. "Speak not thou in thine heart, saying, 'for my righteousness the Lord hath brought me in to possess this land.'" That is not the reason. "Not for thy righteousness or for the righteousness of thine heart, for thou art a stiff-necked people." Now there was not one single reason to be found in that people, in personal or moral worthiness, why the Lord should chose them. But in ch. VII, 8, we find, "But because the Lord loved you." That is a singular passage of Scripture. The Lord hath chosen thee for a peculiar people and set His love upon you, and made you to be to Him a peculiar treasure—not for your righteousness, for you are a stiff-necked people; but just because *the Lord loved you.* The reason of His love to us is not to be found in ourselves but *in himself.* Now if the reason is in himself and not in myself, then the doubts and fears growing out of my personal unworthiness are dissipated; I put myself in the love of God and it shines it all away. I ask my little girl why she loves me. I have one who always comes and puts her arms around my neck and she says: "O, papa, I do so love you!" And I say, "What makes you love me?" And she says, "Just because I do." Her own love was her reason for her love. But in a higher and truer sense God says: "Don't you be afraid because of the knowledge of your sin; it is all true; but my dear child, my love for you is not based upon your worthiness or goodness, but is grounded in my own nature. I love you because I love,

and must love you. It was the reason for your creation and your redemption. I am the reason." And so if God is the reason for his love, I cast to the winds all questions of personal unworthiness; it doesn't move me out of the great love of God. In Romans V, 8, we read: "But God commendeth His love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." When did he commend His love? When we had repented? No; but while we were yet sinners. John says—I John, IV, 10,—"Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be a propitiation for our sins."

In Ephesians III, we see something of the measure of that love. We want to know how much God loves us. My necessities are very great. Is the love of God high enough, long enough, and broad enough and deep to cover my necessities? Listen. At the 17th verse Paul prays "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye being rooted and grounded in love." In whose love? In my love to God? Why if my hope was like a tree, and the only soil was the thin, shallow soil of my love to God, the first storm that swept over it would tear it up from its shallow ground and lay it prostrate. But my hope is rooted and grounded —not in my love to God, but God's measureless love to me. There it roots itself; and no storm, no tempest that can beat upon it can tear it up. Listen: "That ye may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of God that passeth knowledge." Here is the measure. Now if any of these learned gentlemen on this platform can tell you how broad breadth is I would like to have them to do so. Doctor, you are a mathematician, can you tell me how broad breadth is?" ("No.") Here is my friend Dr. Sage, who is something of a metaphysician. Can you tell me Dr. how broad breadth is? He says he cannot. Can any one tell me how long length is? Well if you will go out as far as you can see you will reach a place where you can see that much farther. How long is length? How broad is breadth? Give wings to your imagination and fly away. The more you fly away the more the length and breadth stretches out. It is just like God, infinite. There are no limits to length and breadth. So the love of God is long enough and broad enough to cover infinite need. How deep? Deeper than the deepest depths—deeper than the deepest needs ever created in man by sin. The love of God has gone down, down, down, and is still deeper than the utmost depths. But how high is it? Oh, may it not stop before I reach the glory? No; its heights are put above my highest thoughts. "Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think." Thus we are in an eternal sea of God's love. My poor starved soul finds infinite fullness here. That is the measure of it.

But when did this love begin? Here Jeremiah tells me in 31st ch., 3d verse: "I have loved thee, saith the Lord, with an everlasting love; therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee." Everlasting love.

And contemporaneous with this love,—Christ, the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world was the pledge of that love to us.

But won't it come to an end? John XIII, 1, "Jesus knew that His hour was come that he should depart out of this world unto the Father; having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end." I go back into the eternal ages of the past, and find love behind me. I go into the future—on, and on, and on, and find love before me. And I keep myself in this love. Many a time I have greived and wounded it, and been unworthy of it. But I think of the faithfulness of this love, as in the case of Peter. You know that Peter denied the Lord with cursing and swearing. Did you ever think of the first thing the Master said when he got out of his grave? The last time he saw him he looked reproachfully at him and sent him out weeping bitterly. He didn't have an opportunity to speak to Peter any more. On the third day when he rose he saw Mary, and says: "Go into Galilee and tell my disciples, and *Peter* to meet me there." Why Peter? If he had said John it wouldn't have seemed strange, for John was the nearest to him. But he says, "Go tell my disciples and *Peter*." Ah, I can fancy when the news came how Peter would say, "But I have denied Him. He will send for the rest but not for me." Peter would be discouraged. Peter wouldn't go. He felt like many a blackslider during these meetings, that he was too unworthy to have a share in this blessed gospel. But Jesus says: "Go tell that poor Peter, I thought of him when on the cross, and he was first in my mind when I rose from the dead. Tell him human love may fail but my love will never fail. I will love him to the end." If you go backward it isn't because God's love isn't over you, but because you don't believe it; because you have turned away from it. He loves you to the end.

"Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us." Such sinners as you and I, that we should be called the Sons of God.

Do try to give up keeping yourself in your own faith, your own love your own feeling, your own experiences; and keep yourself in the love of God, and that will keep your feelings and experiences right. It will warm and strengthen, bless and sanctify you, clothe you and lift you up, and glorify you at last. There is but one thing in this world to do, and that is to keep yourself in the love of God. It will be motive and inspiration to you, patience to you, long-suffering to you, gentleness to you. It will work out in you like the sun in the perfume of the flower. And the love of God will bring faith and its blessed fruit. Let us keep ourselves in the love of God, and the love of God will keep us in the place that God wants us to be in, and will fill our lives with His glorious power.

*SCEPTICISM IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY REV. JOSEPH COOK, BOSTON.

PRELUDE ON CURRENT EVENTS.

EMERSON says that the poorest poem is better than the best criticism upon it; and so we may say that the poorest really conscientious life is incalculably better than the acutest worldly sneer concerning it. Men outside the Church, when asked to unite with it, sometimes complain that there are many stunted, fruitless growths in the Church. Poor native spiritual endowments in Christians are the result of poor soil in which they grow; and the world that sneers is itself the soil. It will be noticed, that, as I am not in charge of any church, I have not the slightest personal interest at stake in any thing I may say of the value of church-membership. But if, in a free church in a free state, I utter a single word on that now timely and always greatly suggestive theme, I shall of course be met in some enlightened quarters with the profound remark, that all the effort that has been made in Boston this winter has been incited by a desire to pay church-debts. Well, that is a good object. "Owe no man any thing" is a divine maxim. An obscure infidel paper in this city shrewdly judges that the entire effort has been intended to fill up the membership of the evangelical churches. The Springfield Republican said the other day that the Boston Index would find something mean and atrocious in the proposition that two and two make four, if that statement were a part of the Apostles' Creed.

Every true church is a contract, not between two parties only, but three. It is not only an agreement of men with men, but of men with God. In disbanding a church, men alone cannot annul the contract. This is the scholarly idea of the bond of Christians in fellowship with each other and with an invisible Head. Thus the Christians of the world are really and confessedly members of a theocracy. You think Cromwell's and Milton's dream of a theocracy failed. Many an archangel pities you; and all the deep students of science among men smile, if you say this seriously. God governs; and his kingship is no pretence. Our best hope for America is, that like every other part of the universe, it is a theocracy. A true church is the outward form among men of God's kingdom in human history; and it illustrates his kingdom in all worlds.

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We must look on every true church as really a divine institution; for it is a contract with the unseen Power that is filling the world, just as the magnetic currents of the globe fill all the needles on it. Our Lord was, and is, and is to come; and in all true believers he is as much present as the magnetic currents of the globe are in the balancing needles that point out the north pole rightly, if they are true to the currents that are in them, but not of them. The Church is our Lord's body; the Church is our Lord's temple; the Church brings every true believer into contact with the deepest inmost of our Lord's present life in the world; and this is the supreme reason for uniting with it. *It is painfully evident here, I hope, that I am speaking of a true church, and not of a Sunday club.*

Experience has shown that most men who do not unite with the Church drop away from their early religious life. The two great reasons for uniting with a true Church are, that you are likely to grow more inside the Church than out of it, and that you can probably do more good in it than out of it.

To which church do I ask you to join yourselves? I wish you could find out. Am I making a party plea? I wish you would ascertain on which side it is made. I know, perhaps, five hundred young men who are members of churches; but I do not know of twenty of them to which evangelical church they belong, nor do I care. It is not a partisan plea I am making in asking you to become a member of the visible church; and, if you are a member of the true invisible church, you will assuredly wish to aid in making some part of the visible church a true church.

But you say that creeds are long. They are quite short in some places, although they are deep. Not a few newspapers have lately cited a portion of the Andover creed, which the professors there sign. That is in form a very different creed from the one that belongs to the Andover Chapel Church. The public does not seem to know that the detailed statement or confession which the professors may very well be called on to subscribe is a different thing from that statement of essentials which Andover puts into a church creed. The Andover Chapel Church creed is hardly longer than my hand is broad; but it is as deep as any rift in the granite that goes to the core of the world. The best church creeds include great essentials, and no more. I think now especially of the short creed in the Yale College Church, written by President Dwight, not very wide, but fathomlessly deep. These are simply the creeds which you wish to make the basis of your action, and therefore may well make the basis of your profession.

I hold in my hand the creed which the American evangelist, who will soon lead our devotions, subscribed twenty-one years ago in Boston. That confession of faith has by the Divine blessing amounted to something in the world. As a ray of keen light for others, our evangelist

will allow me, in his presence, to read, what perpaps he never has seen, the record on the church books, of his examination in that house of God yonder in which he first resolved to do his duty: —

"No. 1079. Dwight L. Moody. Boards 43 Court Street. Has been baptized. First awakened on the 16th of May. Became anxious about himself. Saw himself a sinner; and sin now seems hateful, and holiness desirable. Thinks he has repented. Has purposed to give up sin. Feels dependent upon Christ for forgiveness. Loves the Scriptures. Prays. Desires to be useful. Religiously educated. Been in the city a year. From Northfield, this State. Is not ashamed to be known as a Christian. Eighteen years old.

"No. 1131. March 12, 1856. Thinks he has made some progress since he was here before,— at least in knowledge. Has maintained his habits of prayer, and reading the Bible. Believes God will hear his prayers. Is fully determined to adhere to the cause of Christ always. Feels that it would be very bad if he should join the church, and then turn. Must repent of sin, and ask forgiveness for Christ's sake. Will never give up his hope, or love Christ less, whether admitted to the church or not. His prevailing intention is to give up his will to God.

"Admitted May 4, 1856."

That is a most moving record. Gentlemen, I hold that this is an examination that no church need feel ashamed of; and the results of it are of the same character.

The christian ordinances of baptism and the Lord's Supper you do not approach closely unless you come into the Church. In close contact with illumined souls there is a power which will come to you nowhere outside of God's house. Why is it that there is such strange influence exerted upon itself by a great assembly all of one mind? Go to the little gatherings where some men of the class that neglect God's house spend their Sundays,— fire-engine rooms and the secret clubs for drinking,— and all the sentiment runs one way there. Such men are like eels in pools of the muddy sort, and often come to think that their pool is the whole ocean. You are easily transfused with the spirit of any company that moves all one way. Put yourselves into the crystalline springs and streams. Somewhere in the Church you will find crystalline waters. There is a church inside the Church. *Move in that; live enswathed in that.* Let that be the transfusing bath of your inmost life; and very soon you will find in the power of that interfusion of soul with soul that assuredly God is yet in his holy temple.

Yes; but there are hypocrites in the Church. I know it. Let Tennyson describe one: —

"With all his conscience and one eye askew,
So false, he partly took himself for true;
Whose pious talk, when most his heart was dry,
Made wet the crafty crow's-foot round his eye;
Who never naming God except for gain,
So never took that useful name in vain;
Made him his cat's-paw, and the Cross his tool,
And Christ the bait to trap his dupe and fool;

Nor deeds of gift, but gifts of grace, he forged,
And, snake-like, slimed his victim ere he gorged;
And oft at Bible-meetings, o'er the rest
Arising, did his holy, oily best."

Tennyson's Sea-Dreams.

The black angels look through pillars of blue fire of that sort. Do you want the Church better? Unite with it, and turn out such men; or, rather, unite with it, and keep such men from getting in. [Applause.]

Perhaps some of our churches are too ambitious to be large in numbers. Let us be reasonably shy of that church ambition which cares more for quantity than quality. Our evangelist has said that he once in Chicago was ambitious to have a big church. He obtained one. Then he became ambitious to get a small one. A recognition of the necessity of spiritual church-membership is the crowning glory of the churches of America of all denominations; and it is almost a distinctively American idea.

Think of the host in the air behind me, as I invite you to become members of God's house! Here is a visible audience which might be enlarged to fill the city, or the nation, or the continent, or the world; but even then the audience before me would be as a ripple compared with the sea, in contrast with this audience in the air behind me,— all the sainted of our New-England shore, all who have gone hence from foreign lands, and are now in the Unseen Holy! The Church is one on earth and in heaven. Think of the martyrs of the Reformation, those who, on the Continent of Europe, prepared the way for this modern rising of the sun, and of all those who in the eighteen Christian centuries have labored, and into whose labors we have entered. The goodly company of the martyrs and apostles and prophets is before you. With all that company I urge you to join hands, when I ask you to pass your brief career in this world in organized, aggressive companionship with those who have a zeal for good works.

THE LECTURE.

New-England scepticism of the last fifty years is the upheaved, foaming, temporary crest of two interfused waves, slowly rising from the historic deep, moving toward each other, meeting with loud shock, and throwing themselves aloft,— one American, and one German. Theodore Parker and much else floated in Boston at the summit of this glittering, uncertain crest, when each wave was at its height, and when in New England each increased the height of the other. In Germany the watery swell of rationalism is going down. (See Dorner, Schwartz, Kahnis, Christlieb, Hagenbach, Tholuck, and other writers on the decline of rationalism in the German universities. On that topic see an article in

the *Bibliotheca Sacra* for October, 1875.) In New England the vexed billow which upheaved Theodore Parker is going down also. Both waves have already broken into foam, passed their climax, and are slowly sinking now into the thoughtful, abiding level of the sea.

Under what compulsion of winds and tides did these waves rise? Answer me that question, or do not attempt to explain to me Boston and New England. Make some fairly adequate response to that inquiry, or do not try to tell me how Theodore Parker's errors, and those of the school of thought he represents, arose. In order to understand the sources of his mistakes, it is necessary for me to cast what I hope will not be a wholly useless glance over the causes of New-England scepticism at large. Long enough has this city had the name, long enough has Harvard University yonder had the reputation, it does not now deserve, of leading erratic thought in regard to the highest of all possible themes. A very curious past is behind us.

When Timothy Dwight, soldier, poet and theologian, *magnum atque venerabile nomen*, began his presidency at Yale College in 1795, the students there were accustomed to name each other after the French atheists. Jefferson, suspected of French principles, in both religion and politics, was soon to become the chief magistrate of the nation. The enthusiasm for Lafayette and for Gallican liberty had inclined the heart of our whole people toward France. The atrociously shallow and unclean, but brilliant and audacious Parisian infidelity of the period, looked attractive, even to the most talented and scholarly undergraduates. "That was the day," writes Lyman Beecher in his "Autobiography" (vol. i. p. 43), "when boys that dressed flax in the barn read Tom Paine, and believed him. The college church was almost extinct. Most of the students were sceptical, and rowdies were plenty. Wines and liquors were kept in many rooms. Intemperance, profanity, gambling and licentiousness were common." Lyman Beecher was in Yale College as a student in his third year, when Timothy Dwight came there as president; and now these two men lie not far from each other in the unspeakably precious dust of the New Haven cemetery, at rest until the heavens are no more. At the first communion season after President Dwight's installation, only a single student from the whole membership of the college remained to participate in the service of the eucharist. In all the history of the American Church there has hardly been an hour of greater disaster. The senior class brought before the president a list of questions for discussion, one of them on the inspiration of the Scriptures (Dwight's *Theology*, Memoir, vol. i. See also Sparks's *Life of Dwight*). He chose that theme for a written debate, asked the young men to be as thorough as possible on the infidel side, treated them courteously, answered them fairly, delivered for six months from the college pulpit massive courses of thought against infidelity; and from that day it ran into hiding-holes in Yale College.

If Harvard University had had a President Dwight, I say not what might have been its subsequent history and that of portions of Cambridge and Boston; but it would have been different. Among the eloquent memorials of the fathers, Mr. Emerson, in the Old South Church, lately told us that Providence has granted to Boston thus far the guidance of the intellectual destiny of this continent. Boston is a sea-blown city of amusingly self-blown trumpets. It is safe to affirm, that, in the geography of American culture, Boston is as yet, in the opinion of many, and especially in her own, the highest summit. But Harvard University is Boston's summit. Religious diseases, originated chiefly by contagion from France in her revolutionary period, and by many years of war on our own soil, filled the veins of Harvard, as well as those of Yale, at the opening of our national life. At the close of the last century, Harvard, as well as Yale, was in a vicious state, induced chiefly by the very same causes which had produced demoralization at Yale. Under the elms yonder, as well as under those at New Haven, sceptical students called each other in honor by infidel names,—Voltaire, Rousseau, D'Alembert. In that Parisian period, unreportable vices were as common at Harvard as at Yale. We have just had a pleasant book written, describing student life in Harvard as it unrolls itself at present, and as many of you and as I remember it; but a volume describing life there ninety years ago, and as frankly written as this new description, we should not care to have generally circulated. In several works of historic fiction the average undergraduate of that time is represented as a low character. You know the pictures the world received from Hogarth; but some of the scenes he has put on immortal canvas to illustrate "The Rake's Progress" might be matched out of the fairly representative life of Yale and Harvard in that French period. The average undergraduate of the last years of the last century, at both Yale and Harvard, was far less of a gentleman, and immensely less of a Christian, than he is to-day. Why, at Harvard at this moment a great body of the students are members of churches, and, other things being equal, are not thought the less of on that account. I hold in my hand here elaborate statistics as to recent classes in Harvard University. Take one of the very last, and in it there were, of men about to graduate, of Unitarians, 39; Episcopalians, 35; Congregationalists, 23; Baptists, 11; Presbyterians, 6; Liberals, 4; Methodists, 2; Roman Catholics, 2. According to that table, there is really more reason for calling Harvard an orthodox college than a heterodox. The college is not denominational in any sense. It would not like to be called Unitarian, or Congregational, or Episcopal. Among the students there are well organized and vigorous religious societies, and the conditions of admission to them are more severe than to most churches. I find reason, therefore, for contrasting the present with the past of Harvard favorably. But this change has come about within the last fifty years. At Yale, in my class,

we had more than two-thirds on entrance, members of Christian churches. I know that we hear of scandalous things in these large companies of students at Yale and at Harvard. You cannot bring together a thousand young men, without finding a few among them of the shallow and riotous sort; but they do not give the tone to the whole college. Perhaps they do to a few secret societies,— breathing-holes of frivolity, and often of what is far worse. The mass of students are honorable men, and come from honorable families, although at the present day it can be said that a few are what the most were in the last twenty years of the last century, at Yale and Harvard. Certain it is that these diseases of a greatly tempted time existed in Cambridge with as much intensity as they did at New Haven. Certain it is that at Harvard there was no President Dwight to drive them out, as there was at Yale. The atmosphere of Harvard as well as of Yale at the opening of our national life was heavily infected with Parisian infidelity, but no adequate corrective was applied at Harvard; and, although the evil results are now largely outgrown, they have been very noteworthy to those who have minutely studied how the sick forehead of a certain kind of culture in Boston, laid in the palm of God to rest, has tossed there with doubt, as in Channing's and Parker's case, whether the hand was ever pierced for human sins; and now lately with doubt, as with some of the Free-Religionists, whether there be any personal hand at all or not.

Boston is asked to give an account of herself. She had excellent fathers; but she has of late had the name of being the apologist for much looseness of thought. We are willing to give an account of ourselves. We have had a trial such as no other Commonwealth on this continent ever had. We have had a State Church. How did this arise? Yale and Harvard were founded by men of Christian zeal; and how did it come about, that, in so short a time, these institutions lapsed into a condition that gave joy to the shallow infidel clubs of Paris? All Frenchmen were not like Lafayette. These results arose from adequate causes which ought not to be forgotten. If you wish to understand Boston doctrinal unrest, you must go back first to the period when Paris ruled us. You must recall the time when Lafayette and Jefferson had our heart, and we were not a little in awe or admiration of that very brittle sceptre,—Parisian thought about religion, a style of intellectual allegiance that no man is proud of now. The infidelity which flourished in 1795 in Yale and Harvard among young men, no scholar to-day cares to answer for: it is an unclean and degraded thing. We have grown far beyond all that. How did we sink so low as to follow that pillar of ashes and blood which rose on the Seine, and led the nations not altogether celestially for a while—a little electricity in it, no doubt; some white-fire mingled with the blue in the whirlwind; but Saharas of dust also, and hosts of hissing, flying scraps of white-hot volcanic stone?

Our fathers did not believe that a man might be a minister, although

unconv[illegible]; but when George Whitefield was in this city, it was necessary for him to insist that a man should not be a minister unless converted. (See Whitefield's *New England Journal*, *passim*.) On Boston Common, with twenty thousand people in his audience, George Whitefield defended the proposition that a man does not become a saint in his sleep; that conversion is an ascertainable change, or will show itself by its effects; and that if the results which will naturally follow from such a state of life are not visible, their absence is proof that a man should not be a member of God's house. Why did he need to oppose in New England, ideas which did not cross the Atlantic in the Mayflower? How did New England wander so far away from Plymouth Rock, and find herself in this low marsh, where many of the State churches of Europe are struggling to-day? Why, she fell into that marsh by having herself a State Church. The marshes of the State churches of Europe, —you understand them very well. We had the oozy acres of a State Church to walk over in Massachusetts for more than fifty years; and the smutch is not off our feet yet that we received in those bogs.

In 1631 the General Court of Massachusetts Bay passed an order that "for time to come none shall be admitted to the freedom of the body politic, but church-members." What is the effect of making a rule that nobody can vote unless he is a church-member? Why, everybody will want to be a church-member, and there will be large churches, and you will admit men into the church whom it will be very hard to get out. Now it was a public law of this Commonwealth, passed early, with all due form, that only church-members could vote. That was eleven years after the landing on Plymouth Rock. Remember, however, that the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay, rather than the Pilgrims of Plymouth Bay, are responsible for the secularization of the holiest portion of New-England life. Where did that law come from? It was a thrifty scion from the far-spreading European bough. Our fathers had seen children baptized and confirmed in State churches; and it was thought, that, in some sense, all baptized persons were members of the church. That was and is the predominating opinion of Europe. This idea the Puritans of England—who were not separatists, as the Pilgrims were—did not leave behind them when they crossed the sea. So we had here in my denomination—the most aristocratic on this continent, if you please, and the most split, and, in some particulars, the most harmful—a State Church.

The Puritans who landed in Boston brought to America the theory that every child should be made, as far as possible, a member of the church; and, therefore, it was a part of their anxiety in founding a new civilization to have all children baptized. Those of our fathers who were not separatists had State Church ideas concerning the baptism of children. The secularization of Orthodoxy in New England arose primarially from the desire of the Puritans to secure the religious culture of the whole population. The law of 1631 was passed with the best of

intentions, but it had the most mischievous effects.

What happened next? In 1635 we turned Roger Williams away from the Massachusetts Colony, chiefly for political reasons, as the highest authority on this vexed theme, the learned editor of "The Boston Congregationalist," says and proves, in spite of the dissent of Rhode Island and of Brown University. (See Dexter, Rev. Dr. H. M., *As to Roger Williams*, p. 79.) The reasons why Roger Williams was sent away were no doubt fundamentally political; nevertheless one source of irritation with him was that he objected to the baptism of infants. Why did he do that? Among many other reasons, because he saw that to regard all baptized persons as, in an important sense, members of the church, led to the secularization of church-membership. I am in a company where I am speaking; I know what prejudices I am crossing: but I know that in this assembly, assuredly, nobody will have objection to my advocacy, even at a little expense of consistency with my own supposed principles, of the necessity of a spiritual church-membership. [Applause.] If I say that a certain denomination, represented by that man who was driven from Massachusetts to Rhode Island, has, in spite of all we hear of criticism about one of its beliefs, been of foremost service in bringing into the world, among all Protestant denominations, an adequate idea of the importance of a spiritual church-membership, I know that no generous heart or searching intellect will object to that statement. [Applause.]

In 1653 no less a man than Henry Dunster, president of Harvard University, announced himself as an opponent to the doctrine that infants should be baptized. He refused to allow an infant of his own family to be baptized, and delivered several sermons against the baptism of infants. Baptist authorities assert that Henry Dunster became a Baptist. (See an address delivered in Philadelphia, before the American Baptist Historical Society at its eleventh anniversary, by Rev. Daniel C. Eddy. Philadelphia: Historical Society Press, 1864.) But he continued to be president of Harvard University. His pastor, the Rev. Jonathan Mitchell, in 1657, on account of collisions of debate of the kindest sort between himself and this revered man, who had been his teacher, caused a synod to be called, in which action was taken of which we feel the mischief yet. Questions raised as to the baptism of children had "come to some figure first in the colony of Connecticut." (Mather's *Magnalia*, vol. ii. p. 238. Hartford ed.). A comparison of all the authorities, however, shows that both Mitchell of Cambridge and Stone of Hartford were leading forces among the influences which brought together the Massachusetts council of 1657. (See McKenzie, Rev. Dr. A., *History of the Shepard Church*, Cambridge.) This Jonathan Mitchell would have been quite a figure in that sky of culture which some think too soft, too transcendental, for anything in the stern days of our fathers to have risen into. The recent structure of the Shepard

Church in Cambridge stands yonder under the Washington Elm,— it is my fortune to be a member of it,—Mr. McKenzie's; and of that church, successor to Shepard, this Jonathan Mitchell was pastor. Cotton Mather says of him,—

"His *Sermons*....were admirably *Well-Studied*....He ordinarily medled with no Point but what he managed with such an extraordinary *Invention*, Curious *Disposition*, and Copious *Application*, as if he would leave no material Thing to be said of it, by any that should come after him. And when he came to Utter what he had Prepared, his Utterance had such a becoming *Tuneableness*, and *Vivacity*, to set it off, as was indeed *Inimitable*.... Tho' he were all along in his Preaching, *as a very lovely Song of one that hath a pleasant Voice*, yet has he drew near to the Close of his Exercises, his Comely *Fervency* would rise to a marvellous Measure of *Energy;* He would speak with such a Transcendent *Majesty* and *Liveliness*, that the People (more *Thunderstruck* than they that heard *Cicero's* Oration for *Ligarius*) would often *Shake* under his Dispensations, as if they had Heard the *Sound* of the *Trumpets* from the *Burning Mountain*, and yet they would *Mourn* to think, that they were going presently to be dismissed from such an *Heaven upon Earth*." (See Sibley, John Langdon, librarian of Harvard University, *Lives of Harvard Graduates*, pp. 148–150.) Richard Baxter said that "if there could be convened a Council of the whole Christian World, that man would be worthy to be the moderator of it."

Now that man came very near opposing himself to infant baptism. On the twenty-fourth day of December, 1653, with arguments elaborately prepared, he went to the study of Henry Dunster to convince the president of Harvard University that oppositian to infant baptism was wrong; but Jonathan Mitchell came away almost converted to Henry Dunster's views. He found, that, in his secret thoughts, it was injected into his own mind now and then, that infant baptism had certain mischievious tendencies in the state. But these suggestions came oftenest on Saturday, when he was very busy writing his address for the next day; and he thought, therefore, that they were from the evil spirits. It could not be good angels that sent these suggestions; for no good spirit would interrupt the writing of a sermon. Besides, although "these thoughts were darted in with some impression, and left a strange confusion and sickliness on his spirits," they were "injected, hurrying suggestions, rather than deliberate thoughts." On these grounds chiefly, Jonathan Mitchell, in days of Salem witchcraft, concluded that all arguments against infant baptism must be put aside. The question was settled in his own mind; but the importance of these interruptions turned out to be really considerable to New England to this hour. He insisted on debating the matter in public over and over; and his influence, says Cotton Mather, was something of which the centre was at Cambridge, and the circumference outside New England.

Largely by the effect of this eloquent man, Mitchell, there was brought together at Boston, in 1657, by invitation of the General Court, an assembly of the principal ministers of Massachusetts; and by that body of grave men it was ordained that the half-way covenant be adopted.

By that covenant those parents who were baptized in infancy were, if living respectable lives, allowed to have their children baptized. Church-members became eligible to civil offices. (See Mather's *Magnalia*, vol. ii. pp. 238–270. Hartford ed.)

Notice how the political strain was on Massachusetts all the way through. That decision gave great umbrage to the churches. President Chauncy of Harvard opposed it; and in 1662 another synod was called, and it was affirmed again that the half-way covenant should be the rule of the land. That changed one or two thousand things.

It is an inadequate account of the origin of secularization of New England orthodoxy, to attribute the half-way covenant exclusively to religious causes. If we look beneath the surface of this deterioration in its middle stages, we shall find political causes at work. Palfrey well says (*History of New Englang*, vol. ii. p. 492) that "the degree of irritation that prevailed" concerning the half-way covenant "is scarcely to be explained by a consideration of only the ostensible grounds of dispute. 'From the fire of the Altar,' says Mather, (*Magnalia*, Book iii. 117) 'there issued thunderings and lightnings and earthquakes.' The truth is, that political regards brought their explosive fuel to the flame."

The fashion had been set that only church-members could be eligible to public office. I know that in 1688, on the accession of William and Mary, the law that required church-membership as a condition to citizenship was repealed; but you cannot raise a great wave like this and stop it by changing rulers in England. We had had it from 1631 to 1638. It was the rule that only church-members should be eligible to office, and partly, as a result of that, we had had a half-way covenant. Long after 1688, that rule of fashion and the half-way covenant kept on in spite of the changes of laws under William and Mary.

It is, therefore, not surprising that in 1704 we find men like Stoddard of Northampton maintainining that unregenerate persons might come to the Lord's Supper. Whitefield wrote in 1740, "Mr. Stoddard is much to be blamed for endeavoring to prove that unconverted men might be admitted into the ministry."

To close this astounding story of the secularization of New England Congregationalism, we find at last Jonathan Edwards and Whitefield making objection seriously to the prolonged abuses of the church-membership. When Jonathan Edwards at Northampton, finding out that some moral evils greatly needing criticism were appearing in the younger lives he was set to guide, taught that unconverted persons should not be members of God's house, opposed his predecessor's evil plea that church ordinances are or may be saving, and insisted that a man should experience the new birth before coming to the communion service, his hearers rose, and drove him into the wilderness for ascetic heresy. I know where in Massachusetts I can put my hand on little irregular

scraps of brown paper, stitched together as note-books, and closely covered all over with Jonathan Edwards' handwriting. Why did he use such coarse material in his studies? Why was he within sight of starvation? Because he had opposed the secularization of the Church. Why did that man need to accept from Scotland funds with which to maintain his family? Because he insisted upon a spiritual church-membership. Why did his wife and daughters make fans, and sell them to buy bread? Because he opposed the spirit of the half-way covenant. Because he defended with vigor, as Whitefield did, the idea that a man should not be a minister unless converted, nor a church-member unless converted, and so set himself against the whole trend of this huge, turbid, hungry, haughty wave of secularization that had been rising ever since 1631. Of course he was abandoned by the fashionable. Of course his life was in some sense a martyrdom. His note-books were made from the refuse of brown paper left from the fans. There is nothing Massachusetts so little likes to be fanned with as those fans Jonathan Edwards' wife and daughters made, and sold for bread. Yes, you starved him; but Scotland fed him, thank God! [Applause.] When Edwards was dismissed, it was proposed that there be a council of ten pastors; and he of course claimed the right of choosing five; but he was obliged to go beyond the broad bounds of old Hampshire County in order to find five who agreed with him. He went to Mount Holyoke, a marked spot then, apparently, as it is now, in the spiritual history of New England, and obtained Woodbridge of South Hadley as one of the council, because Woodbridge agreed with him in opposition to this secularization of the church.

Political pressure and social arrogance led to the half-way covenant. That led to an unconverted church membership. That allowed the existence of an unconverted ministry. That ministry filled the land with the hue and cry against Whitefield and Edwards.

I hold in my hand a copy of a record made as late as 1728 on the official books of a church in Westfield; and it is a specimen of the records you may find all over Eastern Massachusetts. I go up and down from the Merrimac to the Connecticut as a flying scout, and every now and then I chance to meet a talkative document like this:—

"At a church meeting holden in Westfield, Feb. 25, 1728, *Voted* that those who enter full communion may have liberty to give an account of a work of saving conversion, *or not. It shall be regarded by the church as a matter of indifference.*"

Gentlemen, out of the fashion of the English State Church, the care of our fathers for their children, and the political pressure which preceded the accession of William and Mary, came the half-way covenant. Out of the half-way covenant came the secularization of the church-membership of the Congregational body in New England. Out of our connection with the state came marshes of stagnant church-life

here, similar to the marshes of much of State Church life in Europe to-day. There is hardly a breeze that sweeps over Boston that does not come from those marshes, not yet dry, and that never had any salt in them to keep them sweet. You know that I am speaking here more frankly than I could have spoken fifty years ago; for it has not been the fashion, in my portion of New England, denominationally to admit the evil of this half-way covenant as fully as I have now done, until within twenty-five or thirty years; but these are the facts.

A law by which only church-members could vote was in operation in Massachusetts from 1631 to 1688, in form, and much longer in spirit.

The political and social pressure arising from that law led to the adoption of the half-way covenant, by which persons not professing to have entered on a new life at all were allowed to enter the church.

Out of that pressure arose Stoddard's evil plea, that unconverted persons should be brought to the communion service.

Out of all these causes came an unconverted church-membership.

Out of that came gradually an unconverted ministry.

Out of that came a broad departure from many points of the lofty and scientifically severe ideals of Plymouth Rock.

Out of that departure arose, in experience, a wide and deep secularization of the more fashionable of the churches of Eastern Massachusetts.

Out of this secularization of the churches of Eastern Massachusetts came their chief weakness in their resistance to the irreligious influences arising from the French war and the Revolution, and to the accession of the French infidelity at the moment when Lafayette and French liberty had bent the national soul toward France.

What does Joseph Tracy say in his "History of the Great Awakening?" I open that most cautious book on the whole topic; and I read, "Every Congregational Church in New England, probably, has either adopted Edwards's and Whitefield's doctrine concerning church-membership, or become Unitarian." (See pp. 411–413, 418.)

Americans have all sorts of sense, except historic sense. We have had a State Church; we have had a secularized church-membership in one of our denominations, the ruling one; and little by little that secularization so lowered our standards, that it is not amazing at all, and it is a thing we ought to have expected, that out of the combination of causes included in the older Armenianism, the half-way covenant, the disturbances of the French war and the Revolution, French infidelity, the popular misconceptions of scholarly Orthodox doctrine, and some crude and rash statements in Orthodoxy itself, came Unitarianism.

Out of Unitarianism, and the brilliancy of its early literary and secular successes, came Harvard University in its largely unevangelical attitude—an attitude now greatly changed.

Out of Harvard University, in its unevangelical attitude, came the occasionally sceptical or doctrinally indifferent literary circles of Eastern Massachusetts.

Out of the sceptical literary circles of Eastern Massachusetts came one part of the influences that set a portion, though only a portion, of the Boston fashions of thought.

Here we are face to face with an age when anti-slavery was taken up by your eloquent Parker, and the Church lagged behind. This was its own fault. Time has criticised that slowness on the part of Orthodoxy to follow Providence, that tardiness which left between the Church and God a chasm which is filled up, in great part, with the corpses of my own generation. You will allow me, as a member of a decimated generation, to be frank concerning the slowness of Orthodoxy to follow God, until he whom we dare not name plainly became abolitionist. Parker followed him, and obtained a following. This is the outcome of a single historical glance; but if I could have gone into detail, if I could have shown you how link has followed link, you would be amazed to find Boston to-day not wreathed round and round with misconceptions of the highest truth; and that religion here, which has allowed itself to be corrupted so much in the past, is to-day so little corrupted. Omitting fractions, the statistics show, that, in 1816, there was one unevangelical church in Boston to every three thousand of the population. Now there is only one to every six thousand. In 1816 there was only one evangelical church in Boston to every four thousand inhabitants. Now there is one to every two thousand. In the experience of half a century, a period long enough to constitute a very fair test of the tendencies of thought, and exhibiting the results of no mere temporary swirl of opinion, evangelical churches in Boston have risen from the proportion of one to four thousand to that of one to two thousand, and the unevangelical of all kinds have fallen off from the proportion of one to three thousand to that of one to six thousand. Very significant on the dial of Boston, with this past behind us, is the declining shadow of that philosophy, which, in a dim morning of religious experience, sees Olympus and Parnassus, and mistakes them for Sinai and Calvary.

Orthodoxy has not always followed God; but only so far as it follows him will it ultimately have any following. *Deum sequi*, to follow God, was Seneca's supreme rule for political action. Our painful past summarizes its eager councils by writing these Roman words over all doors of church and school, social life, literature, and reform.

USE OF THE BIBLE IN INQUIRY ROOM.

BY MAJOR D. W. WHITTLE.

1st. Unconditional submission to the authority of the Word. Enter into no argument upon the authenticity of the Scriptures. Lessen the power of no part of the Bible by any admission as *to any part* not being of God, given by inspiration; with rare exceptions, those who desire such arguments are not honest, they are not seeking light, but fortifying themselves in darkness. You cannot help them. Should you meet with one who has an honest desire for information as to the history of the composition and compilation of the Scriptures, you can place him in the way of obtaining it; but do not occupy the time in the Inquiry Room upon the subject. If two men were to meet to engage in conflict with swords, and one were to say to the other: "Now before beginning the battle I desire to know the *history* of your sword, and to have proof of the authenticity of its claims as a sword," a proper reply would be, "That question can be easily settled by our at once commencing the conflict. I will show you by my use of my weapon, the reality of its being a sword."

So we ought to so use the Word as "the sword of the Spirit," in the application of its truths to the conscience of the sinner, that he will not want any historical proof as to the message being from God.

Infidelity concerning parts of the Bible is very prevalent. Many professed Christians are not ashamed to say that they do not believe *all* the Bible, and, as a rule, the unconverted man *reserves the right* of rejecting whatever he pleases. To one who has been but a surface student of the Word, and has not seen the place, in gradual unfolding, in typical teaching, in prophetic symbolism, that every chapter and verse of the Bible has in the revelation of God's scheme of redemption for ruined man and sin-cursed earth, it *seems* an unimportant matter to answer the doubts of the unbeliever by saying, "Well, perhaps that ought not to be in the Bible," or "It is probably a mistranslation. It would have been better to have had several books of the Old Testament left out," or, "It isn't necessary that you should believe that," or, some similar admission that yields the point to the devil and makes God a liar. Such do not realize their sin in dishonoring God, nor the evil consequences of their infidelity to the inquirer. If the Word is impeached in one part, discredit is thrown upon every other part. And whatever profession a man may be led to make, that he trusts Christ as his Saviour, if he has admitted doubt into his mind as to any part of

of the Scripture, he has no assurance as to his own acceptance, and no peace in believing.

Every worker in the Inquiry Room will frequently meet with the question: "Now do you really believe all the Bible? Must we believe that Jonah was swallowed by a whale, and about the flood, and so on." The answer should be given with the same seriousness, and in a manner calculated to make the same impression, that the reply of a wife, who justly revered her husband, would produce if she were asked if she really believed her husband always spoke the truth.

Let the answer of every child of God ever be: "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God. Every part of the Bible is literally true. I believe the word just as God has spoken it; how dare you suggest that I doubt it!"

Much might be said upon this subject, and, perhaps, not too much if it led us into a deeper sense of the reality of the Bible as the word of the living God, and a more profound reverence for it as the book of truth. Certainly the Holy Ghost cannot use an infidel to bring souls to Christ, and if infidelity is in our hearts, our labor will count for naught. We must go to God and confess it as a sin, and look to Christ for deliverance from it. And, as we should treat it as a sin in ourselves, so we should treat it as a sin in others. It is not for us to sympathize, in a false sense, with those who say they can't believe the word of God, but to tell them plainly that unbelief is the vilest sin the soul of man is capable of committing against a Holy God, and that it must be repented of and forgiveness through the blood of Christ received, or it will inevitably land the soul in eternal perdition.

A dear minister, in St. Louis, was met in the Inquiry Room one evening by an intelligent man who answered his appeal to him to accept Christ, by saying, that he couldn't believe the Bible. His reply was, "Well sir, whether you believe it or not, the Bible is true, and if you don't believe it you will be lost." The gentleman looked at him a moment, and knew from the expression of my friend that he had replied from the profound convictions of his own soul. His next objection was, "I can't believe that Jesus Christ was the son of God;" the answer was, "Well, the Bible says he was the son of God, and whether you believe it or not, He is the son of God, and if you do not believe it you will be damned."

The minister turned away with the impression that the gentleman would be angry, but believing that he had been guided aright. A friend of the inquirer remonstrated with him, that he had not argued the question, but he left it in the hands of God. Within a few minutes the gentleman came to him with the question: "What must I do about this matter? How can I be saved?" Was pointed to the cross, and knelt with tears of thanksgiving and praise to Christ as his Saviour. God admits of no excuse, no palliation for unbelief; and surely God

cannot be beseeching sinners by us, when we are in a mawkish condition of sympathy with the unbeliever, and smoothing over and palliating his sin, rather than showing him its heinousness and awful condemnation.

Our power in the use of the Word depends upon unswerving faith in its infallibility. "Thus saith the Lord" must be to us all-sufficient, for ourselves and for others. With the firm belief of the truth of Christ's declaration, "That the Scriptures cannot be broken," we will handle our weapon with confidence, we will wield it with all our strength. With these words of introduction as to the Word let us pass on to specific suggestions as to its use in bringing souls to Christ.

In the army, the ammunition for the soldiers starts from the arsenal. In a general sense, all the ammunition for the army is prepared there, from same material and for same purpose. When sent out, it is sorted, and each command receives that fitted to the calibre of its weapons. Each soldier receives all he has capacity to carry, and for which he is expected to have immediate use. So with the Bible. It is God's arsenal. All of its truths are from Him. All for the purpose of glorifying Christ, and overcoming the power of sin. But when these truths are to be put in action, they are sorted. We are to select as led of the Holy Spirit, passages adapted to our calibre. We should never put before others a message from God's word, that doesn't come hot from our own hearts, or use truth that we have not ourselves digested. So we are made able ministers, as in 2 Cor. iii : 6. We should gather from the Bible, for use according to our capacity. We should not attempt to teach beyond our apprehension ; and of the passages that have fed us, and that we can carry, we should always have at hand, as the individual soldier the forty rounds in his cartridge box, a supply for immediate use. Classify in your mind, or, what is better, upon a sheet of paper, the truth needed for presentation to the sinner; then under each head of the classification note your passages, and make yourself familiar with them, and with their position in your Bible. Always use your Bible in referring to them. Do not use a slip, printed or otherwise, and do not quote from memory. Your own classifications and your own selections of passages, will be better for your own use than any would be that is provided for you. But it is wise to compare with others, and to receive suggestions from others. And, as a suggestion, I offer the following classification, which you can note down, and fill out with your own Scripture references :

1st. Requirements of God's law.
2d. Failure of man to keep the law.
3d. Condition of man condemned by the law.
4th. Man's rejection of God's Son.
5th. Christ as the substitute under the law.
6th. Forgiveness through Christ.
7th. Illustrations of faith.
8th. Illustrations of salvation.

With the general line of truth here set forth, in mind, other classifications will suggest themselves. In sitting down with an inquirer do not expect that you must use all your ammunition upon him. Be natural, kind, and courteous in your approach to those who may be strangers to you; win their confidence by your sympathy and genuine interest in their welfare, and ascertain their condition; ask them to tell you frankly just how much they are interested, and how much concern they feel as to their personal salvation.

My first question usually to an inquirer is, "Do you believe that you are a sinner before God, and lost without a Saviour?" And the answer to this determines the direction of the instruction. If you find that conviction has been produced by the sermon, and that an anxious sinner is before you, do not seek to reproduce what has already been done by the Holy Spirit, but, if he admits his lost condition, show him the testimony of God's word as to the full and complete satisfaction made by the death of Christ for his sins, that forgiveness is offered to faith, and, that faith is to take God at His word and believe the record. Urge his immediate surrender to God, and acceptance of the Gospel. On the other hand, if the inquirer is only awakened to a sort of half-way desire to become a Christian, and has no deep convictions as to his present lost condition, and of the nature of sin, present the truth to him under the first four heads. If conviction is produced, present Christ, and urge immediate acceptance. If the inquirer denies the testimony of the Word as applied to himself, and tries to justify himself and make out a good character, and clings to his self-righteousness, he is not in a condition to be urged to say that he will trust in Christ. Show him what Christ has done, in connection with the truth as to his own utterly lost condition, and leave such truth with him as will sweep away his false views of himself and lead him to Christ. Great harm is done in pressing a sinner to a decision before the Spirit of God has prepared the way. Our anxiety in dealing with souls should be, to be faithful, as in Christ's stead, and not go beyond the Spirit's leadings.

The large majority of those we shall meet in the Inquiry Room, during Mr. Moody's meetings, if we can judge by reports of his work, and by our personal knowledge of the Holy Spirit's power that he has received, will be those prepared by faithful presentation of the truth, accompanied by the Spirit's power to their souls, to be told in the simplest possible way how to believe; they will see that they are lost, they will see that Christ is a Saviour, they will see the plan of redemption, the one absorbing thought will be, "Is there salvation for me? Can I be saved? How can I get hold of Christ?" Here is the blessedness of this personal work. God seems to have so ordered it that right here there must be personal contact between the Spirit of God through a believer, and the word of God by the mouth of a believer, and the sinner; and the result is life.

The passages most used by the Holy Spirit in this way, in meetings in this country, and as I have seen by the reports, and have heard from Mr. Moody himself in meetings in England, have been those that most clearly set forth Christ as the sinner's substitute. John iii : 16, and its use will illustrate this. Also Isa. liii : 6 ; Rom. iii : 25 ; Gal. iii : 13 ; 1 Peter ii : 24. We can have great confidence in magnifying God's grace, and preaching an unconditional salvation.

Our part is to make known the Gospel—both sides of it. (2 Cor. ii : 16.) God will take care of the result if we use his Word in dependence upon the Holy Spirit.

To get the sinner to look away from self to Christ is our work. The sinner under conviction is kept in darkness by looking at and into himself. He has a conception of what a religious experience ought to be, and waits for it to come to him. He tries to work up his feelings by thinking of his sins, and by thinking of the sufferings of Christ, with the idea that when he has produced feeling enough *that* will be a religious experience, *that* will be conversion, while he has not really laid hold of Christ at all by a saving faith. By the use of the Word we present Christ to the sinner as the object of faith, and the Scriptures revealing Christ as the ground of faith. God's promises in the Gospel are like so many hands held out to the sinner to draw him to Jesus. We read of Jesus many times when on earth, "He put forth his hand and touched him," "He laid his hand on every one of them and healed them." So His hands are still put forth in the Gospel invitations.

A dear old lady came once to a meeting where Christians were having much joy in the apprehension of Christ, and trembling, with tears, arose and said: "I want you to pray for me. I have been forty years a member of a church, but am not a Christian. I have never had any assurance that my sins were forgiven. I was convicted of sin when young and earnestly sought acceptance with God. I was told to join the church and the experience I desired would come. I did so, and have struggled on for forty years, doing every duty, so far as in my power—doing everything that Christians do—but I am not saved." She sat down weeping, and many wept with her for sympathy, at the recital of her long, weary, fruitless forty years in the wilderness. She was pointed to the record, as in Rom. iv : 24, 25, and v : 1, and saw by the Word that her justification was an accomplished fact in Christ, and that the way to appropriate it and to realize it was, not by feeling, not by struggling for an experience, not by joining the Church, not by doing, but by simply believing what God said about it.

Her joy was like the joy of a little child. This Scripture had revealed Christ to her, and enabled her by faith to receive Him into her heart.

It is of the enemy of souls to lead the convicted sinner to look for the experience of feeling and the result of believing before he believes. He is told, and truly so, that all the steps of his conversion must be the

work of the Holy Spirit; that he must be drawn by the Spirit, quickened by the Spirit, and that when he is born again "the Spirit will bear witness with his spirit that he is a child of God,"—all of which is most blessedly true—but all of which the anxious soul will invariably misapply. We are to show him that the Holy Spirit does all this through the Word, as presenting Christ. That he is drawn by the Gospel invitations, Matt. xi:28; that he is quickened when he believes; that "Christ was delivered for his sins, and was raised again for his justification," Rom. iv : 25; and his attention should be specially directed to the testimony that the sinner can know nothing of the indwelling and the witness of the Holy Spirit until after he believes. See John i : 12; vii : 38, 39; 1 John v : 10–13; Eph. i : 13, and Rom. viii : 16, in connection with Rom. v : 1 and viii : 1.

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In all these Scriptures, and in every Scripture that refers to the testimony of the Holy Spirit in the soul, it is stated or implied that the soul has first believed, and that the witness of the Spirit accompanies the faith that is exercised in the message of salvation, and never comes until such faith is exercised.

We must lift up Jesus—Jesus only, as revealed in the Word, with the message of a finished and complete salvation, before the sinner, and insist—without reference to his excuses, his plea of inability, or his desire for delay—upon his immediate duty being the surrender of his will to God in the believing on the Lord Jesus Christ. Insist that the will on his part to be saved is all he wants. Show him that he is permitted to take salvation, and to take it free, Rev. xxii : 17; that he is invited to take it, Matt. xi : 28. Show him that he is entreated to take it, 2 Cor. v : 20; that he is commanded to take it, 1 John iii : 23; and finally, that your warrant for urging him is that your Lord has said: "*Compel* them to come in," Luke xiv : 23; and that Christ has said *they are lost because they will not come.* John v : 40.

Always leave the inquirer with his finger upon the chapter and verse that has been used by the Spirit to give him light. Tell him to make much of that Word; to rest upon *that* and not upon his feelings as to the fact of his salvation.

Never consider your work as done until you have evidence that the sinner fully accepts Christ, and he can say that he fully and joyfully believes, John v : 24, and testify on the authority of the Word that he is saved.

Be faithful in presenting to the new-born child of God his position as a follower of Christ in this world. Show to him that his growth and

usefulness as a Christian, and his communion with God, will depend upon his being dead unto sin and living in the spirit of entire consecration to God and separation from the world, and that this result is attained, not by any power in himself, but by looking constantly unto Jesus. Urge upon him his responsibility for the souls of others, and his immediate duty to labor for their salvation. If we can lead converts to convert others, we have a double joy, a double crown.

MISS WILLARD'S
CENTENNIAL TEMPERANCE ADDRESS

At the Woman's International Temperance Convention, held in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, June 12, 1876, the following address was made by Miss Frances E. Willard, of Chicago :—

Thought cannot grasp, much less may our poor words convey, the meaning of this hour. Its pathos is too deep for tears, its hope too lofty for music's most exultant strains, its purpose and its faith too sacred for anything but prayer.

We look about us—this is the Academy. Brilliant pageants have flashed across this spacious stage ; noble men and women, standing here in other days, were wont to stir our hearts with pity for the fallen, and nerved the arms of patriots to strike off the shackles of the slave. We are in Philadelphia, the "City of Brotherly Love," founded by him who, in the New World, was foremost leader of that Society which, by countless gentle deeds, has proved its right to its title of "the Friends." We are in the greatest of Republics, helping to celebrate its hundredth birthday anniversary.

Surely, the omens are auspicious ; and, as surely, in all the noble history of this auditorium, never has it been the rallying place of truer patriots to welcome guests more honored ; nor has the city of William Penn been the rendezvous of those who came upon an errand more fragrant with "brotherly love," nor can it point to such a liberty achieved as your love, labor and prayer, dear friends, shall help to win for poor humanity.

Who are we, here to-night ?

The variety in unity upon this platform is a most gracious emblem of the many-sided Reform in whose interest we are met. Here are

> "Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde
> And from the banks of Shannon,"

and just beside them are their sisters from the city of Toronto and the country of Prince Edward, with others from twenty States of our Union, including some from the sunny South famous in song and story. Here is our noble friend who has done "yeoman's* service" across the

*Mrs. Letitia Youmans, of Picton, Canada, the leader among the women of the United Provinces.

border—she is "a host in herself;" and beside her, our own "Mother Stewart," whose labors in the mother-land have acclimated her so thoroughly that they send her back, a regularly constituted delegate from the British Women's Temperance Union. And here, sitting beside our own president, is the kindly, welcome face of Margaret Parker, President of that same British Society, recently organized at Newcastle on Tyne. She comes from Dundee, Scotland, and as she was the leader of a band of women who, inspired by the Crusade, carried their protest against license to the Mayor of that city, we all feel like welcoming her in the poet's words:

"Hurrah for the bonnets of bonny Dundee!"

Why are we here, to-night?

Because of many things; among them, this: After Humanity had struggled up out of despotism, which is the slavery of the body; out of ignorance, which is the slavery of the mind; out of superstition, which is the slavery of the conscience, it found itself bound by a still more galling chain. The customary social use of intoxicating drinks, and the legalized sale of the same, are declared to be the occasion and the method of a slavery the most odious that has ever riveted its fetters on mankind. For it enslaves not the body only, but the soul; claims not alone the life which is, but that which is to come. "Uncle Tom," under the lash, was yet calm and exalted in the liberty wherewith Christ maketh free; but when a man can't think, can't reason, can't use his own five senses though nobody hinders him, and when such a spell is laid upon his conscience that his cruelty is greatest to those who love him best, then is he a slave indeed. Furthermore this tyranny of alcohol has all climes, all seasons, all classes for its own; and winds its fiery chain around the intellect of a Burns, a Sheridan, a Webster, as surely and securely as around the witless skull of a Falstaff or a Caliban.

We are here because, not in our land alone, but in yours, dear friends who have come to us from far, this slavery exists and grows and flourishes. Because the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now. Because the great family of races is, in proportion to its enlightenment, making common cause against the common foe. Because it comes at last, the day which our own Whittier fortells, the day—

"* * of universal brotherhood;
Unknown to other rivalries
Than of the mild humanities
And gracious interchange of good;
When meet, beneath saluting flags,
While closer strand shall lean toward strand,
The Eagle of our native crags,
The Lion of our mother-land."

We are here to stretch another cord of international fraternity over the continents, and under the sea; to bring nearer to each other our widely severed homes, by standing side by side in the great battle for their preservation, and to learn in the unity of the spirit and the bond of peace, that—

> "Names and creeds and altars fall—
> Thou, O Christ, art all in all."

For there is adequate protection vouched for by our respective governments for every subject, save the dearest and most loyal of them all, and that is Home.

The night was long and dreary in which, through murky air, mothers went out to seek their erring sons; in which heart-broken sons and daughters mourned over their strong staff broken, and their beautiful rod; and wives murmured with white lips—

> "He cometh not, my heart is dreary;
> He cometh not, my heart is weary—
> I wish that I were dead."

But behold, the morning cometh! The queens of home, the guardians of society, the teachers of little children, have found there is something they can do besides sitting back yonder in the shadows, hopelessly singing this sad refrain. They are on the track at last, of the worst foe that home, society and little children ever knew! It means—this gathered audience, this crowded platform, these thrilling songs, these tremulous prayers—that we have heard and heeded the voice which caused Mary to rise up hastily when she caught the words, "*The Master is come and calleth for thee.*"

Ah, women of Ohio, on whom first fell the Pentecostal fire now spreading to all shores, the question *Why are we here?* can not be fitly answered until, with loving, reverent gesture, your sisters point to you. Coming, as I do, from a month's work in your own State, the fiercest battle-ground of the Crusade, I am more than ever struck with the supernatural character of that great uprising. As I have rested in your homes, how many times I have said 'Now talk to me of the Crusade;" and how significantly uniform has been your answer, "O, that is something which never can be told; it was only to be felt and lived and wept and prayed over; it wasn't to be told." O you, who, as pioneers in this gospel movement of the women, have borne and labored and had patience; you who have knelt on rumshop floors, or on the cold stones of the street; you who, in face of jeering mobs sang "Rock of Ages cleft for me;" you who wept over the tempted and the fallen who were strangers to you, because you remembered they were somebody's sons; you who have heard prison bars clashing behind you, because upon the streets, often blocked up by beer casks and reeling forms of men

enslaved, you prayed that God would make bare his arm for our deliv-
ance; you who have read the Bible in ten thousand haunts of sin,
d tenderly talked of Him who taketh away the sin of the world, we
nnot forget that our presence here to-night means that you were
resent two years ago in the saloons, where the Spirit of the Highest
ed you; present because the bells of heaven had struck the hour when
woman should come forth to fight against the rum power, in the name
of God! We bid you to the veterans' post, the post of honor, as we fall
into line in our sacred peaceful war; knowing full well thy blessing,
dear old England and brave America, beloved mothers of thrice grateful
daughters, thy blessings rest upon us as we come!

What are we here to do?

We are here to learn from one another the blessedness of the benignant life; to understand more perfectly that not in the acquisition of a language, not in the mastery of a piano key-board, not in an acquaintance with current literature lies the secret of the happiest life, but that to guard the ninety and nine that went not astray; to train their little feet to love the safe, sure path, and then go out after the hundredth who has wandered—

> "Away on the mountains bleak and bare,
> Away from the tender Shepherd's care,"

in this lies the supreme happiness of life. As Christian women, we have, all along, been amateurs in doing good; we are here to strengthen our conviction that to do good is the business of life, is just what Christians are for, not as their secondary work, but as their first; before riches, before knowledge, before everything except the business of being such people and doing such things as shall most hasten the triumph of Him whose right it is to reign King of nations, as he now reigns King of saints.

A grand word is that Saxon word "lady," "giver of bread." We are here to revise that definition in accordance with the latest researches. Lady, giver of the bread of life; and lastly, we are here to answer, as the roll of English-speaking nations shall be called, the sad, brave question, "Watchman, what of the night?" and to lift up holy hands to God without wrath or doubting.

Who would be glad if they knew that we are here?

Countless is the host that question rallies round us. From the humble cabin in the woods of Canada to the lonesome shanty on the far-off prairies of the West; from famine-haunted garret, damp basement and reeking tenement house, the thin-faced wives of drunkards would brighten with smiles of hope if they knew that we were here. Long have they prayed to God, and often have they thought he did not hear or else he did not heed. The long, heart-breaking procession of little children with rum-blighted lives; the impotent victims of appetite, with vacant, hope-

less gaze; the sailors on a thousand ships, of brave and gentle heart, who have sailed on every sea and been unbefriended on every shore; all these, a great multitude which no man can number, form the constituency which gives inspiration to every word and deed of our temperance sisterhood. From fortunate lives, from happy homes, laden with blessings and with hopes, we stretch our hands toward the tempted and the fallen, the disappointed and bereft;—may God stand by us as we stand by them!

What shall we go from here to do?

Well, not one single harsh, ungentle thing. We shall not go from here in any sense the enemies of anybody. It is liquor-selling that we fight against—not liquor-sellers. It is liquor-drinking that we oppose—not liquor-drinkers. You see we have learned

"To hate the sin, and yet the sinner love."

We recognize the traffic as a frightful anachronism; the relic of a less enlightened, less Christian, social state, and the appetite as one superinduced by customs unworthy of this kindly and well-instructed age. That the appetite is inherent, we deny, and in support of our position adduce the fact that, as a class, women have never drank, and millions of strong and active men have always totally abstained. If there is present here to-night a man who has no conscience about drinking or selling intoxicating liquors, I want him to listen to our declaration of war, which is this:

We come to you in the spirit of Christ's gospel. We are nobody's enemies, least of all, yours. We do not take a position antagonistic to your habits or pursuits for any of the reasons which, in all ages, have opposed armies on the field and statesmen in the cabinet. We do not seek to acquire territory, save that we would fain win for total abstinence the territory of your hearts. We do not seek possession of your riches, though we do covet the riches of your influence and your example.

You may deem us fanatics now, but we believe there are hours ahead when you will not so regard us. For hundreds of men who once sold and drank intoxicating liquors have told us we have proved ourselves good friends to them. There are to-day thousands of men who one year ago were either drunkards or steady drinkers, who declared that the temperance women of this land and such reformed men as Dr. Reynolds, of Maine, and Francis Murphy, of Illinois, are the very best friends they've ever known. There are saloon-keepers and distillers, brewers, rectifiers, and wholesale dealers who admit their business to be unworthy of enlightened manhood, and who express to us in private their wish and purpose to withdraw from it. And even if none of these men were ready to admit to-night that we are right and they

are wrong, there is an hour not far ahead of them—life's most significant and honest hour—when they will see that in the endeavor to persuade them to better habits and better business we were true friends whose wounds were faithful. As they look back over the infinite pathos of life's "might have been;" as they see that the only indestructible material in destiny's fierce crucible is character; as that vast life beyond this life's last mile-stone lifts on them through the gloom its mystic vision, and they see how its warp and woof were woven in the humming loom of the hurried life that is, they will send back to the earth the echo of their terrible surprise. Like the German poet on his death-bed, after a long atheistic career, their cry will be: "*We must, then, think of God also!*"

What should our watchword be as we go hence each to her battle with the common foe?

Eternal Hope. For we believe that Truth is on our side, and Truth can never fail, for it is dear to God—dearer by far than it can be to us. So, though the light of the Temperance Reform shines often in darkness which comprehends it not, it must just go on shining, all the same. Its progress must be like that of all philanthropies, founded as they are in the Fatherhood of God and Brotherhood of Man. It must shine on until the day breaks and the shadows flee away. At first it was only a beam in darkness, then a torch held up in the gloom, then "a light in the window for thee, brother," then a beacon flashing grandly out on the most dangerous headland of the Republic's and the Empire's coast, but it shall grow and gather light, until it climbs the zenith like another sun, and pours the healing of its bright benignant beams into the darkest heart and the most desolate home. Let us never be disheartened—it is God's great beacon light, not ours!

Dear sisters, from near and far away, all that ought to be true is ideally true to-night, and will be actually true some day, as sure as God is God. True then already, in the realm of thought, in the beneficent purpose of Jehovah, true in the outlook of our faith, be it our blessed privilege to work right bravely on toward the realization of its truth in the realm of things material. Even as in Scotland, dear Margaret Parker, the stalwart clansmen threw the sacred heart of Bruce out into the hot and surging battle that with unconquerable ardor they might rush to regain it, so we have thrown into the battle of the angel against the dragon, this ideal of a better civilization; we have staked our all upon it and we will pursue it with a steadfast courage, undismayed by volleys of adverse opinion, undeterred by the galling cross-fire of harsh criticism, unblinded by the suffocating smoke-cloud of the public apathy. Sisters, let your war-cry be "For God and Home and Native Land." Then "tarry not in all the plain."

Be of brave heart, O, eager scouts of humanity's great army; strike out into the forest and blaze the trees, like your fathers, the hardy pioneers of old! Slowly they march, they of the rank and file, but yet they're

tramping straight behind you—don't you catch, sometimes, away ahead there, the muffled music of their coming feet? The fanaticisms of yesterday are the reforms of to-day and the splendid victories of to-morrow. I am no prophet, yet I dare claim that before the head of the youngest here is gray, there will be placed in some national museum here in America, beside the rope with which a witch was hanged in Massachusetts, beside the block from which a mother and her child were sold into slavery in South Carolina, the license by which in this Centennial year freemen have legalized the cup of death. If you, women of Canada, are before us in realizing your grand idea of Home Protection, then shall you again furnish a refuge for our slaves, and the North Star shall be the guiding light to the more glorious freedom guaranteed by enforced prohibitory law. In the race for that consummation so devoutly to be wished remember, we on this side of the line are emulous, not envious; spirited, not ambitious; and should you earliest win, we shall be reinforced with the enthusiasm which caused a Grecian hero to exclaim, The laurels of Miltiades will not suffer me to sleep."

Dear friends, let me summon to your thought those who have fought and won in other fields. Look backward along the shining corridors of history and learn again the lesson of courage and of faith. Yesterday see Luther standing before his fierce accusers with his outstretched hand upon the Book whence has radiated our Christian civilization. Listen to his words: "Here I stand, I can do no other; God help me, Amen." To-day see Protestantism traced on the world's map by free pulpit, free press, free schools, even as a June day is traced by sunshine. Yesterday William Wilberforce rising in the House of Commons and repeating amid jeers and scoffs what for twenty years he had been saying: "I move the abolition of Slavery in his Majesty's colonies." To-day William Wilberforce raised to the peerage of England's proudest and most sacred names. Yesterday, William Lloyd Garrison, egged in the streets of Newport, dragged through the streets of Boston with a rope around his neck, but declaring in that famous editorial in the *Liberator:* "I will not excuse, I will not equivocate, I will not retreat a single inch and I will be heard." To-day, William Lloyd Garrison, while yet alive, crowned with the laurels of immortal gratitude. Yesterday, John Brown, going to the scaffold, the victim of what then seemed the lost cause; to-day, John Brown's soul marching on in the loving memories of four millions of enfranchised slaves, and his name the emblem of a nation's victory.

> "Though sometimes depressed and lonely,
> Let your fears be laid aside
> When you but remember only
> Such as these have lived and died."

But as the stars grow dim when the splendor of sun-rise fills the firmament, so all others who have labored to elevate humanity drop from

ur thoughts when we turn to the wide-armed cross upon a lonely hillside and recall His words who said, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." Christ is the magnet of the race he has redeemed. Let us go hence carrying in loyal hearts his blessed pledge, "Lo, I am with you always," and seeking grace to make our own the loving prayer

"Oh to be nothing, nothing,
Only to lie at His feet;
A broken and emptied vessel,
For the Master's use made meet."

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